The Hymnary

MR. & MRS. J. L. JELLY
Annapolis Royal
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THE HYMNARY
OF
THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

THE HYMNARY

OF

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THE HYMNARY

OF

THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA

(WITH MUSIC)

AUTHORIZED BY

THE GENERAL COUNCIL

TORONTO

THE UNITED CHURCH PUBLISHING HOUSE

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xv 61

PREFACE

SINCE the early days of Christianity a crowning glory of the Church of God has been the place and power of spiritual song in her worship and life. The Church 'has come singing down through the ages.' Through this gracious medium her people, generation after generation, have lifted up their hearts and voices in adoring praise; have poured out their aspirations in prayer; have proclaimed the verities of the faith; and have expressed the higher emotions of the soul.

THE HYMNARY, now completed after years of devoted labour, has been prepared in order that all worshippers within The United Church of Canada may be provided with a book of common praise, whereby they may continue the gracious practice of singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord.

THE LARGER AIM of the compilers has been to offer a collection of spiritual songs widely representative of the Hymnody of the Church Universal. We have no surer link with our fathers of generations past, and with our fellow-Christians of to-day, than is provided by the psalms and hymns and spiritual songs which are our common heritage. Canticles of the ancient Church, translations and transfusions of early and mediaeval Greek and Latin hymns, songs of the time of the Reformation and period following, and a rich appropriation from the treasures of modern hymnody, at once bring those who use them into communion of worship with the Church of the past, and with all who to-day call upon the Name of the Lord Jesus, their Lord and ours.

A SECOND PURPOSE, kept steadfastly in mind from beginning to end, has been to provide a hymnody true to the genius, history, and tradition of the Communions which now compose The United Church of Canada. Here will be found the stateliness and

tenderness of the Scottish Psalter, the glowing passion and evangelical fervour of the Wesleys, and the lyrical qualities by which Congregational Hymnody has been ever distinguished.

THE INTERESTS of the youth of the Church have been carefully guarded. A section designated 'For Little Children' contains hymns which, with few exceptions, are suitable for young children only.

HYMNS for the general Sunday School and young people in Bible Classes and Young People's Societies are placed in their appropriate sections throughout the book. A separate index is provided which includes all such hymns, together with a number of great psalms and hymns with which it is important that the youth of the Church should become familiar.

SELECTIONS from the prose Psalter, sufficient to meet the requirements of each Sunday in the year, have been prepared. These have been provided with chants, and are therefore available either for singing or for Concerted or Responsive reading. While these selected psalms and portions of psalms have been thus arranged for reasons of convenience, and in so far as the space available has made possible, they are not to be regarded as superseding the use of the Psalter as a whole in the worship and life of the Church.

CANTICLES, Settings for Parts of Divine Service, and a number of Prayers have also been provided.

THE UTMOST CARE has been exercised in ascertaining the original text of each hymn, or a text approved by the author. When departure from the original or authorized text has been deemed necessary, the variation is, in most instances, such as has been generally accepted, and has become of the essence of the hymn.

CROSS REFERENCES have been placed at the end of each section or sub-section, in order that a wider range of choice of psalms and hymns may be suggested under each subject.

THE MEMBERS appointed from the general Committee to be responsible for the MUSIC, together with associated musicians, have kept the fact clearly in mind that THE HYMNARY is intended

to be used, not in Church worship alone, but also in all religious gatherings of old and young. The music is therefore in large measure simple, while the range of choice is wide and inclusive. Here are to be found Plainsong melodies, specially arranged for THE HYMNARY; Reformation tunes chiefly of Genevan, English, Scottish, and Lutheran origin; English, Scottish, and Irish traditional melodies, and folk music of other nations; Welsh hymn melodies; and modern hymn tunes in abundance.

ALTERNATIVE TUNES are frequently suggested. This has been done in order that congregations, a large proportion of which can master only a limited number of tunes, may be able to sing a greater number of psalms and hymns than would be possible were the tune associated to be adhered to in every instance. Wherever possible the alternative tune has been set on the opposite page.

SETTINGS of a number of famous and well-known tunes are given in Faux Bourdon. When certain verses of a psalm or hymn are chosen to be sung thus, the people, led by the tenors, sing the melody only, while the choristers, other than the tenors, supply a choral accompaniment.

IT WILL BE NOTED that certain tunes have been repeated again and again throughout the book. These tunes have been chosen because they are reverent, strong, and simple, and are worthy to provide a strong and devotional foundation for congregational praise.

THIS PREFACE would be far from complete without some expression of the Committee's deep sense of its obligation to the Reverend Alexander MacMillan, D.D. As Secretary of the Committee and Editor of the book, both words and music, his labours have been unceasing. With his wide range of knowledge over the field of Church Hymnody, and his discriminating judgement in all matters pertaining to the song and worship of the Church, he has given the Committee wise guidance in all its deliberations. To him more than to any other person are due such excellences as this Hymnary may possess.

WITH HUMBLE thanksgiving to the Head of the Church for the aid of His Holy Spirit, the work is now commended to the people

of The United Church of Canada, and to all others who may use this Book of Praise. May it prove an inspiration in hours of public worship, and a helpful companion in hours of meditation and private devotion.

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CORDIAL acknowledgement is made of the help received from examination of many hymnals. Of those collections more recently published, special reference ought to be made to such books as the revised *Church Hymnary*, *Songs of Praise*, *Hymns of the Kingdom*, *School Worship*, and the *Public School Hymn Book of England*. From these notable collections many valuable suggestions have come concerning selection of hymns, and from these sources a number of tunes and musical arrangements have been derived.

Grateful thanks are given to Dr. David Evans, of the University of Wales, for generous permission to use any arrangements of tunes prepared by him. Those preparing the music have availed themselves of this privilege again and again.

The Committee offers hearty thanks to the following musicians, who have rendered important service:

W. H. Hewlett, Esq., Mus.Bac., of Hamilton, who has made a valuable contribution, especially in matters concerned with musical settings, the reading of proof, and the arrangement of the text and music of the prose Psalms and Canticles. His knowledge and enthusiasm have brought great benefit.

Mr. D. M. Herbert, of Emmanuel United Church, Montreal; Mr. Stanley Oliver, of St. James United Church, Montreal; and Mr. W. H. Smith, of Montreal; who have co-operated ably and with great interest throughout the period of the selection of tunes; Mr. Smith having, in addition, rendered signal service by reading proof of all tunes set to metrical Psalms and Hymns.

Dr. Ernest MacMillan for arrangements of six tunes, notably three beautiful Christmas carols, and for valuable advice while the work was in progress.

Dr. Healey Willan for the settings of Plainsong melodies and arrangements of tunes in Faux Bourdon, specially prepared for this book, and for arrangements of the music of several Canticles; all of which greatly enrich the collection.

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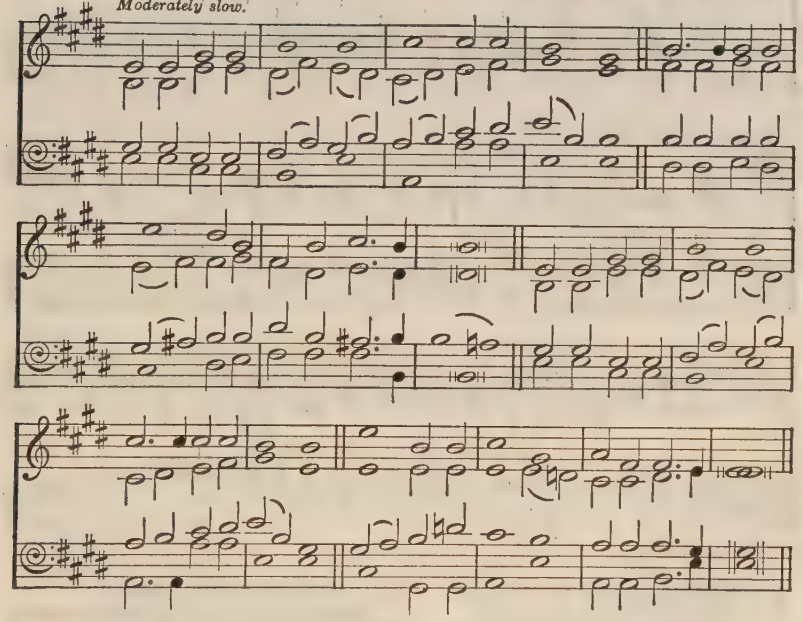
The Holy Trinity

1 NICÆA. 11 12 12 10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

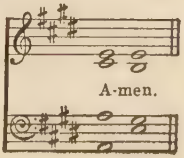
Moderately slow.



HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

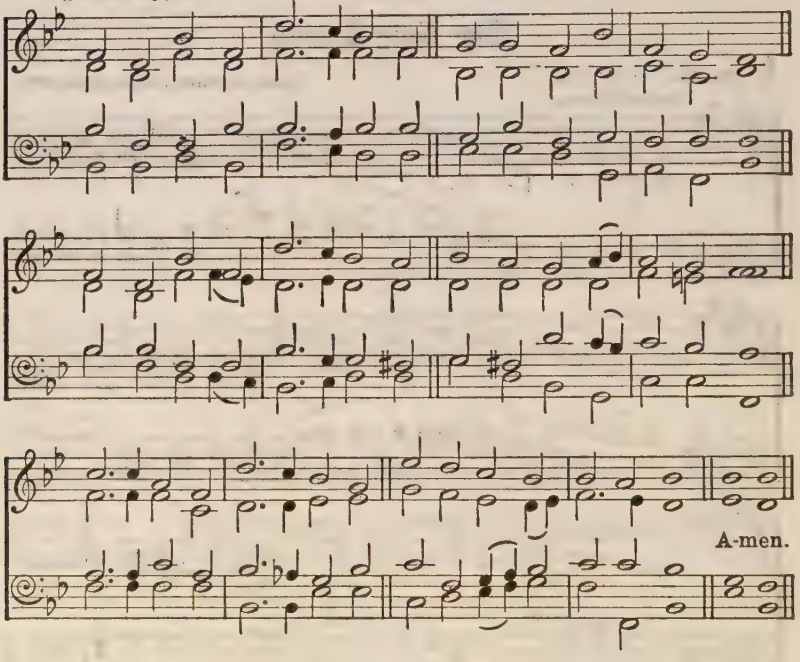
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826.

2 REGENT SQUARE. 8 7 8 7 8 7.

Moderately fast.

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

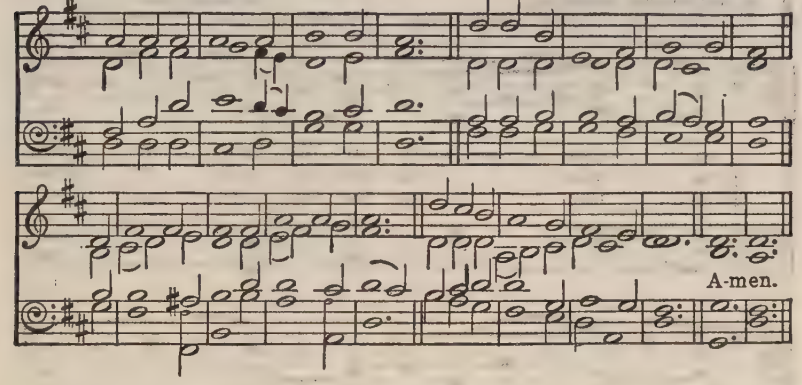
2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring;
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

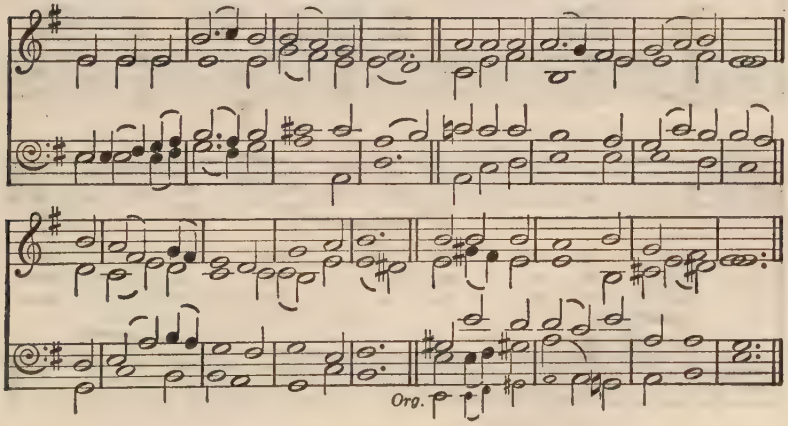
4 'Glory, blessing, praise eternal!'
Thus the choir of angels sings;
'Honour, riches, power, dominion!'
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

3 **RIVAULX.** L.M. *Moderate.* JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



DAS LEIDEN DES HERRN. L.M. *Slow.* German Traditional Melody.

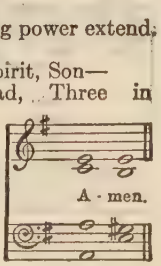


FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

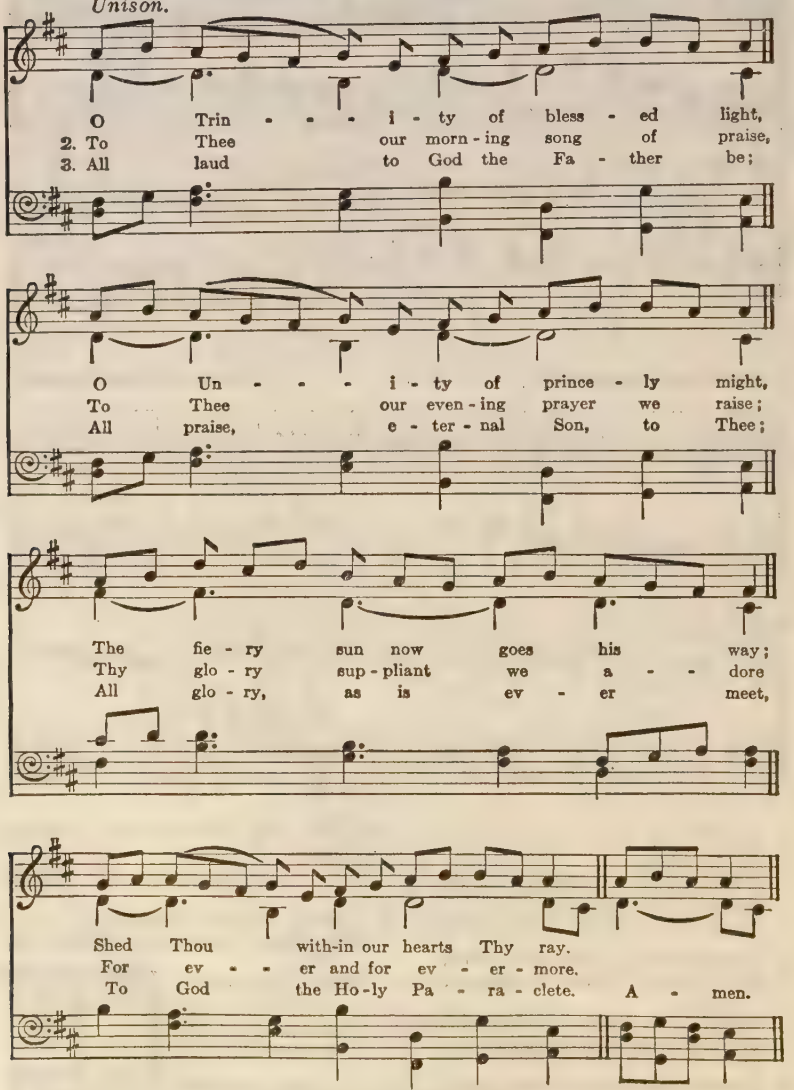


EDWARD COOPER, 1770-1833.

The Holy Trinity

Words ascribed to AMBROSE, 340-397.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.
Plainsong Melody.
Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-

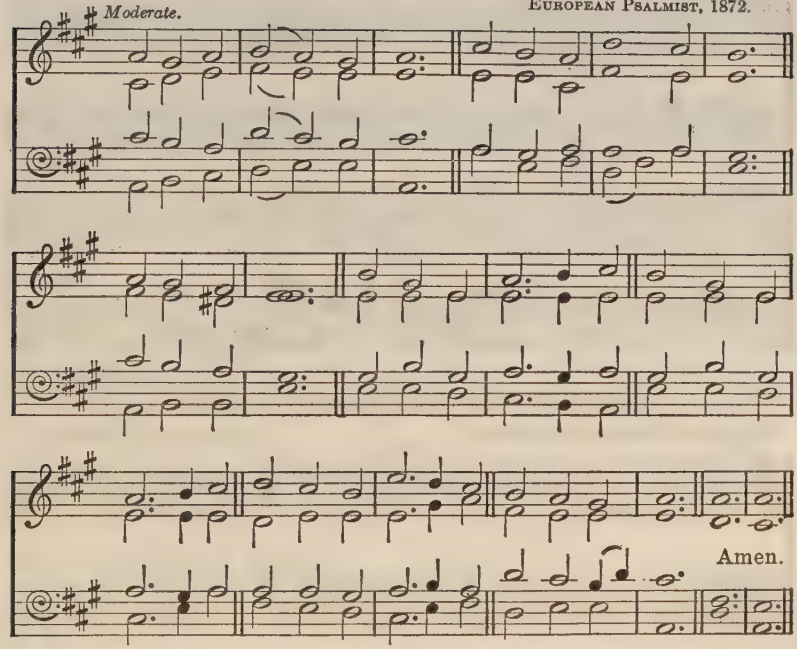
4 O LUX BEATA TRINITAS.
In free rhythm. Lightly and with dignity.

Unison.

O Trin - - - i - ty of bless - ed light,
2. To Thee our morn - ing song of praise,
3. All laud to God the Fa - ther be;
O Un - - - i - ty of prince - ly might,
To Thee our even - ing prayer we raise;
All praise, e - ter - nal Son, to Thee;
The fie - ry sun now goes his way;
Thy glo - ry sup - pliant we a - - dore
All glo - ry, as is ev - er meet,
Shed Thou with-in our hearts Thy ray.
For ev - - er and for ev - er - more.
To God the Ho - ly Pa - ra - clete. A - men.

Or TALLIS'S CANON, No. 544.

5 SERUG. 6646664.

Composer unknown.
From SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY'S EUROPEAN PSALMIST, 1872.



Or Moscow, No. 240.

COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise.
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To Thee, great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

WHITEFIELD'S LEAFLET, 1757.

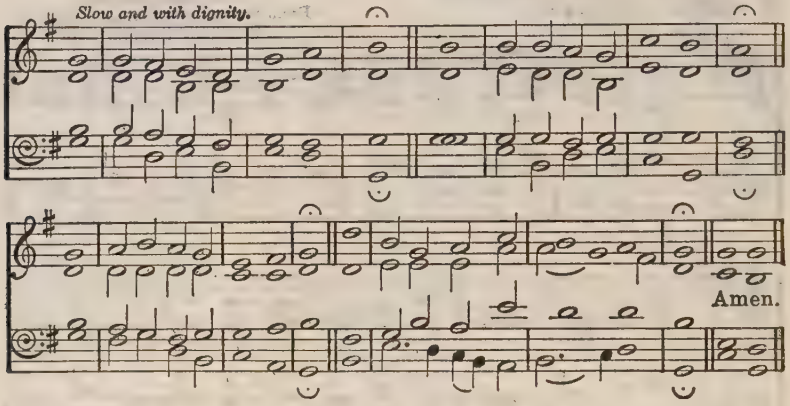
AND THE FOLLOWING:

327 Father of peace, and God of love.
438 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.
549 Father, in high heaven dwelling.
553 Holy Father, cheer our way.

6 OLD 100th.

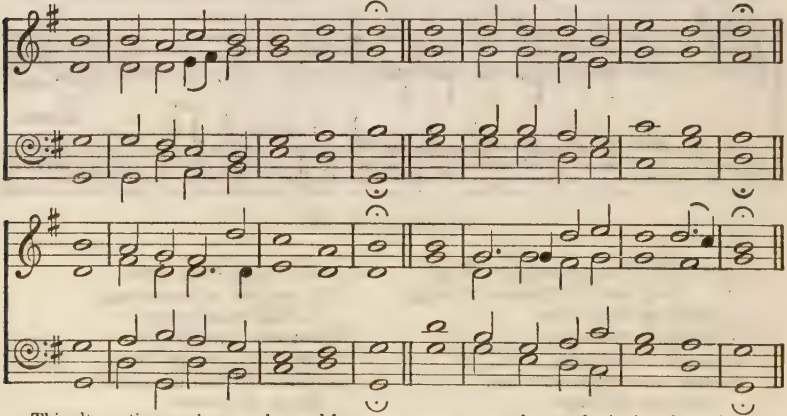
Melody from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

Slow and with dignity.



The later form of this tune will be found in the Supplement.

Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). JOHN DOWLAND, 1562-1626.



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

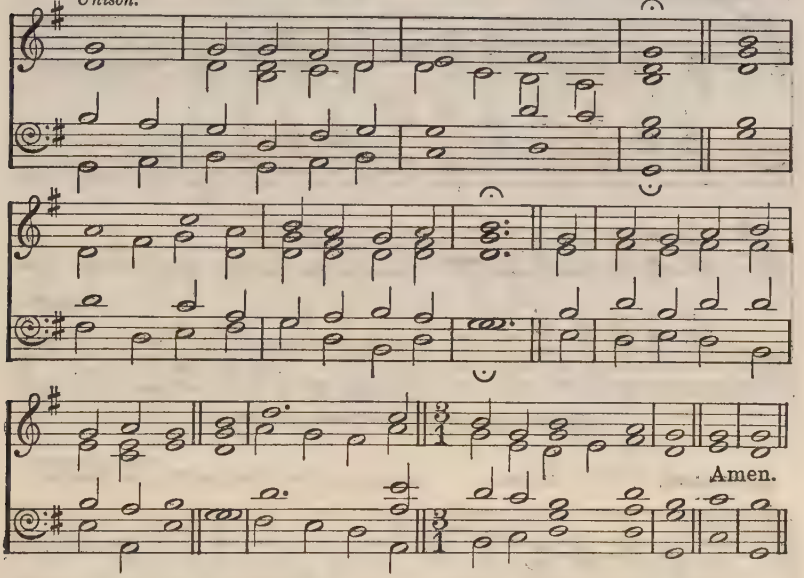
4 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Founded on Psalm c.

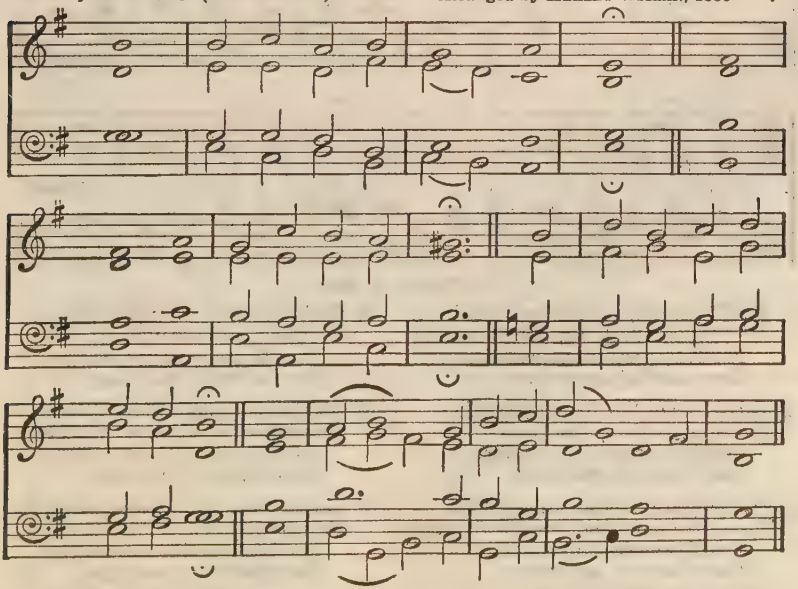
ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748,
and JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

ANDERNACH. L.M. *Moderate, with dignity.* ANDERNACH GESANGBUCH, 1608.

Unison.

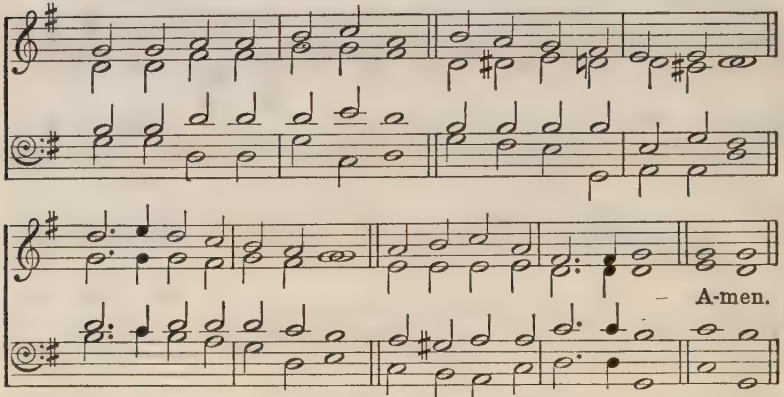


Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

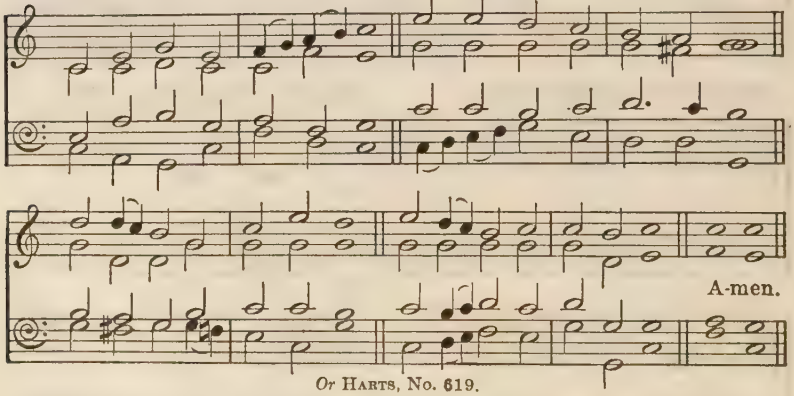
7 **EVER FAITHFUL.** 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.* ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Origin unknown.

MONKLAND. 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.* Arranged by JOHN BERNARD WILKES, 1785-1869.



Or HARTS, No. 619.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Founded on Psalm cxxxvi.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

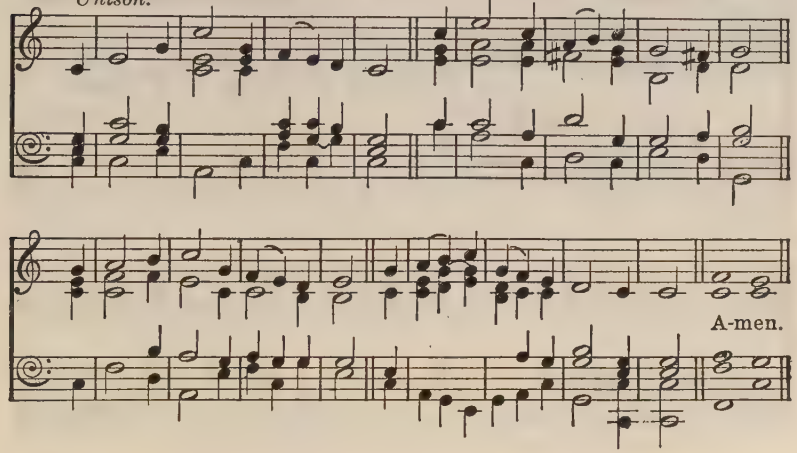
5 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

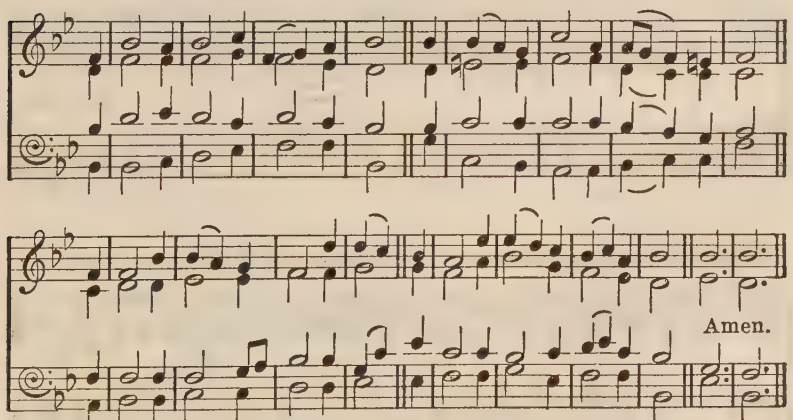
JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674.

8 DEUS TUORUM MILITUM. L.M. *Moderate.* GRENOBLE CHURCH MELODY.

Unison.



WALTON. L.M. *Moderate.* WILLIAM GARDINER'S SACRED MELODIES, 1815.



THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

2 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

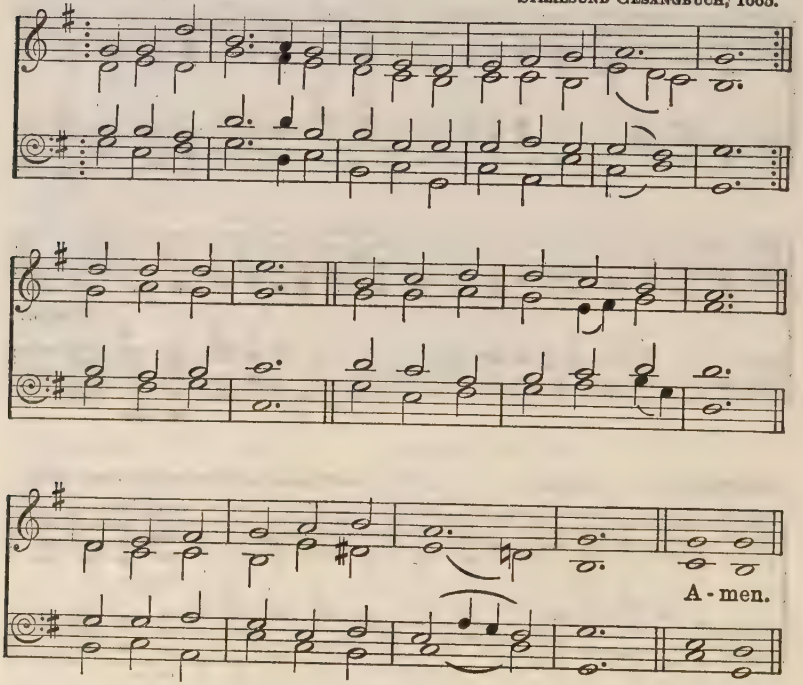
4 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

JOSIAH CONDER, 1789-1855.

9 LOBE DEN HERREN. 14 14 4 7 8.

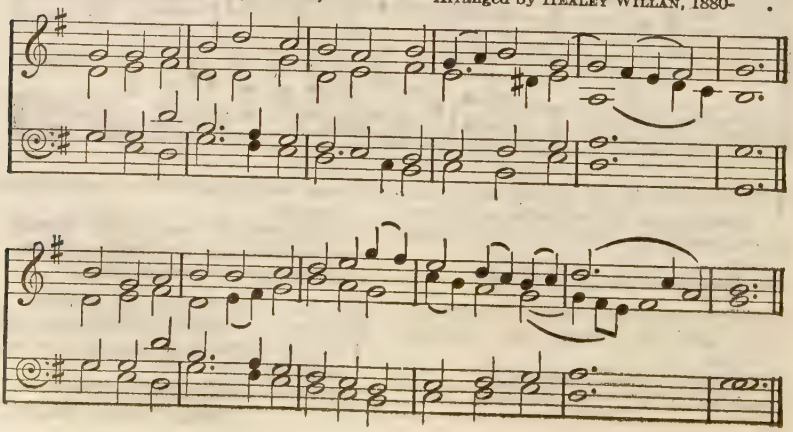
Moderately slow.

STRALSUND GESÄNGBUCH, 1665.

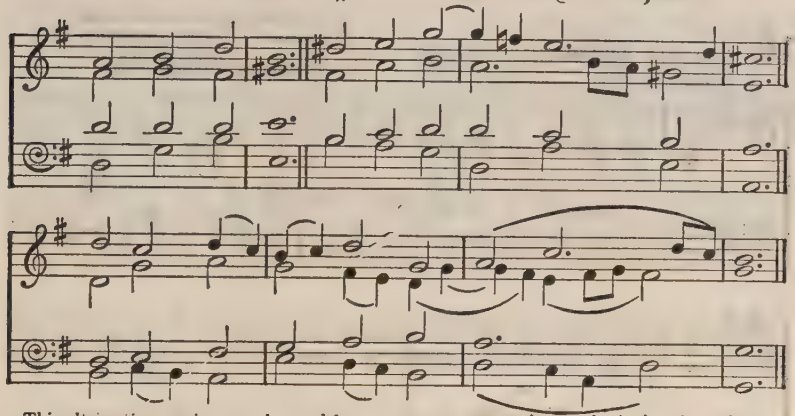


Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon).

Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



God in Creation, Providence, and Redemption



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation:
All ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters draw near,
Praise Him in glad adoration.

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
How thy entreaties have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work, and defend thee;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.

4 Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests their warfare are waging,
Who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,
Biddeth them cease,
Turneth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

5 Praise to the Lord, who, when darkness of sin is abounding,
Who, when the godless do triumph, all virtue confounding,
Sheddeth His light,
Chaseth the horrors of night,
Saints with His mercy surrounding.

6 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again:
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

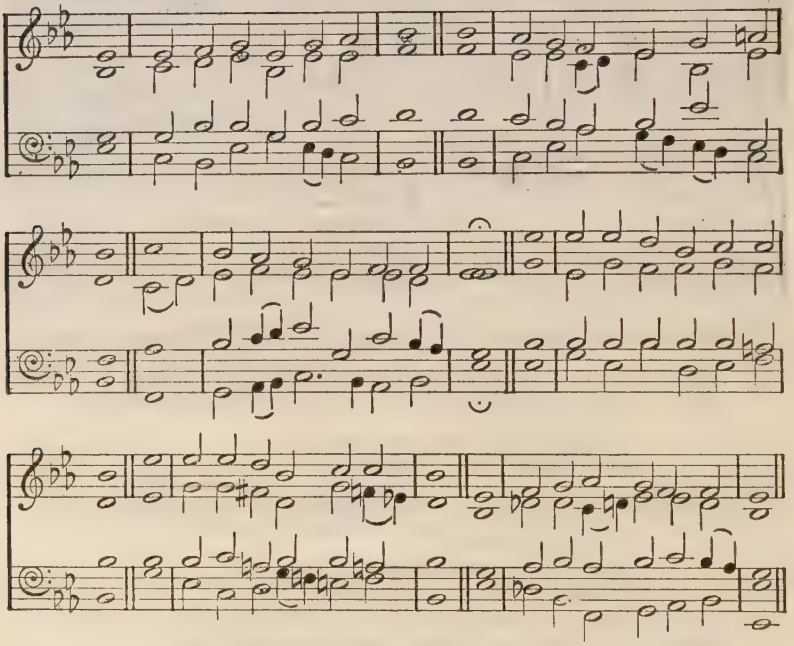
JOACHIM NEANDER, 1640-1680.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-1878, and others.

Founded on Psalms ciii and cl.

10 OLD 113th (LUCERNE). 8 8 8 8 8 8.

Moderately slow.

Abridged from a Melody by
MATTHAEUS GREITER, Strasburg, 1526.
Arranged by
ERNEST MACMILLAN, 1893-

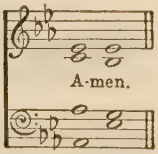


I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

Founded on Psalm cxlvi.

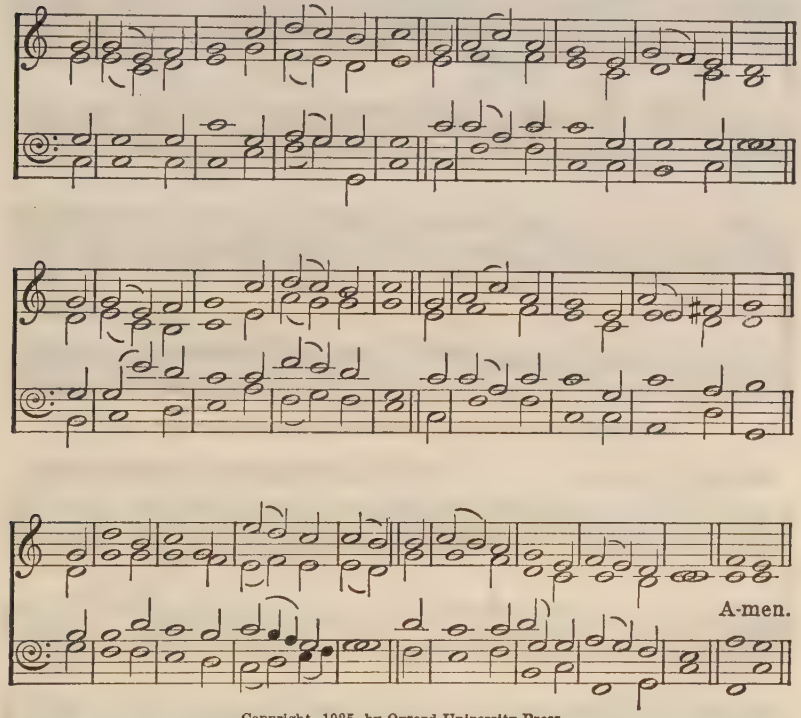
3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748,
and JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

11 ST. PETERSBURG. 888888.

Moderate.

DMITRI STEPANOVITCH BORTNIANSKI, 1752-1825.



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Or OLD 113TH (LUCERNE), opposite.

O GOD, of good the unfathomed Sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesus, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

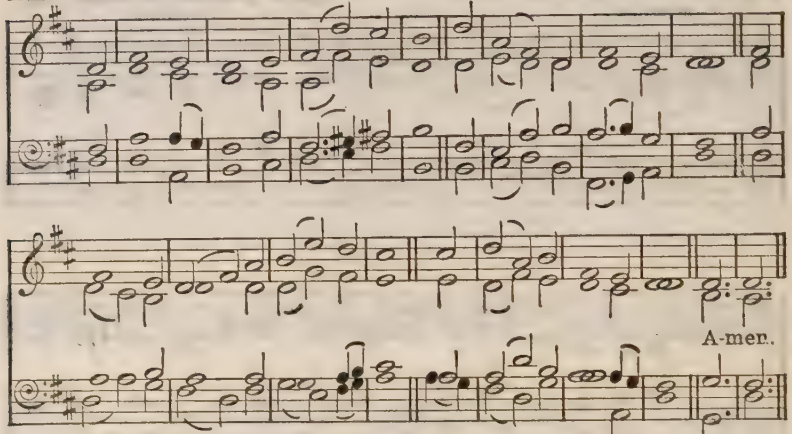
2 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with Thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

3 Fountain of good, all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fullness knows;
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost Thou require.

4 O God, of good the unfathomed Sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesus, Lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1624-1677.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

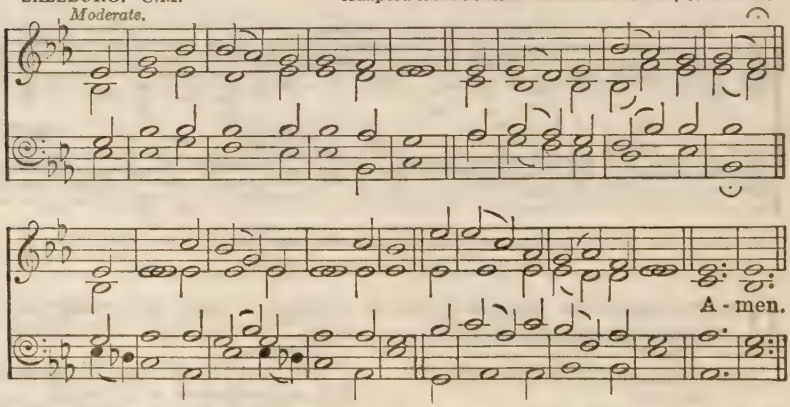
12 STRACATHRO. C.M. *Moderate.* CHARLES HUTCHESON, 1792-1860.



From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

SALZBURG. C.M. Adapted from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737-1806.

Moderate.



THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store,
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

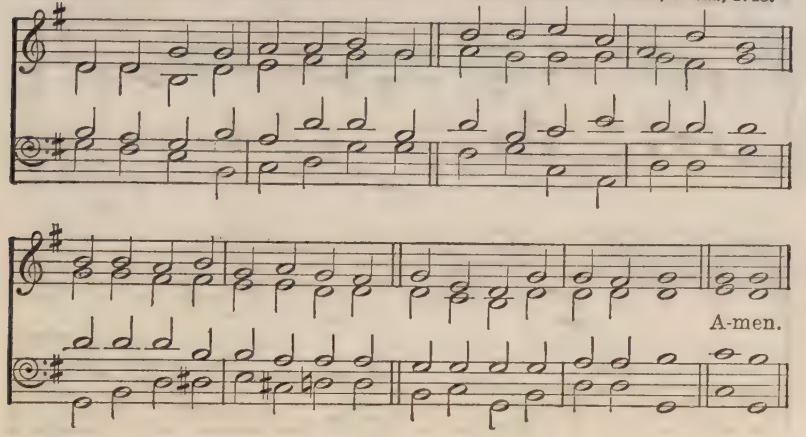
5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move!
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy and love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

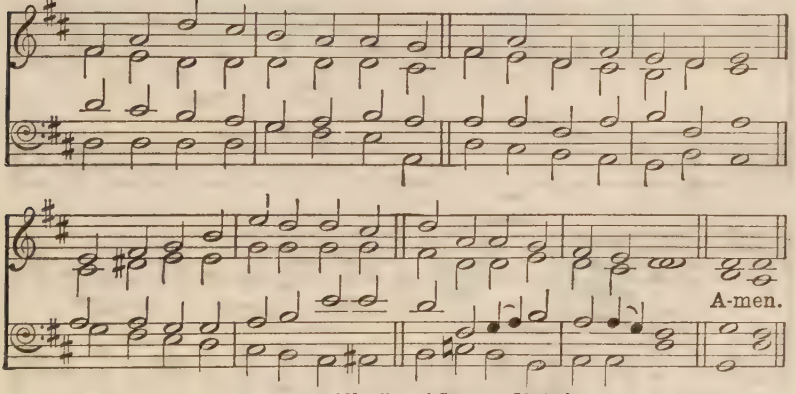
13 STUTTGART. 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.*

PSALMODIA SACRA, Gotha, 1715.



ALL FOR JESUS. 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.*

JOHN STAINER, 1840-1901.



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Or SUSSEX, No. 559.

GOD is love; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

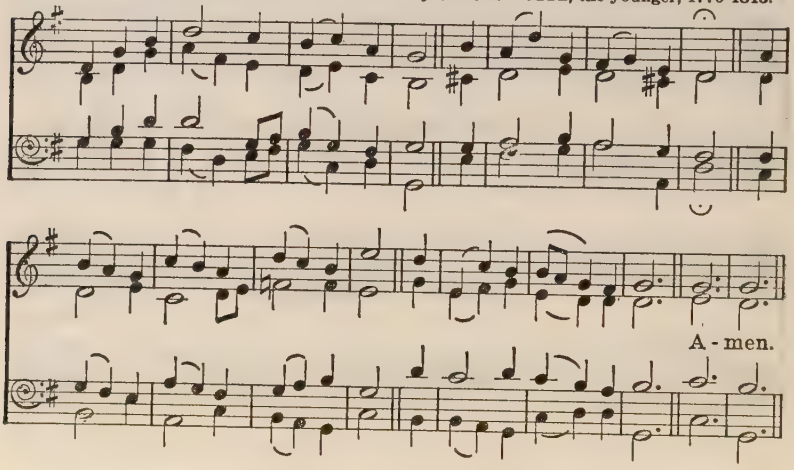
3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING, 1792-1872.

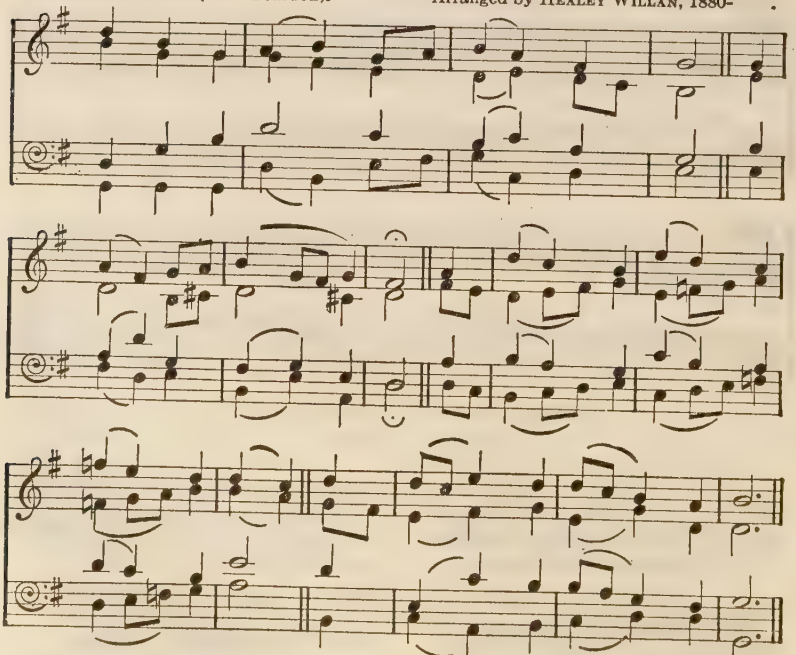
14 RICHMOND. C.M. *Moderate.*

Adapted from THOMAS HAWEIS, 1734-1820.
By SAMUEL WEBBE, the younger, 1770-1843.



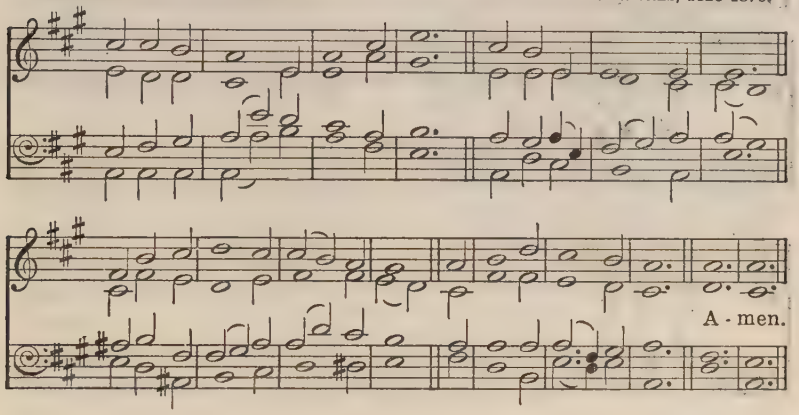
Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon).

Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

GERONTIUS. C.M. *Moderate.* JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very Self,
And essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

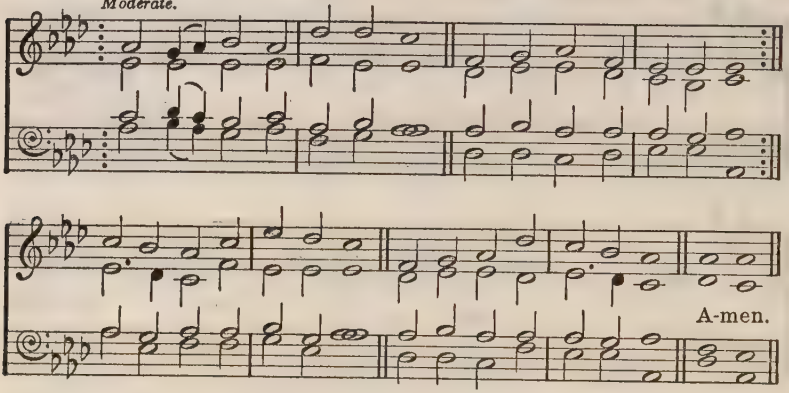
7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890.

15 DIX. 777777.

Abridged from a Chorale
by CONRAD KOCHER, 1786-1872.

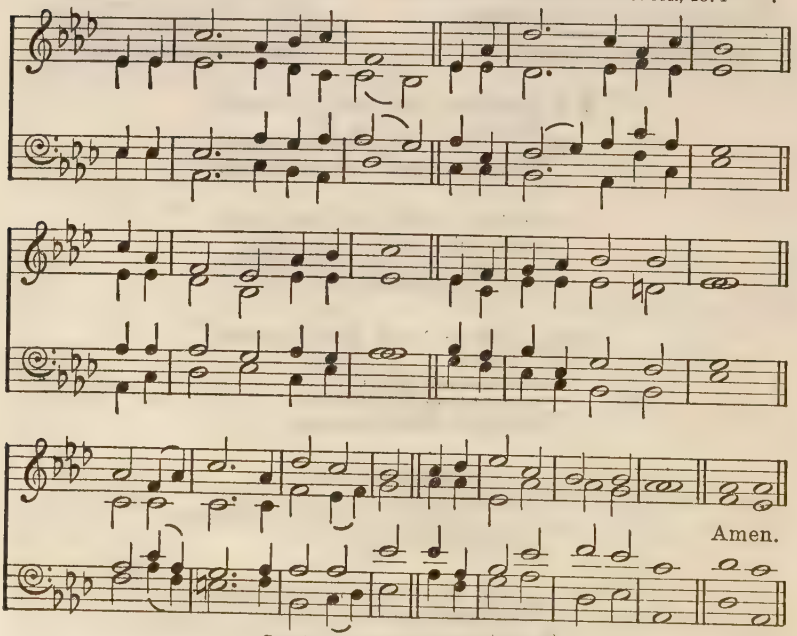
Moderate.



LUCERNA LAUDONIÆ. 777777.

Moderate.

EDWARD ARTHUR, 1874-



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FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

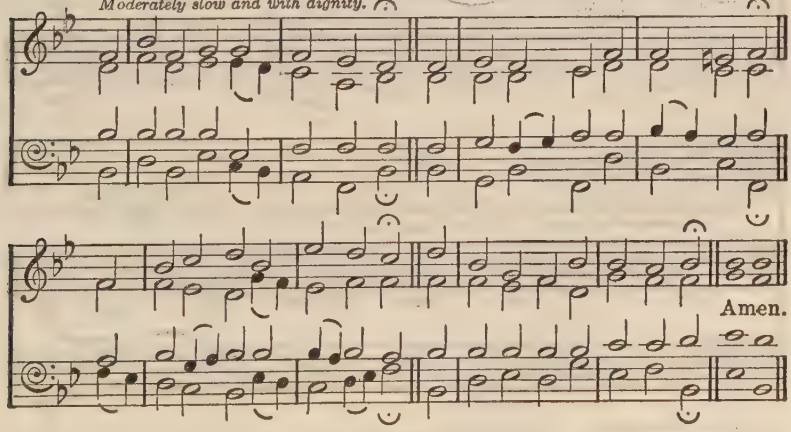
4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine,
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT, 1835-1917.

16 WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. MUSIKALISCH HAND-BUCH, Hamburg, 1690.

Moderately slow and with dignity.



Or LASST UNS ERFREUEN, No. 29.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, in every tongue.

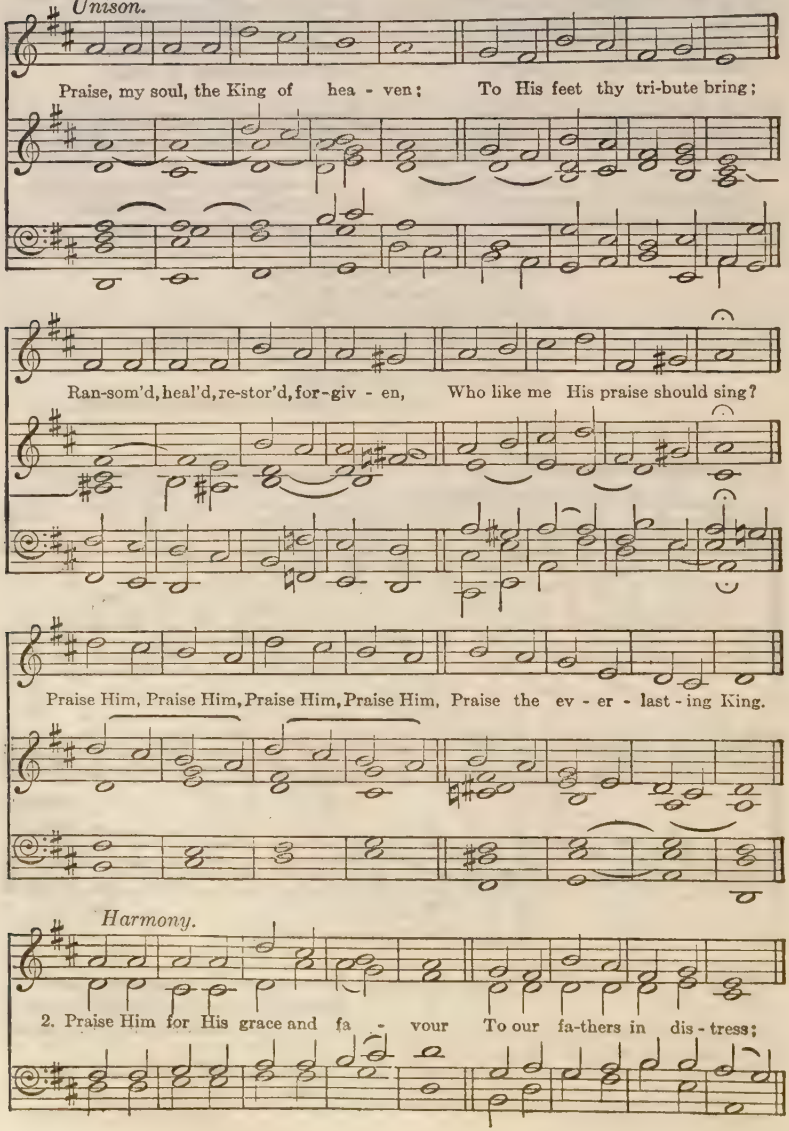
Founded on Psalm cxvii.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord:
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

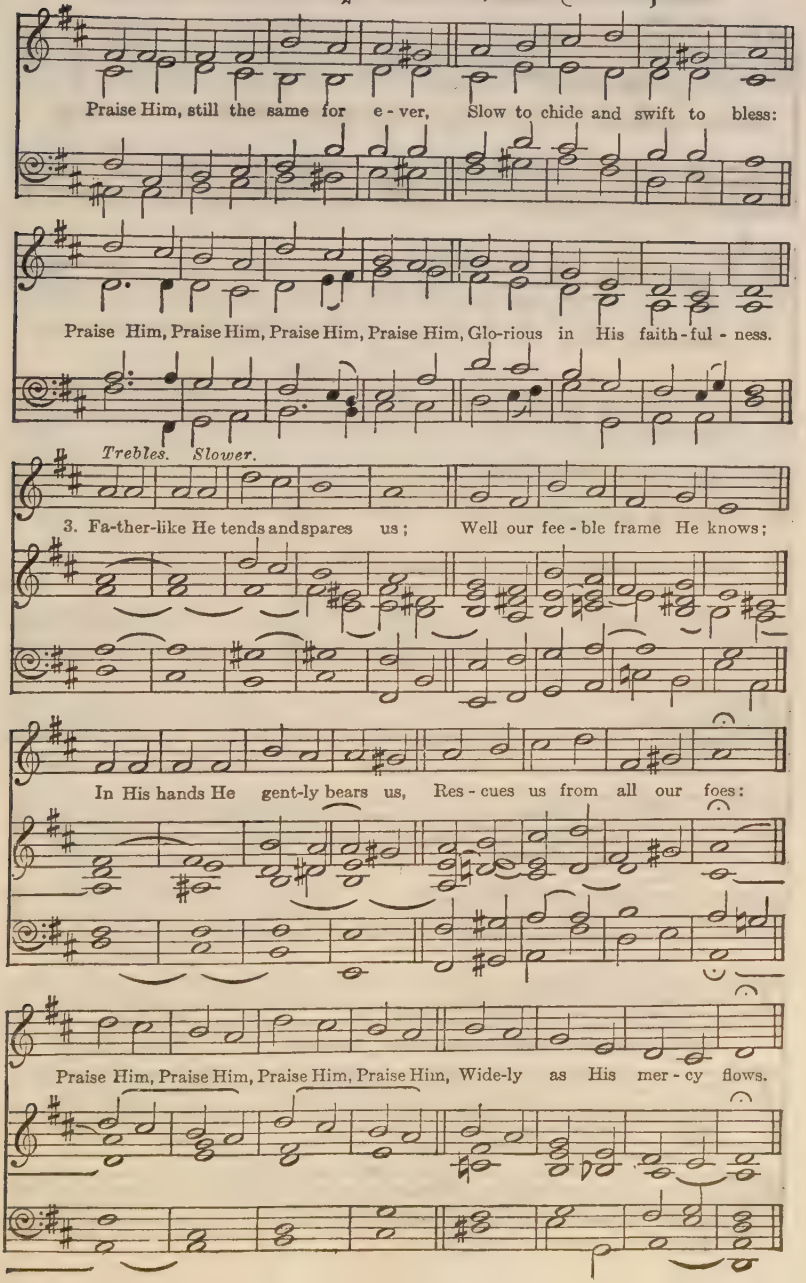
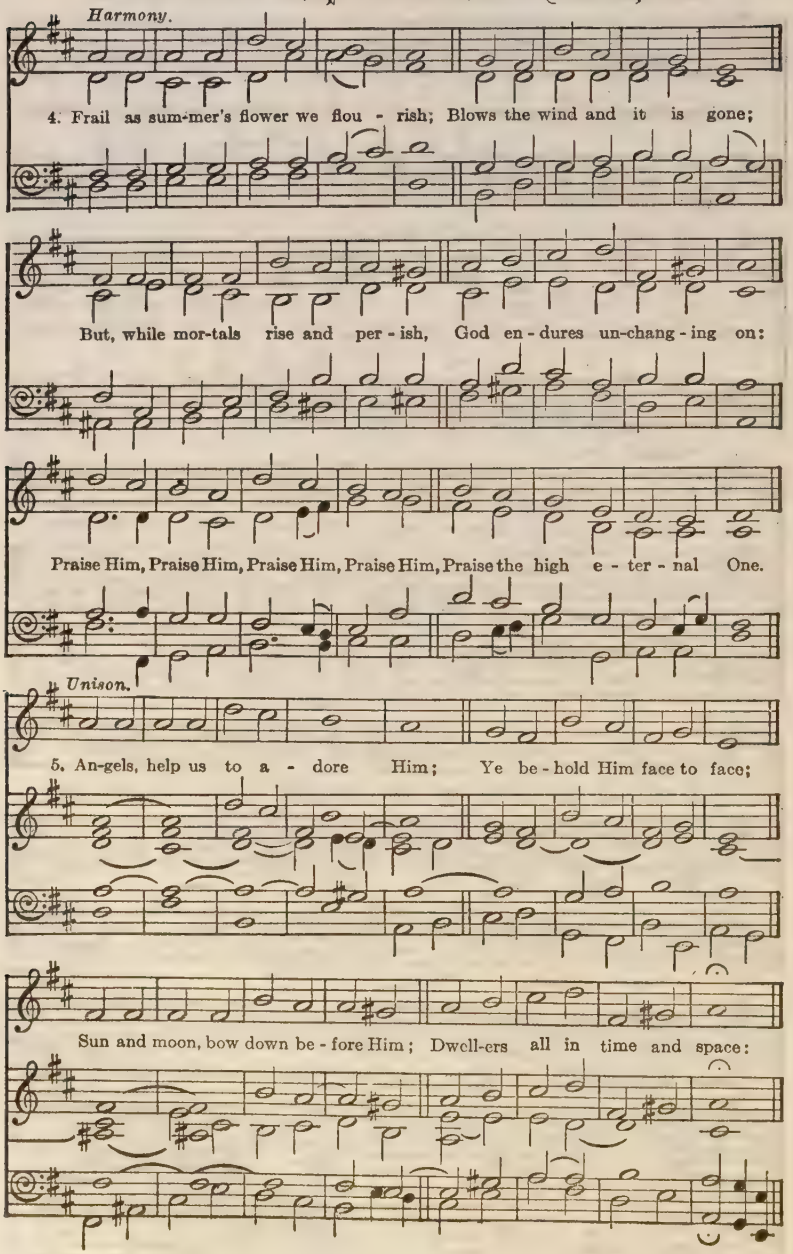
17 PRAISE, MY SOUL. 8 7 8 7 8 7.

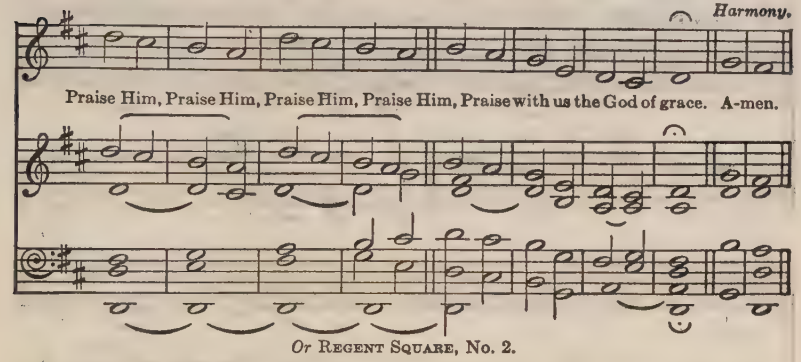
Moderate.

Words by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847.
Founded on Psalm ciii.
Music by JOHN GOSS, 1800-1880.

Unison.
Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To His feet thy tri-bute bring;
Ran-som'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for-giv - en, Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Harmony.
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fa-thers in dis - tress;

By permission of Victoria Lady Carberry.

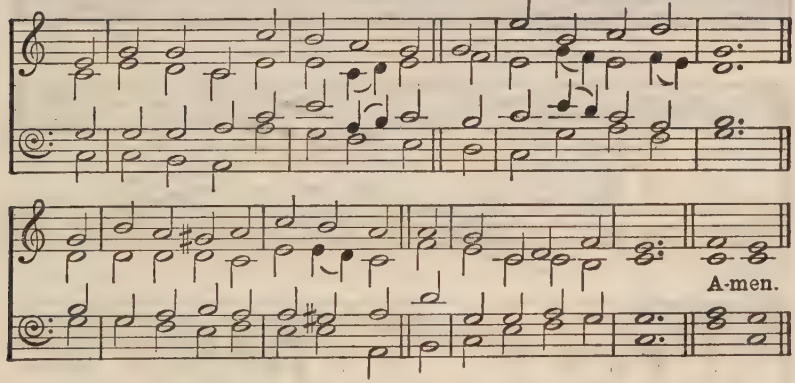
This hymn may be sung throughout to the music of verse 2.


Praise Him, still the same for e - ver, Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Glo-rious in His faith - ful - ness.
Trebles. Slower.
3. Fa-ther-like He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
In His hands He gent-ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes:
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Wide-ly as His mer - cy flows.

Harmony.
4. Frail as sum-mer's flower we flou - rish; Blows the wind and it is gone;
But, while mor-tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un-chang - ing on:
Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One.
Unison.
5. An-gels, help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him; Dwell-ers all in time and space:



Or REGENT SQUARE, No. 2.

18 WESTMINSTER. C.M. *Moderately slow.* JAMES TURLE, 1802-1882.



MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

4 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!

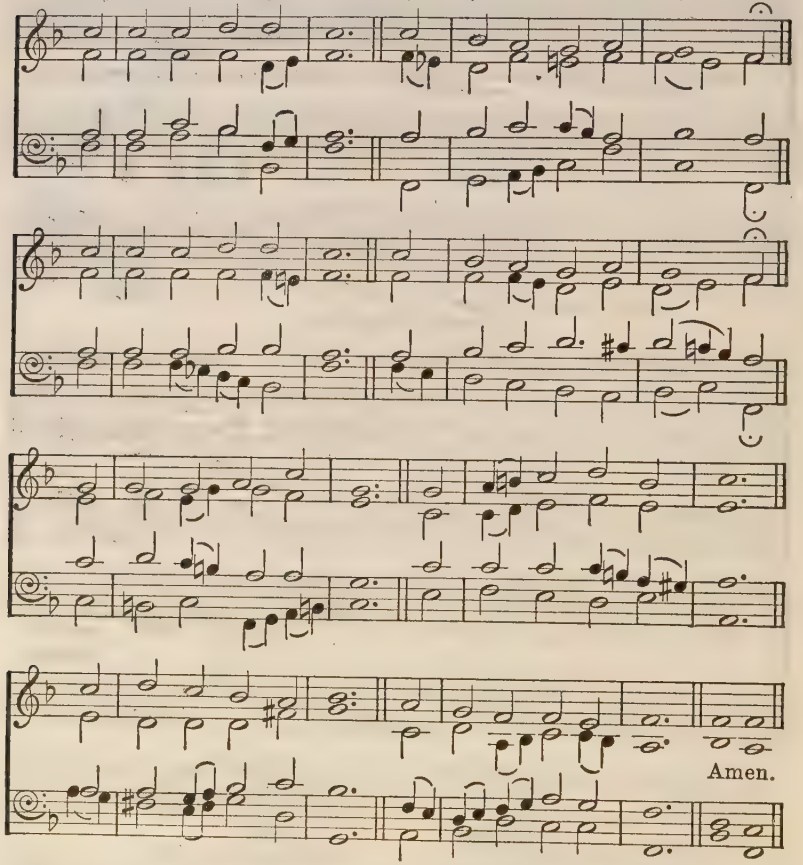
5 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

6 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

7 Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814-1863.

19 NUN DANKET. 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6. *Slow, with vigour.* JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598-1662.



NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

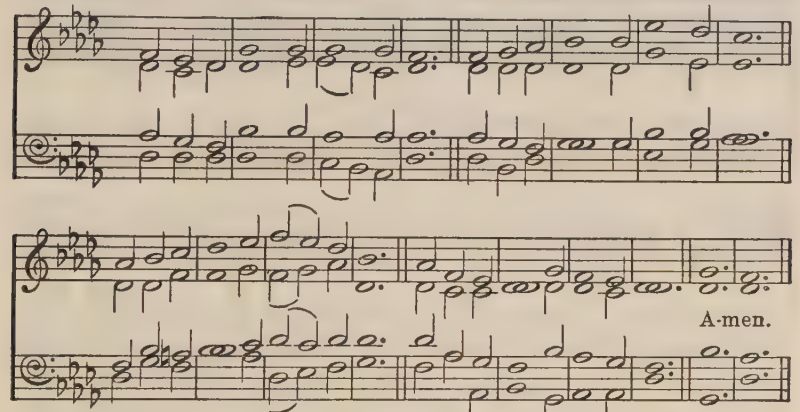
2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now
And shall be evermore.

MARTIN RINCKART, 1586-1649.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-1878.

20 OMBERSLEY. L.M. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, 1840-1891.



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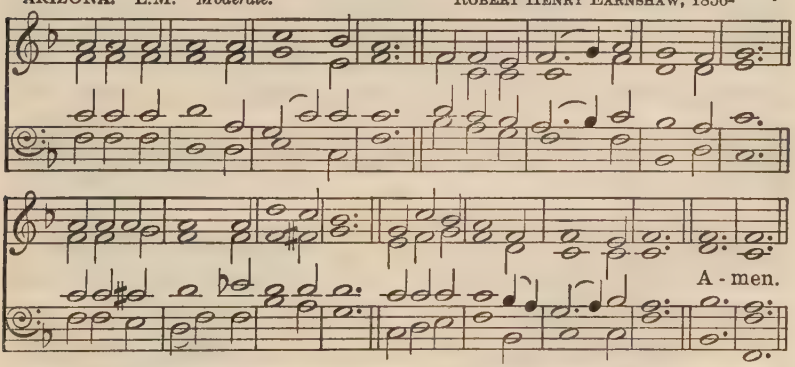
ARIZONA. L.M. *Moderate.*

ROBERT HENRY EARNSHAW, 1856-



LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

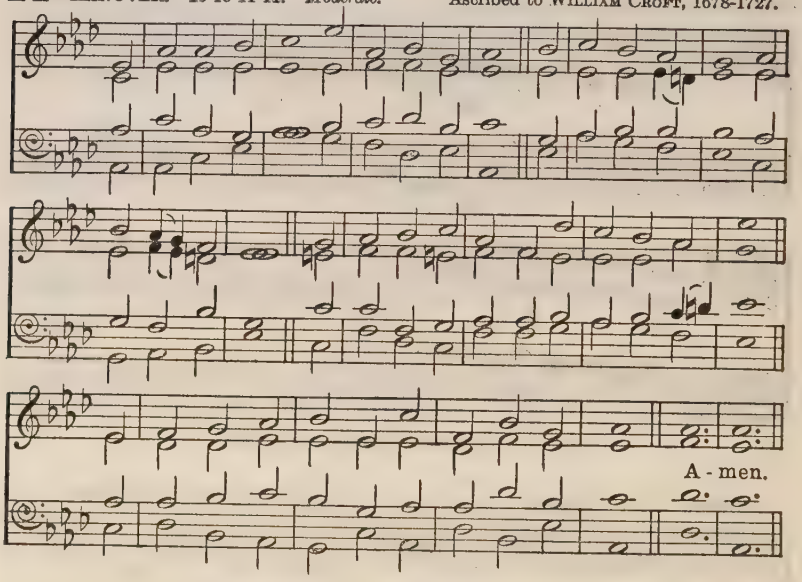
3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

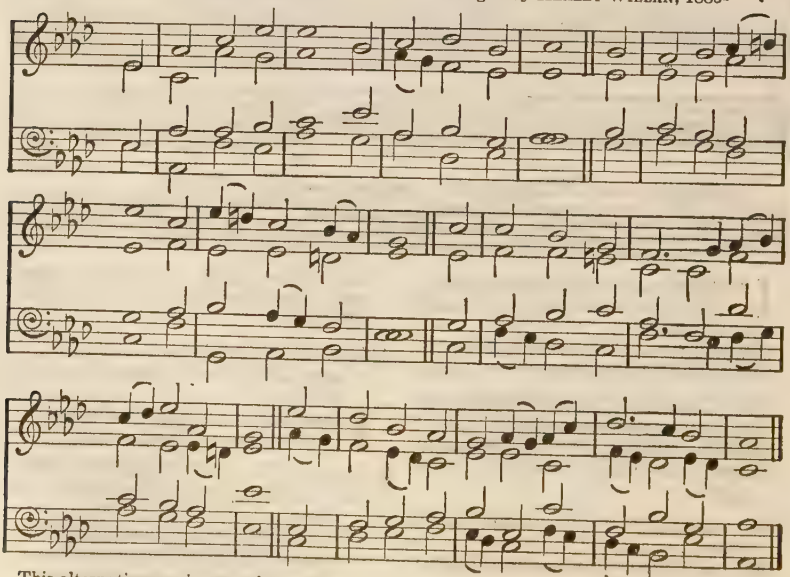
5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809-1894.

21 HANOVER. 10 10 11 11. *Moderate.* Ascribed to WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727.

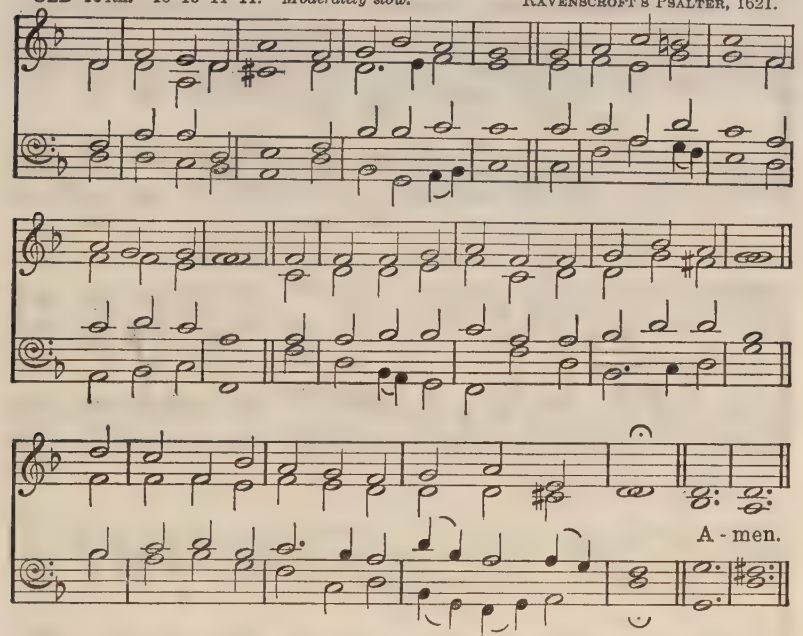


Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

OLD 104th. 10 10 11 11. *Moderately slow.* RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



O WORSHIP the King,
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Founded on Psalm civ.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

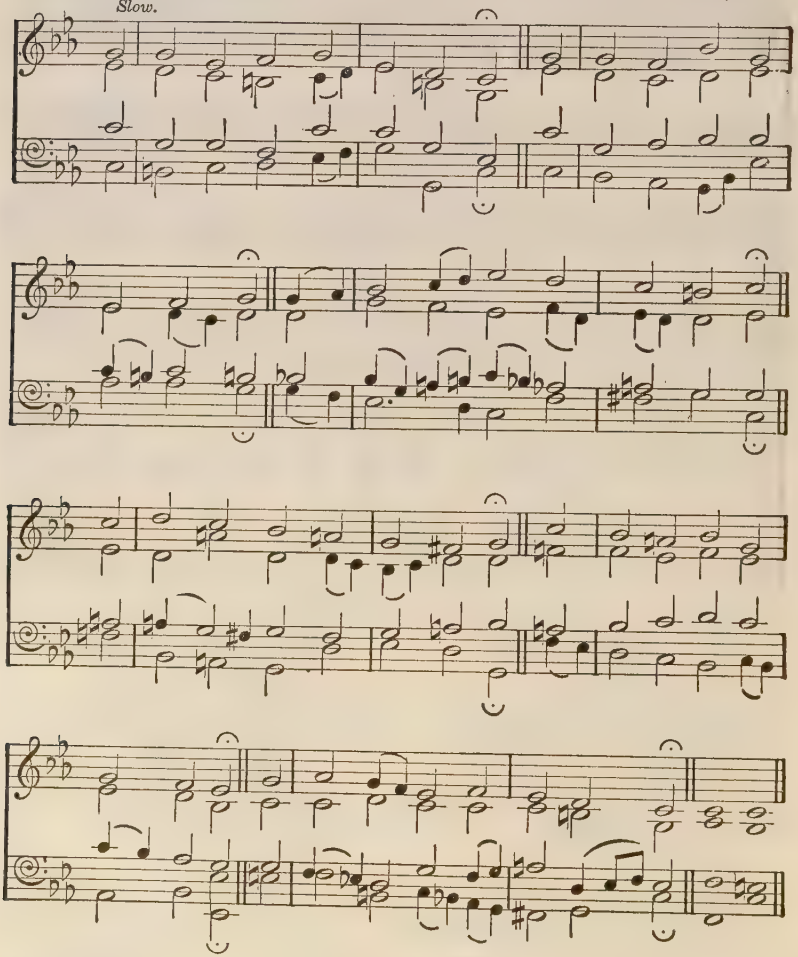
5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

ROBERT GRANT, c. 1785-1838.

22 VATER UNSER (OLD 112th). 8 8 8 8 8 8. GEISTLICHE LIEDER, 1539.

Slow.



Or ST. PETERSBURG, No. 11.

LO, God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

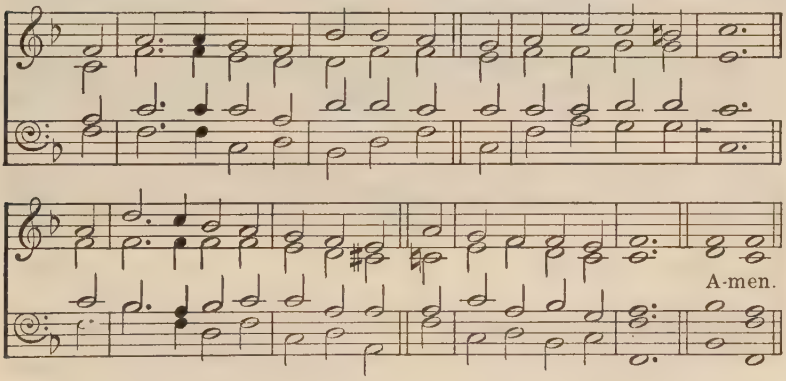
2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697-1769.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

23 WINCHESTER OLD. C.M.

Moderate. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.



WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes these gifts with joy.

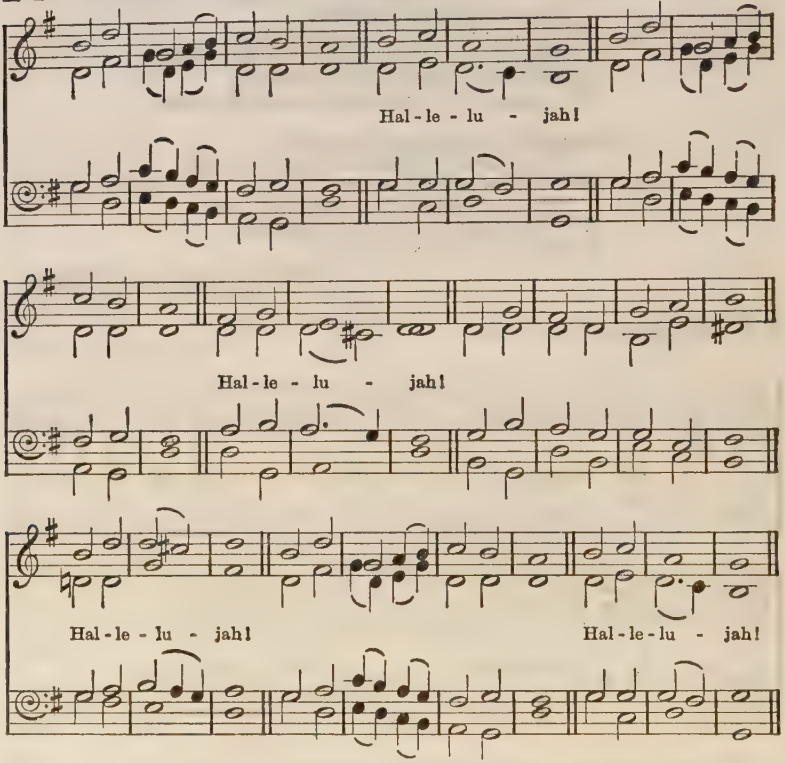
4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719.

24 GWALCHMAI. 7 4 7 4 D. *Moderately fast.* JOSEPH DAVID JONES, 1827-1870.

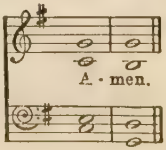


Or LLANFAIR, No. 114

PRAISE the Lord! His glories show, *Hallelujah!*
Saints within His courts below, *Hallelujah!*
Angels round His throne above, *Hallelujah!*
All that see and share His love, *Hallelujah!*

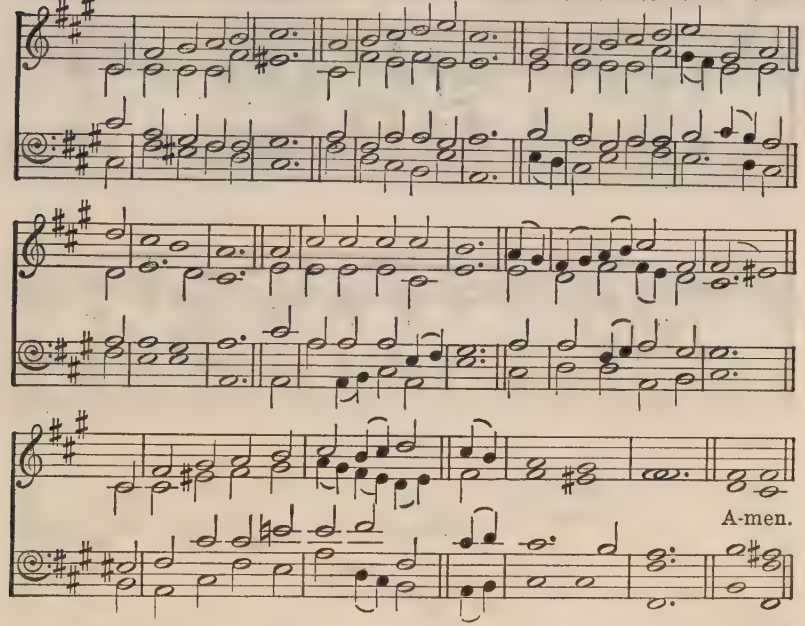
2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth, *Hallelujah!*
Tell His wonders, sing His worth, *Hallelujah!*
Age to age, and shore to shore, *Hallelujah!*
Praise Him, praise Him evermore, *Hallelujah!*

3 Strings and voices, hands and hearts, *Hallelujah!*
In the concert bear your parts, *Hallelujah!*
All that breathe, your Lord adore, *Hallelujah!*
Praise Him, praise Him evermore, *Hallelujah!*



Founded on Psalm cl. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847.

25 LEONI. 6 6 8 4 D. *With force and dignity.* Arranged from a Hebrew Melody, c. 1770.



THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I Am!
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow, and bless the sacred Name
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and power—
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

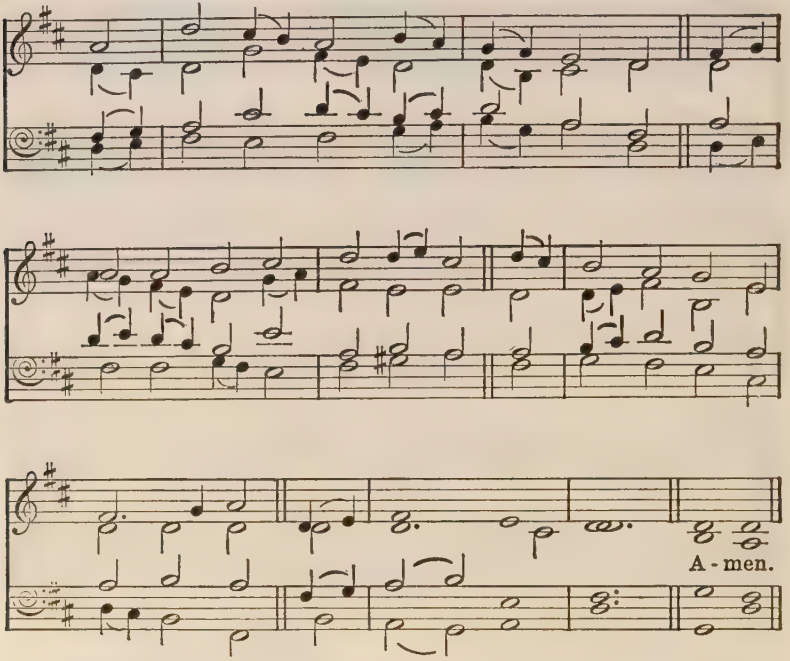
3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend:
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His Kingdom He maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!—
I join the heavenly lays,—
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

THOMAS OLIVERS, 1725-1799.

26 ES IST KEIN TAG. 8 8 8 4. *Moderate.* JOHANN DAVID MEYER, c. 1692.



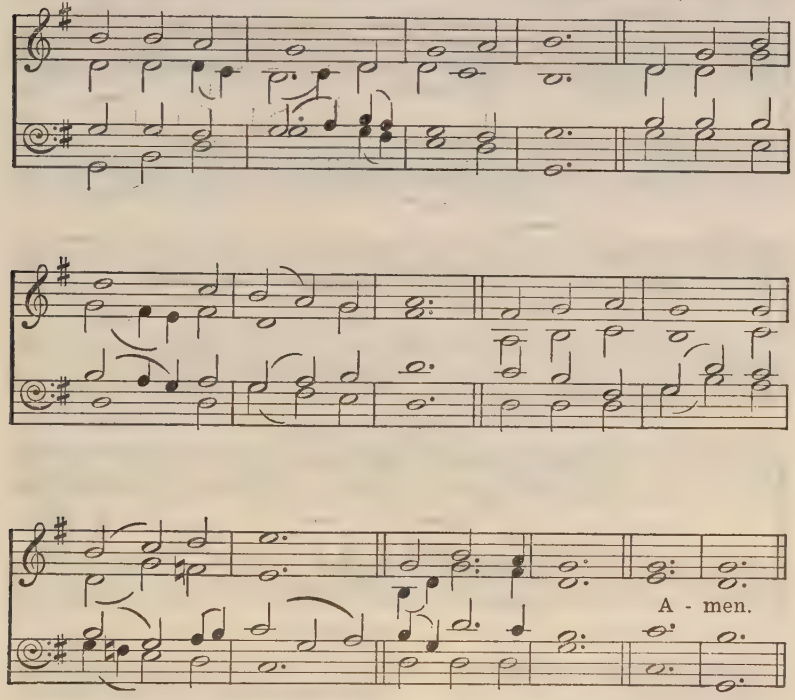
O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

ALMSGIVING. 8 8 8 4. *Moderate.* JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

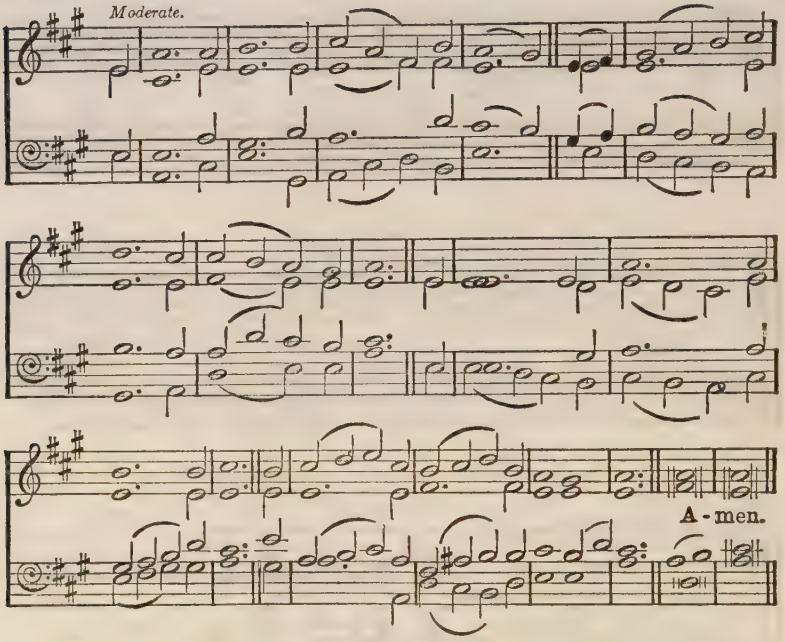
6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all,—

7 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give?
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,
1807-1885.

27 CREATION. L.M.

Adapted from FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732-1809.



THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball.
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

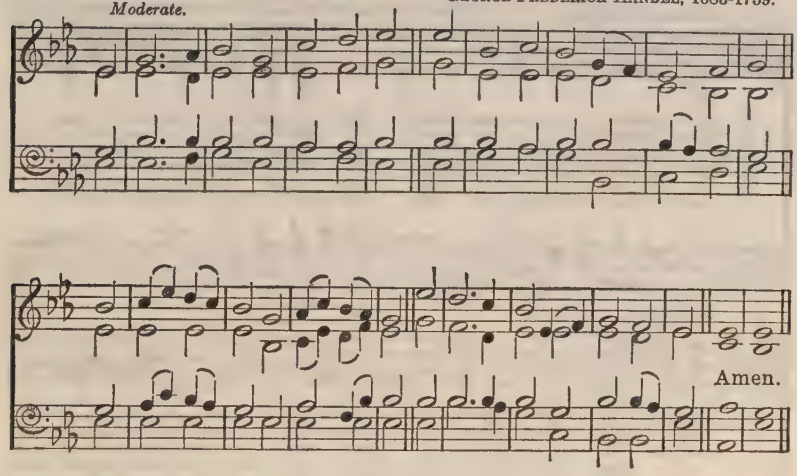
6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

Founded on Psalm xix. JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719.

28 SAMSON. L.M.

Moderate.

Adapted from
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1685-1759.



Or WALTON, No. 8.

THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy Name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgements right.

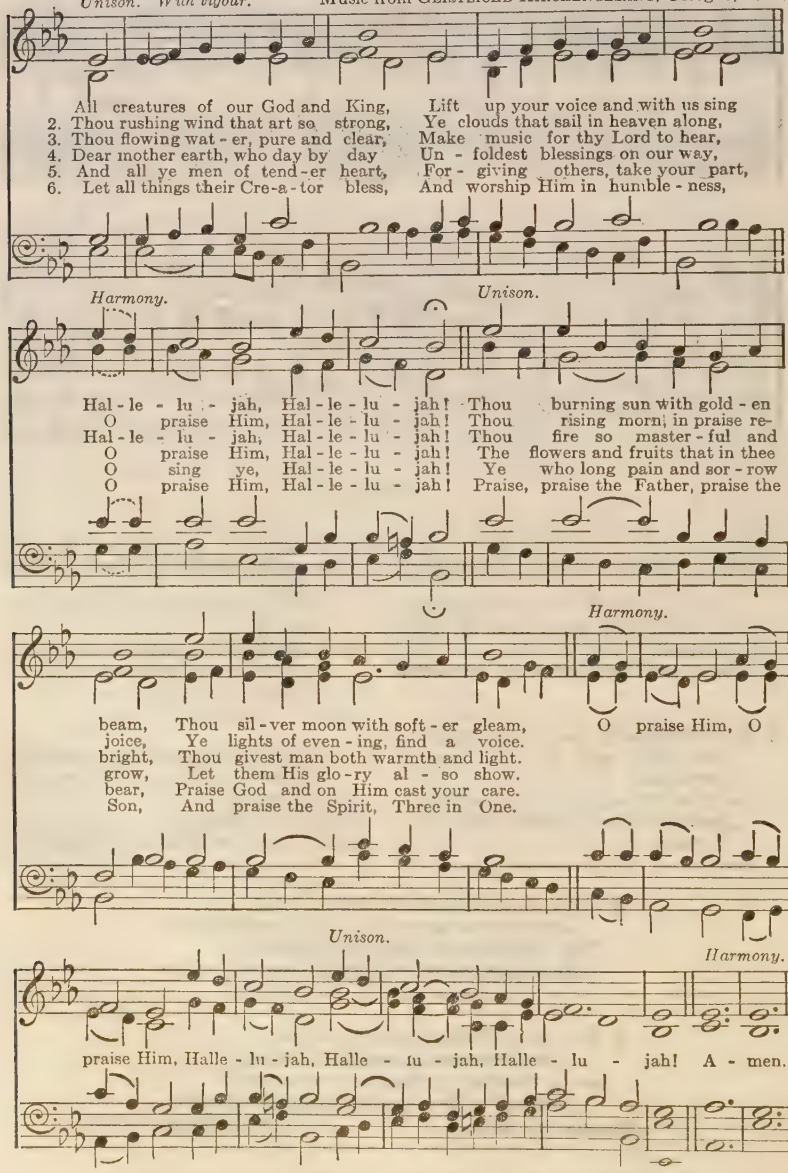
6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Founded on Psalm xix. ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

29 LASST UNS ERFREUEN. 8 8 4 4 8 8, and refrain.

Words by
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, 1182-1226.
Tr. WILLIAM HENRY DRAPER, 1855-
Music from GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESÄNG, Cologne, 1623.

Unison. *With vigour.*


All creatures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us sing
2. Thou rushing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
3. Thou flowing wat - er, pure and clear, Make music for thy Lord to hear,
4. Dear mother earth, who day by day Un - foldest blessings on our way,
5. And all ye men of tend - er heart, For - giving others, take your part,
6. Let all things their Cre-a - tor bless, And worship Him in humble - ness,
Harmony.
Unison.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thou burning sun with gold - en
O praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thou rising morn, in praise re-
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Thou fire so master - ful and
O praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! The flowers and fruits that in thee
O sing ye, Hal - le - lu - jah! Ye who long pain and sor - row
O praise Him, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise, praise the Father, praise the
Harmony.
beam, Thou sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam, O praise Him, O
joice, Ye lights of even - ing, find a voice.
bright, Thou givest man both warmth and light.
grow, Let them His glo - ry al - so show.
bear, Praise God and on Him cast your care.
Son, And praise the Spirit, Three in One.
Unison.
Harmony.
praise Him, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah! A - men.

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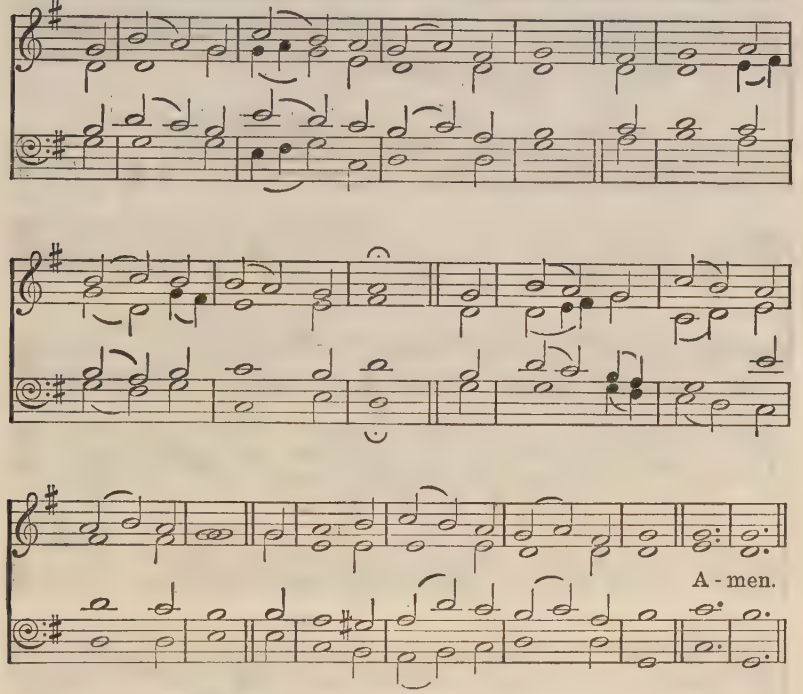
30 ST. ALKMUND. L.M. *Moderate.* EASY MUSIC FOR CHURCH CHOIRS, 1853.



O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in Thee.

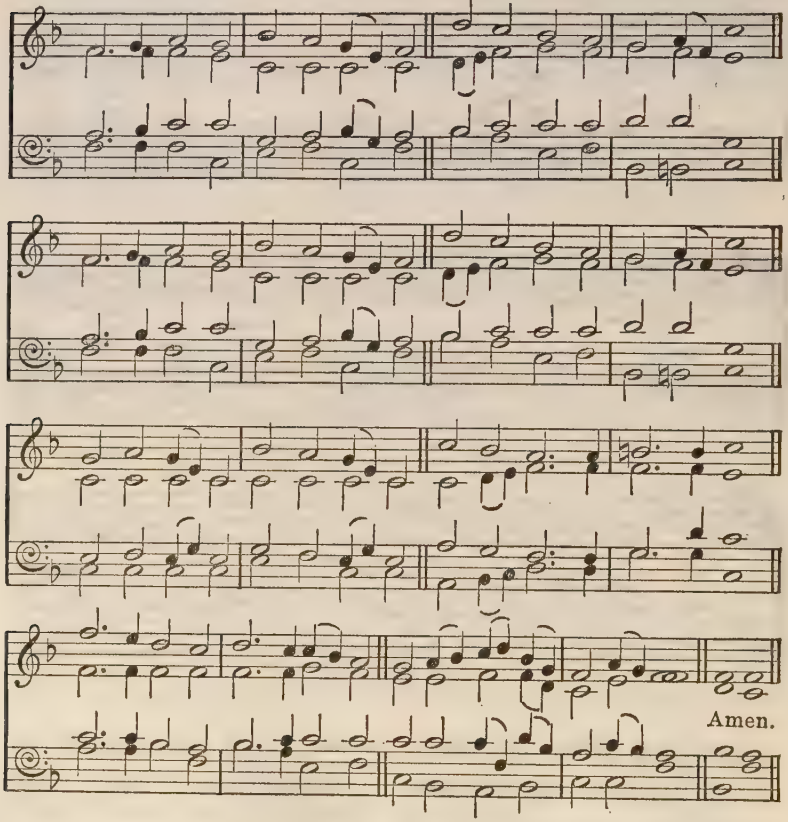
2 We shrink before Thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood:
We know Thee truly but in this,—
That Thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

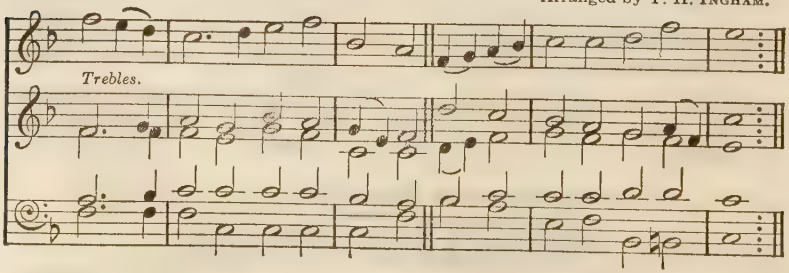
4 Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only Guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tones of reverent awe:
Make pure Thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love Thy law.

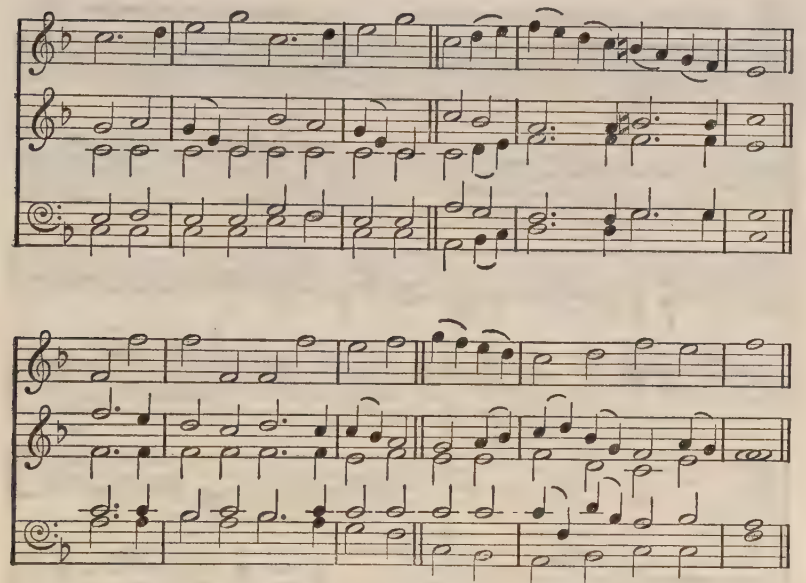
JOHN STERLING, 1806-1844.

31 AUSTRIA. 8 7 8 7 D. *Dignified.* FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN, 1732-1809.

Or HYFRYDOL, No. 117.

Descant. Arranged by T. H. INGHAM.



God in Creation, Providence, and Redemption



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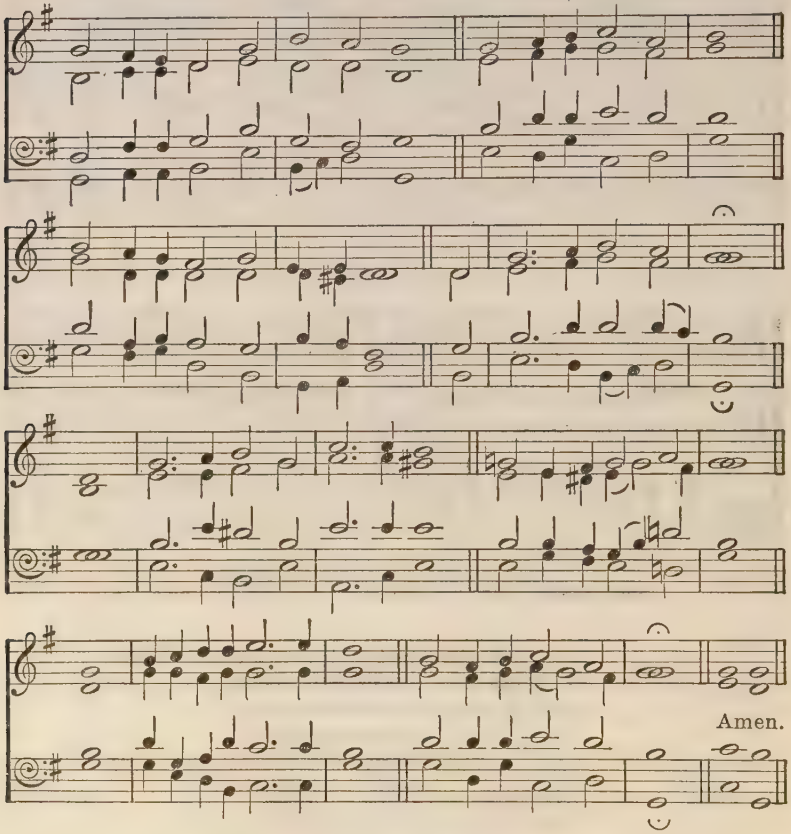
PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

2 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL HYMNS, 1809.

Founded on Psalm cxlviii.

32 OLD 137th. D.C.M. *Moderately slow.* ANGLO-GENEVAN PSALTER, 1556.

HOW shall I sing that Majesty
Which angels do admire?
Let dust in dust and silence lie;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir!
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise; but who am I?

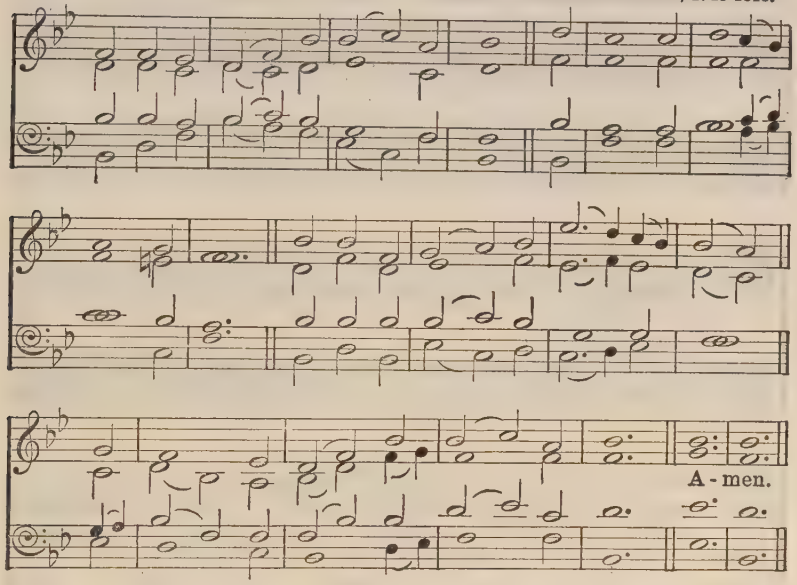
2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I Thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold Thy face.
They sing because Thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun
There hallelujahs be.

3 How great a being, Lord, is Thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep:
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

JOHN MASON, c. 1645-1694.

33 WARRINGTON. L.M. *Moderate.*

RALPH HARRISON, 1748-1810.



GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid!

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

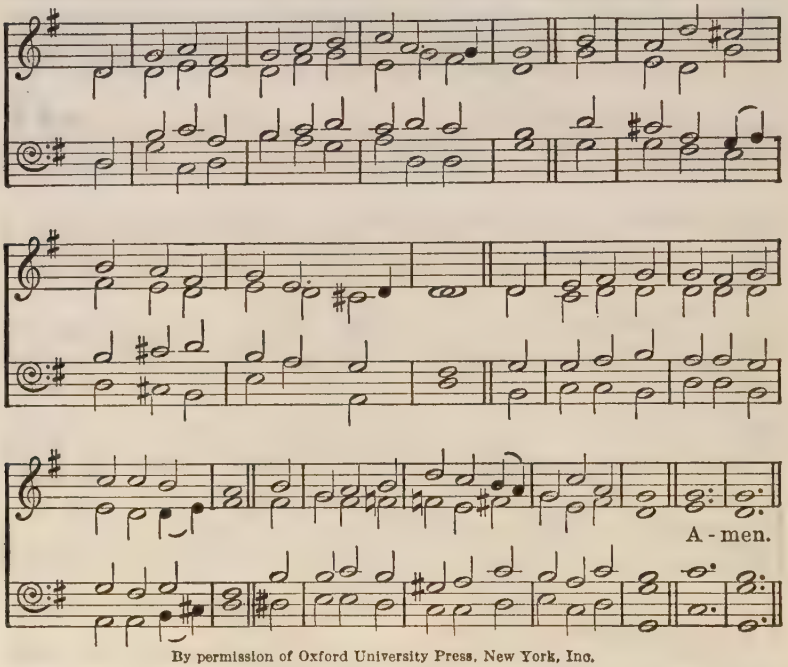
4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5 This sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Thus all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His faithfulness and power.

Founded on Psalm xlvi. ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

34 ST. BASIL. 11 11 11 11. *Moderate.* HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



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Or ST. DENIO, No. 403.

IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great Name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all life Thou givest—to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth Thee.

4 Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine Angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH, 1824-1908.

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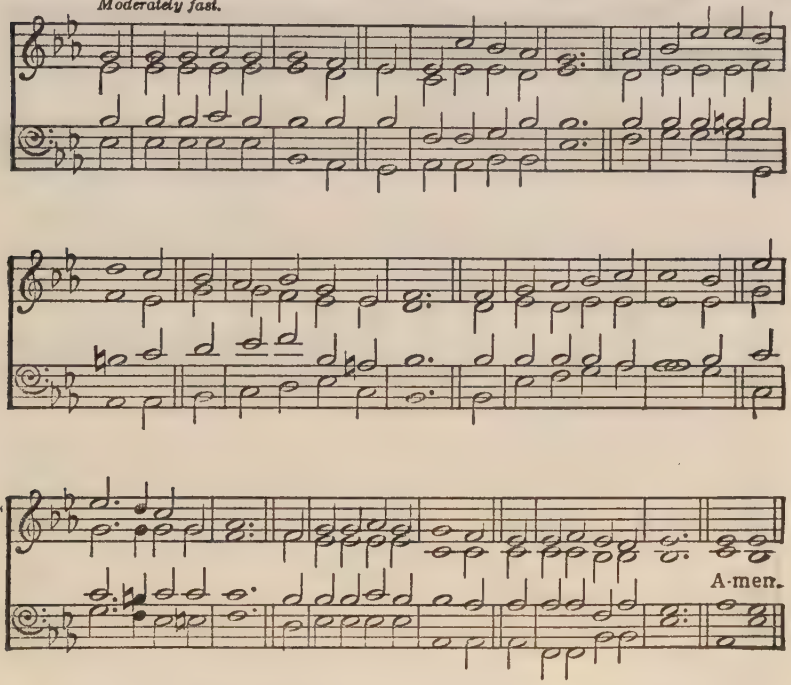
35 AURELIA. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



O GOD, the Rock of Ages
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie;
Or grasses in the meadows,
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told;
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail:
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten,
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:—
A joy no language measures,
A fountain brimming o'er,
An endless flow of pleasures,
An ocean without shore.

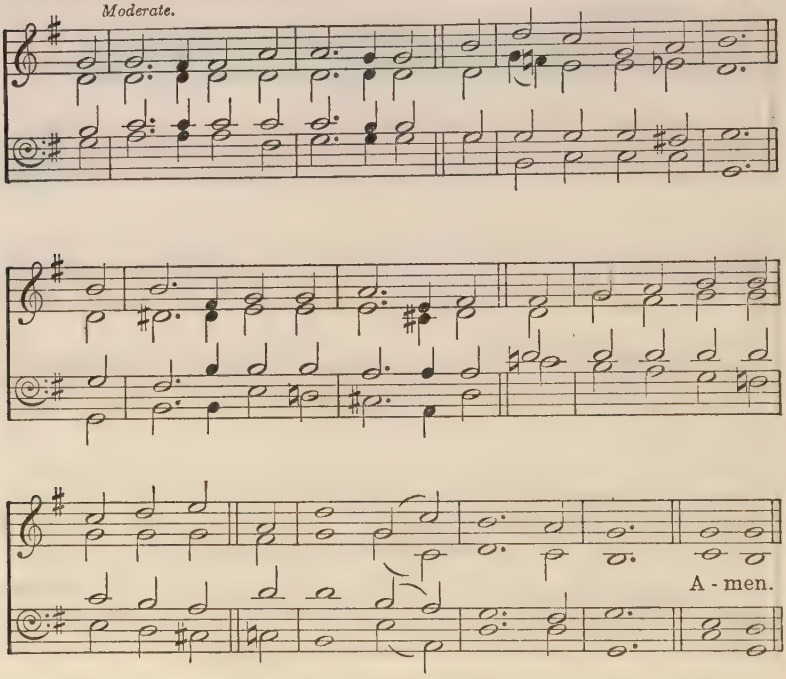
EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1825-1906.

Founded on Psalm xc.

36 NEWCASTLE. 8 6 8 8 6.

HENRY KILLICK MORLEY, c. 1855-

Moderate.



ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee!

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

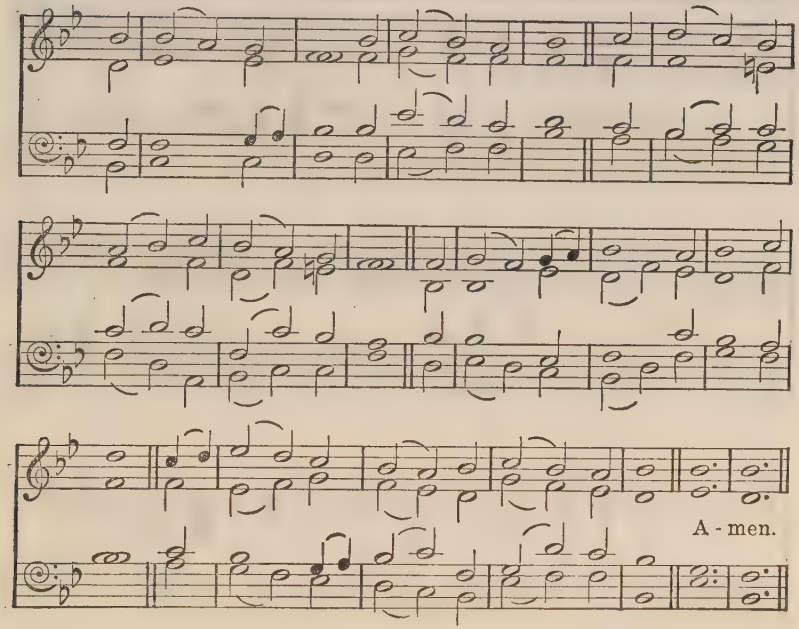
4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above;
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

THOMAS BINNEY, 1798-1874.

37 WAREHAM. L.M. *Moderately fast.*

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1698-1768.



THOU glorious God, before whose face
The generations pass away,
As, to our eyes, the tender grace
And marvel of each shining day!

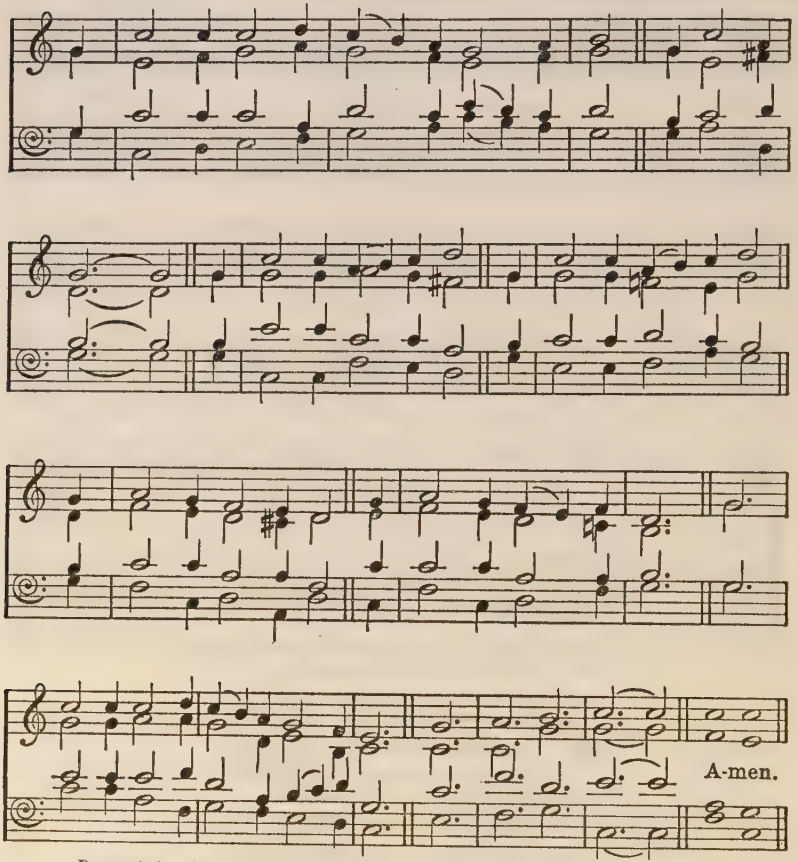
2 We thank Thee for the joy sublime
Of years so radiant with Thy power,
That all the best of endless time
Seems granted to the fleeting hour.

3 We praise Thee for the surer right,
The clearer message from above,
The lengthening day, the shortening night,
The wiser ministries of love.

4 We bless Thee for the friends we miss,
Who made our peace, and stilled our pain;
We trust Thee on some height of bliss
To bring them close to us again.

5 We magnify Thy holy Name;
And while in Thee our hearts rejoice,
Strong be our wills, through praise and blame,
To do the bidding of Thy voice.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1840-1904.

38 HIGH ROAD. 10 4 6 6 6 6 10 4. *Moderately fast.* MARTIN SHAW, 1876- .

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LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

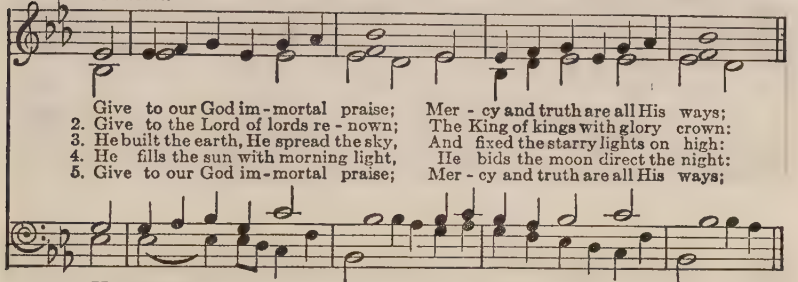
2 Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

GEORGE HERBERT,
1593-1633.

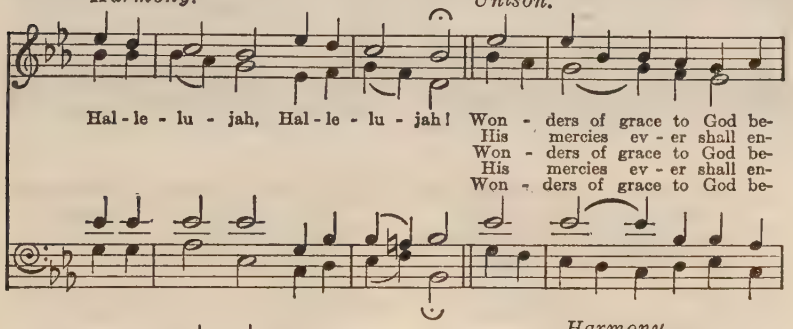
39 LASST UNS ERFREUEN. 8 8 4 4 8 8, and Hallelujahs. Founded on Psalm cxxxvi.

Moderately fast, dignified. Words by ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.
Melody from GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESÄNG, Cologne, 1623.

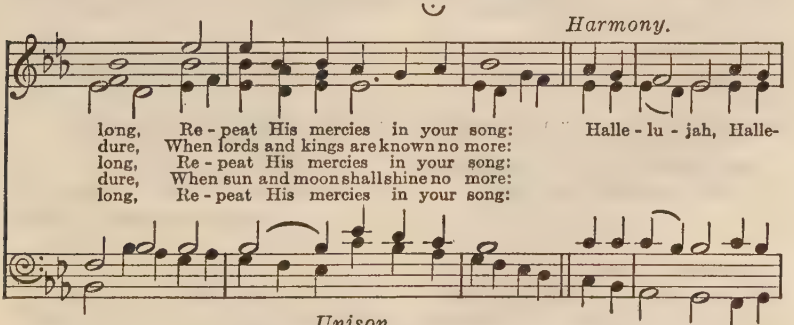
Unison.


Give to our God im-mortal praise; Mer-cy and truth are all His ways;
2. Give to the Lord of lords re-nown; The King of kings with glory crown:
3. He built the earth, He spread the sky, And fixed the starry lights on high:
4. He fills the sun with morning light, He bids the moon direct the night:
5. Give to our God im-mortal praise; Mer-cy and truth are all His ways;

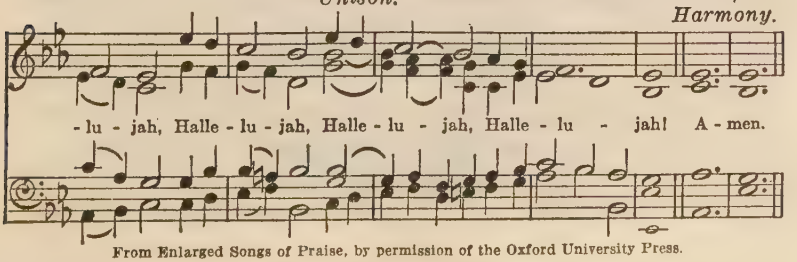
Harmony. *Unison.*


Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Won-ders of grace to God be-
His mercies ev-er shall en-
Won-ders of grace to God be-
His mercies ev-er shall en-
Won-ders of grace to God be-

Harmony.


long, Re-peat His mercies in your song: Halle-lu-jah, Halle-
dure, When lords and kings are known no more:
long, Re-peat His mercies in your song:
dure, When sun and moon shall shine no more:
long, Re-peat His mercies in your song:

Unison. *Harmony.*



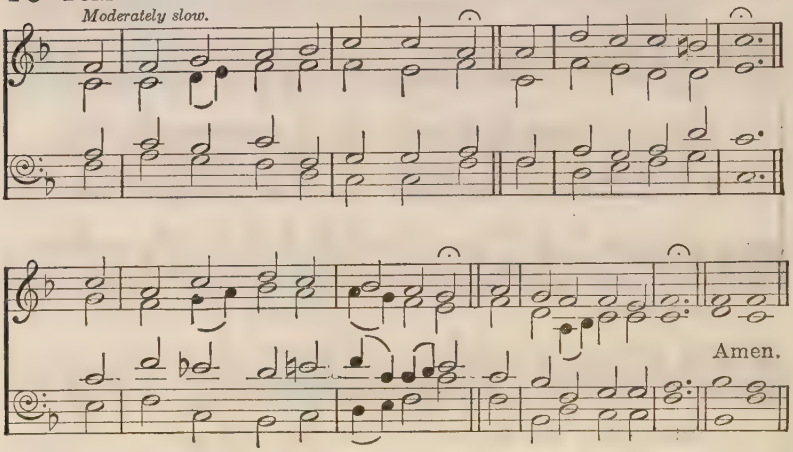
From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

Or DUKE STREET. No. 400

40 DUNFERMLINE. C.M.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.

Moderately slow.



GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

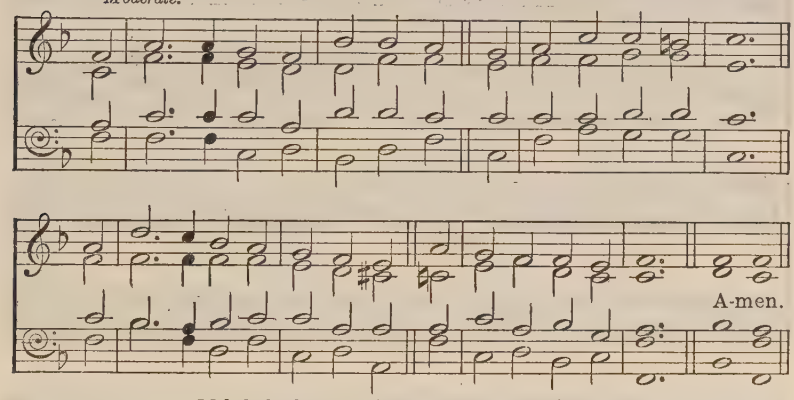
AND THE FOLLOWING:

124 O Love Divine, that stoop'st to share.
280 The King of Love my Shepherd is.
289 My God, I thank Thee who hast made.
397 A safe stronghold.
414 Hast thou not known.
436-455 Hymns of Pilgrimage and Guidance.
579 We plough the fields and scatter.
632 The Lord for ever doth endure (Ps. 9).
634 O God, my strength and (Ps. 18).
637 The Lord's my Shepherd (Ps. 23).
640 The Lord's my light (Ps. 27).
643 Through all the changing scenes (Ps. 34).
644 The Lord will I at all times (Ps. 34).
646 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the (Ps. 36).
648 I waited for the Lord my God (Ps. 40).
651 God is our refuge (Ps. 46).
654 My soul with expectation (Ps. 62).
658 His Name for ever shall endure (Ps. 72).
662 O God, our help in ages past (Ps. 90).
664 To render thanks unto the (Ps. 92).
665 The Lord doth reign (Ps. 93).
668 O sing a new song (Ps. 98).
669 All people that on earth (Ps. 100).
671 O thou my soul, bless God (Ps. 103).
674 Give praise and thanks (Ps. 106).
680 I to the hills will lift mine eyes (Ps. 121)
681 Unto the hills around (Ps. 121).
683 Now Israel may say (Ps. 124).
688 O Lord, Thou art my God (Ps. 145).
689 Good unto all men is the Lord (Ps. 145).
690 Praise ye the Lord (Ps. 147).
691 Ye heavens on high, praise (Ps. 148).

His Praise

41 WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.

Moderate.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon), at No. 651.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

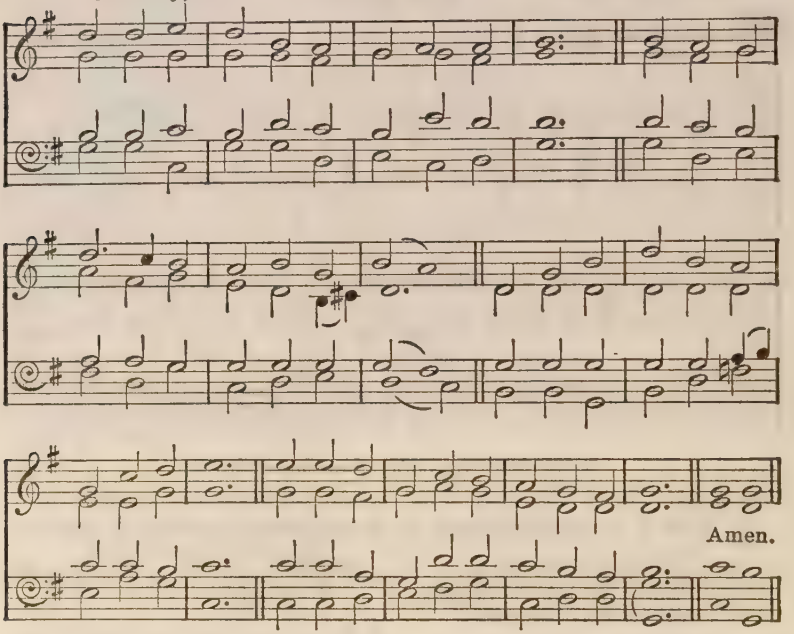
8 Glory to God, and praise, and love
Be ever, ever given
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

42 TRISAGION. 10 10 10 10 Dactylic.

Moderately fast.

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



Or O QUANTA QUALIA, No. 173.

BLESSING and honour and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore
Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the Kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

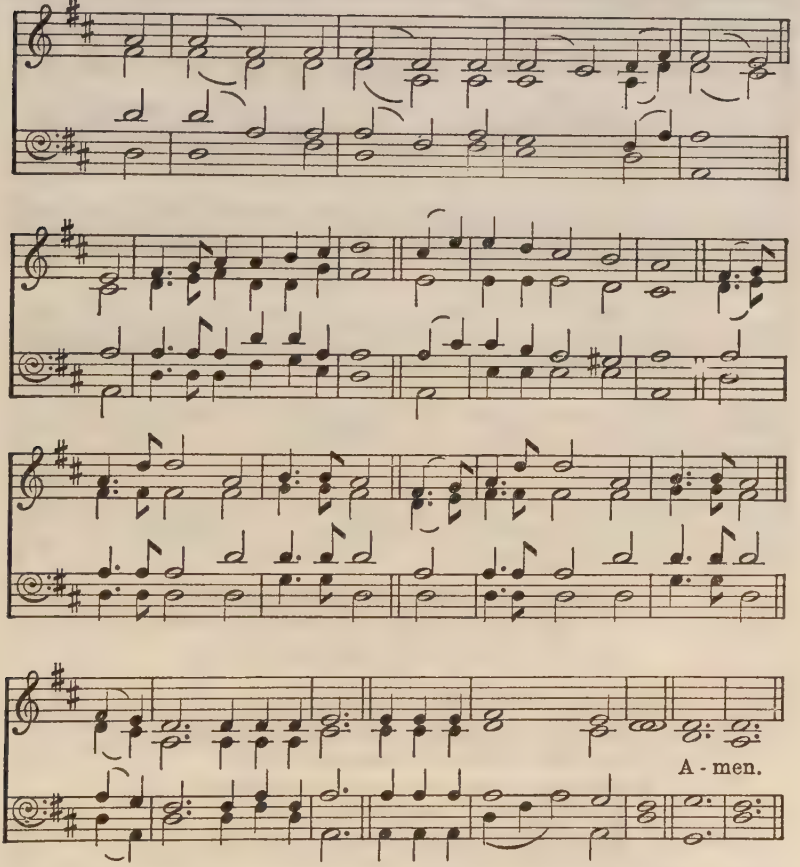
2 Soundeth the heaven of the heavens with His Name;
Ringeth the earth with His glory and fame;
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower
Echo His praises and tell of His power.

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy;
Ever descendeth the love from on high;
Blessing and honour and glory and praise,—
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb;
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm;
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

43 ARIEL. 8 8 6 D. and repeat. *Moderately fast.* LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
And magnify the wondrous grace
Which made salvation mine.

2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

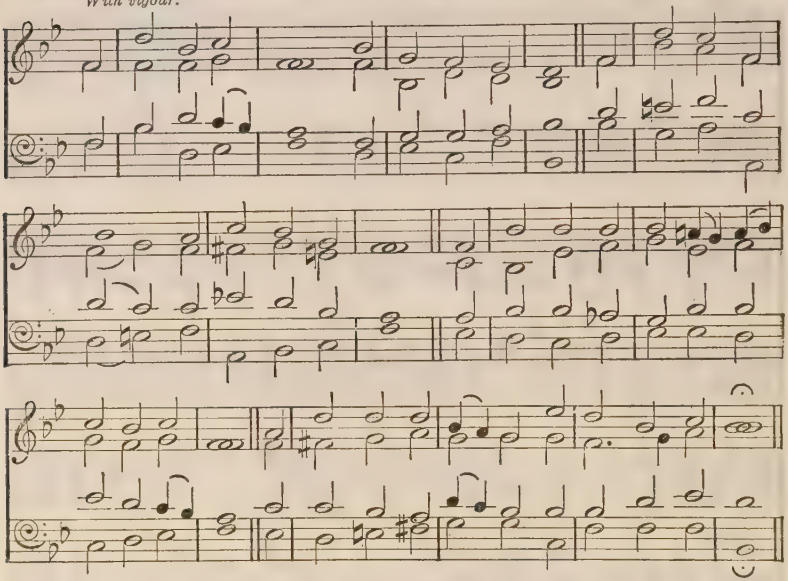
3 Soon the delightful day will come
When my blest Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1738-1799.

44 LAUDATE DOMINUM. 10 10 11 11.

With vigour.

CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY, 1848-1918.

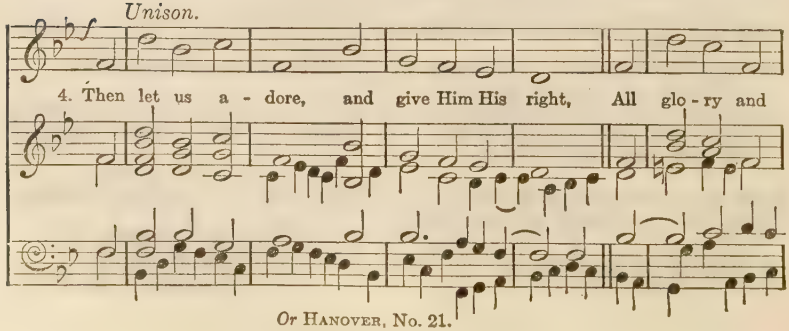


YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

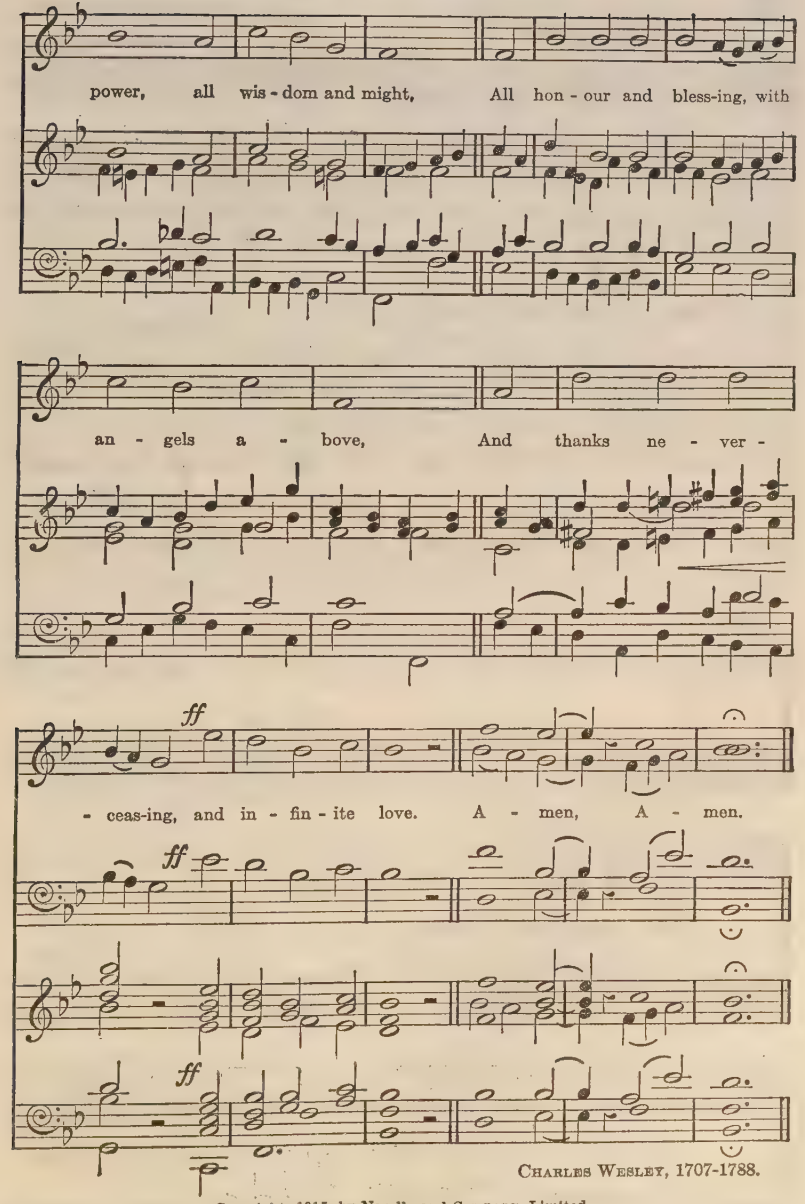
3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

Unison.



Or HANOVER, No. 21.

His Praise


power, all wis - dom and might, All hon - our and bless-ing, with
an - gels a - bove, And thanks ne - ver -
ff
- ceas-ing, and in - fin - ite love. A - men, A - men.
ff
ff

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

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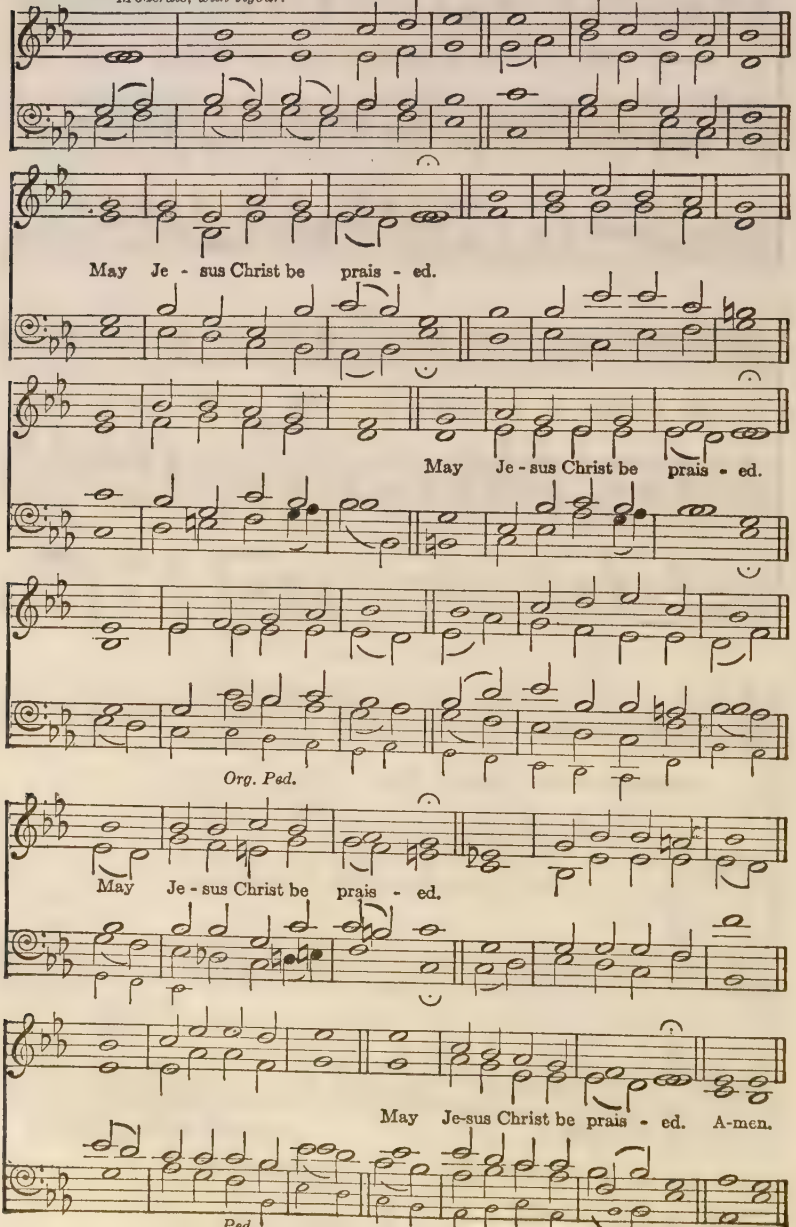
45 O SEIGNEUR. 6 6 7 6 6 7 D.

GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

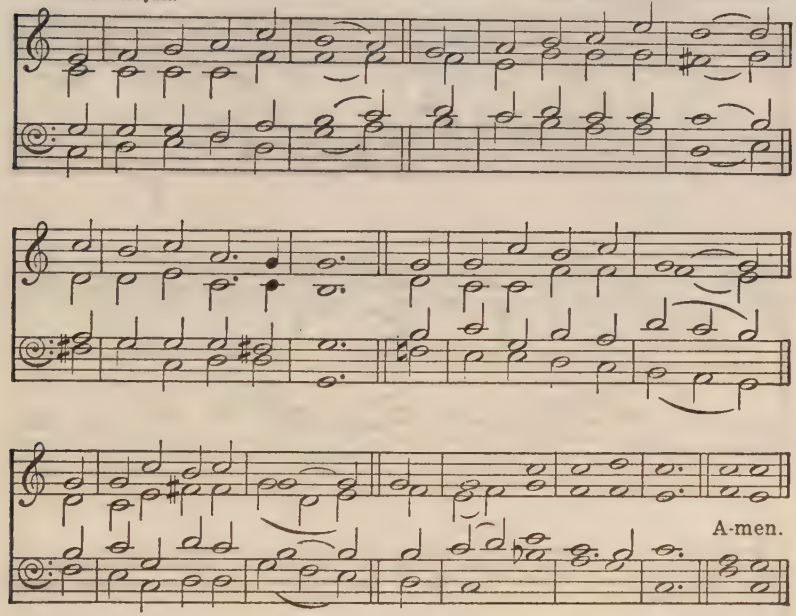
Moderate, with vigour.


May Je - sus Christ be prais - ed.
May Je - sus Christ be prais - ed.
Org. Ped.
May Je - sus Christ be prais - ed.
May Je-sus Christ be prais - ed. A-men.
Ped.

LAUDES DOMINI. 6 6 6 6 6 6.

Somewhat fast.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.



WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

4 To God, the Word, on high,
The host of angels cry,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise;
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let earth and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

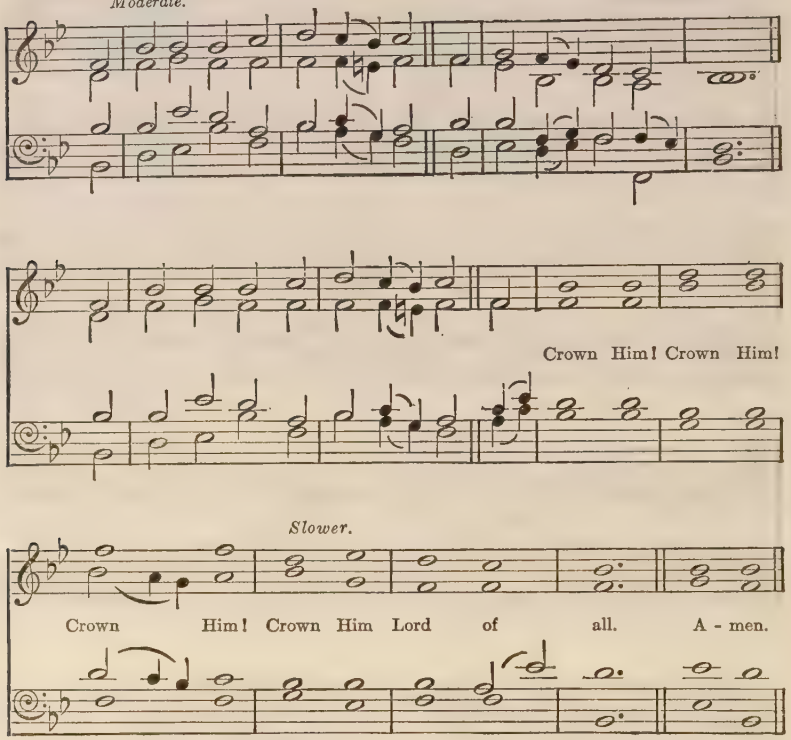
6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Author of original unknown.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878.

46 MILES LANE. C.M. and repeat.

Moderate.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1760-1806



ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

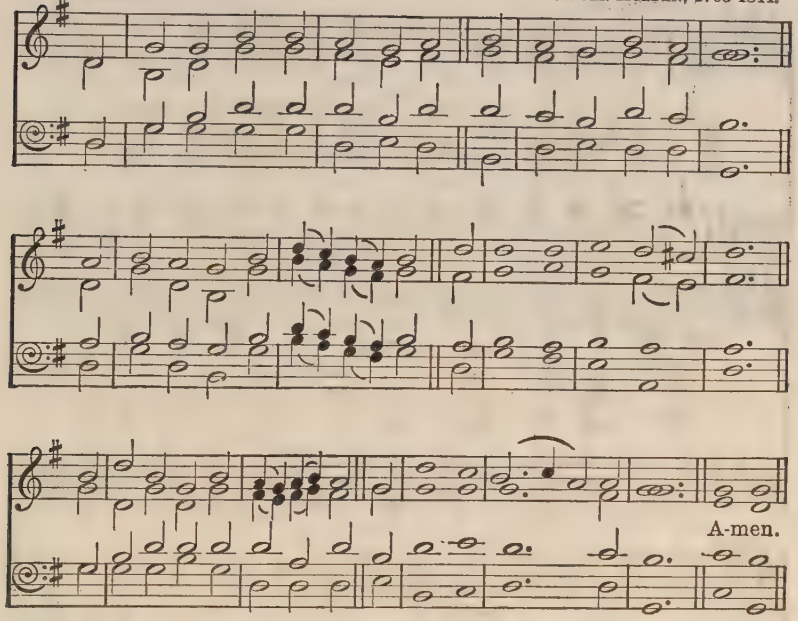
2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol Him in whose path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

CORONATION. C.M. and repeat.

Moderate.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765-1844.



4 Let every tongue and every tribe,
Responsive to the call,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

EDWARD PERRONET, 1726-1792,
and others.

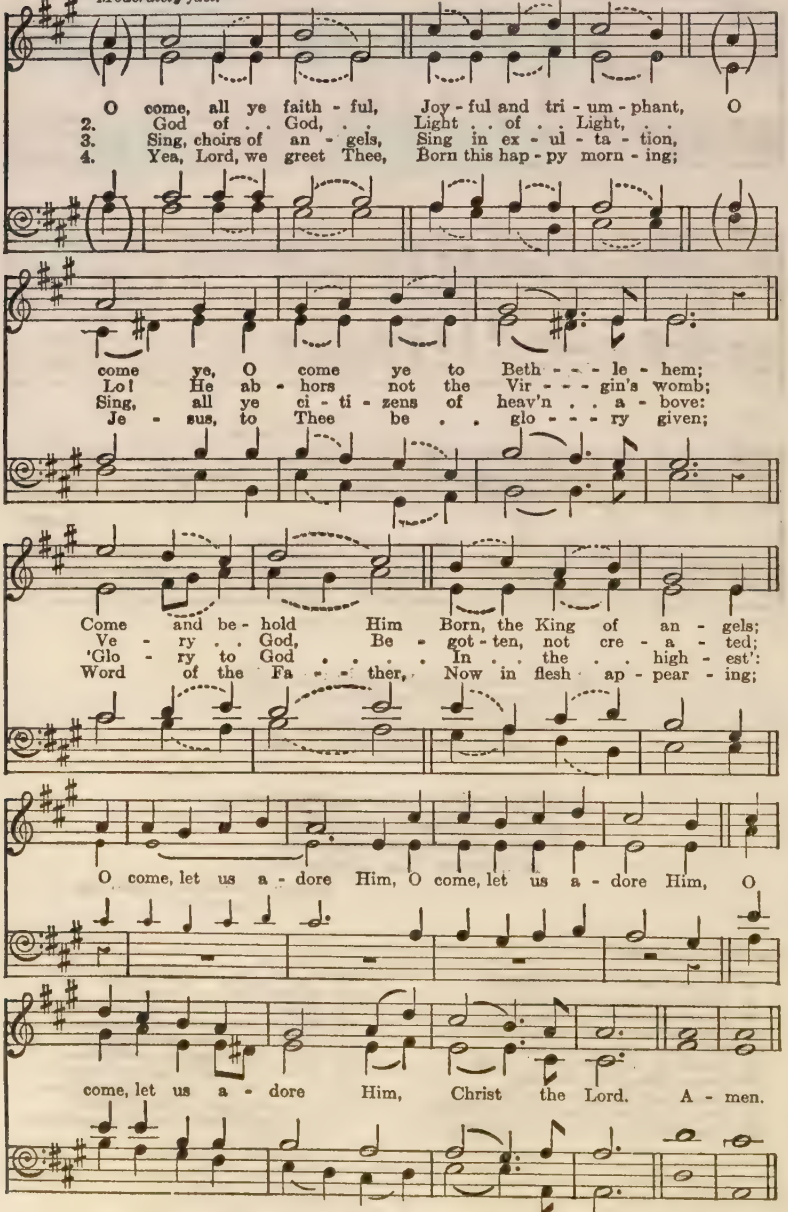
AND THE FOLLOWING:

52 Of the Father's love begotten.
81 All glory, laud, and honour.
82 Hosanna, loud hosanna.
102 We sing the praise of Him who died.
103 The Day of Resurrection.
104 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
105 Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
106 O sons and daughters, let us sing.
108 Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious.
109 The strife is o'er, the battle done.
112 Rejoice, the Lord is King.
113 At the Name of Jesus.
114 Hail the day that sees Him rise.
115 Crown Him with many crowns.
116 Jesus lives! thy terrors now.
117 Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus.
118 The Head that once was crowned.
120 Come, let us join our cheerful songs.
299 O Jesus, King most wonderful.
306 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds

47 ADESTE FIDELES. Irregular.

Words from the Latin, 18th century.
Tr. FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1802-1880.
Music probably 18th century.

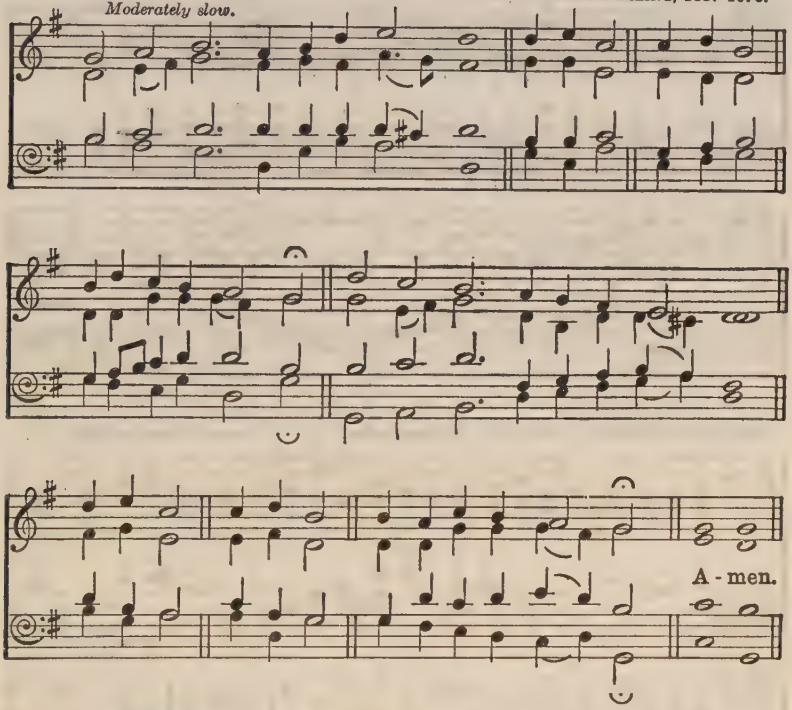
Moderately fast.


O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O
2. God of . . God, . . Light . . of . . Light, . .
3. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing;
come ye, O come ye to Beth - - - le - hem;
Lo! He ab - hors not the Vir - - - gin's womb;
Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of heav'n . . a - bove:
Je - sus, to Thee be . . glo - - - ry given;
Come and be - hold Him Born, the King of an - gels;
Ve - ry . . God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;
'Glo - ry to God . . . . In . . the . . high - est':
Word of the Fa - - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O
come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - men.

48 BONN. 8 3 3 6 D.

Moderately slow.

JOHANN GEORG EBELING, 1637-1676.



ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing,
Till the air, everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

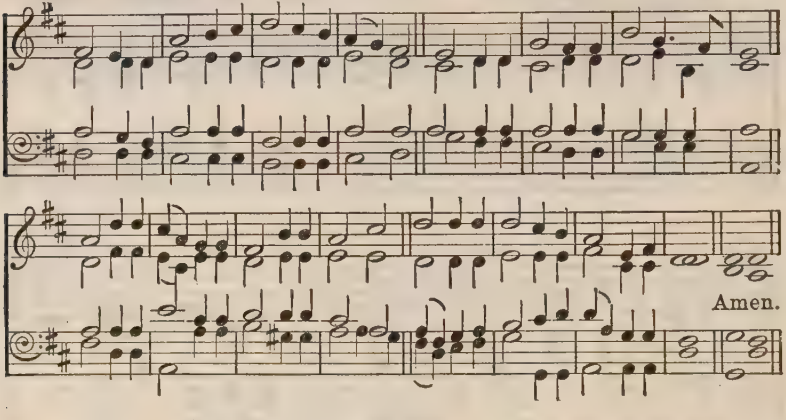
2 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star that, from far,
Bright with hope is burning.

3 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

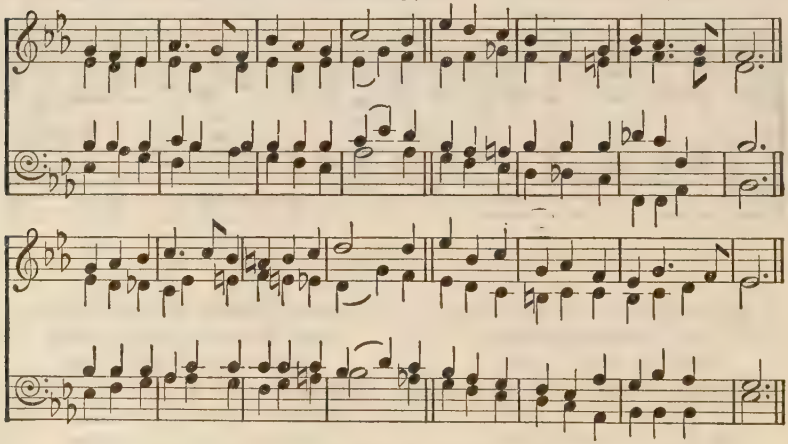
4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
But shall dwell with Thee for ever
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607-1676.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-1878.

49 EPIPHANY. 11 10 11 10. *Moderately fast.* JOSEPH FRANCIS THRUPP, 1827-1867.



STELLA ORIENTIS. 11 10 11 10. *Moderately fast.* HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



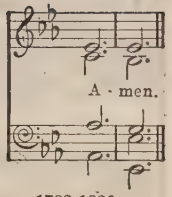
BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

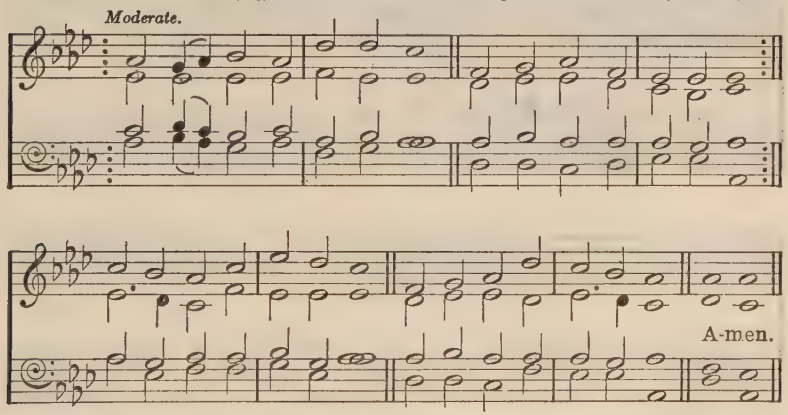
5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.



REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826.

50 DIX. 777777.

Abridged from a Chorale
by KONRAD KOCHER, 1786-1872.



AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls, at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

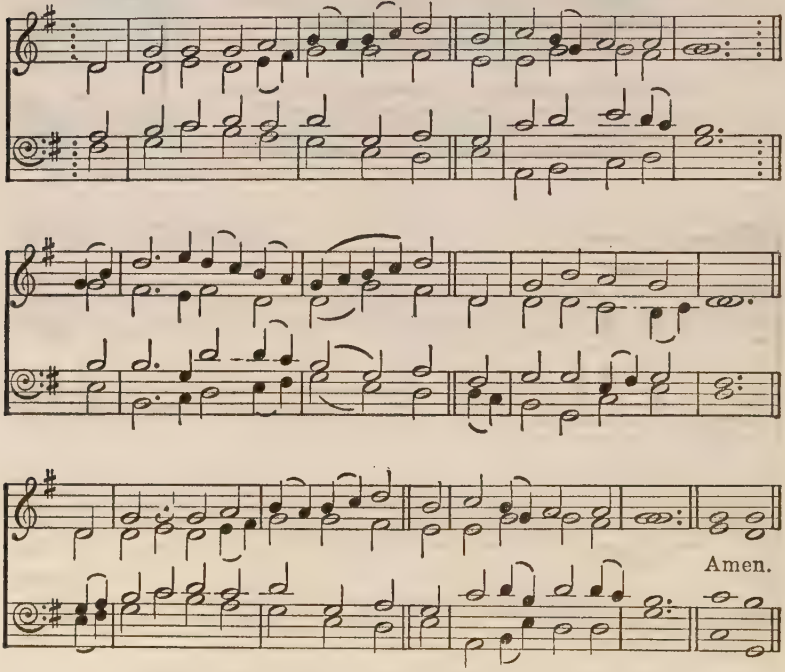
5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1837-1898.

51 FOREST GREEN. 8 6 8 6 7 6 8 6.

Moderate.

English Traditional Melody in
The English Hymnal, 1906.



From the English Hymnal: by permission of the Oxford University Press.

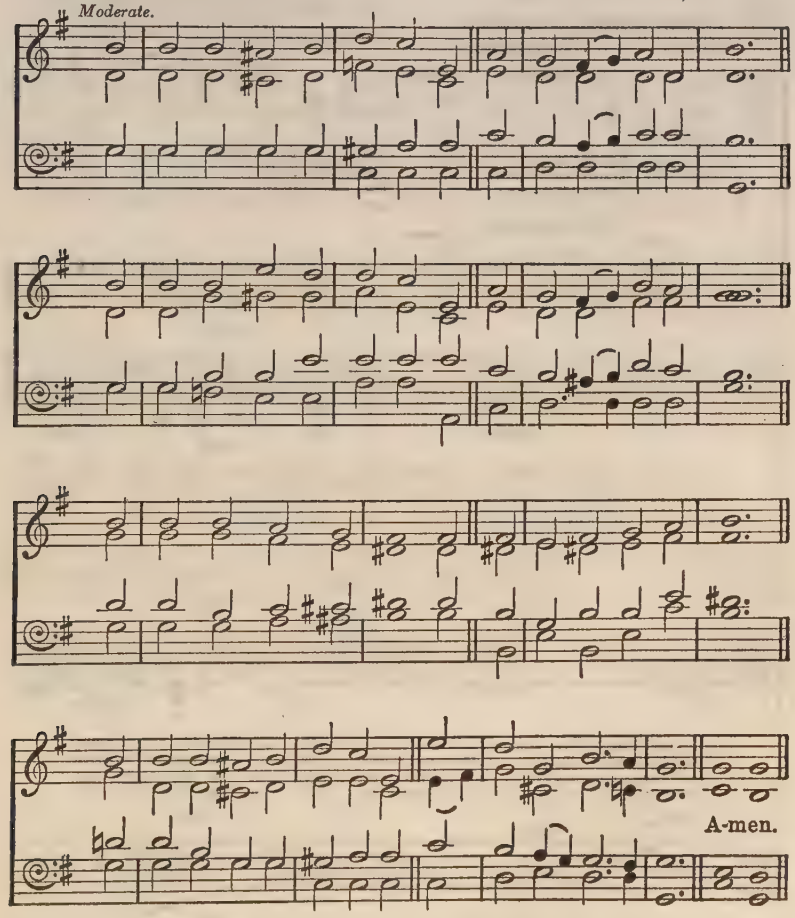
O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

ST. LOUIS. 8 6 8 6 7 6 8 6. LEWIS HENRY REDNER, 1831-1908.

Moderate.



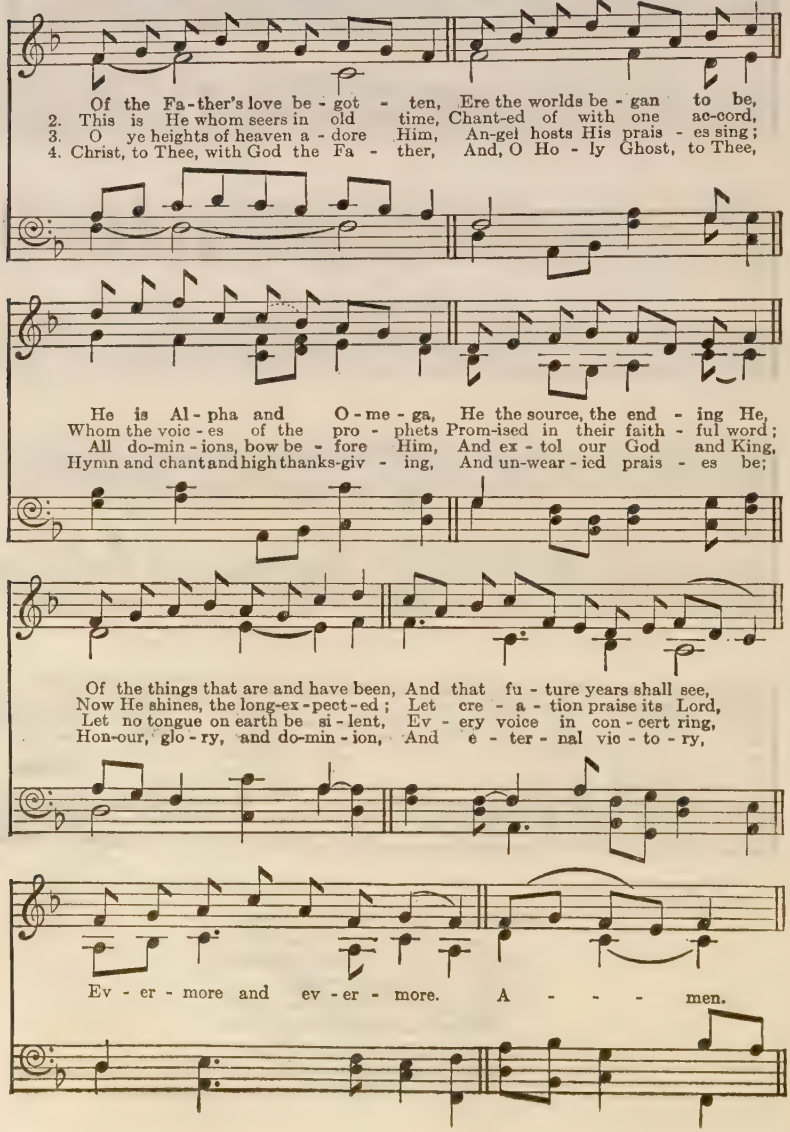
4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1835-1893.

52 CORDE NATUS. 8 7 8 7 8 7 7.

Unison. In free rhythm, lightly.

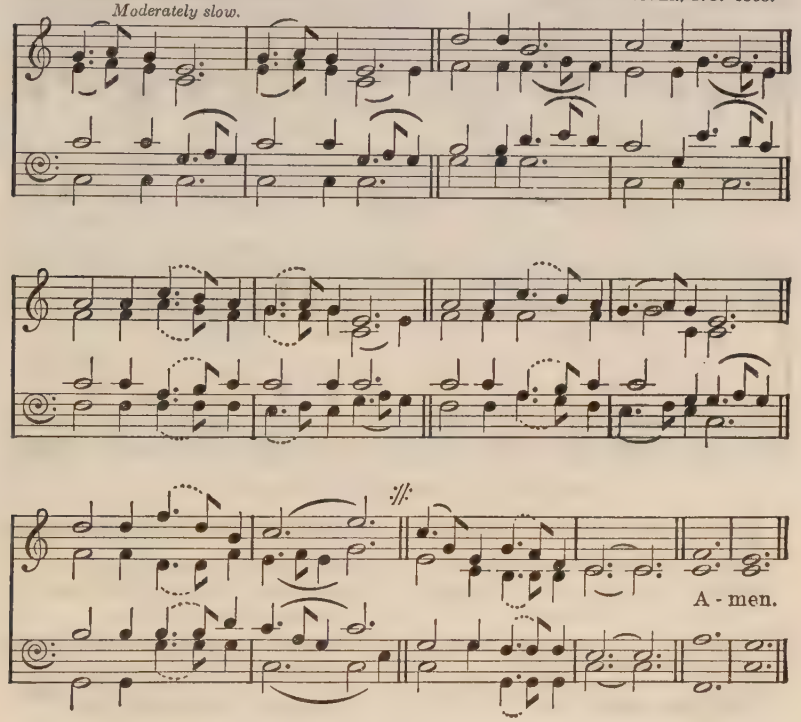
Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, 348-413.
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-1866.
As in Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1861.
Plainsong Melody,
Arranged by Healey Willan, 1880-


Of the Fa-ther's love be-got-ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to be,
2. This is He whom seers in old time, Chant-ed of with one ac-cord,
3. O ye heights of heaven a-dore Him, An-gel hosts His prais-es sing;
4. Christ, to Thee, with God the Fa-ther, And, O Ho-ly Ghost, to Thee,
He is Al-pha and O-me-ga, He the source, the end-ing He,
Whom the voic-es of the pro-phets Prom-ised in their faith-ful word;
All do-min-ions, bow be-fore Him, And ex-tol our God and King,
Hymn and chant and high thanks-giv-ing, And un-wear-ied prais-es be;
Of the things that are and have been, And that fu-ture years shall see,
Now He shines, the long-ex-pect-ed; Let cre-a-tion praise its Lord,
Let no tongue on earth be si-lent, Ev-ery voice in con-cert ring,
Hon-our, glo-ry, and do-min-ion, And e-ter-nal vic-to-ry,
Ev-er-more and ev-er-more. A-men.

53 STILLE NACHT. Irregular.

FRANZ GRÜBER, 1787-1863.

Moderately slow.



SILENT night! holy night!
All is calm, all is bright;
Round yon virgin mother and Child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2 Silent night! holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight:
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Hallelujah:
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

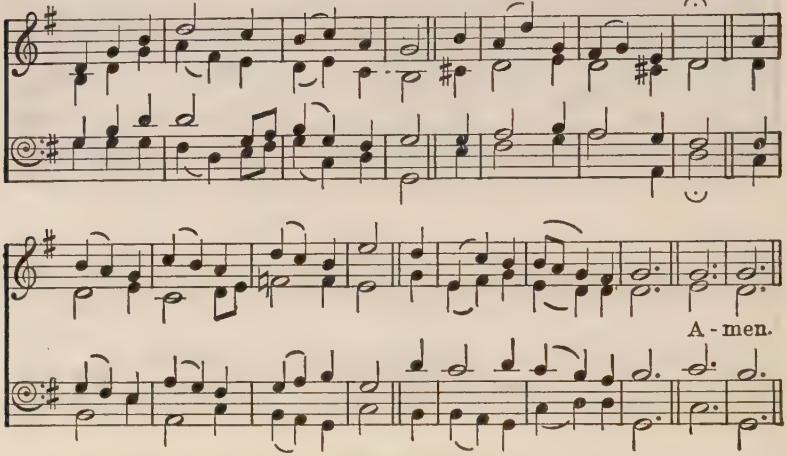
3 Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Tr. from JOSEPH MOHR, 1792-1848.

54 RICHMOND. C.M.

Moderately fast.

Adapted from THOMAS HAWEIS, 1734-1820.
By SAMUEL WEBBE, the younger, 1770-1843.



FAUX BOURDON setting of this tune at No. 14.

HARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

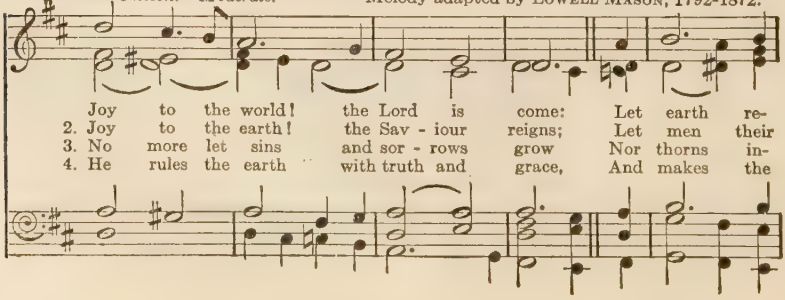
5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.

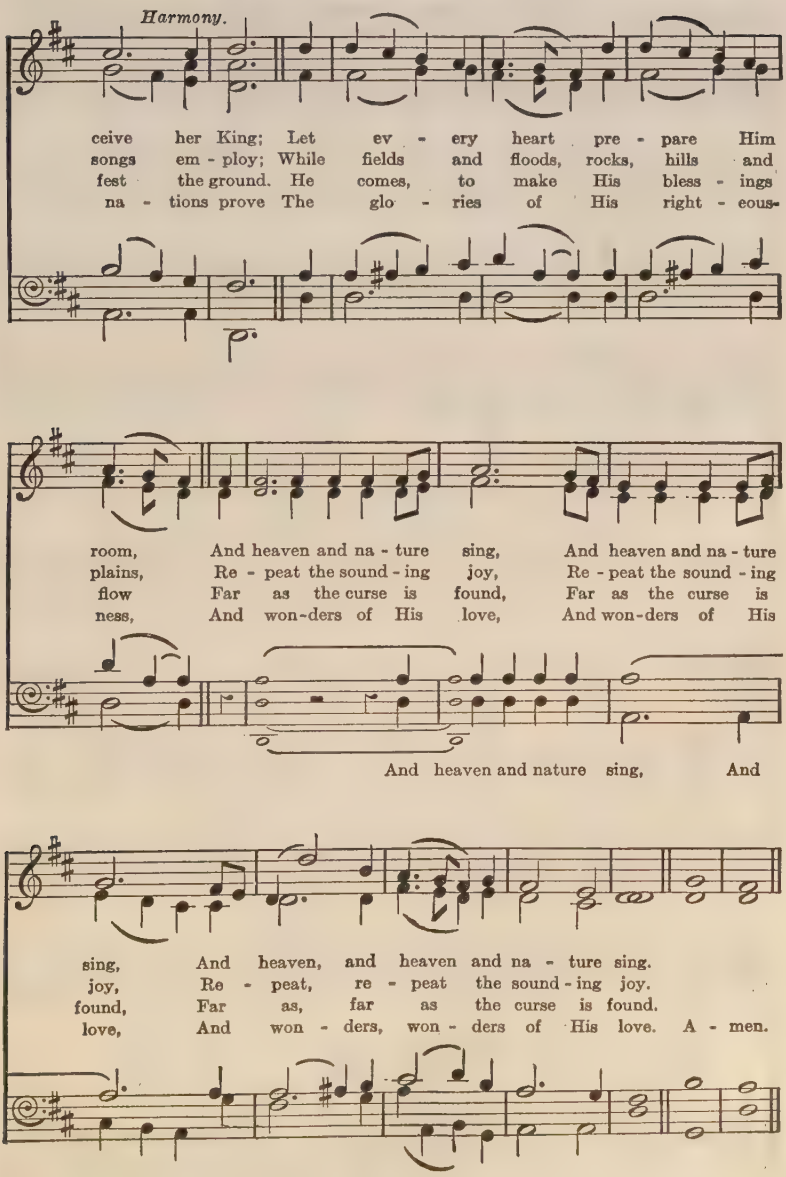
From texts of PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751,
and SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

55 ANTIOCH. C.M. with repeat.

Unison. Moderate.

Words by ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.
Melody adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.

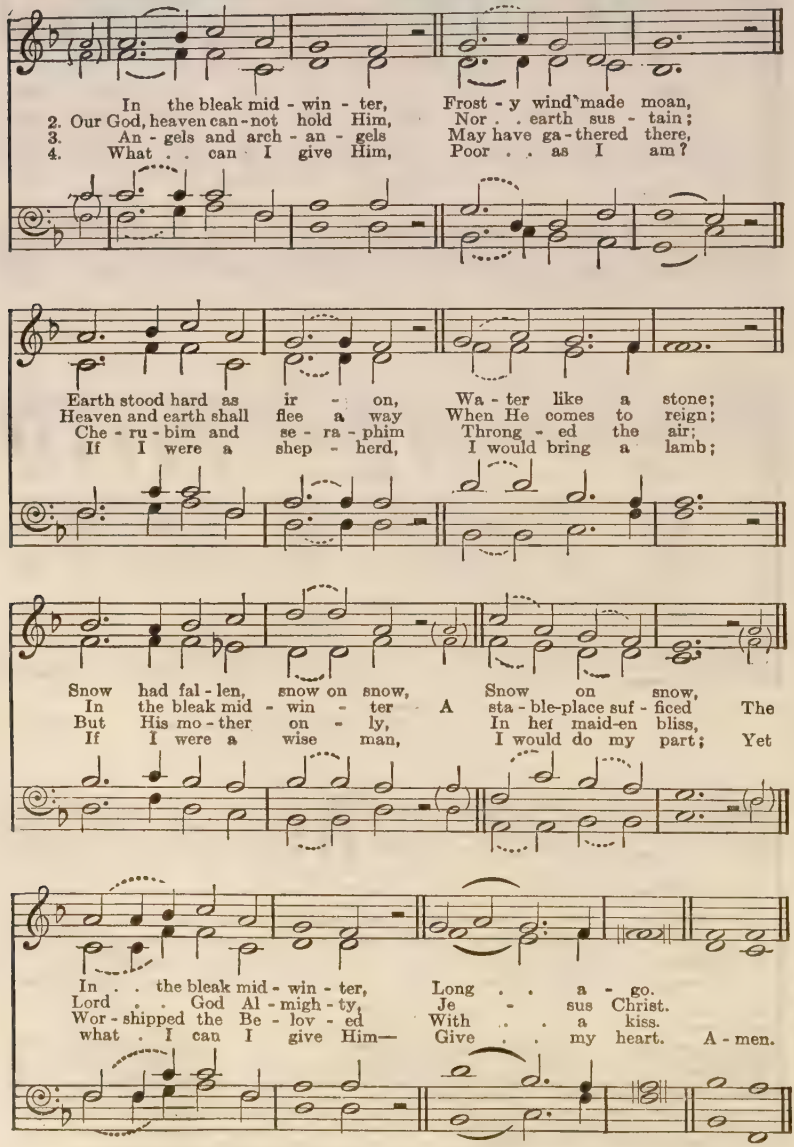

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the earth with truth and grace, And makes the


Harmony.
ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare Him
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
fest the ground. He comes, to make His bless - ings
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous-
room, And heaven and na - ture sing, And heaven and na - ture
plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
ness, And won-ders of His love, And won-ders of His
And heaven and nature sing, And
sing, And heaven, and heaven and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love. A - men.
heaven and na - ture sing.

The tune RICHMOND, opposite, is commended for this hymn.

The Lord Jesus Christ

56 **CRANHAM.** Irregular.

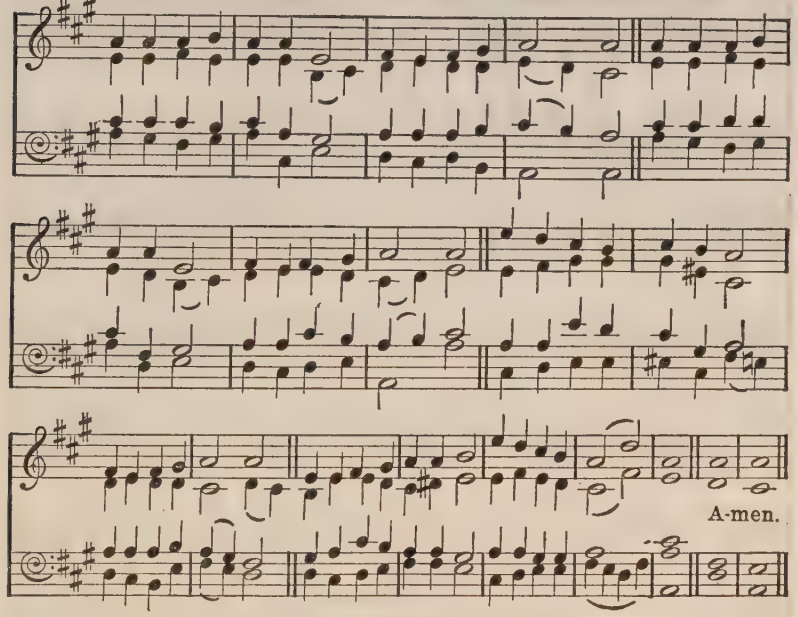
Words by Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1830-1894.
Music by Gustav Holst, 1874- .

In the bleak mid - win - ter, Frost - y wind made moan,
2. Our God, heaven can - not hold Him, Nor . . earth sus - tain;
3. An - gels and arch - an - gels May have ga - thered there,
4. What . . can I give Him, Poor . . as I am?
Earth stood hard as ir - on, Wa - ter like a stone;
Heaven and earth shall flee a way When He comes to reign;
Che - ru - bim and se - ra - phim Throng - ed the air;
If I were a shep - herd, I would bring a lamb;
Snow had fal - len, snow on snow, Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid - win - ter A sta - ble-place suf - ficed The
But His mo - ther on - ly, In her maid-en bliss,
If I were a wise man, I would do my part; Yet
In . . the bleak mid - win - ter, Long . . a - go.
Lord . . God Al - migh - ty, Je - sus Christ.
Wor - shipped the Be - lov - ed With . . a kiss.
what . I can I give Him— Give . . my heart. A - men.

Words by permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, and The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

57 TEMPUS ADEST FLORIDUM. 7 6 7 6 D.

A Spring Carol, c. 14th century.
Arranged by ERNEST MACMILLAN, 1893-

Unison. *Moderately fast.*

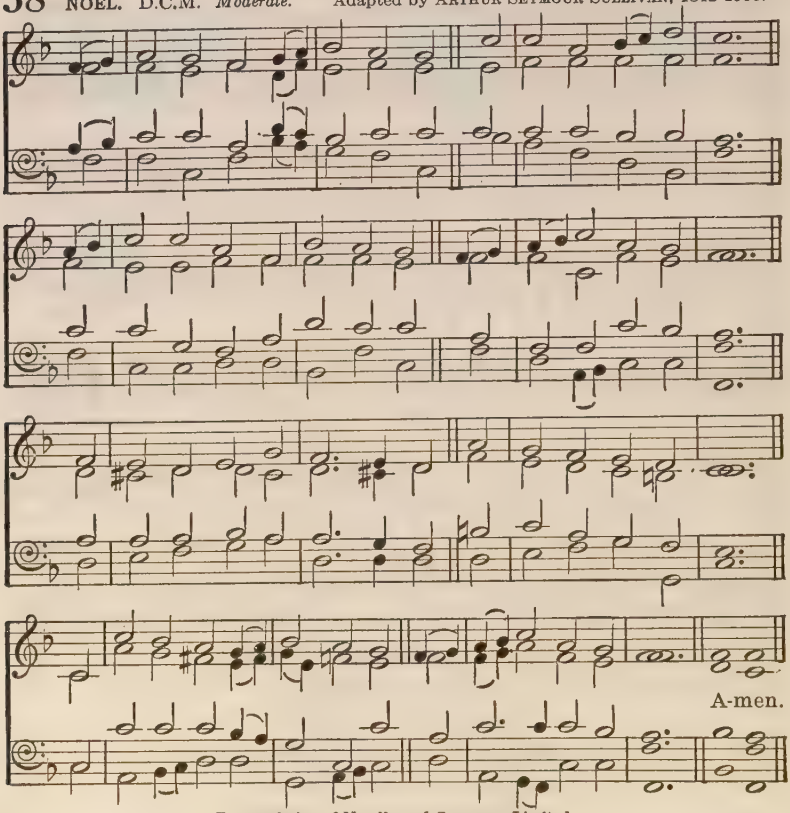


GENTLE Mary laid her Child
Lowly in a manger;
There He lay, the undefiled,
To the world a Stranger.
Such a Babe in such a place,
Can He be the Saviour?
Ask the saved of all the race
Who have found His favour.

2 Angels sang about His birth,
Wise men sought and found Him;
Heaven's star shone brightly forth
Glory all around Him.
Shepherds saw the wondrous sight,
Heard the angels singing;
All the plains were lit that night,
All the hills were ringing.

3 Gentle Mary laid her Child
Lowly in a manger;
He is still the undefiled,
But no more a Stranger.
Son of God of humble birth,
Beautiful the story;
Praise His Name in all the earth,
Hail! the King of Glory!

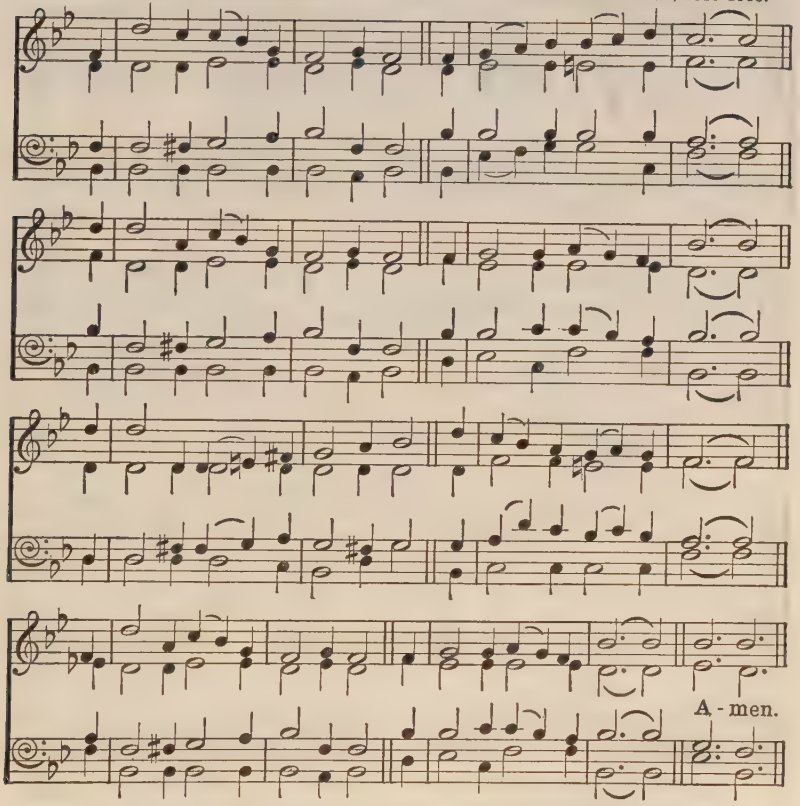
JOSEPH SIMPSON COOK, 1859-1934.

58 NOEL. D.C.M. *Moderate.* Adapted by ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:—
'Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

CAROL. D.C.M. *Moderately fast.* EDWARD STORRS WILLIS, 1819-1900.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

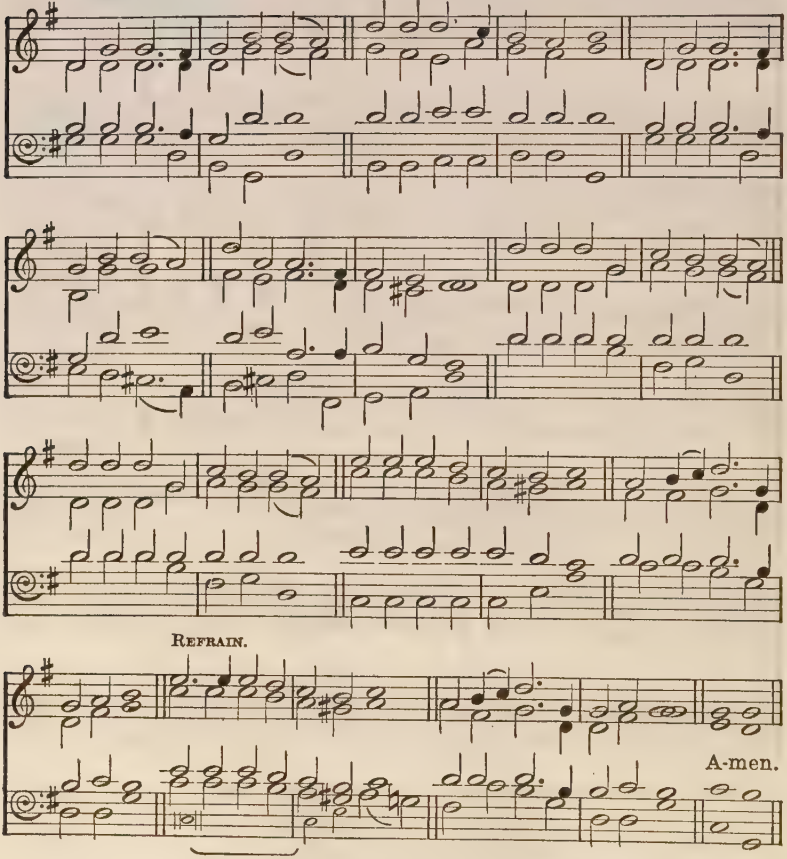
5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the Age of Gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, 1810-1876.

59 MENDELSSOHN. 7 7 7 7 D. and refrain.

Moderate.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1809-1847.
Adapted by W. H. CUMMINGS, 1831-1915.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'

Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King.'

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King.'

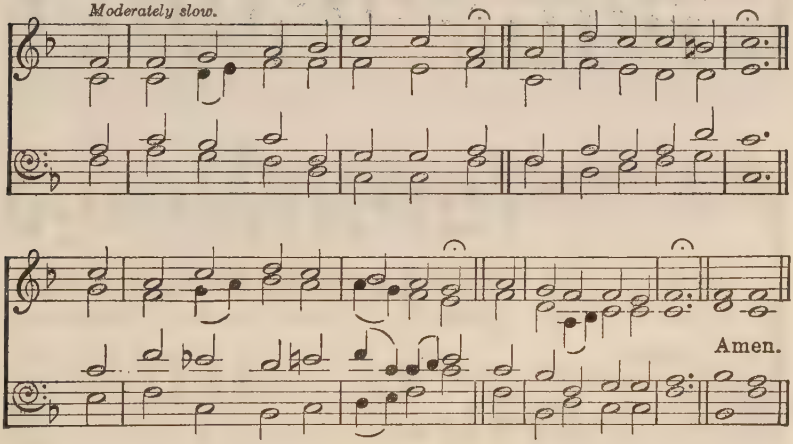
3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King.'

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

60 **DUNFERMLINE.** C.M. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.

Moderately slow.



THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun!
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

4 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

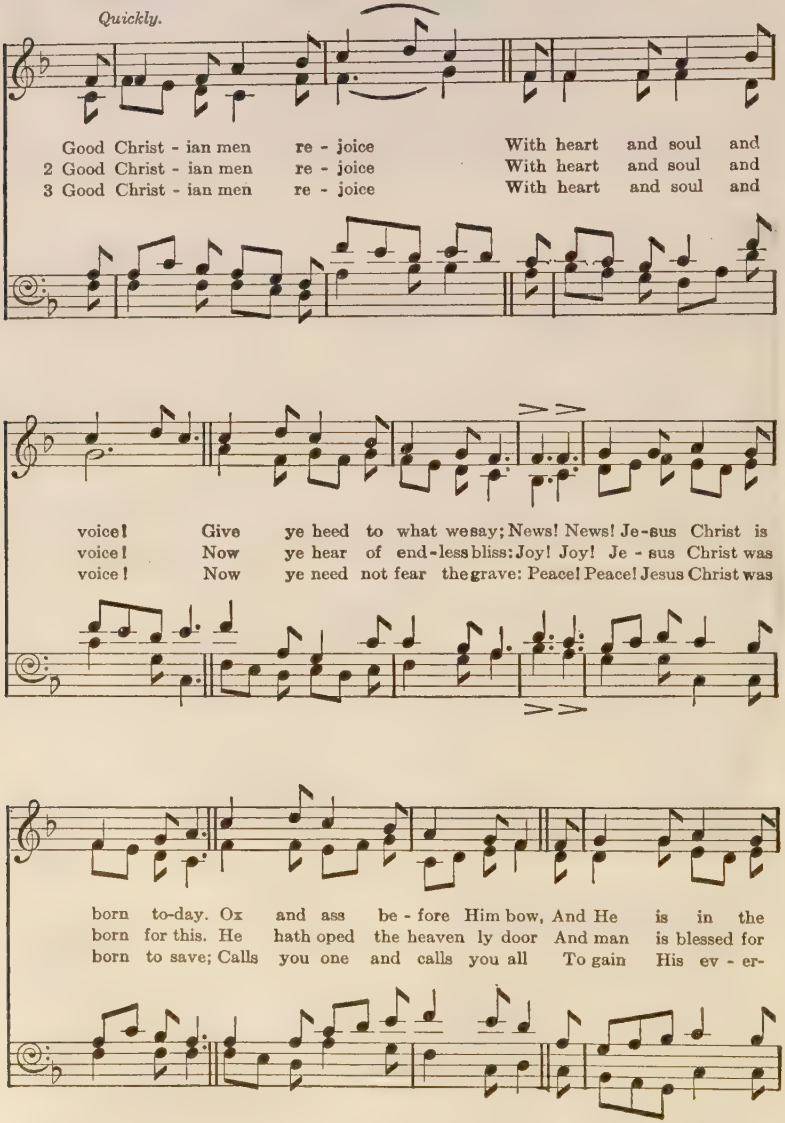
5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

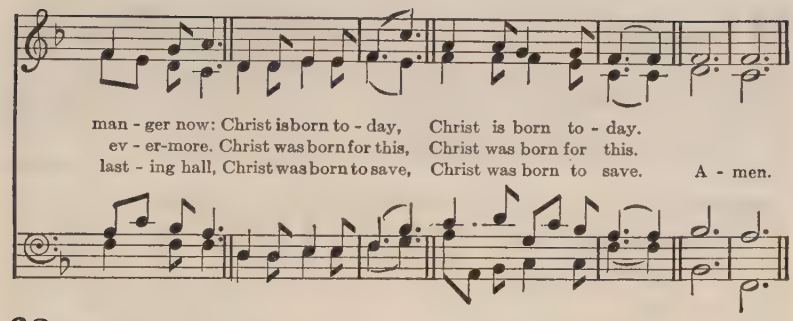
JOHN MORISON, c. 1750-1798.
SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

61 IN DULCI JUBILO. Irregular.

Words by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.
Carol Melody, c. 15th century.
Arranged by ERNEST MACMILLAN, 1893- .

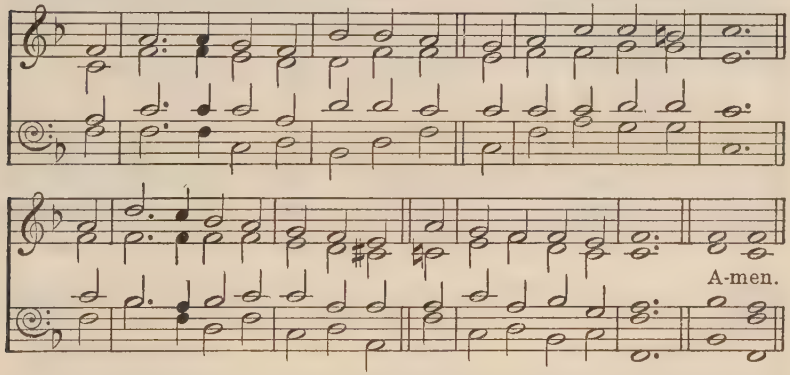
Quickly.


Good Christ - ian men re - joice With heart and soul and
2 Good Christ - ian men re - joice With heart and soul and
3 Good Christ - ian men re - joice With heart and soul and
voice! Give ye heed to what we say; News! News! Je-sus Christ is
voice! Now ye hear of end-less bliss: Joy! Joy! Je - sus Christ was
voice! Now ye need not fear the grave: Peace! Peace! Jesus Christ was
born to-day. Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And He is in the
born for this. He hath oped the heaven ly door And man is blessed for
born to save; Calls you one and calls you all To gain His ev - er-


man - ger now: Christ is born to - day, Christ is born to - day.
ev - er-more. Christ was born for this, Christ was born for this.
last - ing hall, Christ was born to save, Christ was born to save. A - men.

62 WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. *Moderate.*

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon), at No. 651.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 'To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

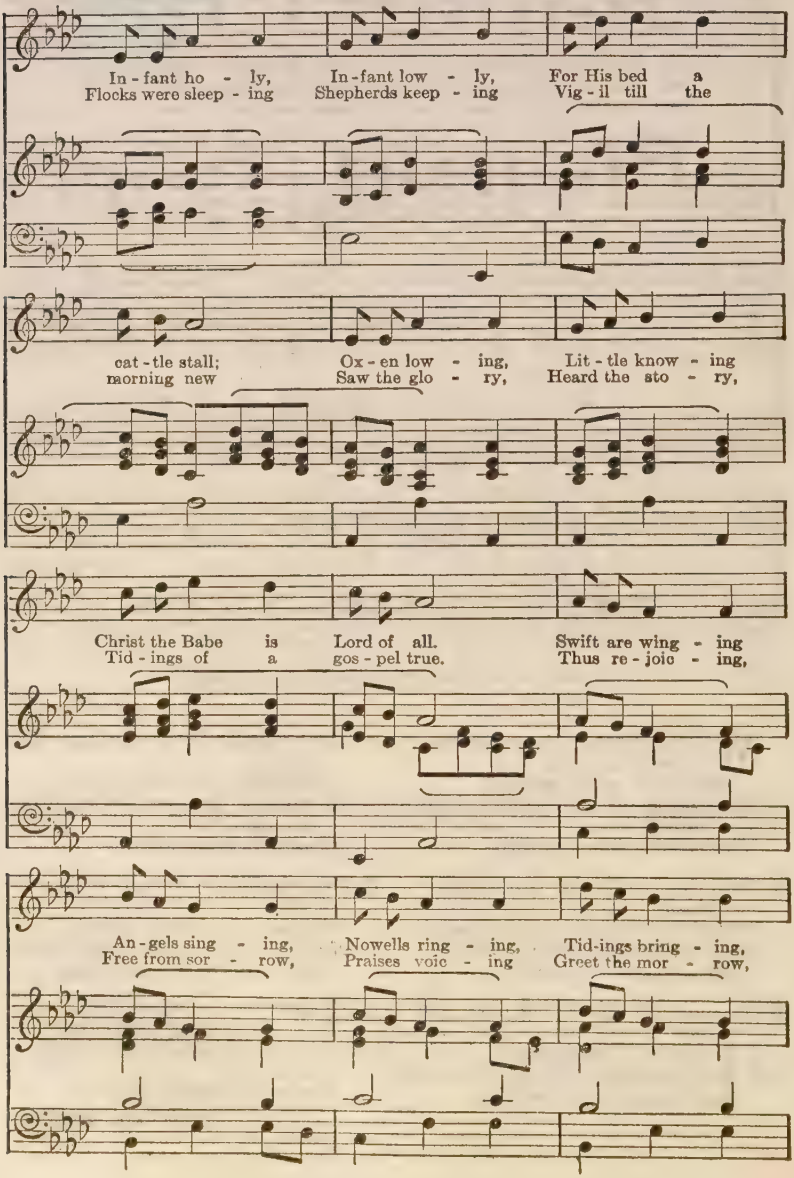
4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

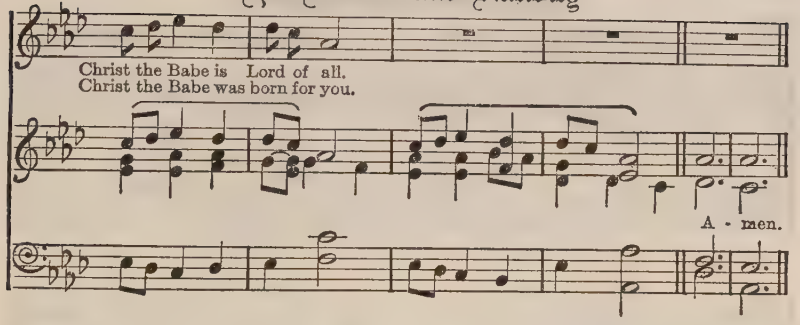
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease.'

NAHUM TATE, 1652-1715.

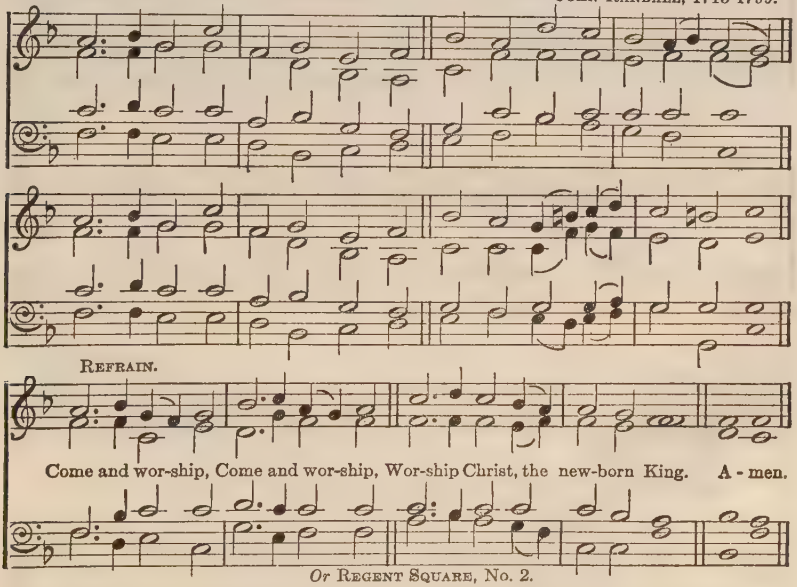
63 POLISH CAROL. 4 4 7 D. 4 4 4 4 7.
Unison. Moderate.

W. Zlobie Lezy.
English words and arrangement of music
by E. M. G Reed. -1933.

In - fant ho - ly, In - fant low - ly, For His bed a
Flocks were sleep - ing Shepherds keep - ing Vig - il till the
cat - tle stall; Ox - en low - ing, Lit - tle know - ing
morning new Saw the glo - ry, Heard the sto - ry,
Christ the Babe is Lord of all. Swift are wing - ing
Tid - ings of a gos - pel true. Thus re - joic - ing,
An - gels sing - ing, Nowells ring - ing, Tid - ings bring - ing,
Free from sor - row, Praises voic - ing Greet the mor - row,



64 LEWES. 8 7 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.*

JOHN RANDALL, 1715-1799.



Or REGENT SQUARE, No. 2.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

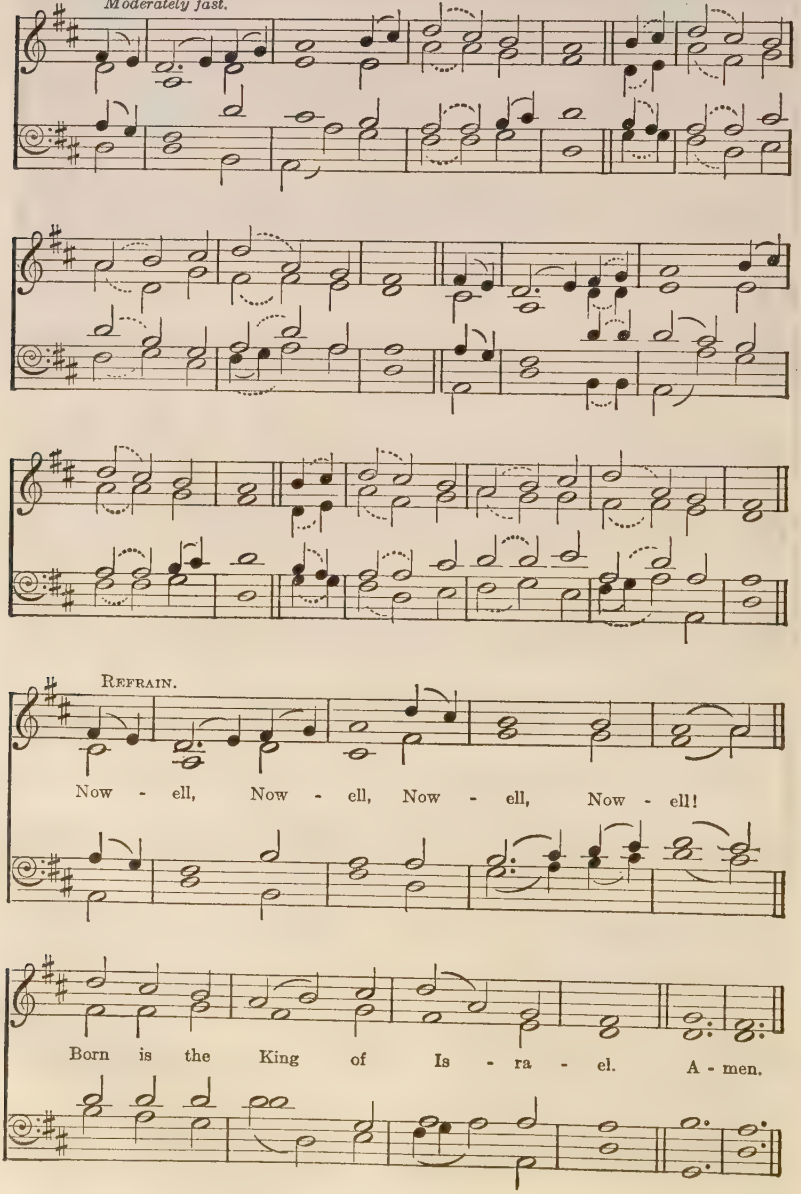
3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

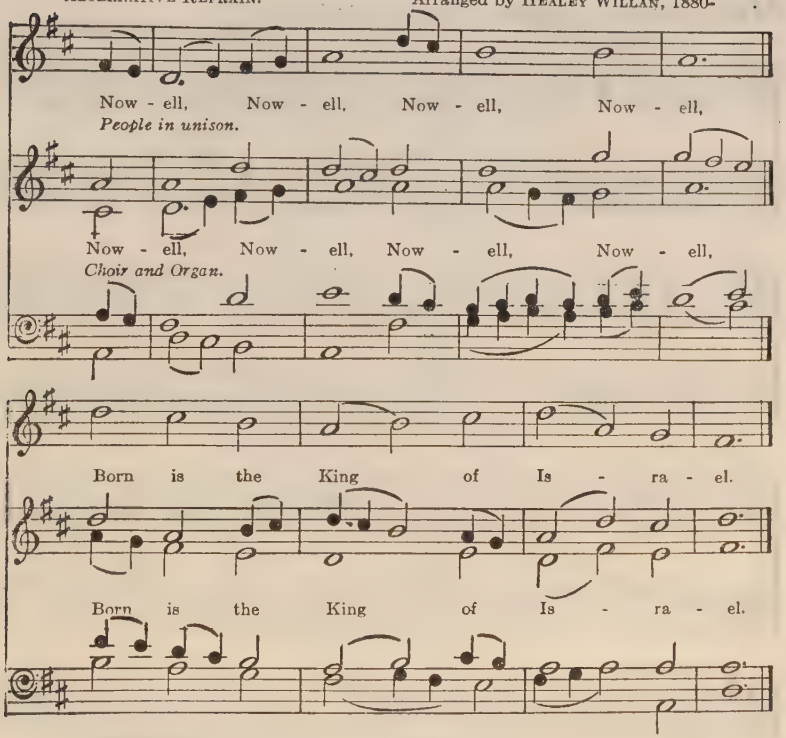
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

65 THE FIRST NOWELL. Irregular. Old English Carol, c. 17th century.

Moderately fast.



ALTERNATIVE REFRAIN. Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-


Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell,
People in unison.
Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Now - ell,
Choir and Organ.
Born is the King of Is - ra - el.
Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

This alternative refrain may be used throughout, or with one or more verses.

THE first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay:
In fields where they lay a-keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

2 They lookèd up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond them far;
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

3 And by the light of that same star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

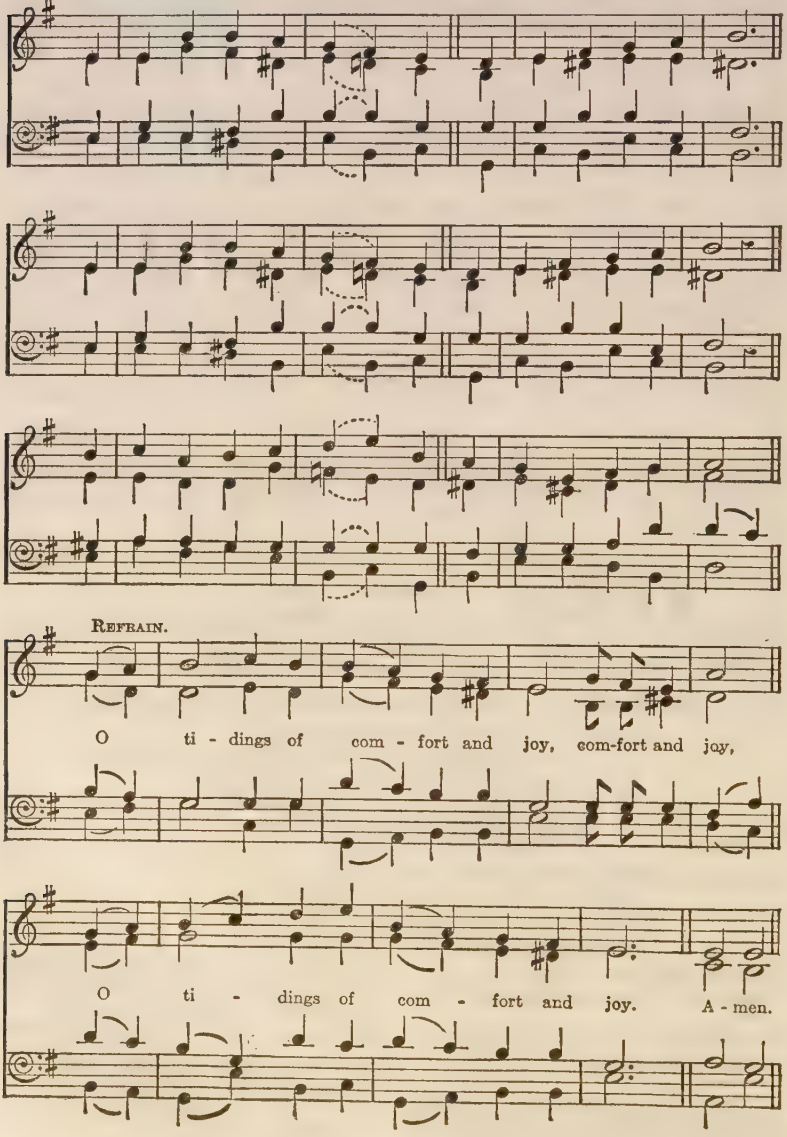
4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

5 Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

English Traditional Carol, c. 17th century.

66 GOD REST YOU MERRY. 8 6 8 6 8 6, and refrain.

Moderately fast. English Traditional Melody.

His Advent and Nativity

GOD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

2 In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessèd Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessèd morn;
The which His mother Mary
Did nothing take in scorn.

3 From God our heavenly Father,
A blessèd angel came;
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same:
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by Name.

4 'Fear not then,' said the angel,
'Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might.'

5 The shepherds at those tidings
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
In tempest, storm, and wind:
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.

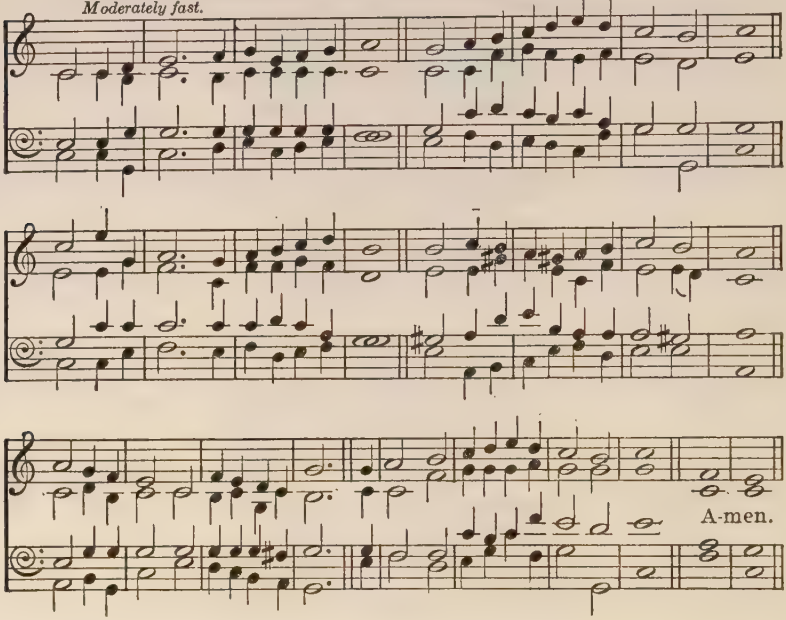
6 And when they came to Bethlehem
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary kneeling down
Unto the Lord did pray.

7 Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy.

Traditional English Carol.

67 **YORKSHIRE.** 10 10 10 10 10 10. JOHN WAINWRIGHT, 1723-1768.

Moderately fast.



CHRISTIANS, awake! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,

And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

5 Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

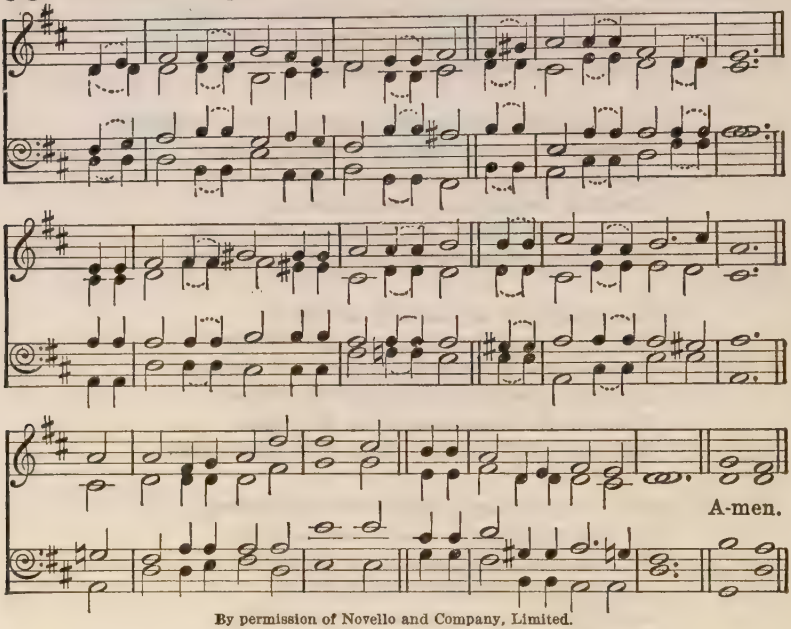
6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

JOHN BYROM, 1692-1763.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

68 Thou didst leave Thy throne.
70 Once in royal David's city.
71 O sing a song of Bethlehem.
72 Who is He in yonder stall.
74 Who is this, so weak and helpless.
132 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus.
137 O come, O come, Emmanuel.
139 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
249 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.
257 From the eastern mountains.
535 Christ whose glory fills the skies.
598 Away in a manger.
599 Little children, wake and listen.
600 Wise men seeking Jesus.
601 The shepherds had an angel.
638 Ye gates, lift up your heads (Ps. 24).
642 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice (Ps. 33).
657 Lord, bless and pity us (Ps. 67).
658 His Name for ever shall endure (Ps. 72).
661 O greatly blessed the people are (Ps. 89).

68 MARGARET. Irregular. *Moderate.* TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1826-1910.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee!

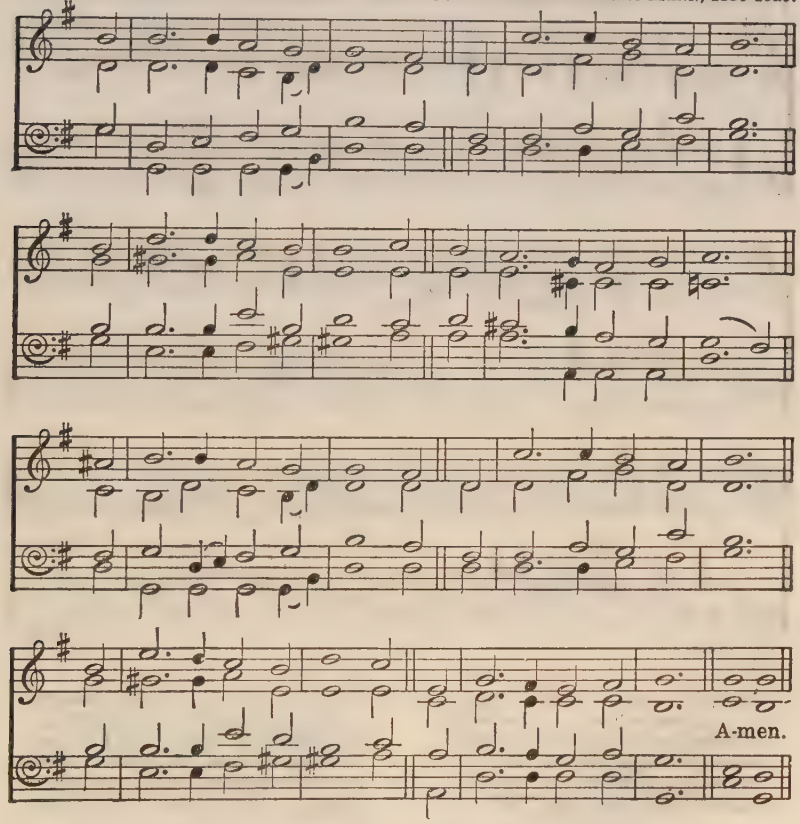
2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility;
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee!

3 The foxes found rest
And the bird its nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee!

4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
Thy Cross is my only plea!

5 When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, 'Yet there is room—
There is room at My side for thee!'
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT, 1836-1897.

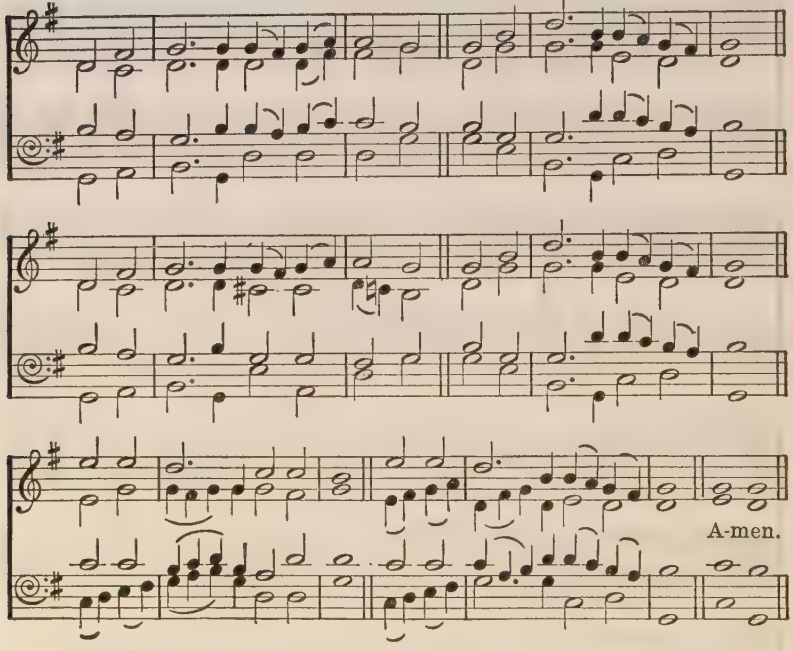
69 ANGELS' STORY. 7 6 7 6 D. *Moderately fast.* ARTHUR HENRY MANN, 1850-1929.

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful;
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And, if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, 1833-1913.

70 IRBY. 8 7 8 7 7 7. *Moderate.* HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless;
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

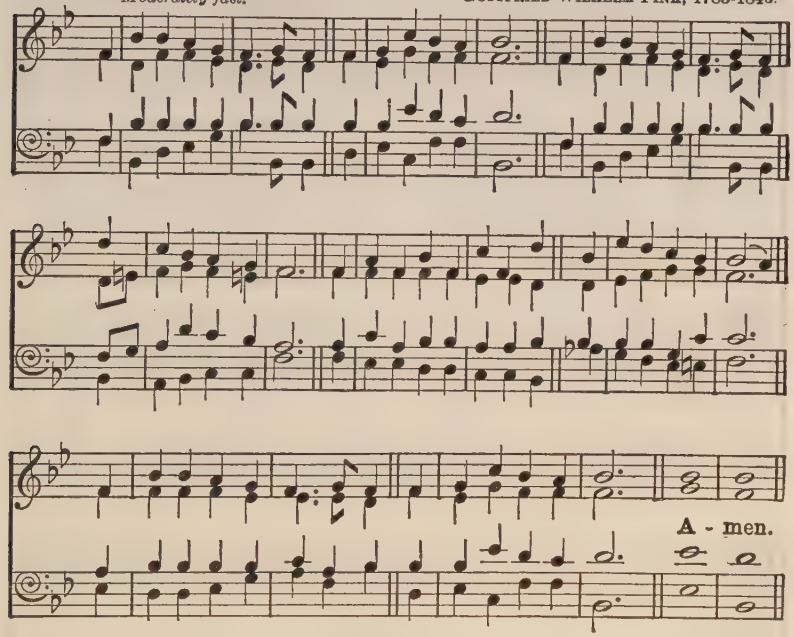
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high,
When, like stars, His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823-1895.

71 BETHLEHEM. D.C.M.

Moderately fast. GOTTFRIED WILHELM FINK, 1783-1846.



Or FOREST GREEN, No. 51.

O SING a song of Bethlehem,
Of shepherds watching there,
And of the news that came to them
From angels in the air:
The light that shone on Bethlehem
Fills all the world to-day;
Of Jesus' birth and peace on earth
The angels sing alway.

2 O sing a song of Nazareth,
Of sunny days of joy,
O sing of fragrant flowers' breath,
And of the sinless Boy:
For now the flowers of Nazareth
In every heart may grow;
Now spreads the fame of His dear Name
On all the winds that blow.

3 O sing a song of Galilee,
Of lake and woods and hill,
Of Him who walked upon the sea
And bade its waves be still:
For though, like waves on Galilee,
Dark seas of trouble roll,
When faith has heard the Master's word
Falls peace upon the soul.

4 O sing a song of Calvary,
Its glory and dismay;
Of Him who hung upon the Tree
And took our sins away:
For He who died on Calvary
Is risen from the grave,
And Christ, our Lord, by heaven adored,
Is mighty now to save.

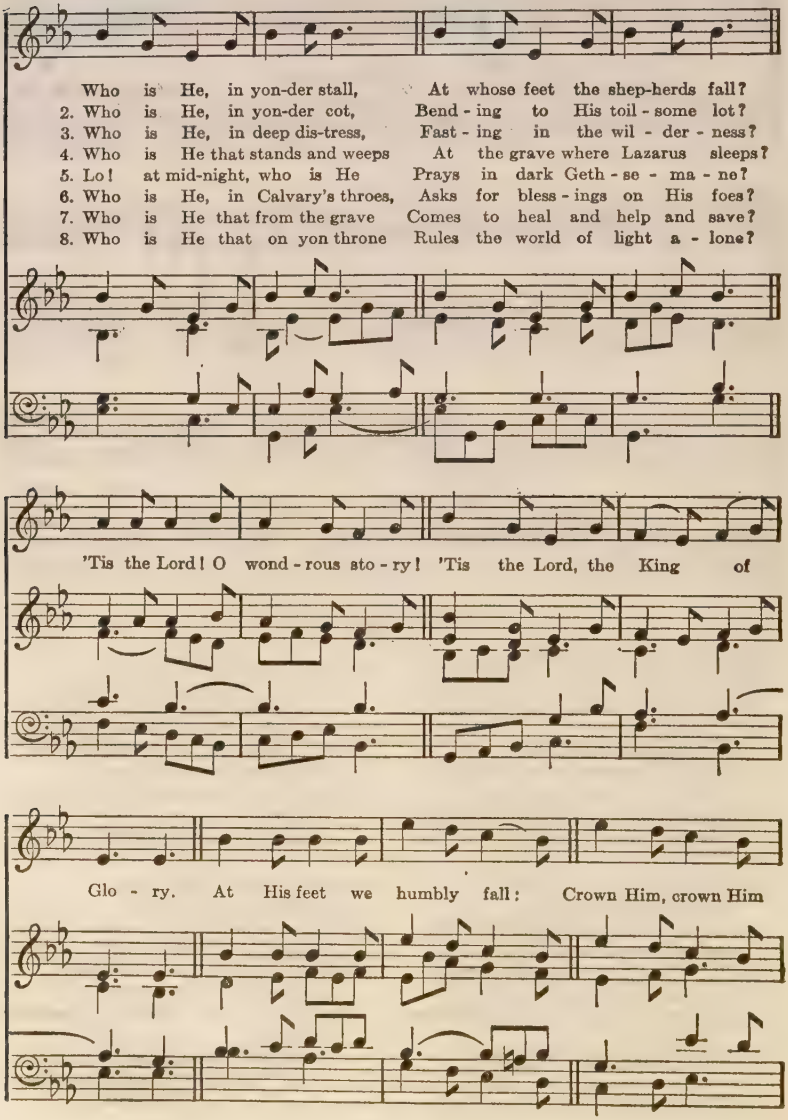
LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, 1855-1930.

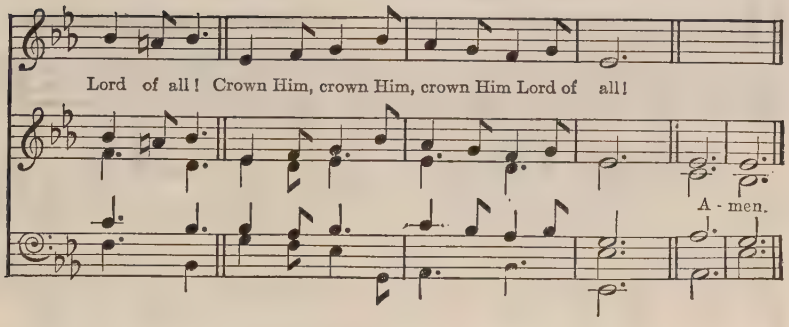
The Lord Jesus Christ

72 **RESONET IN LAUDIBUS.** 7 7 and refrain.

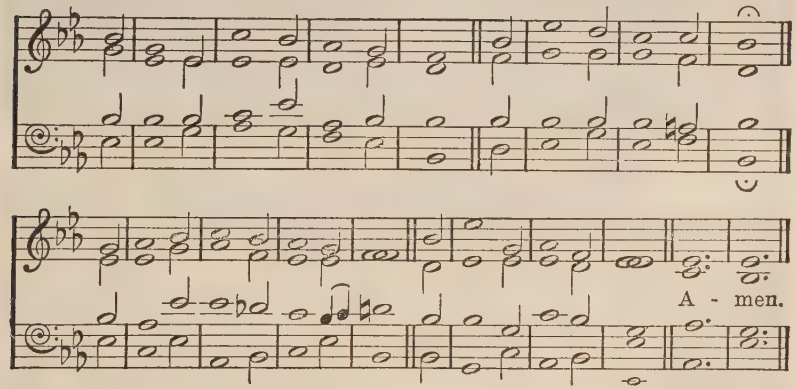
Moderate

Unison.

Words by
Benjamin Russell Hanby, 1833-1867.
Abridged and arranged from a
German Carol Melody, c. 14th century,
by Ernest MacMillan, 1893-

Who is He, in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?
2. Who is He, in yon-der cot, Bend - ing to His toil - some lot?
3. Who is He, in deep dis-tress, Fast - ing in the wil - der - ness?
4. Who is He that stands and weeps At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
5. Lo! at mid-night, who is He Prays in dark Geth - se - ma - ne?
6. Who is He, in Calvary's throes, Asks for bless - ings on His foes?
7. Who is He that from the grave Comes to heal and help and save?
8. Who is He that on yon throne Rules the world of light a - lone?
'Tis the Lord! O wond - rous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord, the King of
Glo - ry. At His feet we humbly fall: Crown Him, crown Him



73 **BEDFORD.** C.M. *Slow.* WILLIAM WEALE, -1727.



YE who the Name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue;
And let that mind which was in Him
Be also found in you.

2 Though in the form of God He was,
His only Son declared,
Nor to be equally adored
As robbery did regard;

3 His greatness He for us abased,
For us His glory vailed;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
His majesty concealed.

4 Nor only as a man appears,
But stoops a servant low;
Submits to death, nay, bears the Cross,
In all its shame and woe.

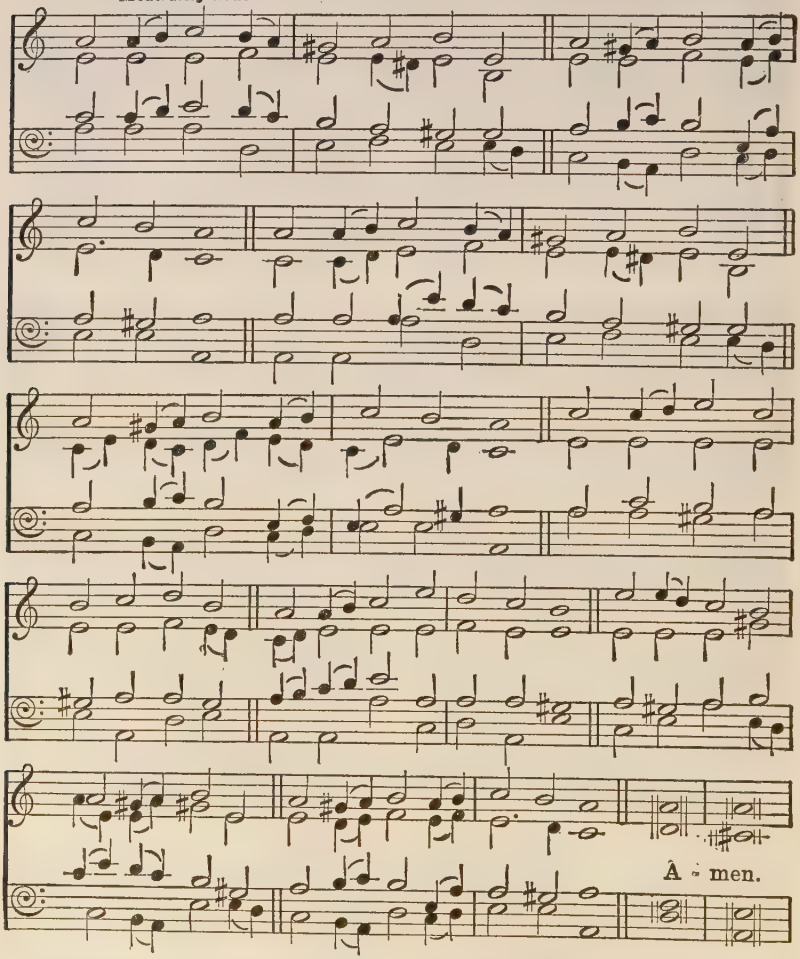
5 Hence God this generous love to men
With honours just hath crowned,
And raised the Name of Jesus far
Above all names renowned.

SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

74 EIFIONYDD. 8 7 8 7 D.

Moderately slow.

JOHN AMBROSE LLOYD, the elder, 1815-1874.



WHO is this so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered.
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

2 Who is this, a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in righteous judgement
All His foes beneath His throne.

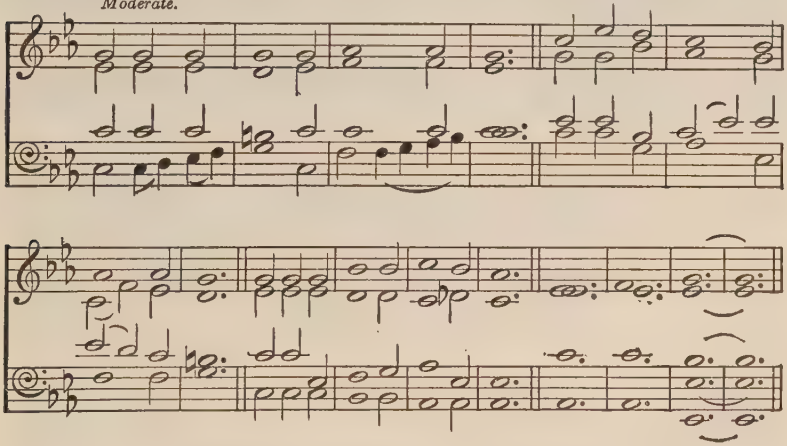
4 Who is this that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Torn with nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city,
Reigning everlastingly.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897.

75 ST. AELRED. 8 8 8 3.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

Moderate.

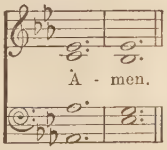


FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still!'

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank like a little child to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still.'

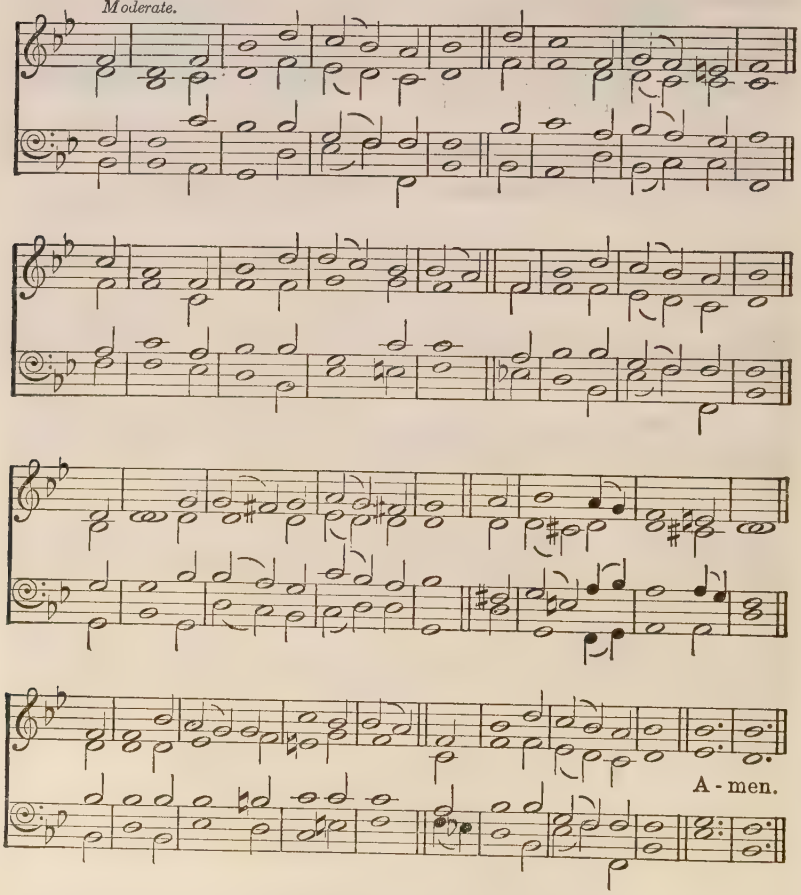


GODFREY THRING, 1823-1903.

76 ST. MATTHEW. D.C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727.

Moderate.



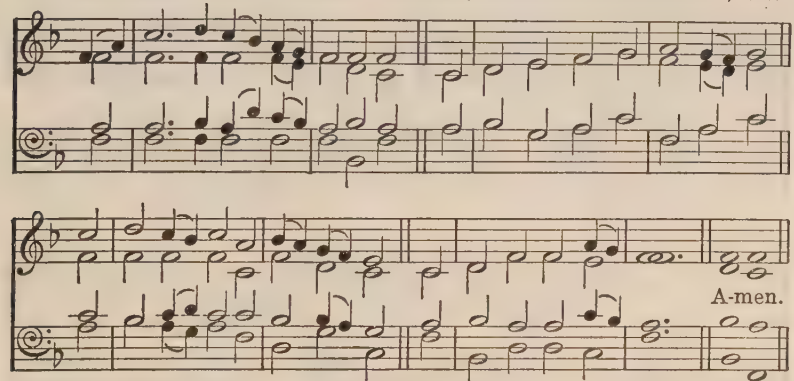
THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went—the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame:

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath;
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE,
1821-1891.

77 CHILDHOOD. 8 8 8 6. *Moderate.* 'University of Wales' STUDENTS' HYMNAL, 1923.



From A Student's Hymnal (Hymns of the Kingdom): by permission of the Oxford University Press.

IT fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers from a village brought
Their children to His knee.

2 He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
'Suffer these little ones to come
To Me,' He gently said.

3 'Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto My Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.'

4 Master, I fain would enter there;
O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

6 All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thy heaven.

7 O happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

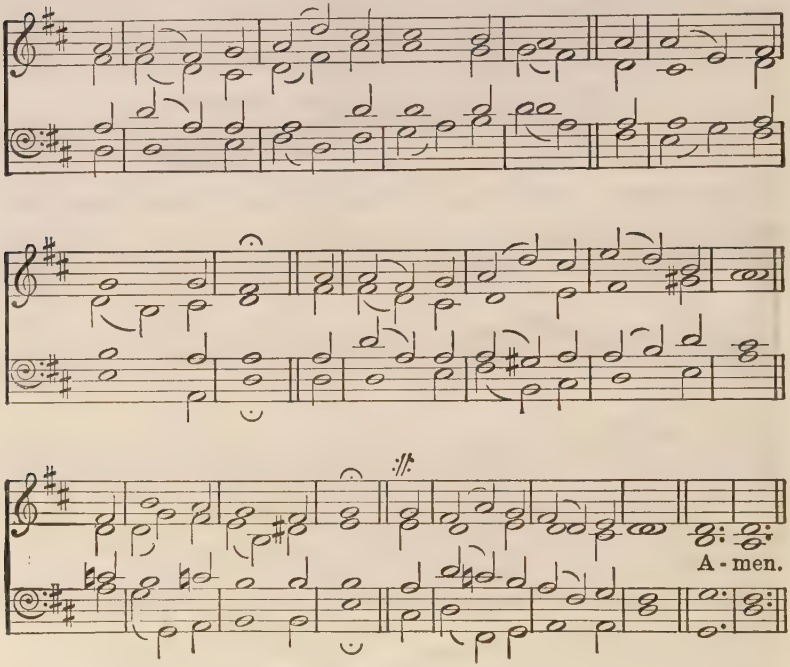
8 Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
Love-giving, strong to heal.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, 1832-1916.

78 WALDEN. C.M. and repeat.

Moderate.

JAMES EDMUND JONES, 1866-1939.



Or ST. BERNARD, opposite.

LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
'Father, Thy will be done.'

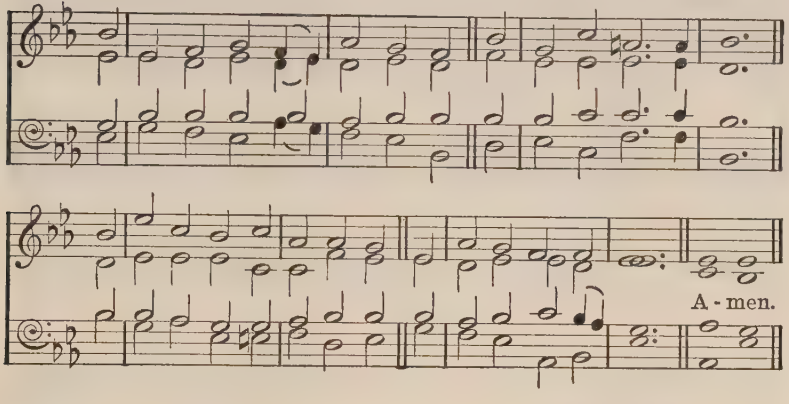
5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1802-1862.

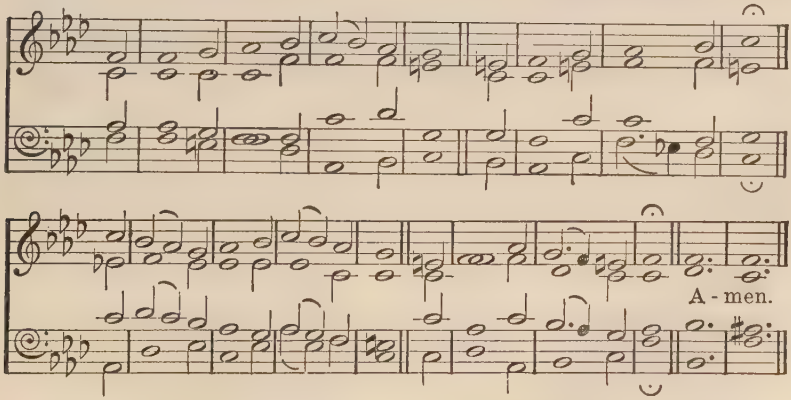
79 **ST. BERNARD.** C.M.
Moderate.

Adapted from a Melody in TOCHTER SION, Cologne, 1741.



BURFORD. C.M. *Moderately slow.*

CHETHAM'S PSALMODY, 1718.



WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove:
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

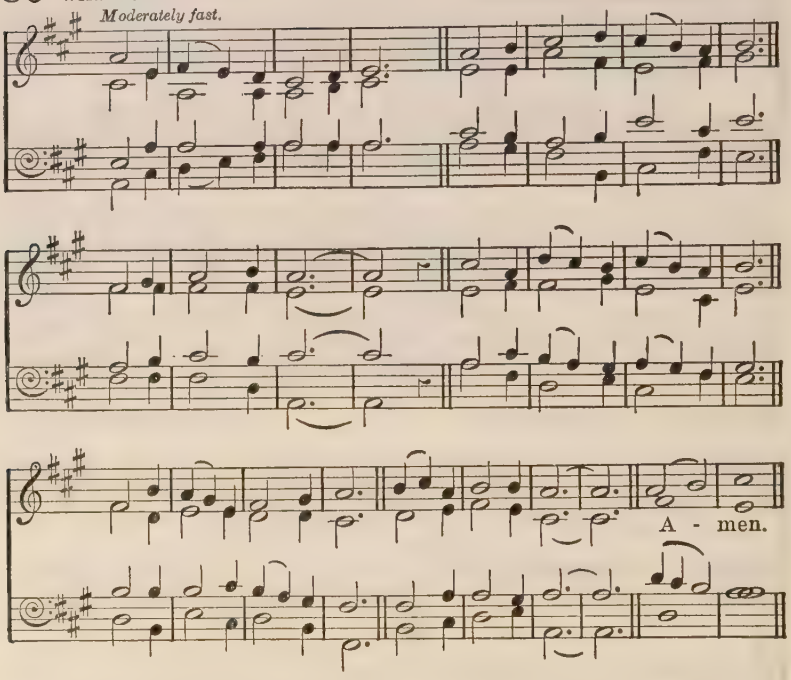
5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

EDWARD DENNY, 1796-1889.

80 WINDRUSH. 7 7 5 D.

Adapted from a Rouen Church Melody, as in SCHOOL WORSHIP, 1926.

Moderately fast.



WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear,
Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were His ways;
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear;
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

4 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep,
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

5 Fill us with Thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

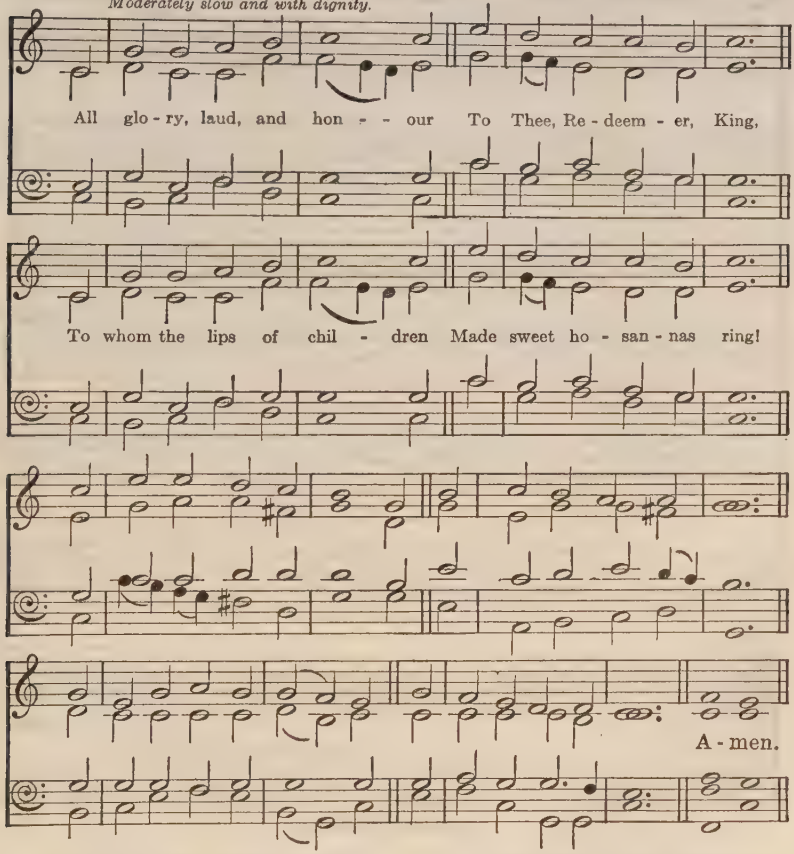
6 And, when in the fields and woods
We are filled with Nature's moods,
May the grace be given
With Thy faithful heart to say,
'All I see and feel to-day
Is my Father's heaven.'

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, 1832-1916.

81 ST. THEODULPH. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately slow and with dignity.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, c. 1613.



ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.

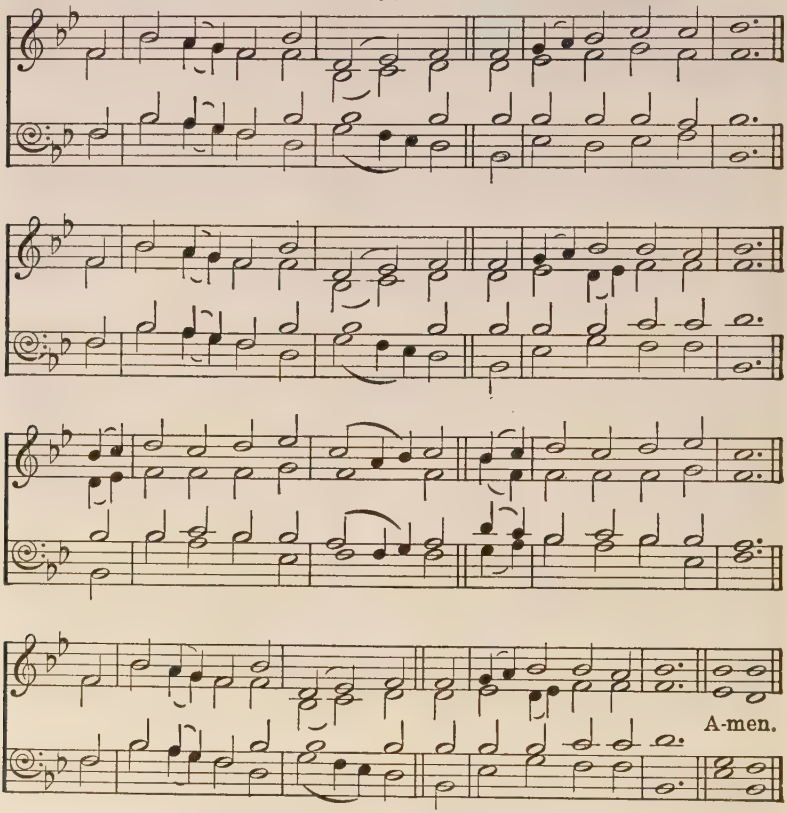
2 *All glory . . .*
The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

3 *All glory . . .*
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

4 *All glory . . .*
To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

5 *All glory . . .*
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

From the Latin of
THEODULPH OF ORLEANS, c. 821.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.

82 ELLACOMBE. 7 6 7 6 D. *Moderately fast* MAINZ GESANGBUCH, c. 1833.

Or CHENIES, opposite.

HOSANNA, loud hosanna
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had blessed them
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed
'Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

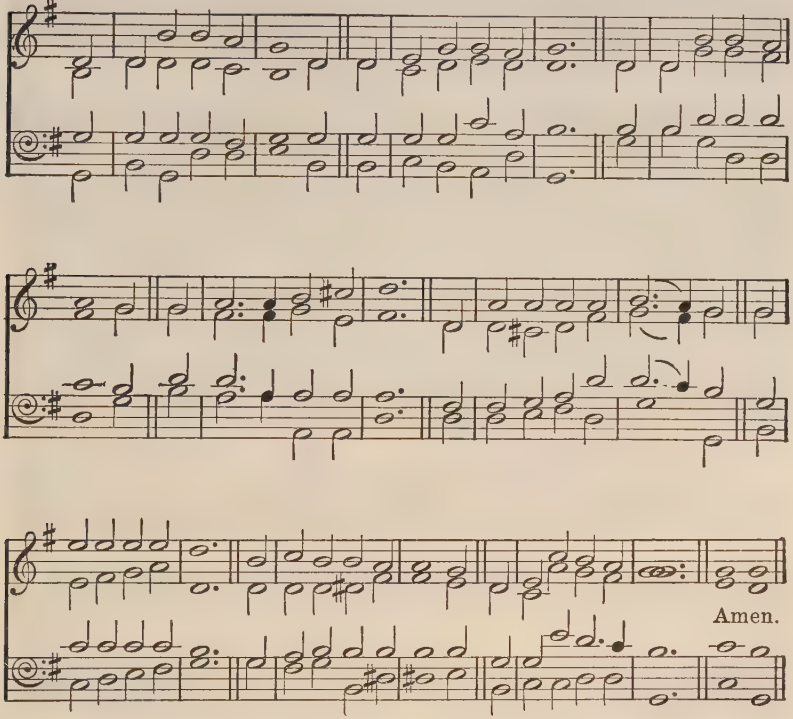
3 'Hosanna in the highest!'
That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

JENNETTE THRELFALL, 1821-1880.

83 CHENIES. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderate.

TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1826-1910.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Or ELLACOMBE, opposite, *or* ELLON, No. 590.

WHEN, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to His Name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He bade them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And, since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, 'Hosanna
To David's royal Son!'

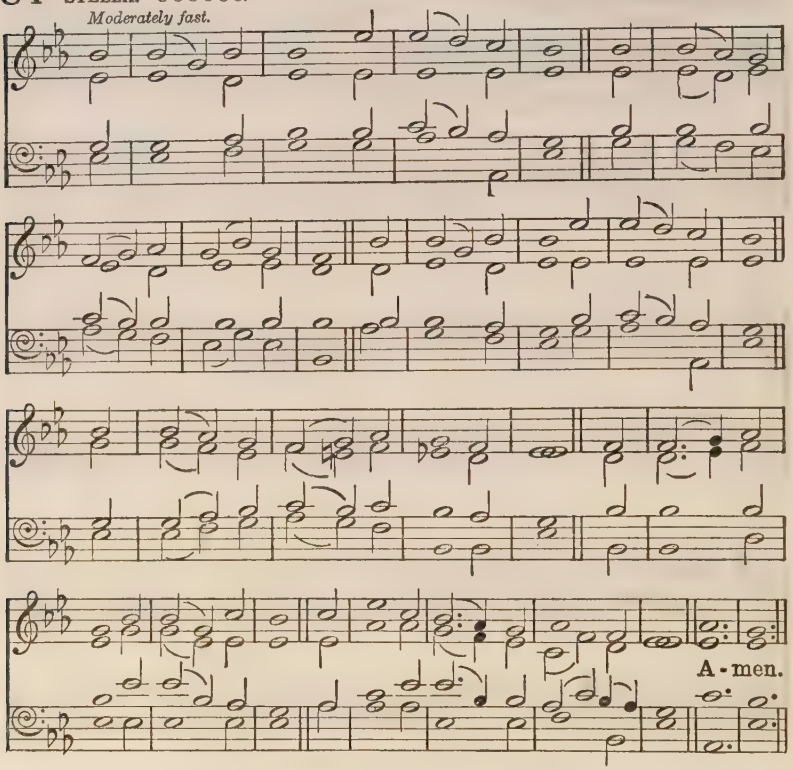
3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

JOHN KING, 1789-1858.

84 STELLA. 888888.

Founded on an old English Melody.

Moderately fast.



YE fair green hills of Galilee,
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
When He who conquered sin and death
Your flowery slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

2 'We saw no glory crown His head
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
He wrought no sign; but meekness, truth,
And duty marked each step He trod,
And love to man, and love to God.'

3 Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear;
Mine be the path Thy feet have trod,—
Duty, and love to man and God.

EUSTACE ROGERS CONDER, 1820-1892.

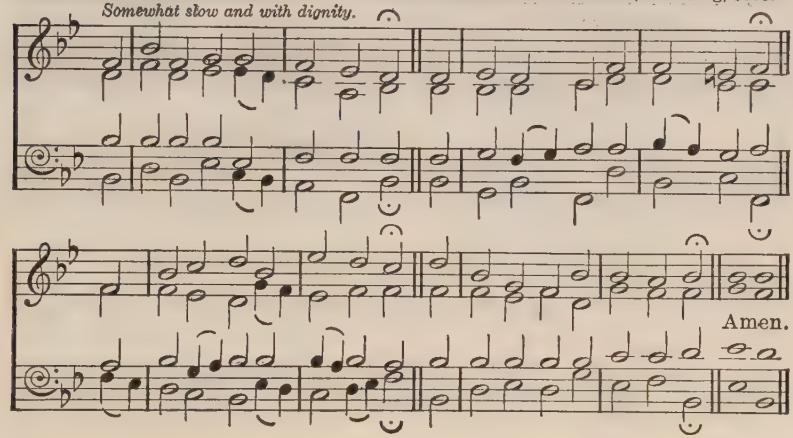
AND THE FOLLOWING:

85 Ride on, ride on in majesty.
88 Man of Sorrows, wrapt in grief.
93 Go to dark Gethsemane.
96 My song is love unknown.
123 Immortal Love, for ever full.
348 O Lord and Master of us all.
358 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult.
360 'Take up thy cross' the Saviour said.
603 I think, when I read that sweet story of old.
609 When mothers of Salem.

85 WINCHESTER NEW. L.M.

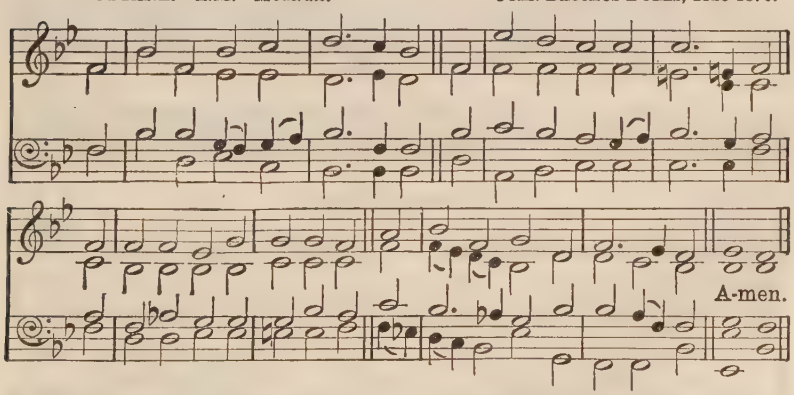
MUSIKALISCHES HANDBUCH, Hamburg, 1690.

Somewhat slow and with dignity.



ST. DROSTANE. L.M. *Moderate.*

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

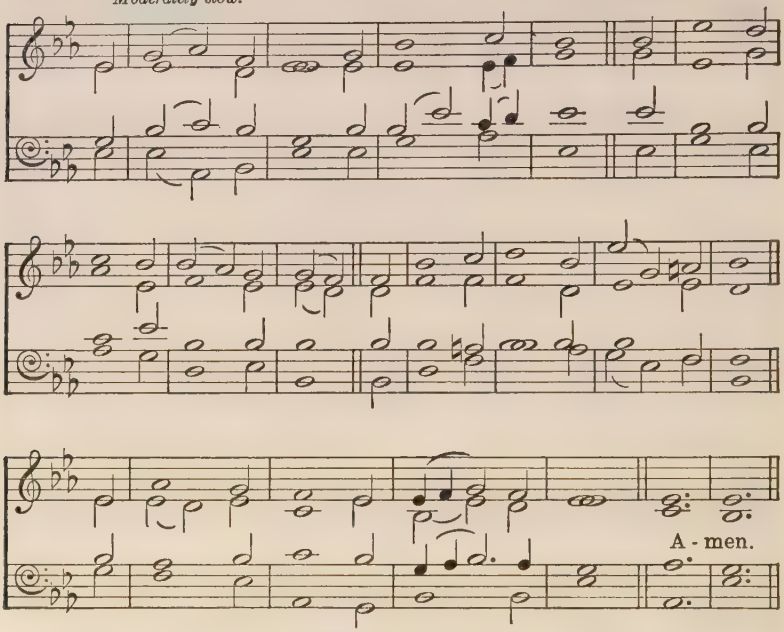
5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1791-1868.

86 COMMUNION (ROCKINGHAM). L.M.

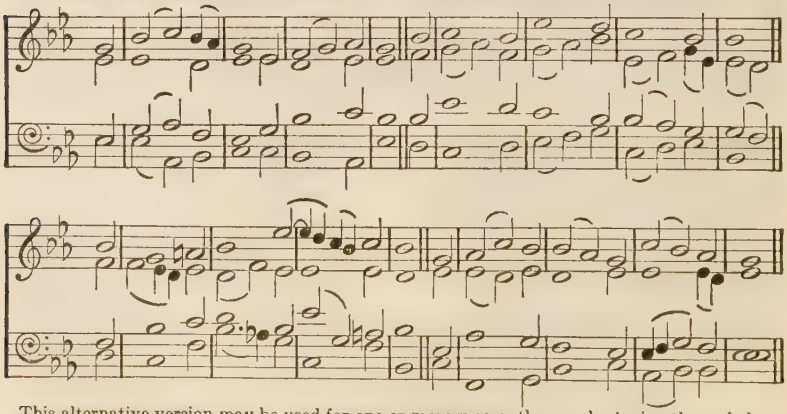
Moderately slow.

Adapted by EDWARD MILLER, 1731-1807.



Or HAMBURG, No. 217.

Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

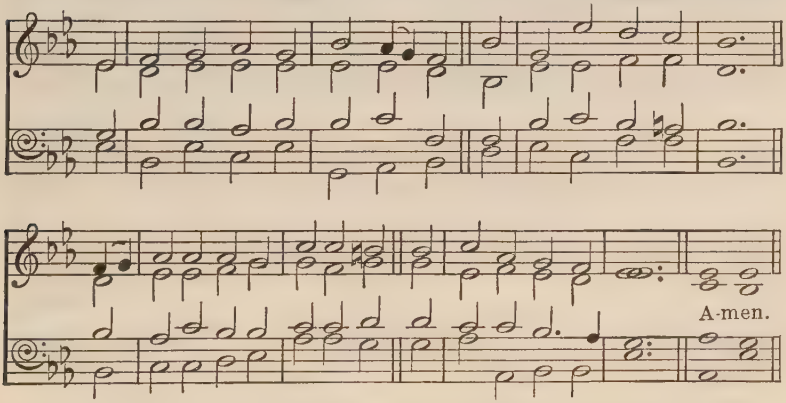
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

87 **HORSLEY.** C.M. *Moderate.* WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1774-1858.



Or GREEN HILL, No. 427.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

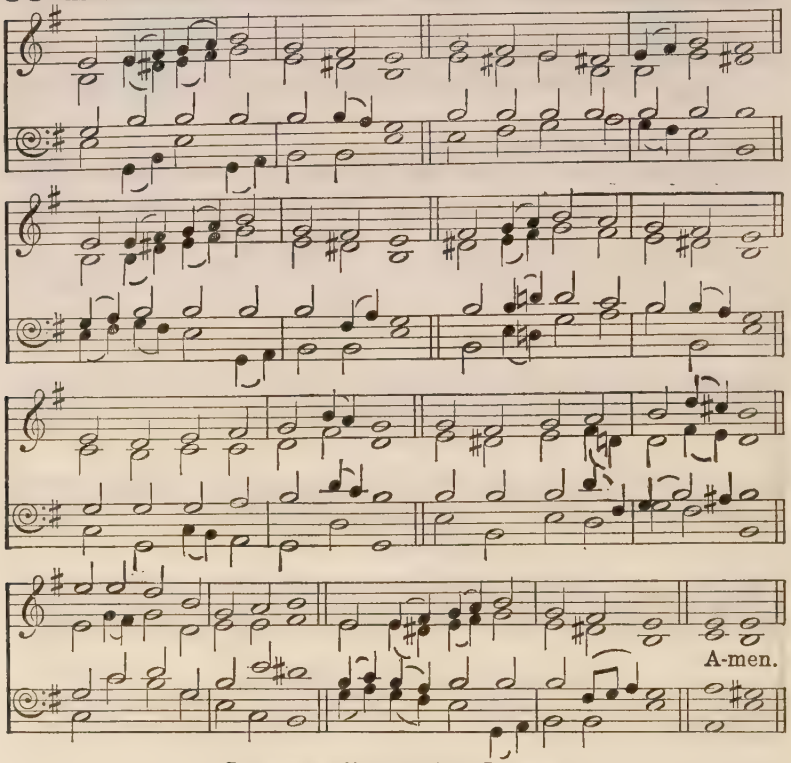
3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823-1895.

88 ABERYSTWYTH. 7 7 7 7 D. *Slow.* JOSEPH PARRY, 1841-1903.



By permission of Hughes and Son, Publishers.

MAN of Sorrows, wrapt in grief,
Bow Thine ear to our relief;
Thou for us the path hast trod
Of the righteous wrath of God;
Thou the cup of fire hast drained
Till its light alone remained.
Lamb of love! we look to Thee:
Hear our mournful litany.

2 By the garden, fraught with woe,
Whither Thou full oft wouldst go;
By Thine agony of prayer
In the desolation there;
By the dire and deep distress
Of that mystery fathomless:
Lord, our tears in mercy see;
Hearken to our litany.

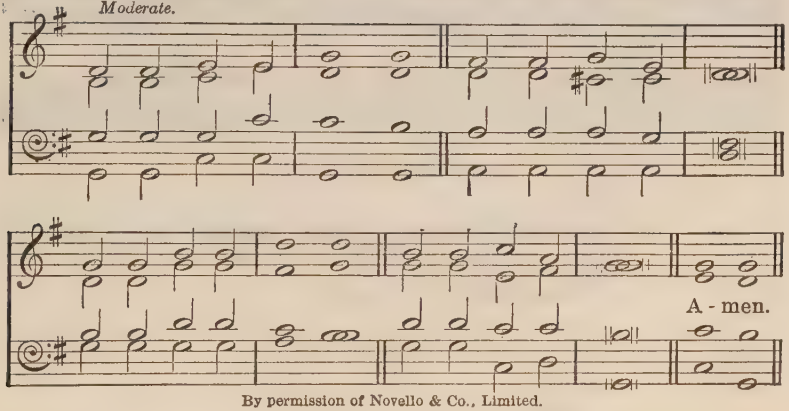
3 By the chalice brimming o'er
With disgrace and torment sore;
By those lips which fain would pray
That it might but pass away;
By the heart which drank it dry,
Lest a rebel race should die;
By Thy pity, Lord, our plea:
Hear our solemn litany.

4 Man of Sorrows! let Thy grief
Purchase for us our relief;
Lord of mercy! bow Thine ear,
Slow to anger, swift to hear;
By the Cross's royal road
Lead us to the throne of God,
There for aye to sing to Thee
Heaven's triumphant litany.

From a Slovak Hymnal.
Tr. H. Montane.

89 NORTH COATES. 6 5 6 5. Timothy Richard Matthews, 1826-1910.

Moderate.



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Or Bemerton, No. 205.

O MY Saviour, lifted
From the earth for me,
Draw me, in Thy mercy,
Nearer unto Thee;

2 Lift my earth-bound longings,
Fix them, Lord, above;
Draw me with the magnet
Of Thy mighty love.

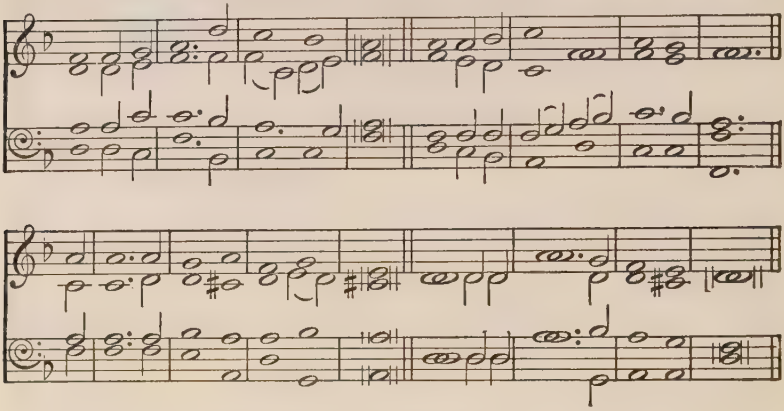
3 Lord, Thine arms are stretching
Ever far and wide,
To enfold Thy children
To Thy loving side.

4 And I come, O Jesus:—
Dare I turn away?
No! Thy love hath conquered,
And I come to-day;

5 Bringing all my burdens,
Sorrow, sin, and care,
At Thy feet I lay them
And I leave them there.

William Walsham How, 1823-1897.

90 **ST. CROSS.** L.M. *Moderately slow.* JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



Or DAS LEIDEN DES HERRN, No. 3.

O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

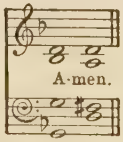
2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

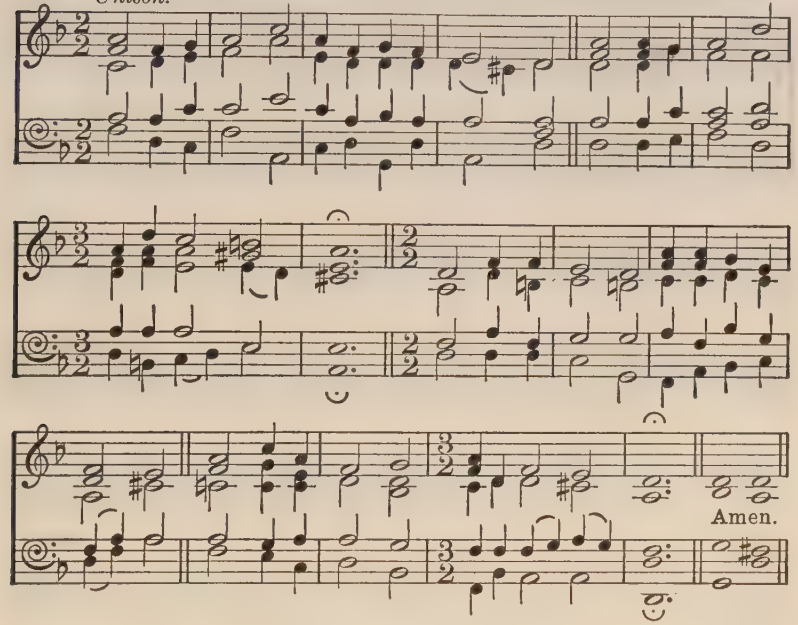
6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814-1863.

91 DONNE SECOURS. 11 10 11 10. *Moderate.* GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

Unison.



MY Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load of woe:
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring;
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee,
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain;
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain!

4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

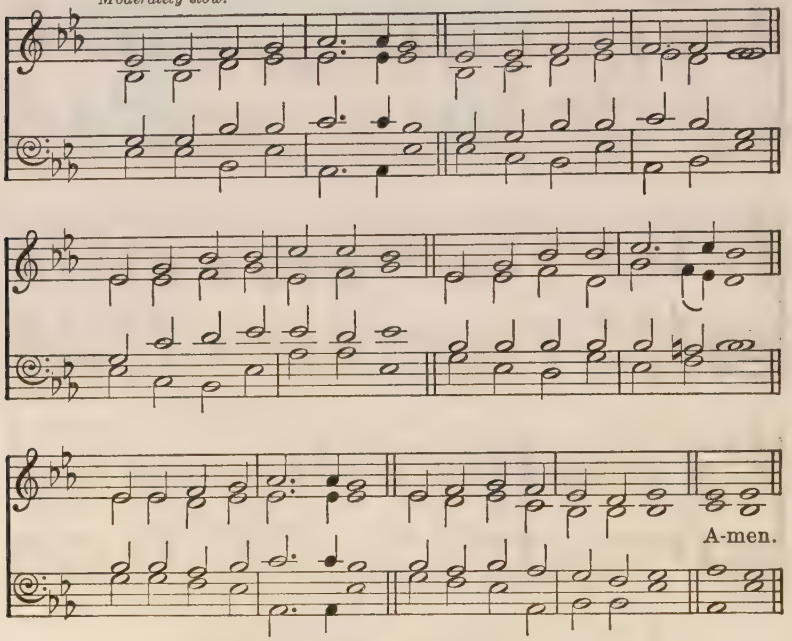
5 O Victim of Thy love, O pangs most healing,
O saving death, O wounds that I adore,
O shame most glorious! Christ, before Thee kneeling,
I pray Thee keep me Thine for evermore.

From the French of JACQUES BRIDAINE, 1701-1767.
Tr. THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1836-1896.

92 REDHEAD No. 76 (PETRA). 7 7 7 7 7 7.

Moderately slow.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



Or SEBASTIAN, No. 267.

THRONED upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee;
Darkness veils Thine anguished face;
None its lines of woe can trace;
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone.

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

3 Hark, that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou His own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be?—
'Why hast Thou forsaken Me?'

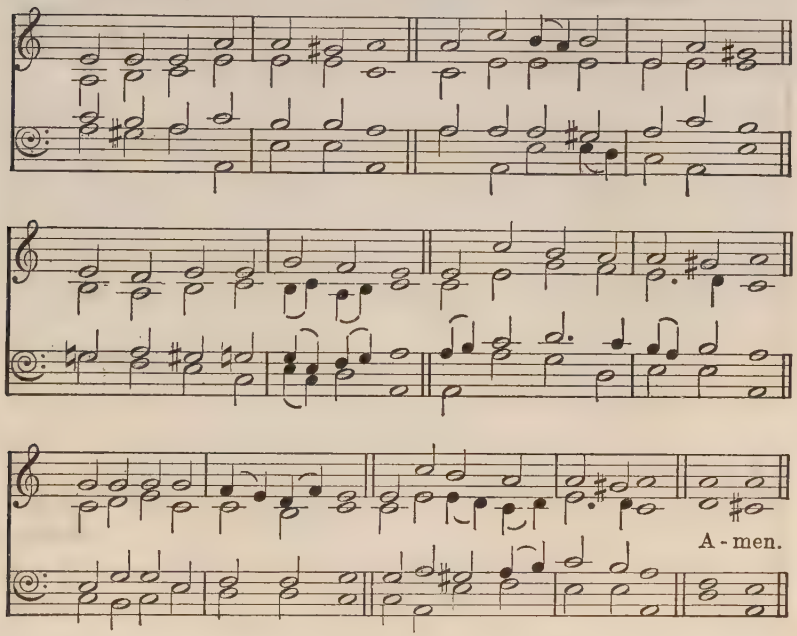
4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

93 GETHSEMANE. 7 7 7 7 7 7.

Moderately slow.

CHRISTOPHER TYE, c. 1508-1572.
Adapted by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.



Or REDHEAD No. 76 (PETRA), opposite.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away;
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

2 See Him at the judgement-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned;
See Him meekly bearing all;
Love to man His soul sustained.
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

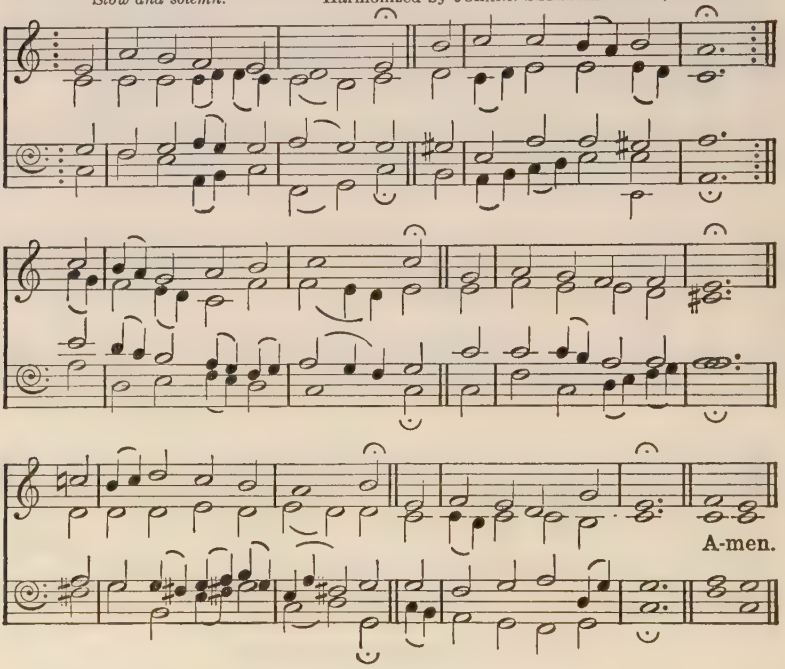
3 Calvary's mournful mountain view:
There the Lord of glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursèd tree;
'It is finished,' hear His cry;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

94 PASSION CHORALE. 7 6 7 6 D.

Slow and solemn.

HANS LEO HASSLER, 1564-1612.
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750.



O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

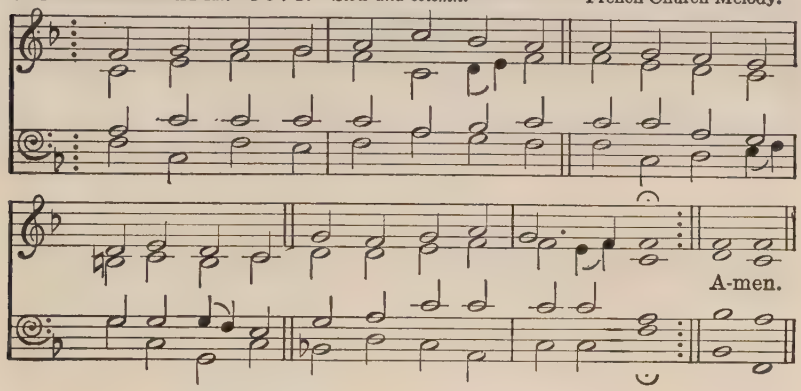
2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story;
I joy to call Thee mine.
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy Cross to me;
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall not remove,
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

From a mediaeval Latin hymn.
Tr. from the German of PAUL GERHARDT, 1607-1676
by JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER, 1804-1859, and others.

95 STABAT MATER. 8 8 7 D. *Slow and solemn.* French Church Melody.



NEAR the Cross her vigil keeping,
Stood the mother, worn with weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord:
Through her soul, in anguish groaning,
Bowed in sorrow, sighing, moaning,
Passed the sharp and piercing sword.

2 O the weight of her affliction!
Hers, who won God's benediction,
Hers, who bore God's Holy One:
O that speechless, ceaseless yearning!
O those dim eyes never turning
From her wondrous, suffering Son!

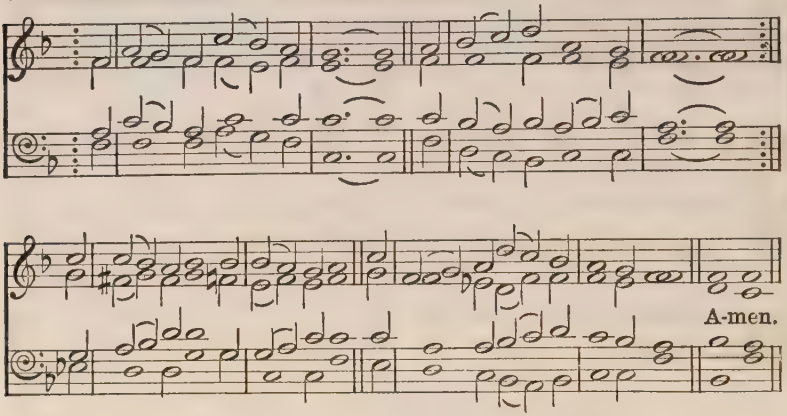
3 Who upon that mother gazing,
In her trouble so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who of Christ's dear mother thinking,
While her Son that cup is drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

4 For His people's sins chastisèd
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Bound and bleeding 'neath the rod;
Saw the Lord's Anointed taken,
Dying desolate, forsaken,
Heard Him yield His soul to God.

5 Near Thy Cross, O Christ, abiding,
Grief and love my heart dividing,
I with her would take my place:
By Thy guardian Cross uphold me,
In Thy dying, Christ, enfold me
With the deathless arms of grace.

From the Latin, 13th century.
Tr. compiled by LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, 1855-1930.

96 WESLEY. 6 6 6 6 8 8. *Moderately fast.* Composer Unknown.



MY song is love unknown,
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
O who am I,
That for my sake
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

2 He came from His blest throne
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know:
But O! my Friend,
My Friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King:
Then 'Crucify!'
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

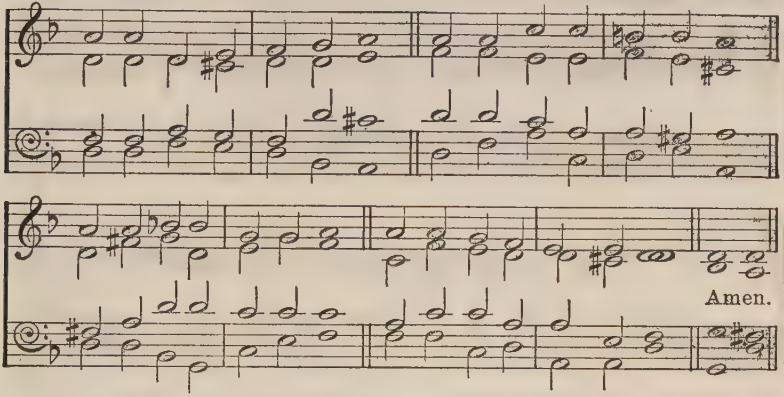
5 They rise and needs will have
My dear Lord made away;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of life they slay,
Yet cheerful He
To suffering goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

6 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN, 1624-1683.

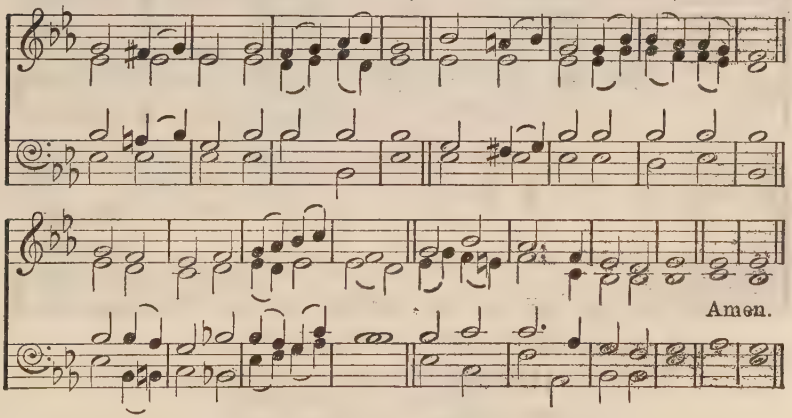
97 HEINLEIN. 7777. *Slow.*

Ascribed to MARTIN HERBST, 1654-1681.



HOLLEY. 7777. *Moderately slow.*

GEORGE HEWS, 1806-1873.



NEVER further than Thy Cross,
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin, which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the Cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

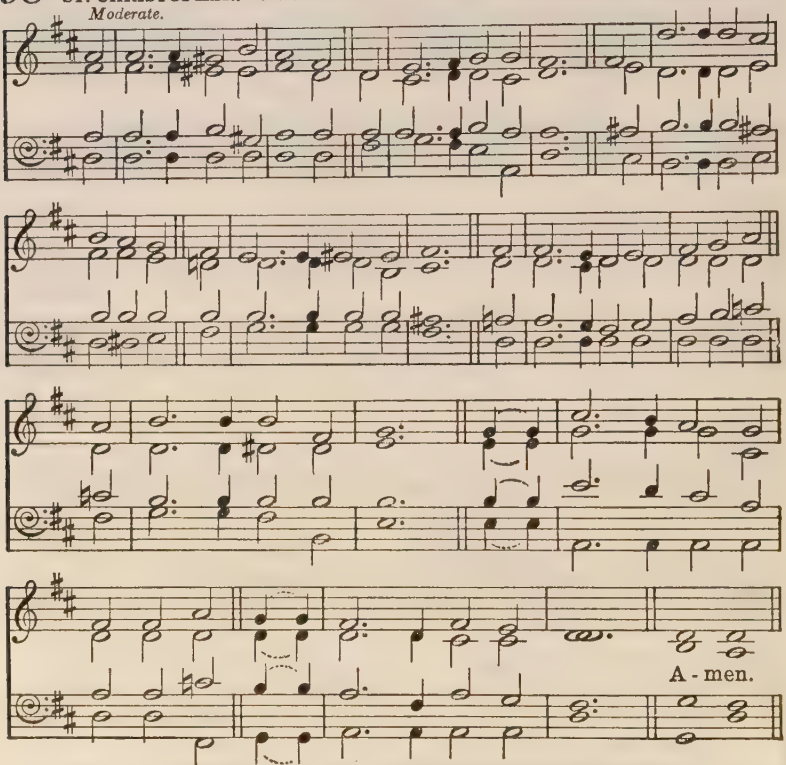
4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

ELIZABETH CHARLES, 1828-1896.

98 ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7 6 8 6 8 6 8 6. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1844-1927.

Moderate.



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BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

2 Upon the Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

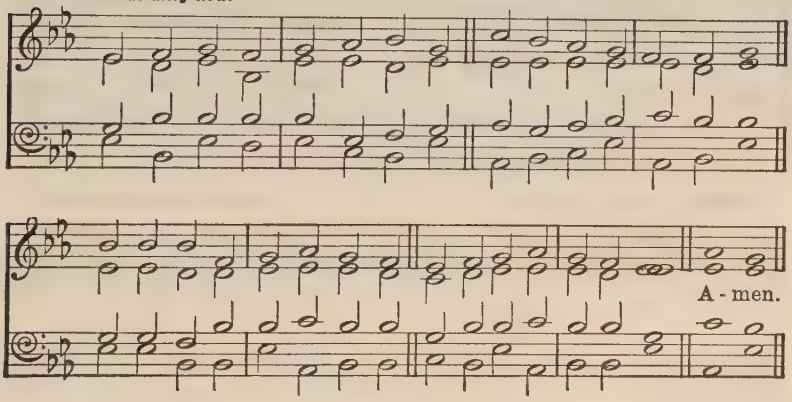
3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all, the Cross.

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE, 1830-1869.

99 **ELLERKER (BATTY).** 8 7 8 7.

Moderately slow.

JOHANN THOMMEN'S CHORALE BOOK, 1745.



Or ALL FOR JESUS, No. 100.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

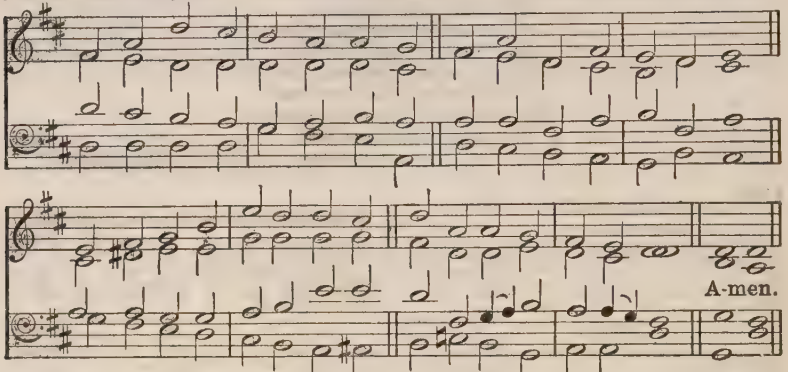
2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

4 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee—
For the griefs that wrought our peace—
Gracious Saviour! we implore Thee,
In our hearts Thy love increase.

vv. 1-3, WALTER SHIRLEY, 1725-1786,
based on JAMES ALLEN, 1734-1804.
v. 4, from COOKE AND DENTON'S CHURCH HYMNAL, 1853.

100 ALL FOR JESUS. 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.* JOHN STAINER, 1840-1901.



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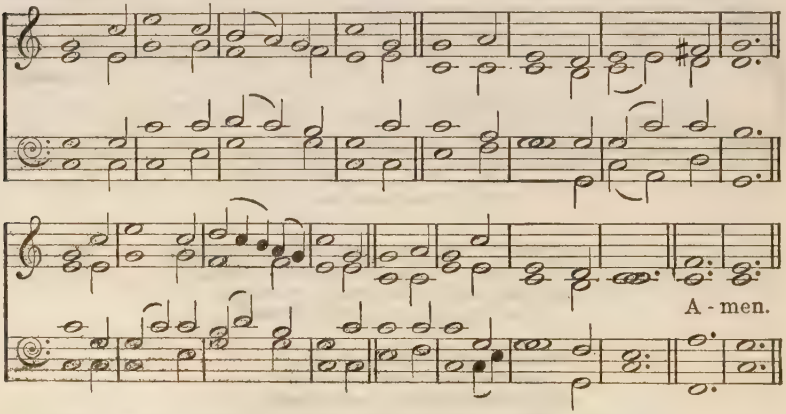
RATHBUN. 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.* ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1815-1867.



IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

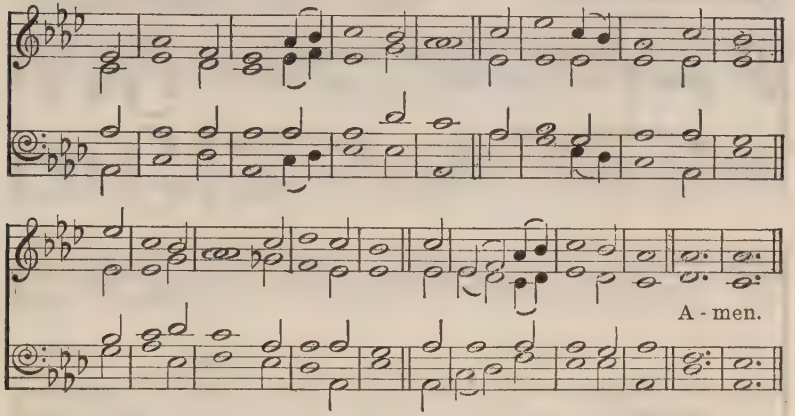
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming,
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

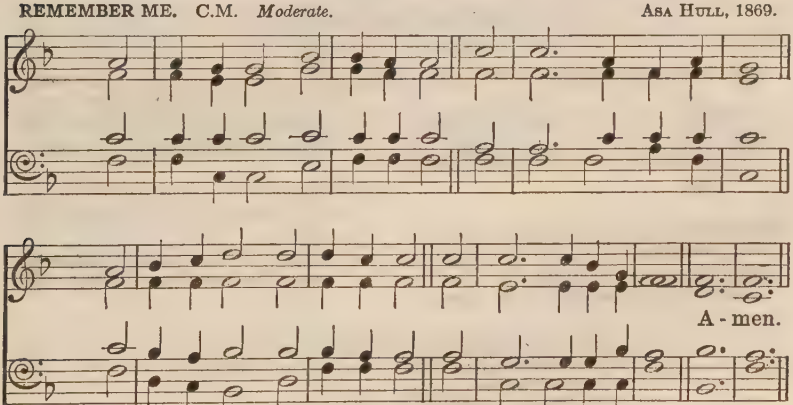
5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

JOHN BOWRING, 1792-1872.

101 **MARTYRDOM.** C.M. *Moderately slow.* HUGH WILSON, 1766-1824.



REMEMBER ME. C.M. *Moderate.* ASA HULL, 1869.



ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For sinner such as I?

2 Was it for sins that I have done,
He groaned upon the Tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear Cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

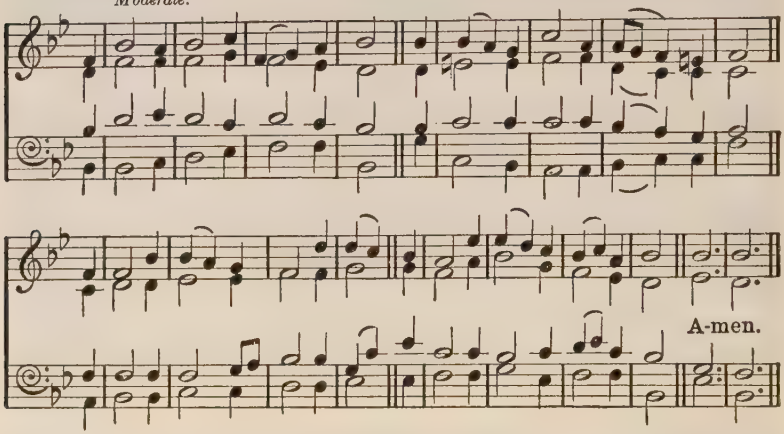
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

102 WALTON. L.M.

Moderate.

WILLIAM GARDINER'S SACRED MELODIES, 1815.



Or WINCHESTER NEW, No. 85.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love';
He bears our sins upon the Tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

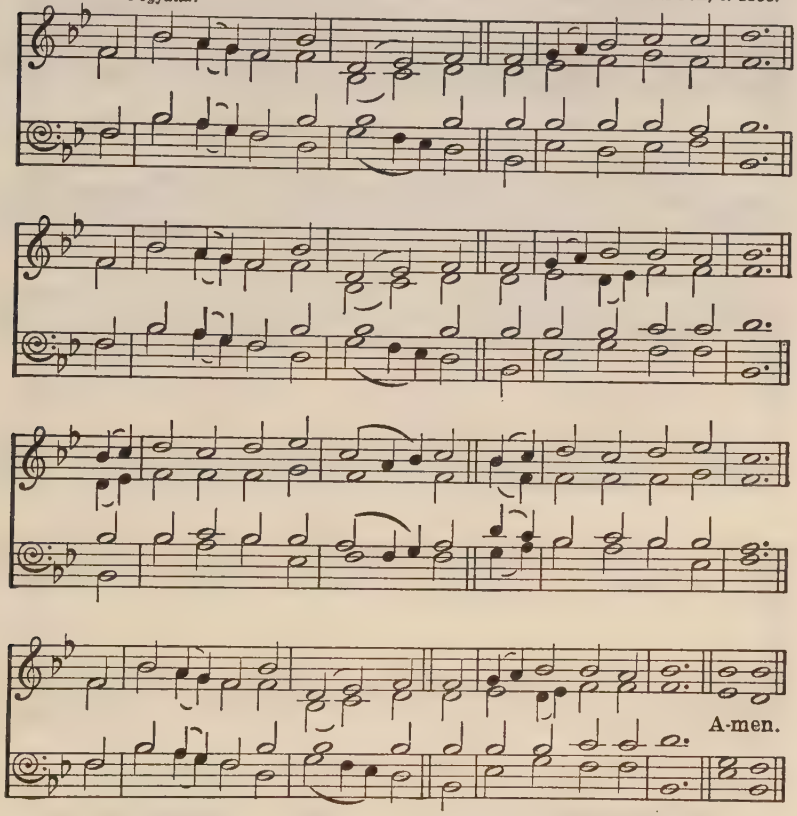
THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1854.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

14 Praise to the Holiest in the height.
74 Who is this, so weak and helpless.
224 Bread of the world, in mercy broken.
227 According to Thy gracious word.
228 Jesus, to Thy Table led.
229 By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored.
230 'Twas on that night, when doomed to know.
267 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
270 Just as I am, without one plea.
278 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.
479 God loved the world of sinners lost.
485 Jesus, keep me near the Cross.
486 I lay my sins on Jesus.
491 There is a fountain.

103 ELLACOMBE. 7 6 7 6 D.

Joyfully.

MAINZ GESANGBUCH, c. 1833.

THE Day of Resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

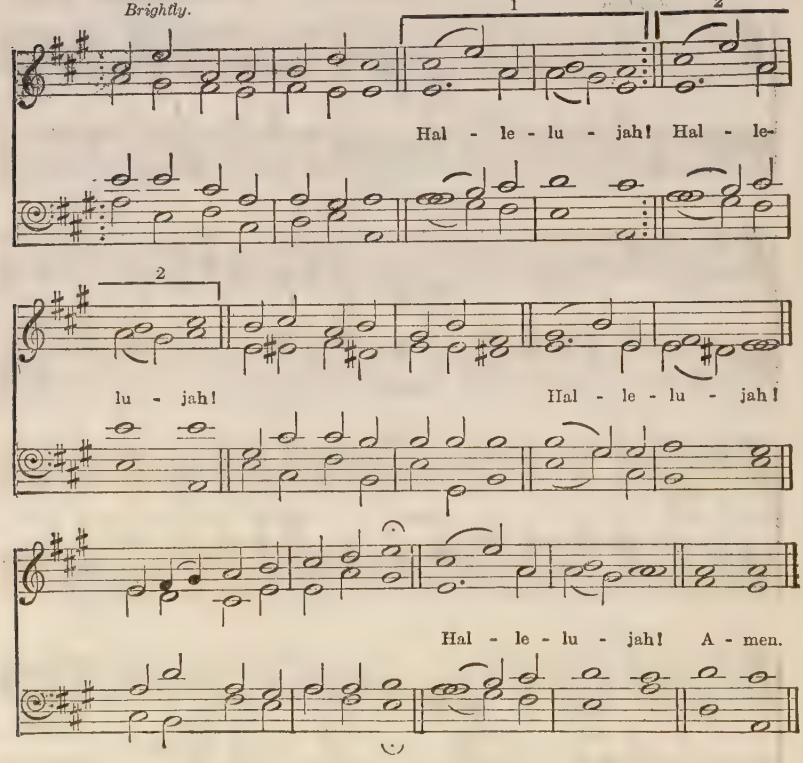
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light,
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own 'All Hail!' and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

JOHN OF DAMASCUS, c. 750.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.

104 ASCENSION. 7 7 7 7 and Hallelujahs. WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.

Brightly.



Or EASTER HYMN, opposite.

'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say;
Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply;
Hallelujah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

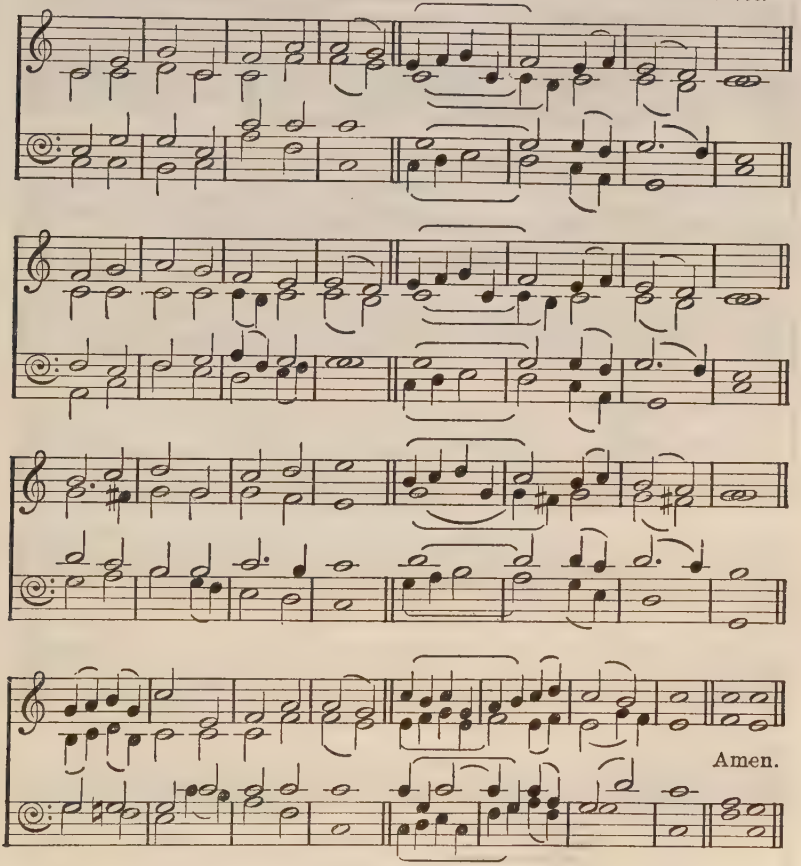
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the Cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

105 EASTER HYMN. 7 7 7 7 and Hallelujahs.

Adapted from Melody in Lyra Davidica, 1708.



Or Llanfair, No. 114.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah!
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

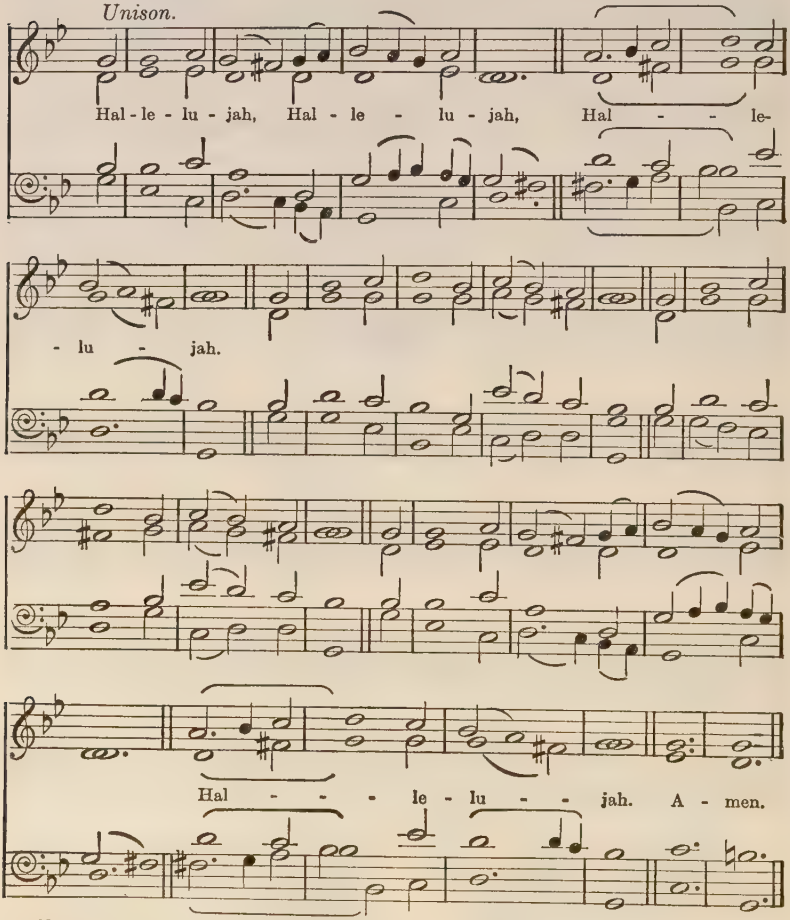
4 Sing we to our God above,
Hallelujah!
Praise eternal as His love;
Hallelujah!
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Hallelujah!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Hallelujah!

Lyra Davidica, 1708; and others.

French Melody, c. 16th century (modern form).
Adapted from An Essay on the Church Plain Chant, 1782.

106 O FILII ET FILIAE. 8 8 8 and Hallelujahs.

Moderately fast.

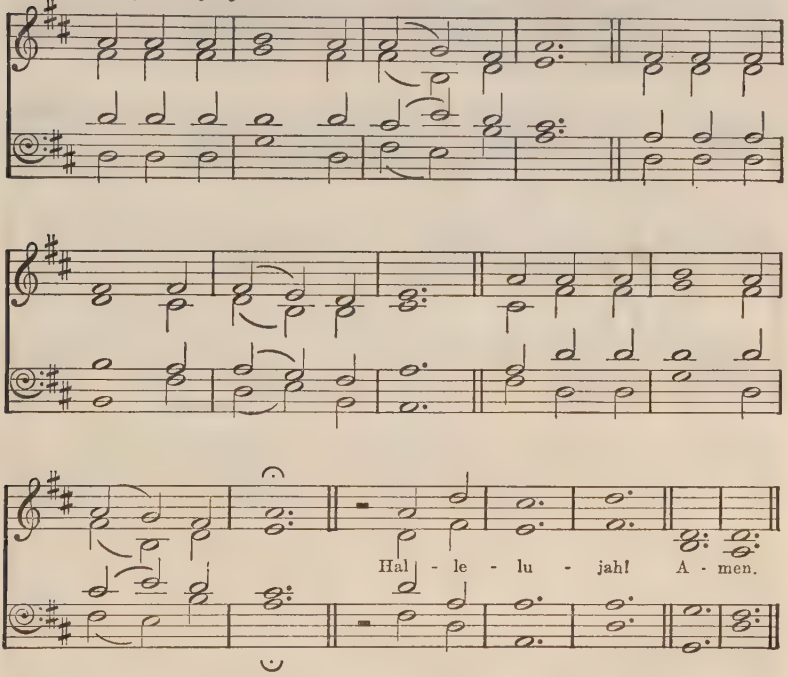
Unison.

Note—The threefold Hallelujah may be sung at the beginning and end of the hymn, or with each verse, as may be preferred; all Hallelujahs being sung in unison. The successive verses may be varied by being sung occasionally in harmony.

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Hallelujah!

His Resurrection and Exaltation

VICTORY. 8 8 8 and Hallelujah.
Moderate, with dignity.

Adapted from Giovanni Pierluigi Da Palestrina, 1525-1594, by William Henry Monk, 1823-1889.



2 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'My peace be on all here.'
Hallelujah!

3 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were their Lord,
Until He came and spake the word.
Hallelujah!

4 'My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;
Behold My hands, My feet,' said He,
'Not faithless but believing be.'
Hallelujah!

5 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.
Hallelujah!

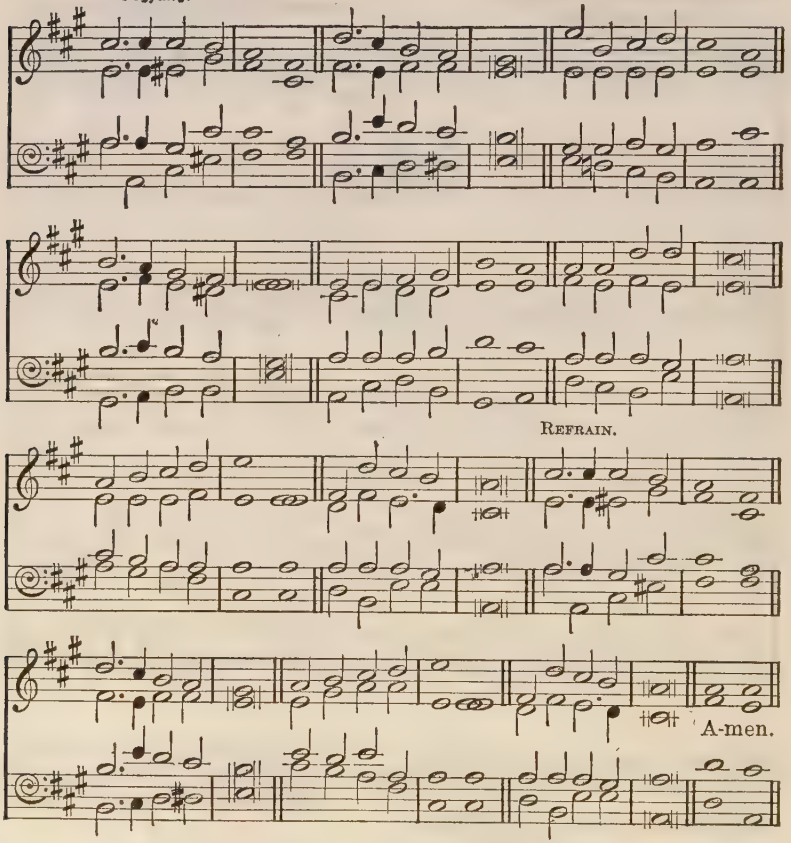
6 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Hallelujah!

7 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.
Hallelujah!

Jean Tisserand, 1494.
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-1866.
As in Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1861.

107 HERMAS. 6 5 6 5 D. and refrain.

Joyfully.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.

'WELCOME, happy morning!' age to age shall say:
'Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.'
Lo! the dead is living, God for evermore:
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
'Welcome, happy morning,' age to age shall say:
'Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.'

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.

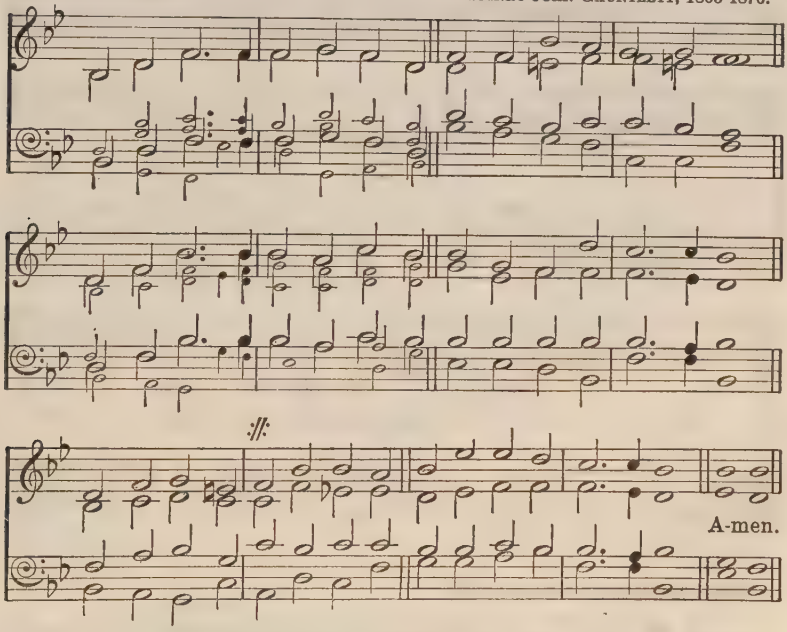
3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky, and fields, and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.

4 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own Third Morning; rise, O buried Lord!

VENANTIUS FORTUNATUS, 530-609.
Tr. JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

108 TRIUMPH. 8 7 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.*

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.



Or HOLYWOOD (ST. THOMAS), No. 136.

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

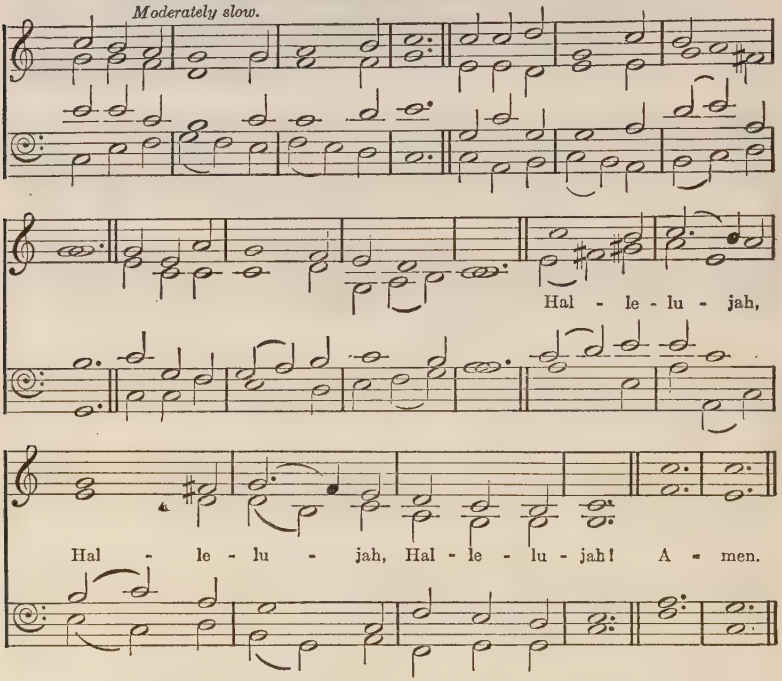
4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1854.

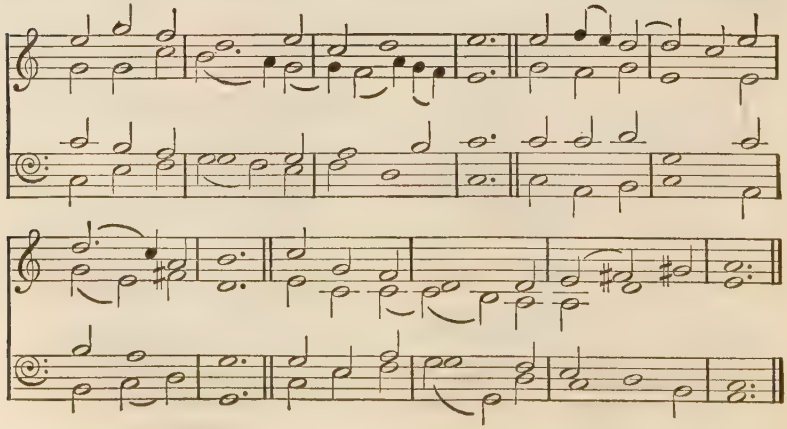
109 VULPIUS. 8 8 8 and Hallelujahs.

Melchior Vulpius, 1560-1616.
Arranged (with Faux Bourdon),
by Ernest MacMillan, 1893-

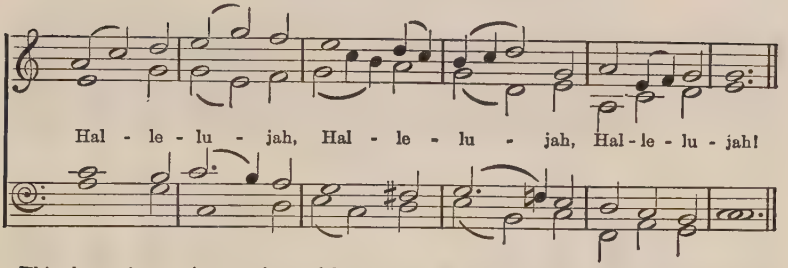
Moderately slow.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon).



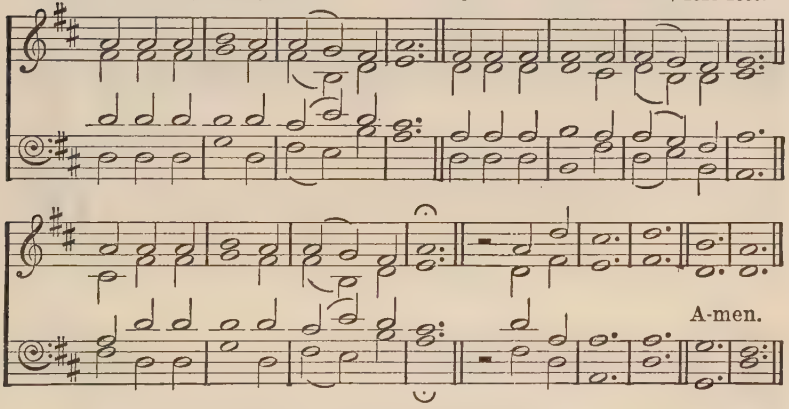
His Resurrection and Exaltation



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

VICTORY. 8 8 8 and Hallelujah.
Moderate, with dignity.

Adapted from
GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA, c. 1525-1594,
by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.



THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
Now be the song of praise begun,—
Hallelujah!

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—
Hallelujah!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell.
Hallelujah!

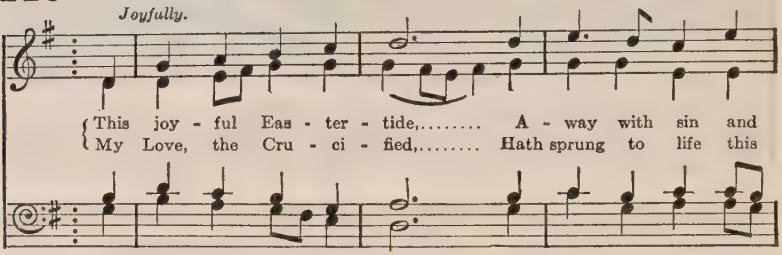
5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee, *Hallelujah!*

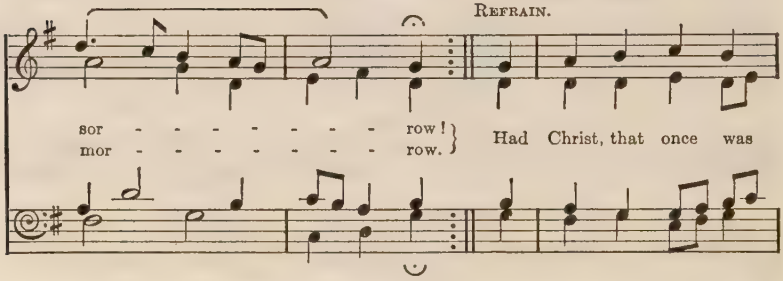
Latin, mediaeval: *Tr.* FRANCIS POTT, 1832-1909.

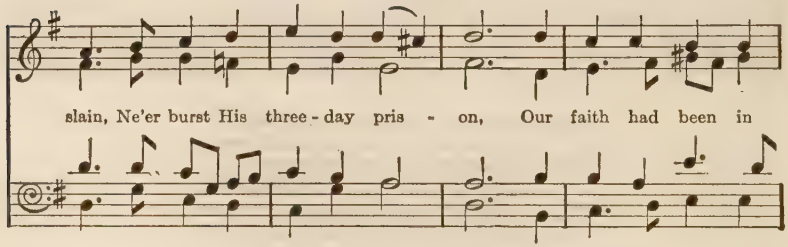
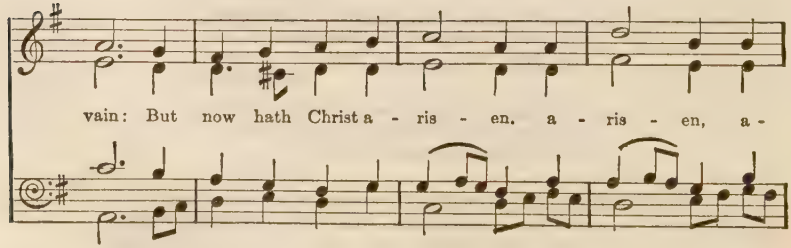
110 EASTER-TIDE. 6 7 6 7, and refrain.

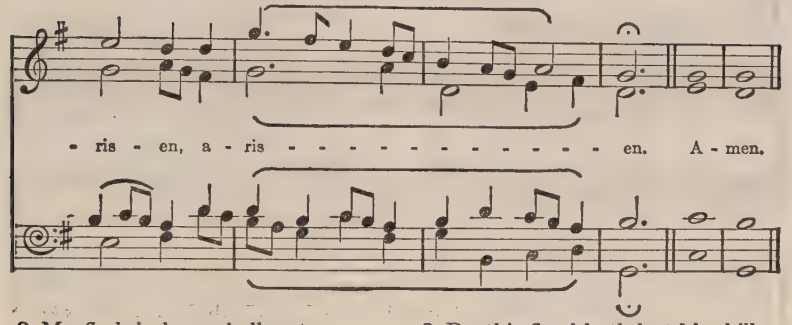
Dutch Carol in DAVID'S PSALMEN, Amsterdam, 1685.
As in COWLEY CAROL BOOK, 1902.

Joyfully.









2 My flesh in hope shall rest,
And for a season slumber:
Till trump from east to west
Shall wake the dead in number.

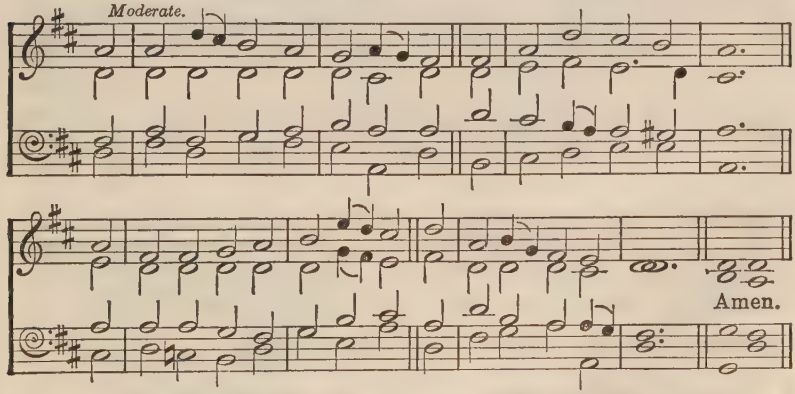
3 Death's flood hath lost his chill,
Since Jesus cross'd the river:
Lover of souls, from ill
My passing soul deliver.

Words and music from the Cowley Carol Book, by permission of A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd.

COWLEY CAROL BOOK, 1902.

111 JACKSON (BYZANTIUM). C.M.

THOMAS JACKSON, 1715-1781.



JESUS! the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, 'Behold the Lamb!'

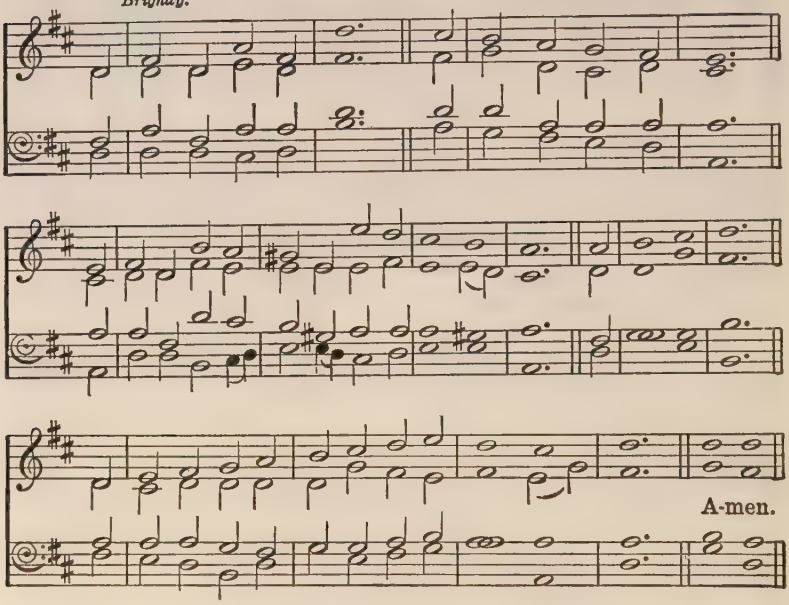
6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His Name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

112 DARWALL. 6 6 6 6 8 8.

Brightly.

JOHN DARWALL, 1731-1789.



REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

3 His Kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, 'Rejoice.'

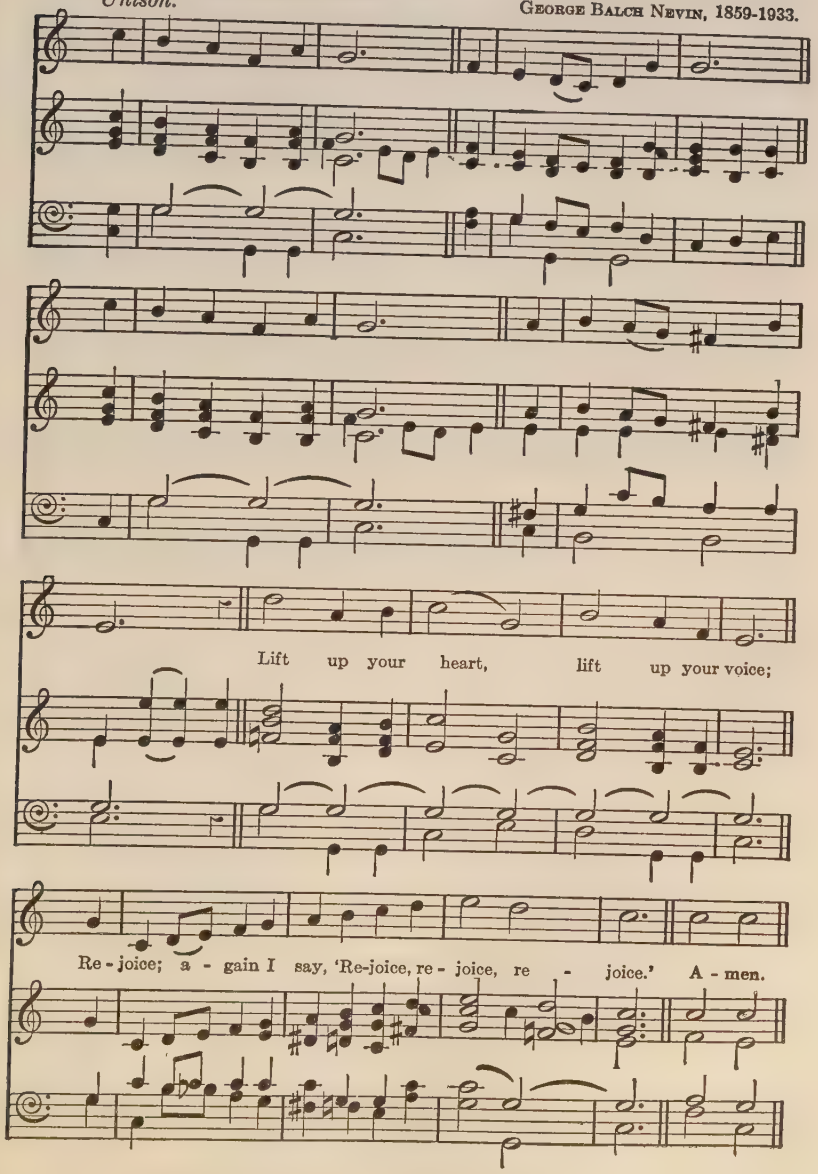
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

His Resurrection and Exaltation

NEVIN. 666688. *Moderately fast.*

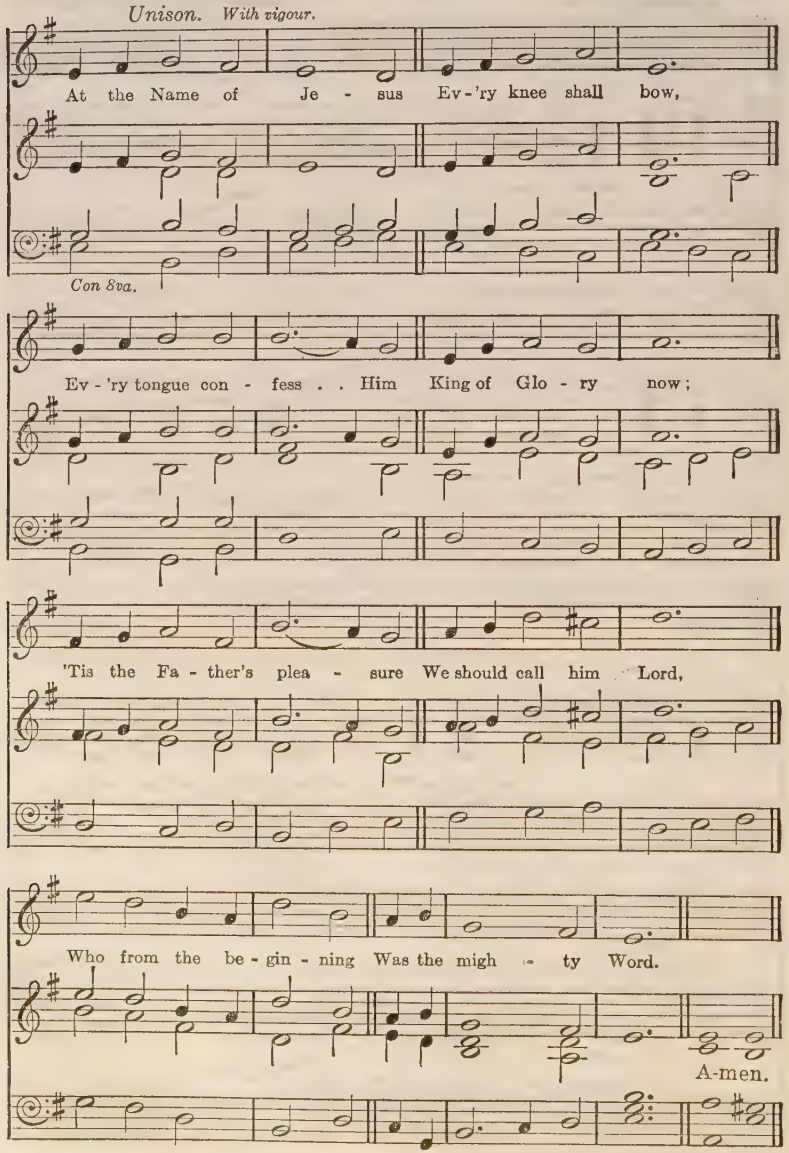
Unison.

GEORGE BALCH NEVIN, 1859-1933.



The Lord Jesus Christ

113 KING'S WESTON. 6 5 6 5 D. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-


Unison. With vigour.
At the Name of Je - sus Ev-'ry knee shall bow,
Con 8va.
Ev - 'ry tongue con - fess . . Him King of Glo - ry now;
'Tis the Fa - ther's plea - sure We should call him Lord,
Who from the be - gin - ning Was the migh - ty Word.
A-men.

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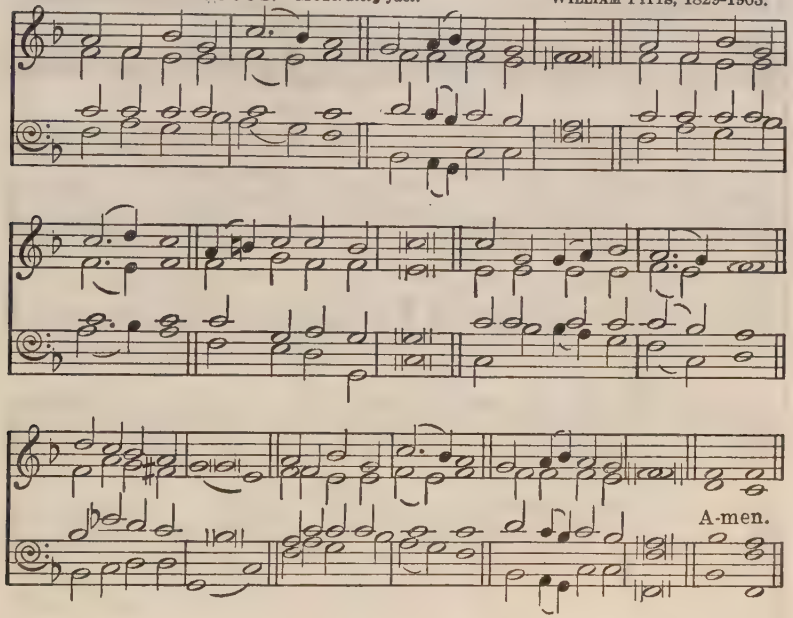
PRINCETHORPE. 6 5 6 5 D. *Moderately fast.* WILLIAM PITTS, 1829-1903.



AT the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

3 Name Him, brothers, name Him
With love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder
And with bated breath!
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

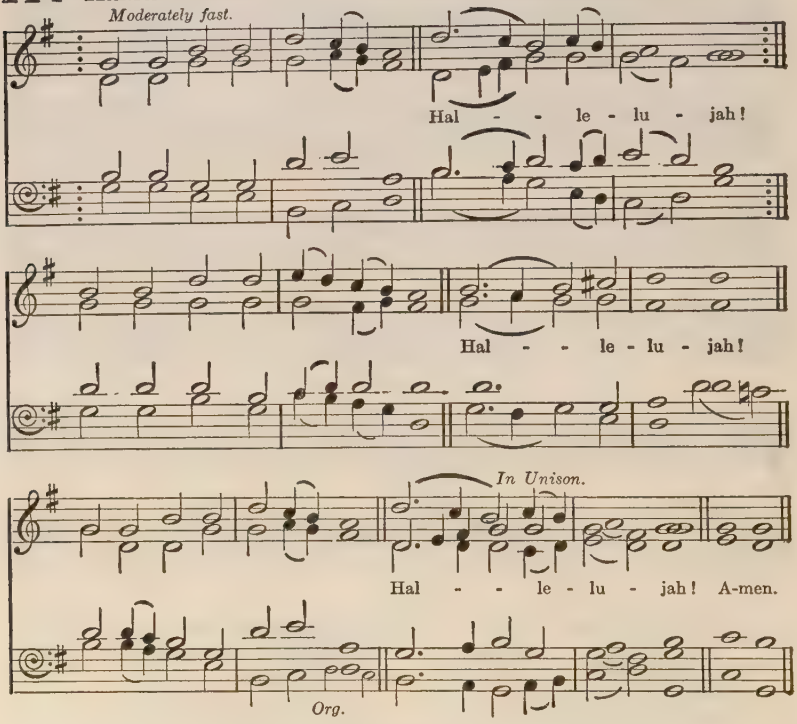
4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

CAROLINE MARIA NOEL, 1817-1877.

114 LLANFAIR. 7 4 7 4 D.

ROBERT WILLIAMS, c. 1781-1821.



Or ASCENSION, No. 104.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Hallelujah!
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Hallelujah!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Hallelujah!
Reascends His native heaven.
Hallelujah!

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent, He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

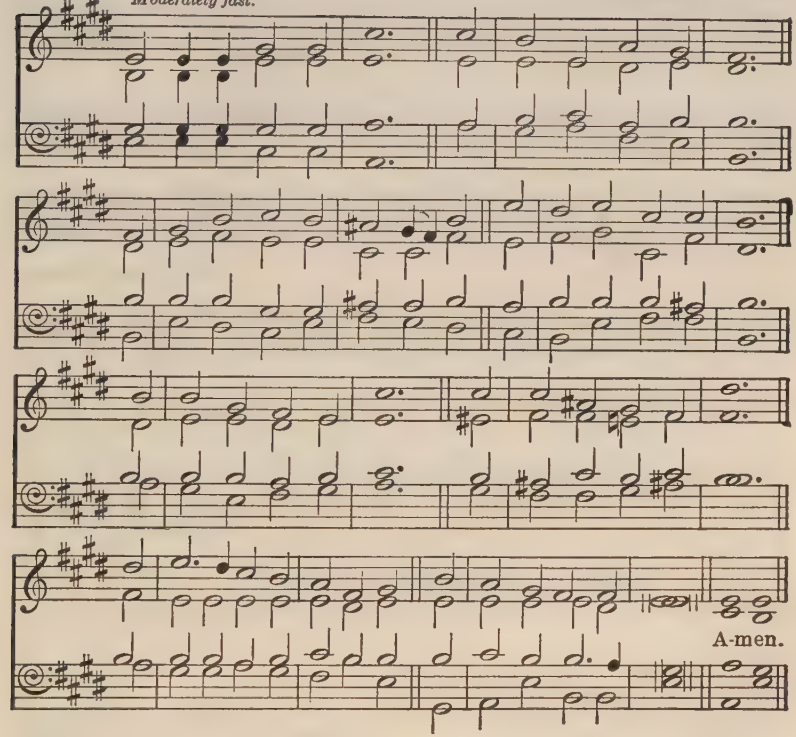
6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Hallelujah!
Partners of Thy endless reign;
Hallelujah!
There Thy face unclouded see,
Hallelujah!
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee!
Hallelujah!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

115 DIADEMATA. D.S.M.

GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1816-1893.

Moderately fast.



CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

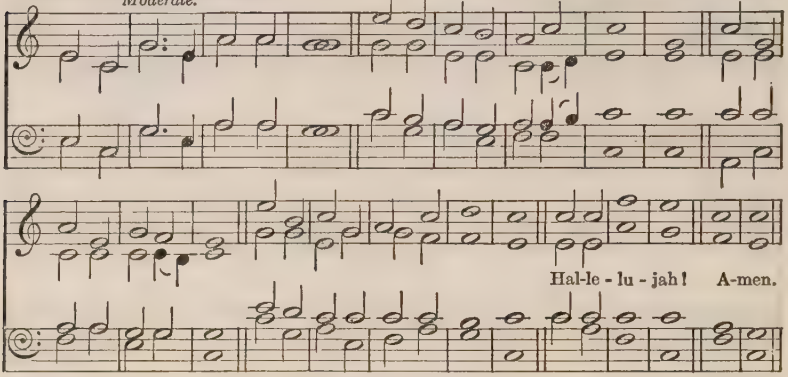
3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round His piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1800-1894,
and GODFREY THRING, 1823-1903.

116 ST. ALBINUS. 7 8 7 8 and Hallelujah. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.

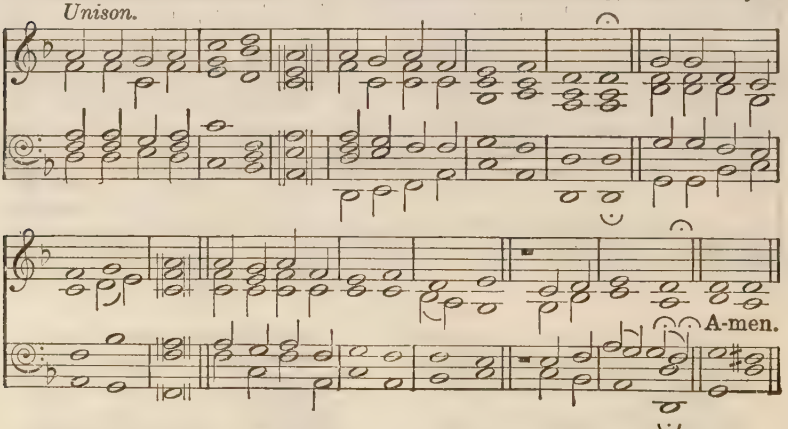
Moderate.



CHRIST IST ERSTANDEN. 7 8 7 8 and Hallelujah.

Somewhat slow and dignified. Traditional German Melody, c. 13th century.

Unison.



JESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can, O death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.

Hallelujah!

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

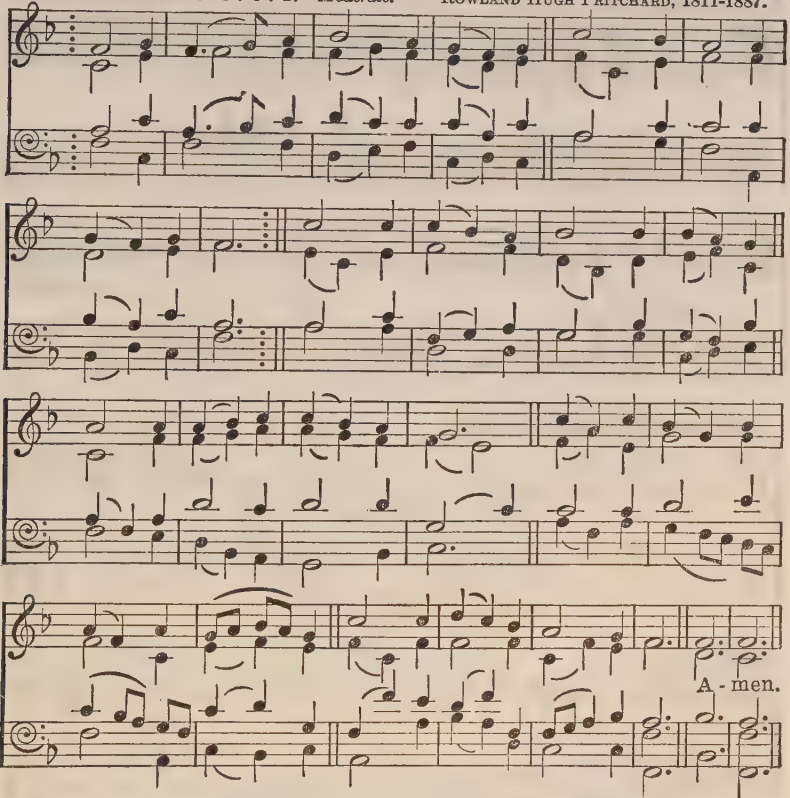
4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

Hallelujah!

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1715-1769.
Tr. FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1812-1897.

117

HYFRYDOL. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.* ROWLAND HUGH PRITCHARD, 1811-1887.

HAIL, Thou once-despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou universal Saviour!
Thou hast borne our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
Every sin may be forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

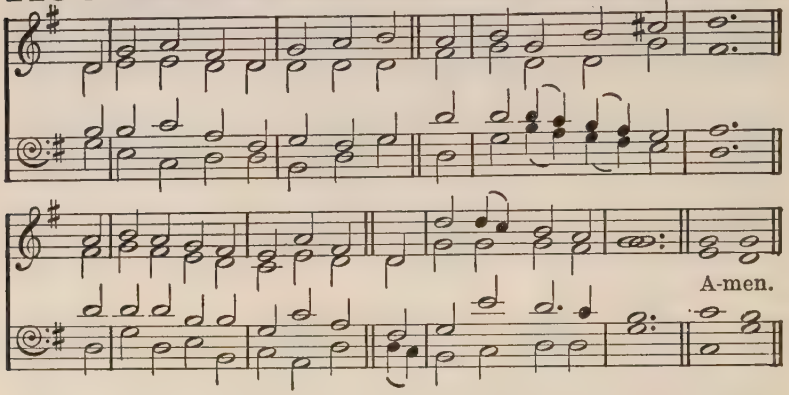
3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

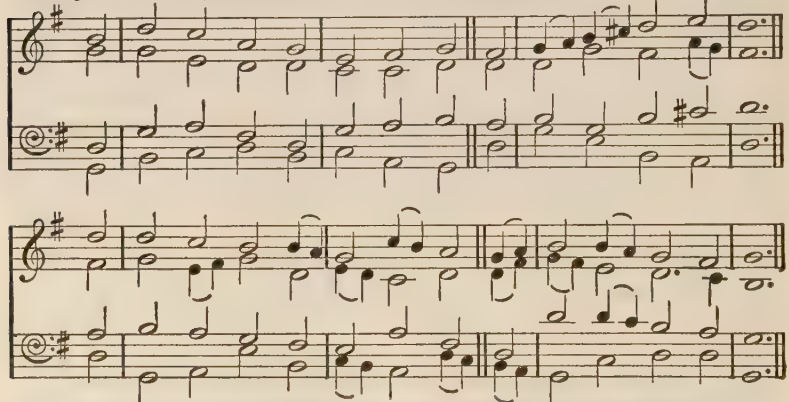
JOHN BAKEWELL, 1721-1819, and others.

118 ST. MAGNUS. C.M.

Moderately slow, with dignity. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light,

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given,
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

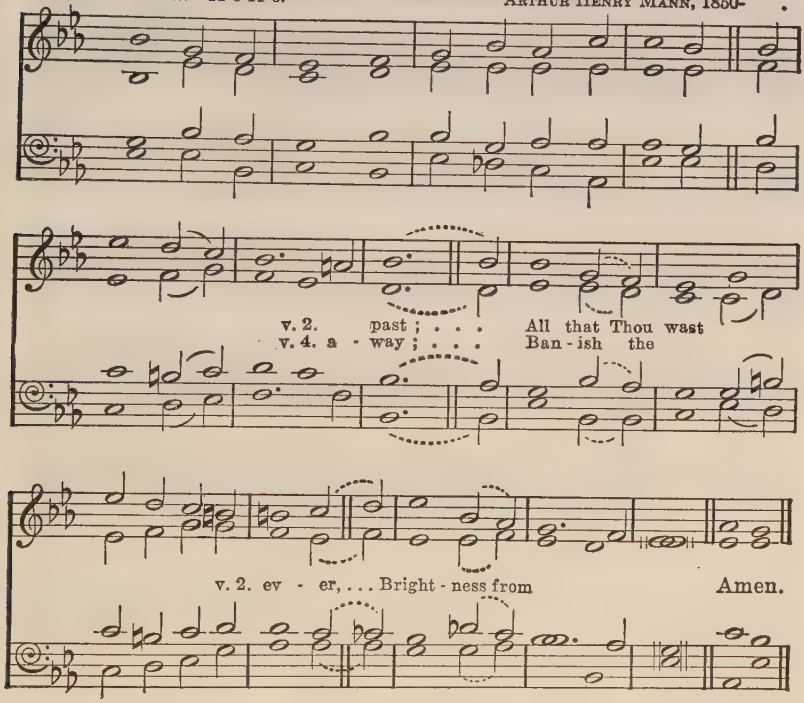
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1854.

119 WILTON. 11 6 11 6.

ARTHUR HENRY MANN, 1850-



LIGHT of the world! for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

2 Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast Thou art, and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last.

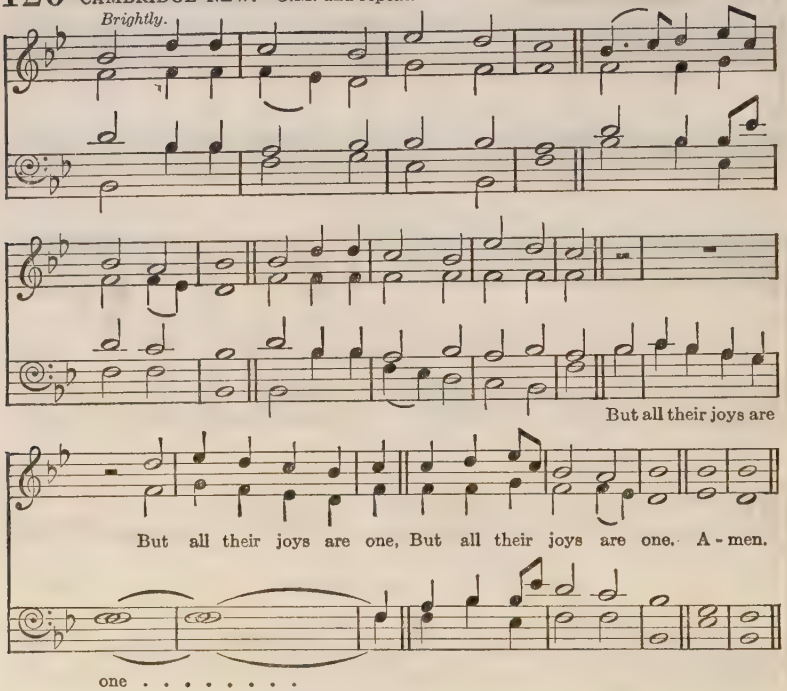
3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue—
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new.

4 Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging Day.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

120 CAMBRIDGE NEW. C.M. and repeat.

JOHN RANDALL, 1715-1799.



Or RICHMOND, No. 14.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus!'
'Worthy the Lamb!' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

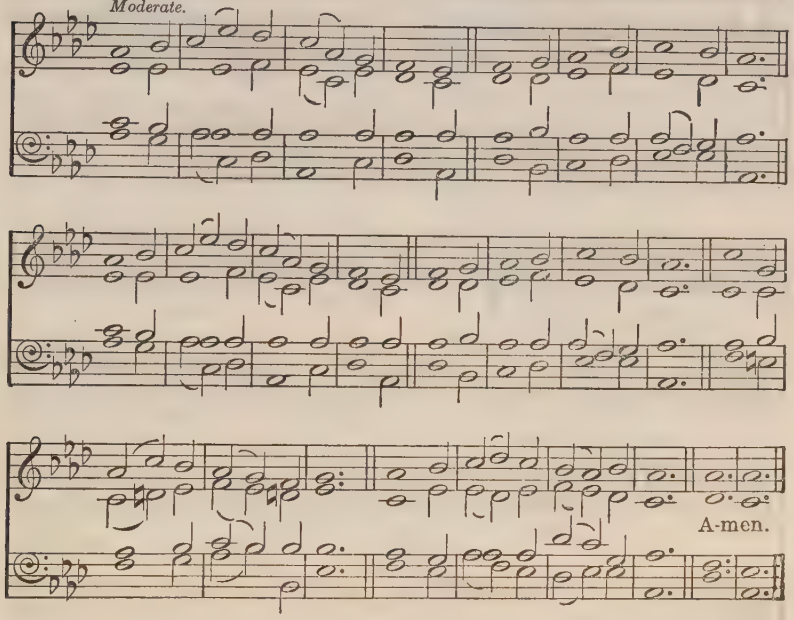
AND THE FOLLOWING.

41 O for a thousand tongues to sing.
42 Blessing and honour and glory and power.
46 All hail the power of Jesus' Name.
316 Now may He who from the dead.
327 Father of peace, and God of love.
415 Let Christian faith and hope dispel.
467 Blest be the everlasting God.
618 It is the joyful Easter time.

121 GODESBERG. 878777.

HEINRICH ALBERT, 1604-1651.

Moderate.



Or GOUNOD, No. 561.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God;
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

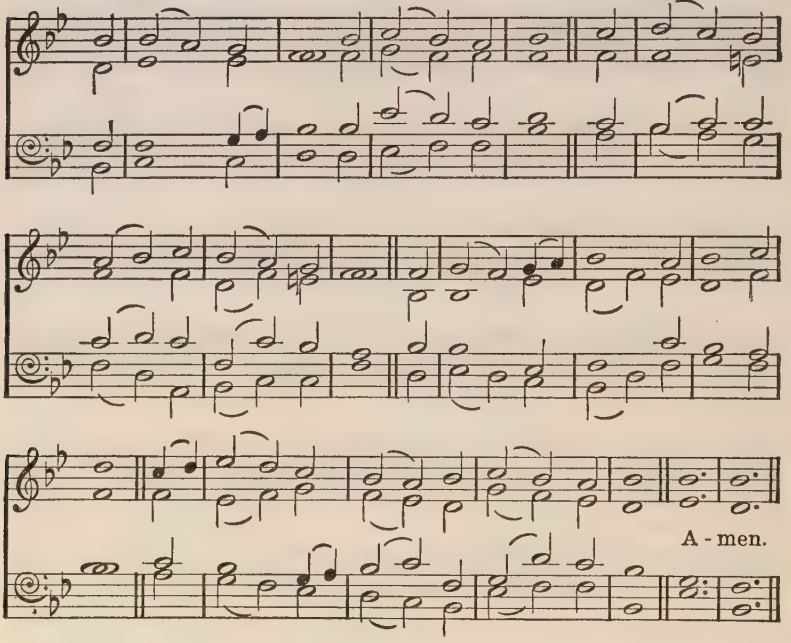
4 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807.

122 WAREHAM. L.M. *Moderate.*

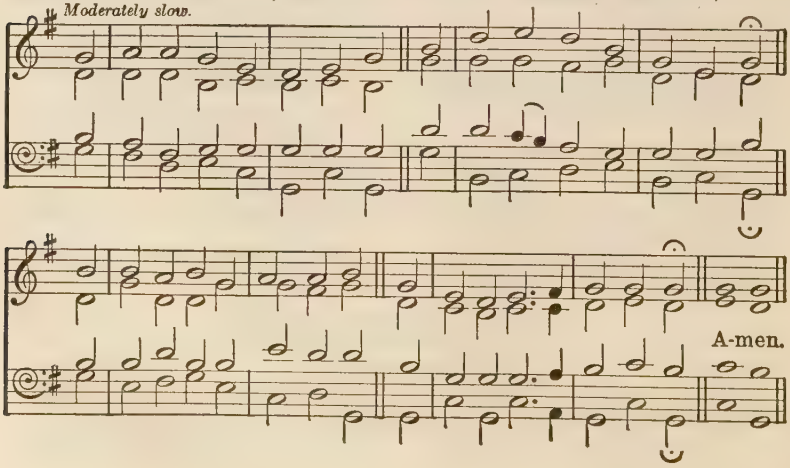
WILLIAM KNAPP, 1698-1768.



SOLDAU. L.M.

WITTENBERG GESANGBUCH, 1524.

Moderately slow.



WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

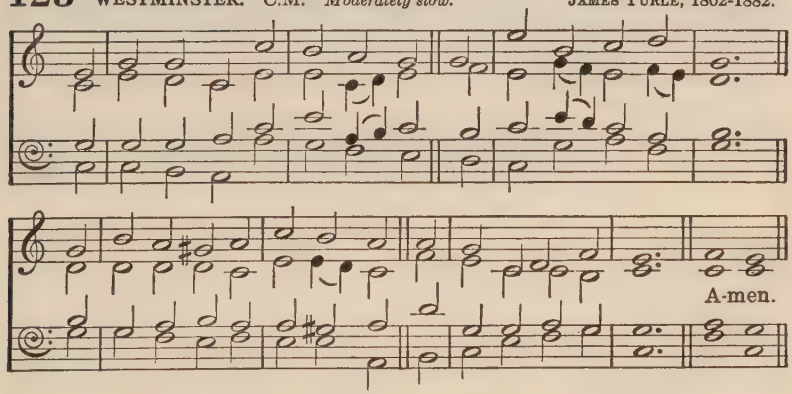
4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Ascribed to MICHAEL BRUCE, 1746-1767.
SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

123 **WESTMINSTER.** C.M. *Moderately slow.* JAMES TURLE, 1802-1882.



Or ST. FLAVIAN, No. 308.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

2 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away:
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 And warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

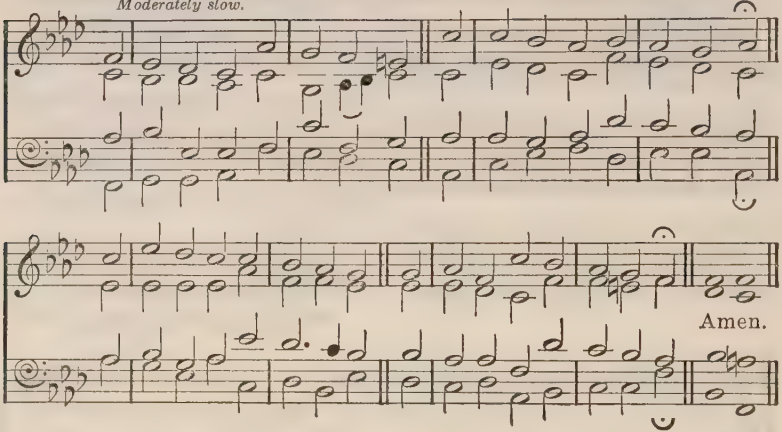
6 The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,—
Eternal Love remains.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892.

124 ST. LUKE. L.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, c. 1669-1707.

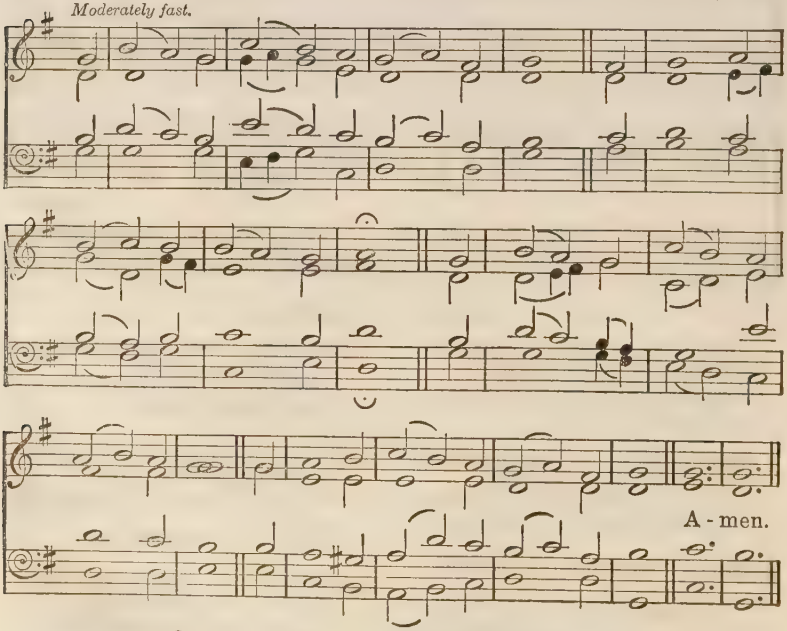
Moderately slow.



ST. ALKMUND. L.M.

EASY MUSIC FOR CHURCH CHOIRS, 1853.

Moderately fast.



O LOVE Divine! that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, 'Thou art near.'

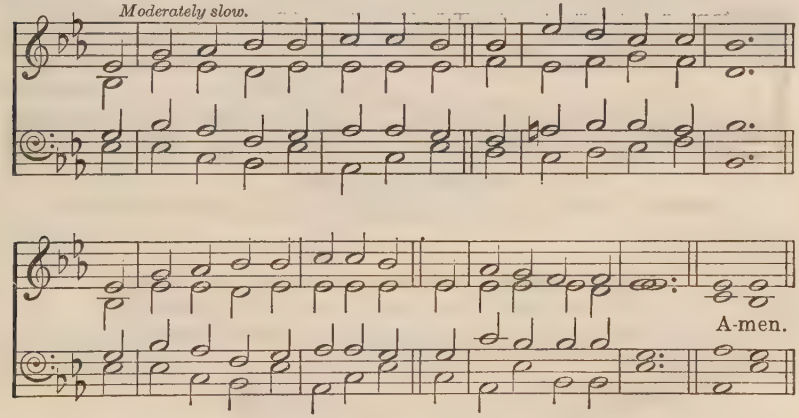
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we cast our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, Thou art near!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809-1894.

125 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M.

THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1515-1585.



Or ST. PETER, No. 306.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And yearns with pitying love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

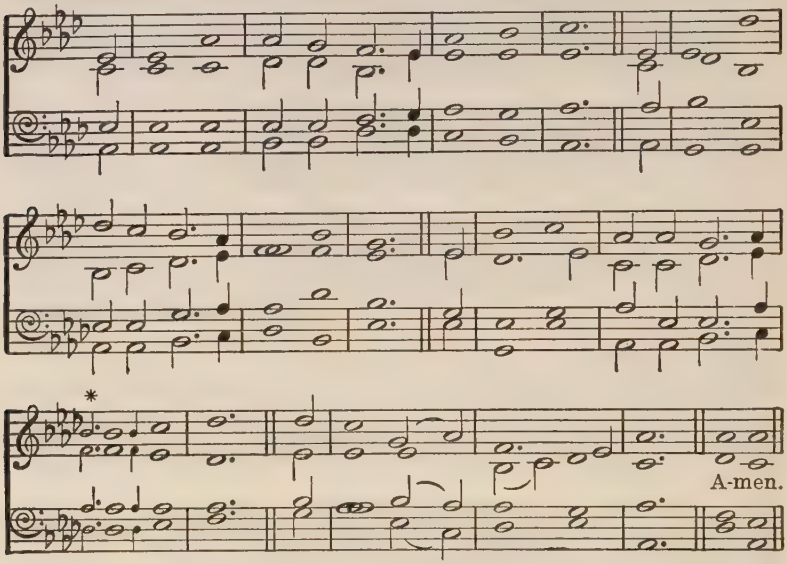
4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruisèd reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

126 ARTAVIA. 10 10 10 6. *Moderate.*

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1818-1901.



*Small notes for first stanza.

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AND didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee?
And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art Thou his Kinsman now?

2 O God, O Kinsman loved, but not enough,
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!—

3 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in;

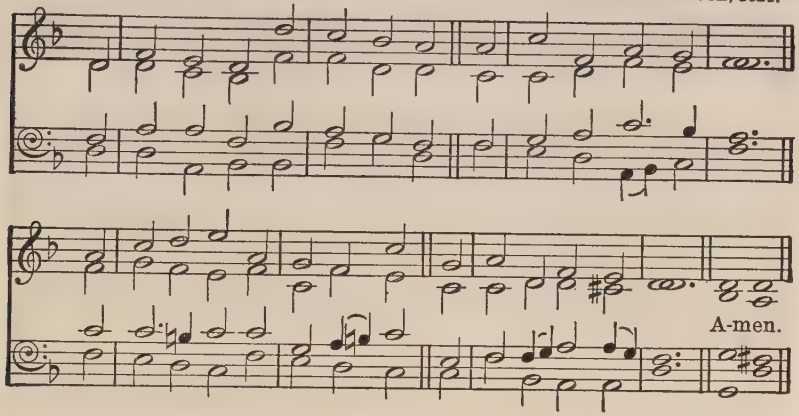
4 By Thy last silence in the judgement hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly Tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

5 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

JEAN INGELOW, 1820-1897.

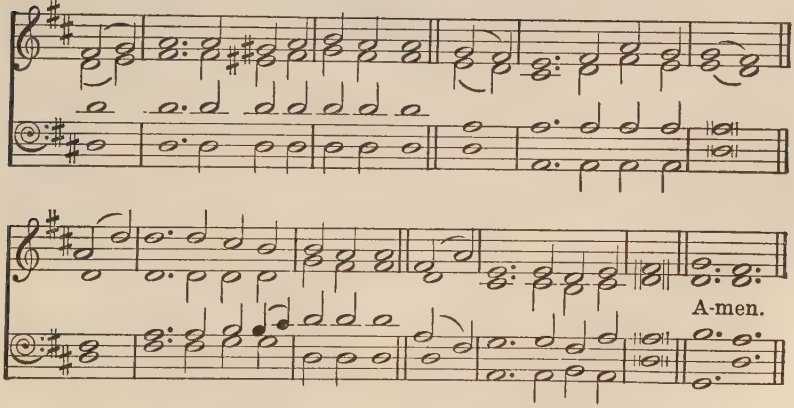
127 ST. MARY. C.M. *Slow.*

PRYS'S PSALM BOOK, 1621.



COOLING. C.M. *Moderate.*

A. J. ABBEY.



THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
The love, which bore the greater load,
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

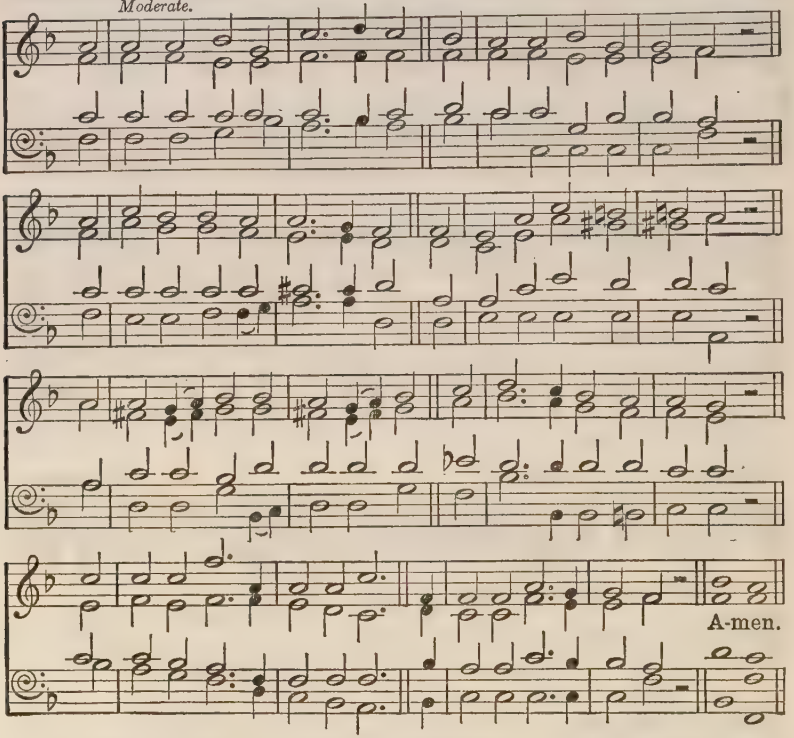
4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON, 1809-1863.

128 CONSTANCE. 8 7 8 7 D.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

Moderate.



I'VE found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

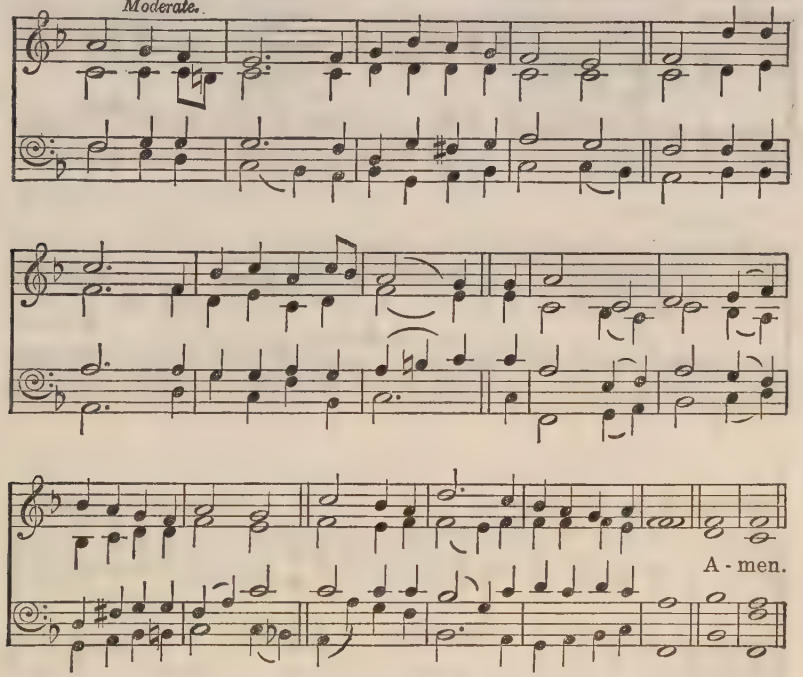
4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind, and true, and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him who loves me now so well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No! I am His for ever.

JAMES GRINDLAY SMALL, 1817-1888.

129 WELWYN. 11 10 11 10.

ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY, 1847-1918.

Moderate.



O SON of Man, our Hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to Thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrows, all our mirth.

2 O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth;

3 Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King;
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To Thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.

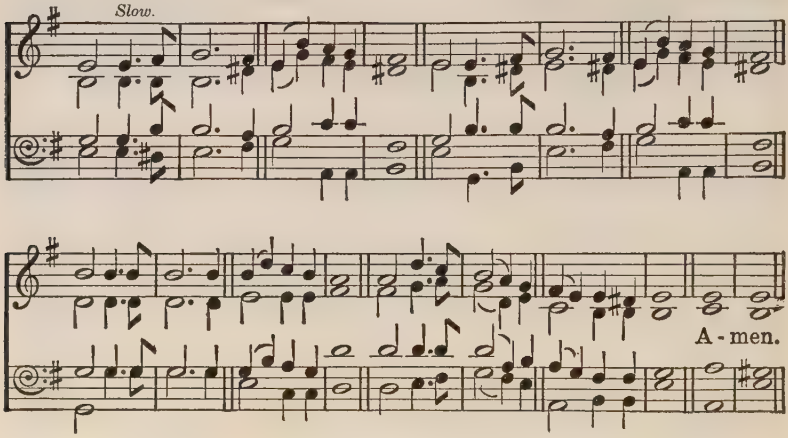
4 Not in our failures only and our sadness
We seek Thy presence, Comforter and Friend;
O rich man's Guest, be with us in our gladness,
O poor man's Mate, our lowliest tasks attend.

FRANK FLETCHER, 1870-

130 FORTUNATUS. 5 4 5 4 D.

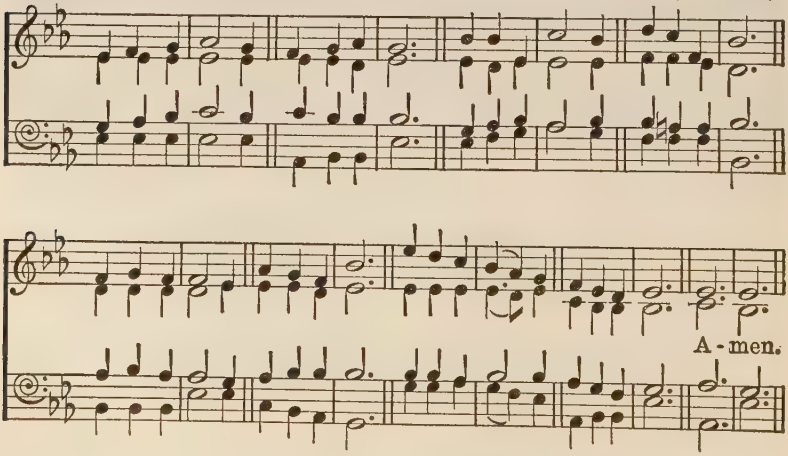
English Traditional Melody.

Slow.



THEODORA. 5 4 5 4 D. *Moderate.*

ALFRED LEGGE, 1843-1919.



REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

3 When my feet stumble,
I to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

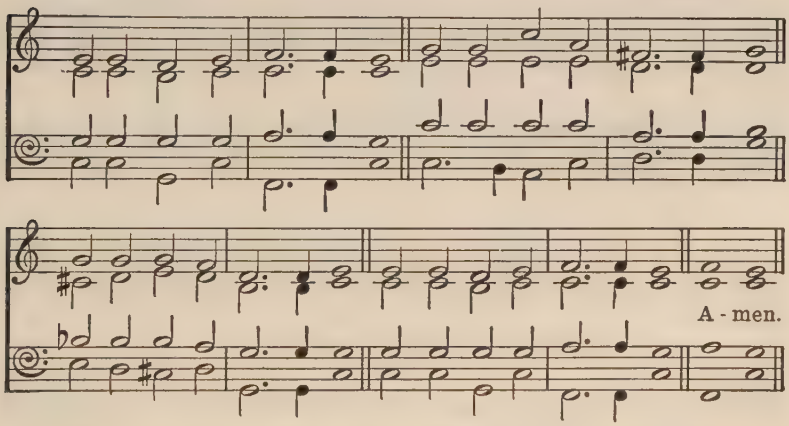
4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise,—
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811-1875.

131 REDHEAD No. 47 (ST. DUNSTAN). 7 7 7 7.

Moderate.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1791-1868.

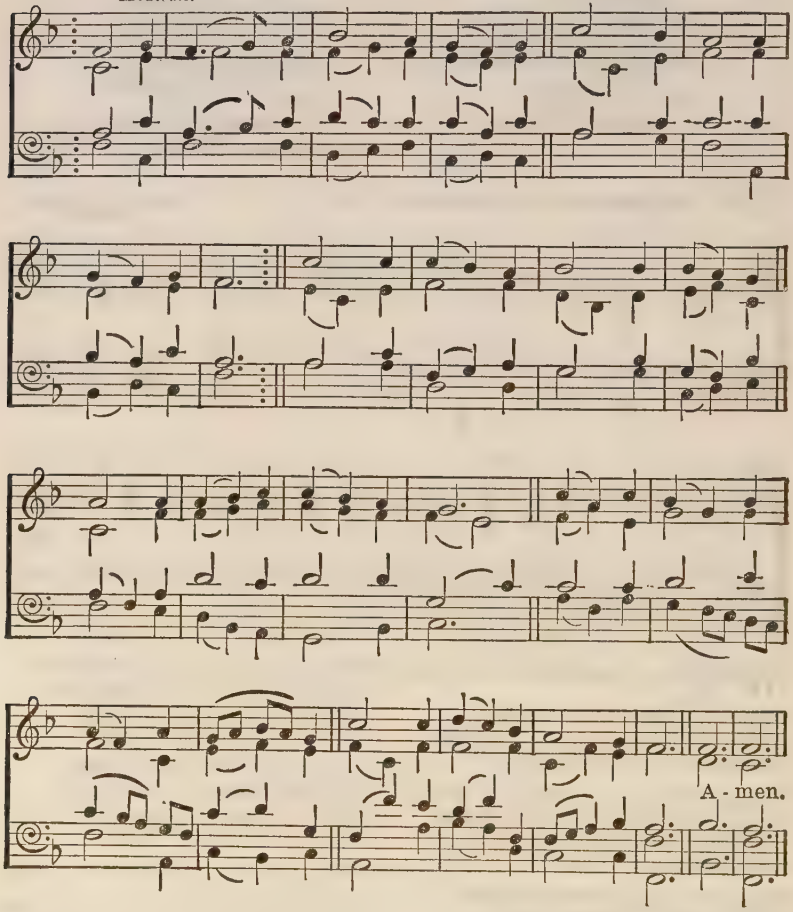
AND THE FOLLOWING:

76 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.
79 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone.
266 Jesus, Lover of my soul.
268 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin.
271 I heard the voice of Jesus say.
280 The King of love my Shepherd is.
292 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.
296 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.
298 Jesus, the very thought of Thee.
311 O Love that wilt not let me go.
320 O Lamb of God, still keep me.
330 Love Divine, all loves excelling.
348 O Lord and Master of us all.
375 Jesus, Thou divine Companion.
434 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.
468 Souls of men, why will ye scatter.
489 Behold, a Stranger at the door.
502 What a Friend we have in Jesus.
541 At even, when the sun was set.

132 HYFRYDOL. 8 7 8 7 D.

ROWLAND HUGH PRITCHARD, 1811-1887.

Moderate.



COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

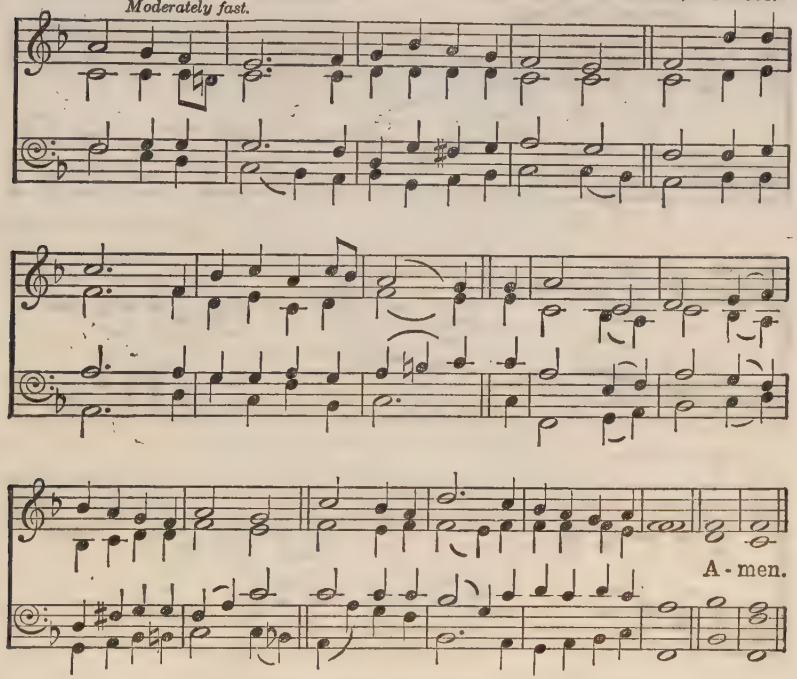
2 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

133 WELWYN. 11 10 11 10.

Moderately fast.

ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY, 1847-1918.



HARK what a sound, and too divine for hearing,
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air!
Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing?
Is it the music of His people's prayer?

2 Surely He cometh, and a thousand voices
Shout to the saints and to the deaf are dumb;
Surely He cometh, and the earth rejoices,
Glad in His coming who hath sworn, I come.

3 So even I, and with a pang more thrilling,
So even I, and with a hope more sweet,
Yearn for the sign, O Christ, of Thy fulfilling,
Faint for the flaming of Thine advent feet.

4 Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through sinning
He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed:
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

FREDERICK WILLIAM HENRY MYERS, 1843-1901.

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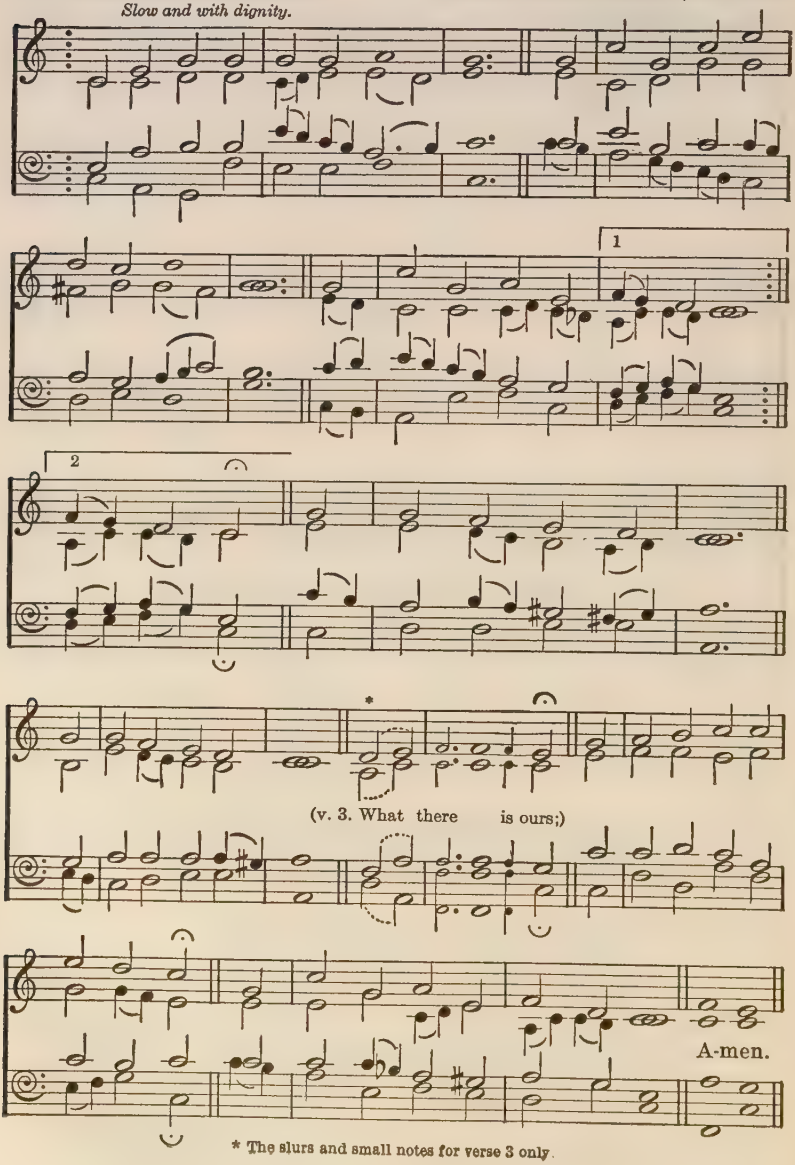
134 WACHET AUF (NICOLAI).

Ascribed to Philipp Nicolai, 1556-1608.

Slow and with dignity.



* The slurs and small notes for verse 3 only.

'WAKE, awake, for night is flying,'
The watchmen on the heights are crying;
'Awake, Jerusalem, at last!'
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices,
'Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For you must go to meet Him there.'

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah, come, Thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

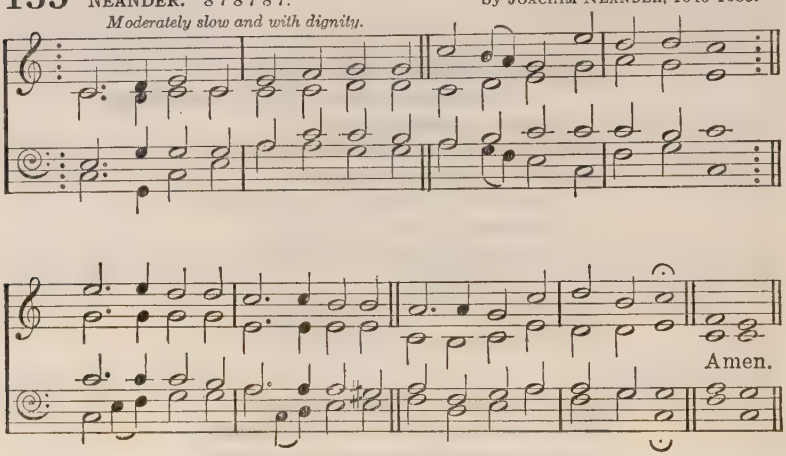
3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

Philipp Nicolai, 1556-1608.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1829-1878.

135 NEANDER. 878787.

From Chorale 'UNSER HERRSCHER,' by JOACHIM NEANDER, 1640-1680.

Moderately slow and with dignity.



Or REGENT SQUARE, No. 2.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase:
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessèd Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter Cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign:
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

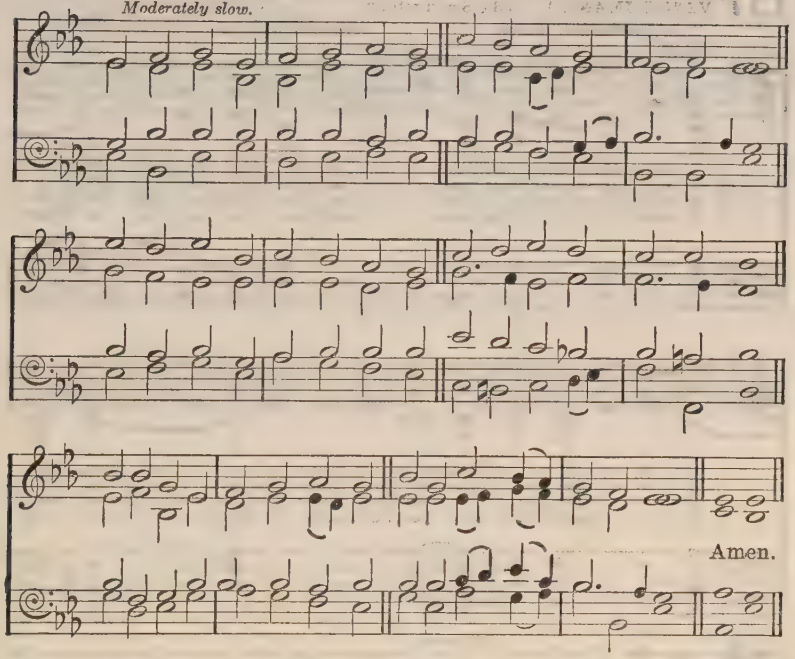
3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee:
But, in heavenly vestures shining,
They their loving Lord shall see:
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
'Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, 1818-1895.

136 HOLYWOOD (ST. THOMAS). 8 7 8 7 8 7. WADE'S CANTUS DIVERSI, 1751.

Moderately slow.



LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

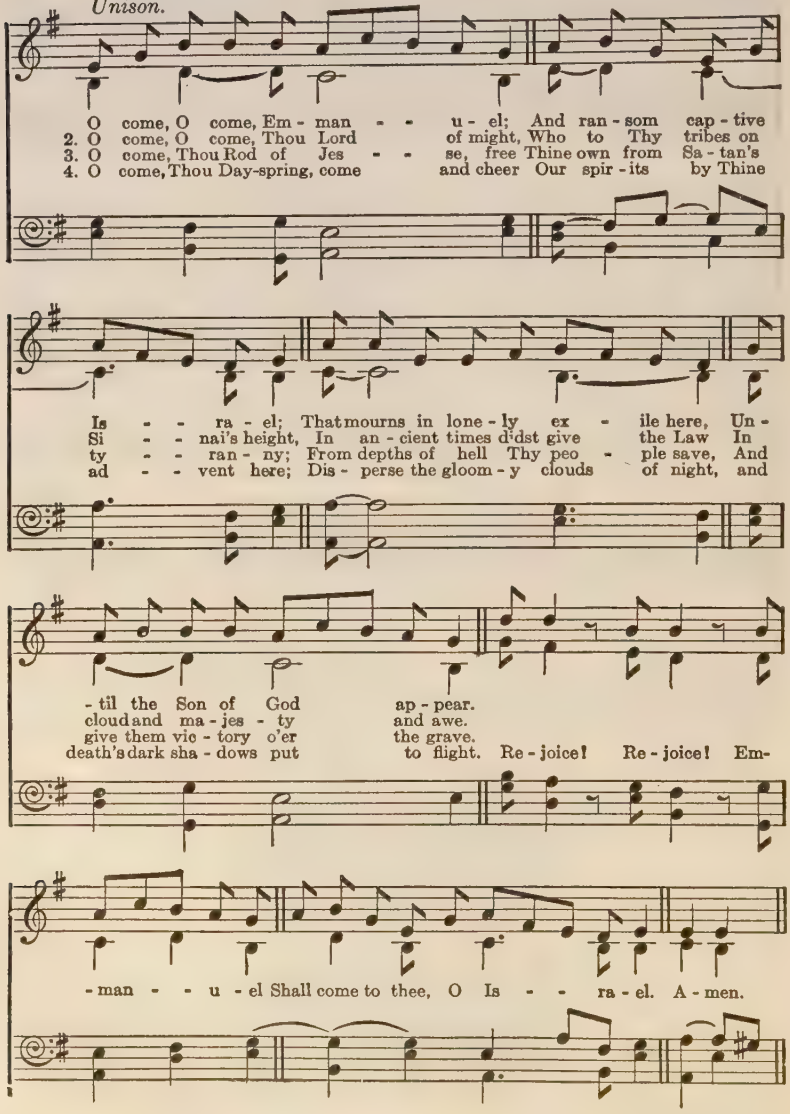
4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly;
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

JOHN CENNICK, 1718-1755; CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.
MARTIN MADAN, 1726-1790.

137 **VENI EMMANUEL.** 8 8 8 8 and refrain.

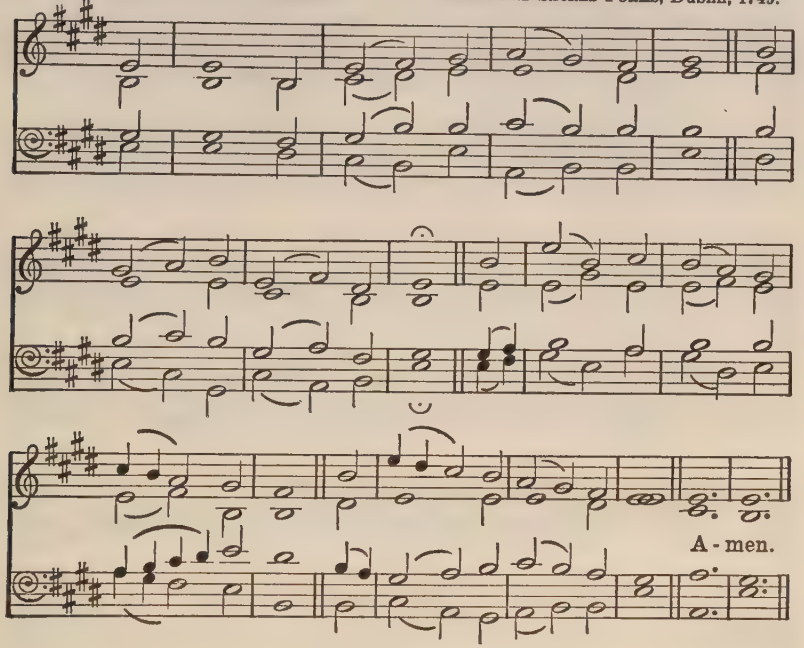
In free rhythm. Lightly.

From the Latin, 12th century,
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.
Plainsong Melody,
Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880- .

Unison.

O come, O come, Em - man - - u - el; And ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, O come, Thou Lord of might, Who to Thy tribes on
3. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's
4. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
Is - - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un -
Si - - nai's height, In an - cient times didst give the Law In
ty - - ran - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save, And
ad - - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of night, and
- til the Son of God ap - pear.
cloud and ma - jes - ty and awe.
give them vic - tory o'er the grave.
death's dark sha - dows put to flight. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em-
- man - - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - - ra - el. A - men.

138 IRISH. C.M. *Moderate.*

Melody from A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS, Dublin, 1749.



'THY Kingdom come,'—on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that Kingdom's day.

2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

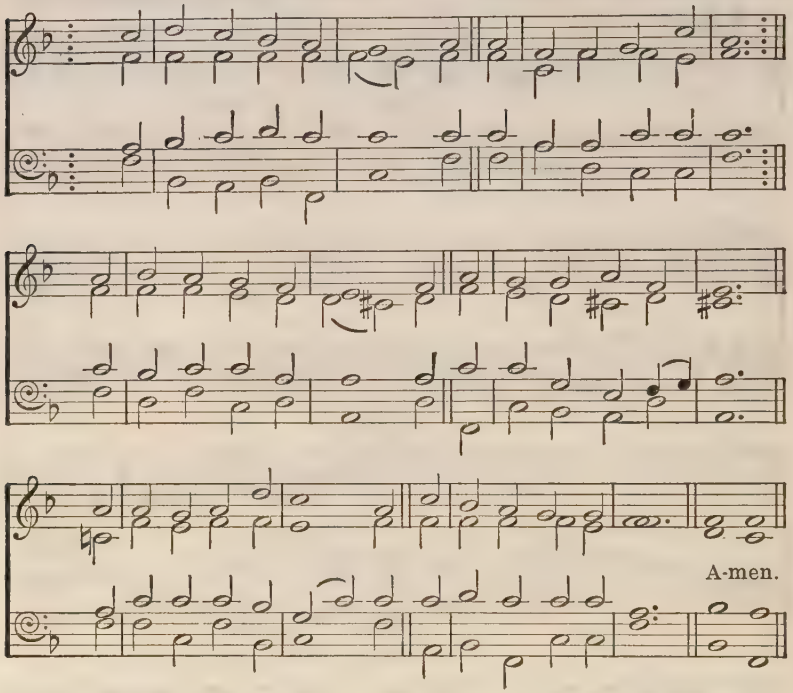
3 And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be clothed with might,
And every hurt be healed:

5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1840-1929.

139 CRÜGER. 7 6 7 6 D. *Moderately slow.* JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598-1662.



Or ST. THEODULPH, No. 81.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

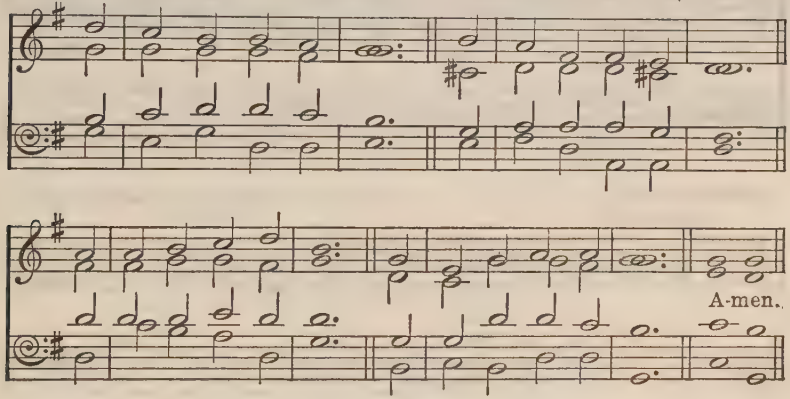
Founded on Psalm lxxii.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest.
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

140 ST. CECILIA. 6 6 6 6. *Moderate.*

LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1836-1883.



Or QUAM DILECTA, No. 199.

THY Kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,—
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

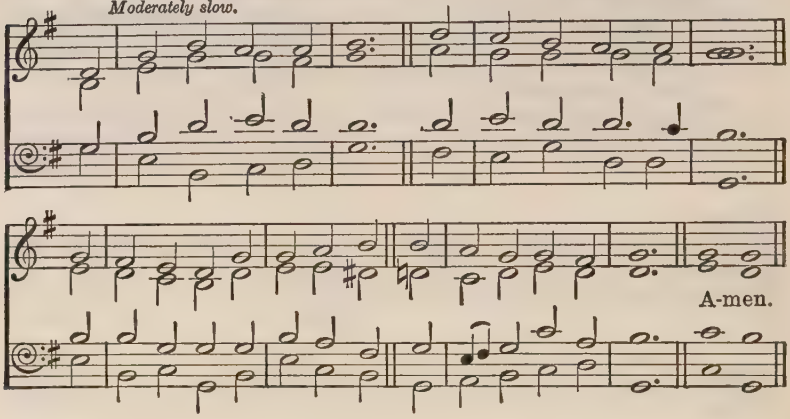
6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

LEWIS HENSLEY, 1824-1905.

141 OLD 134th (ST. MICHAEL). S.M.

Adapted from
GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

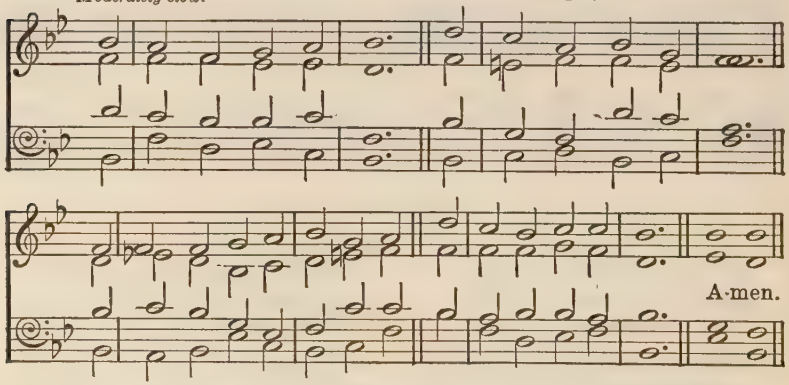
Moderately slow.



NARENZA. S.M.

Adapted from KATHOLISCHE KIRCHENGESANG, Cologne, 1619.

Moderately slow.



YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

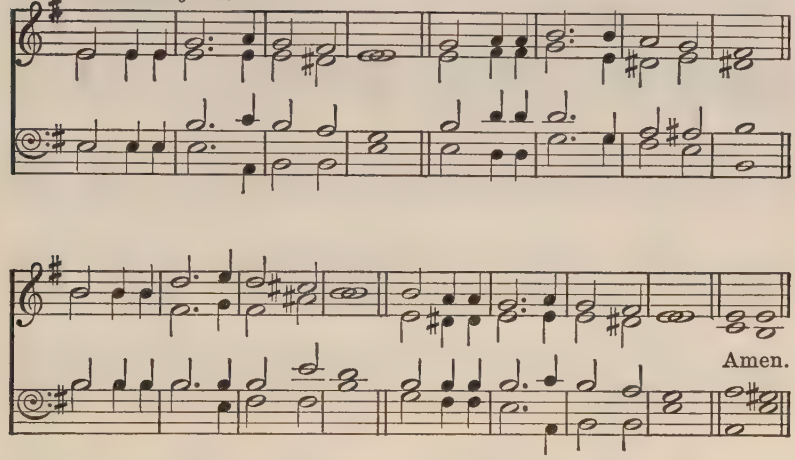
5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751.

142 LLEF. L.M.

Moderately slow.

GRIFFITH HUGH JONES, 1849-1919.



THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,—

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

WALTER SCOTT, 1771-1832.
Founded on DIES IRAE.

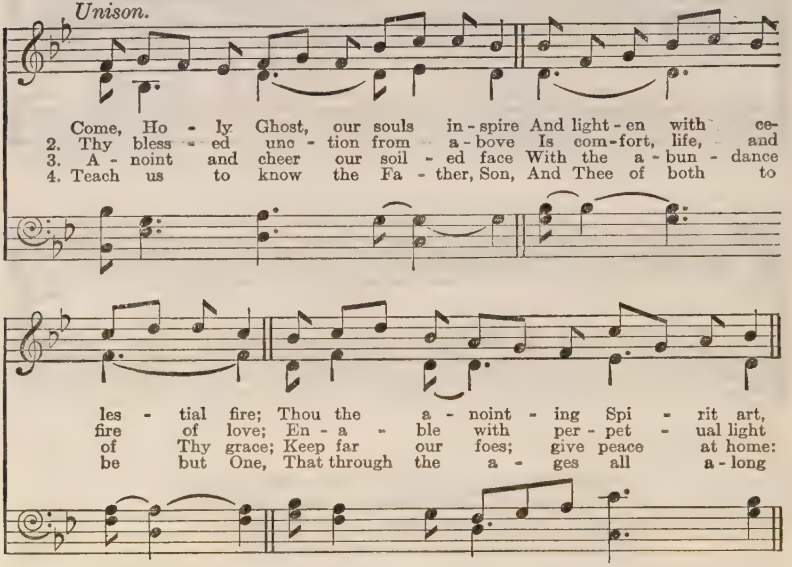
AND THE FOLLOWING:

54 Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes.
113 At the Name of Jesus.
175 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
232 'Till He come!' O let the words.
243 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart.
249 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.
250 Hark! the song of jubilee.
521 Behold, the mountain of the Lord.
657 Lord, bless and pity us (Ps. 67).
667 O sing a new song to the Lord (Ps. 96).
670 Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet (Ps. 102).

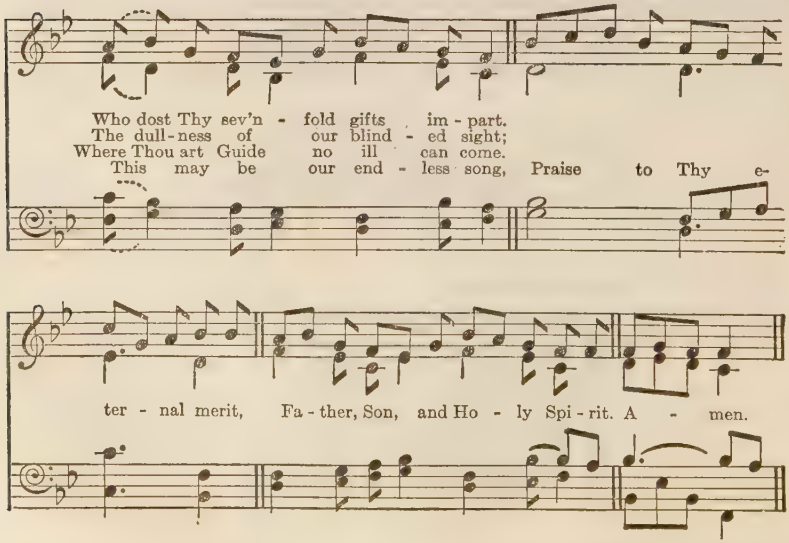
143 **VENI CREATOR.** L.M. and Coda.
Lightly and in free rhythm.

From the Latin c. 9th century.
Tr. JOHN COSIN, 1594-1672.
Plainsong Melody (Mechlin).
Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-

Unison.


Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire And light - en with ce-
2. Thy bless - ed unc - tion from a - bove Is com-fort, life, and
3. A - noint and cheer our soil - ed face With the a - bun - dance
4. Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee of both to
les - tial fire; Thou the a - noint - ing Spi - rit art,
fire of love; En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light
of Thy grace; Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
be but One, That through the a - ges all a - long

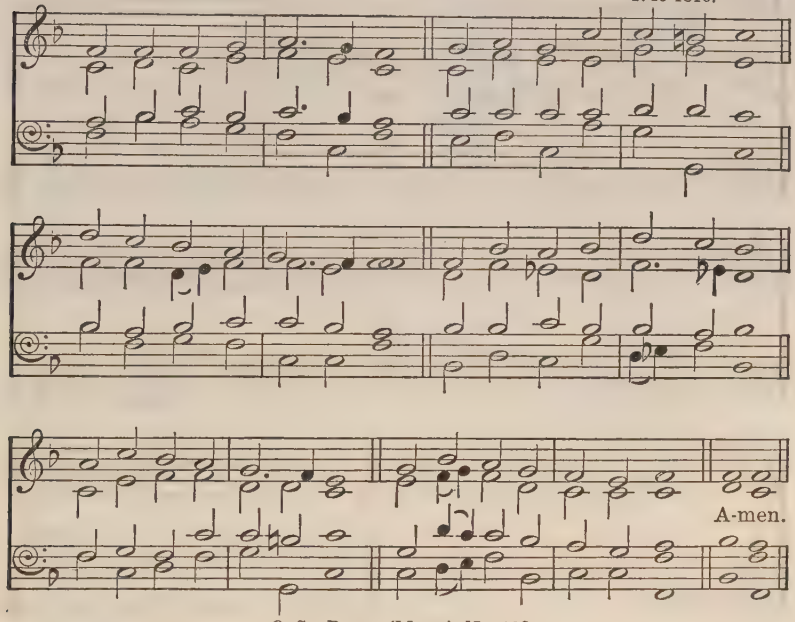
CODA: *To be sung with last verse.*


Who dost Thy sev'n - fold gifts im - part.
The dull - ness of our blind - ed sight;
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.
This may be our end - less song, Praise to Thy e-
ter - nal merit, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

144 VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS. 7 7 7 D.

Moderately slow.

SAMUEL WEBBE, the elder, 1740-1816.



Or ST. PHILIP (MONK), No. 228.

COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy:
Father of the poor, draw near,
Giver of all gifts, be here;
Come, the soul's true radiancy:

2 Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,
Come in toil refreshingly:
Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

3 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.
Where Thou art not, man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

4 What is soilèd, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd, fructify;
What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Strengthen what goes erringly.

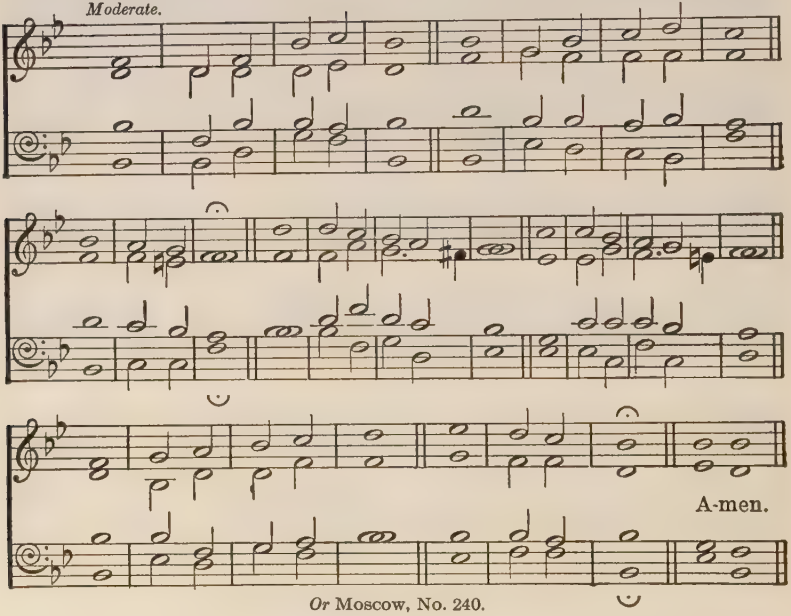
5 Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold mystery.
Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.

12th or 13th century.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.

145 MALVERN. 6 6 4 6 6 6 4.

THE HALLELUJAH, 1849.
Arranged by JOHN ROBERTS, 1822-1877.

Moderate.



Or Moscow, No. 240.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but Thine;
Send forth Thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend
While heavenward bound.

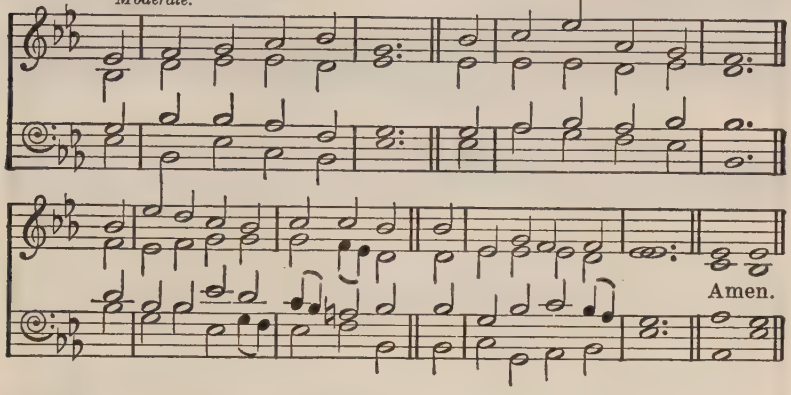
5 Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Founded on VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS,
12th or 13th century.
RAY PALMER, 1808-1887.

146 FRANCONIA. S.M.

Moderate.

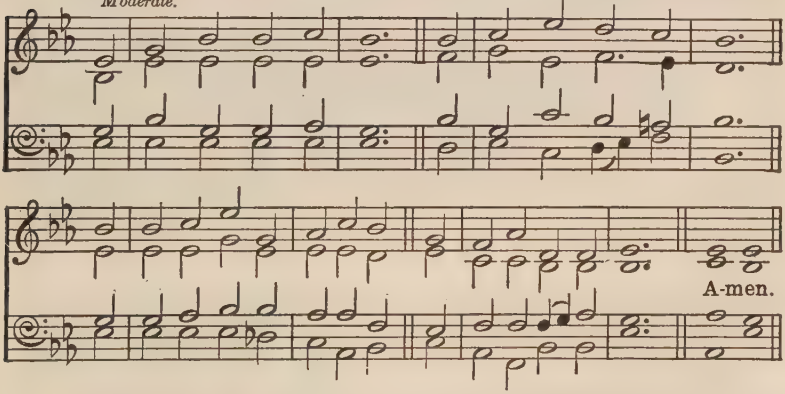
KÖNIG'S CHORALBUCH, 1738.



HOLYROOD. S.M.

Moderate.

JAMES WATSON, 1816-1880.



COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flames
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

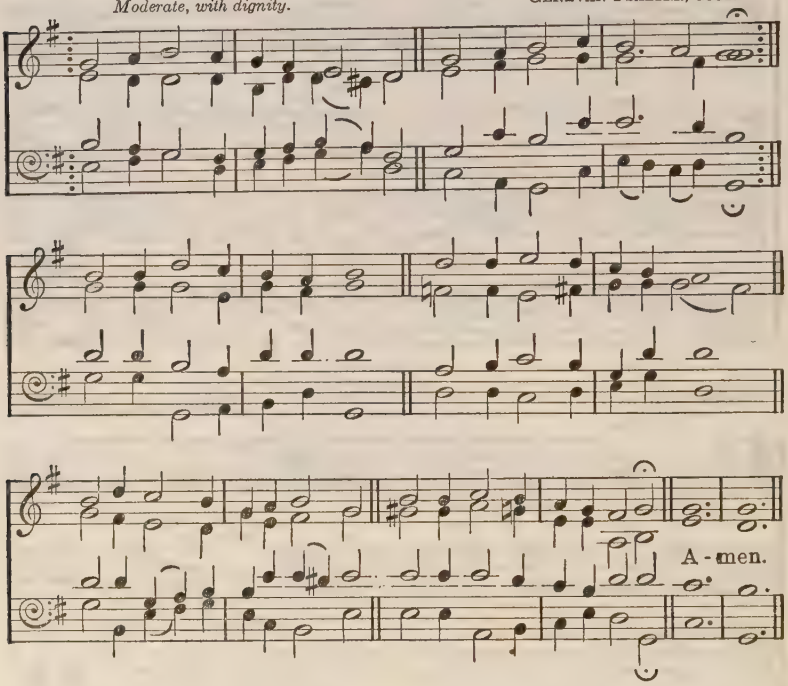
6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

JOSEPH HART, 1712-1768.

147 PSALM 42. 8 7 8 7 7 7 8 8.

Moderate, with dignity.

Composed or adapted by Louis Bourgeois, 1510- ? .
Genevan Psalter, 1551.



HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light.
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great Distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation;
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
O Thou glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us Thy illumination;
Rest upon this congregation.

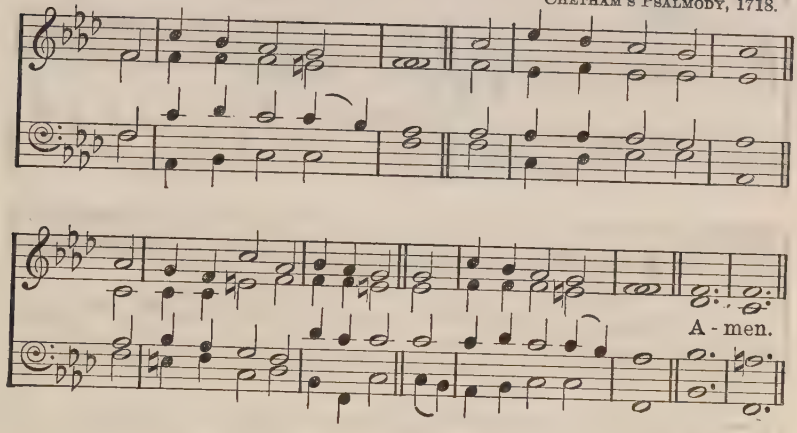
3 Come, Thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having Thy sweet consolations
We need wish for nothing more.
Come with unction and with power,
On our souls Thy graces shower;
Author of the new creation,
Make our hearts Thy habitation.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676.
Tr. John Christian Jacobi, 1670-1750,
and Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-1778.

148 WIRKSWORTH. S.M.

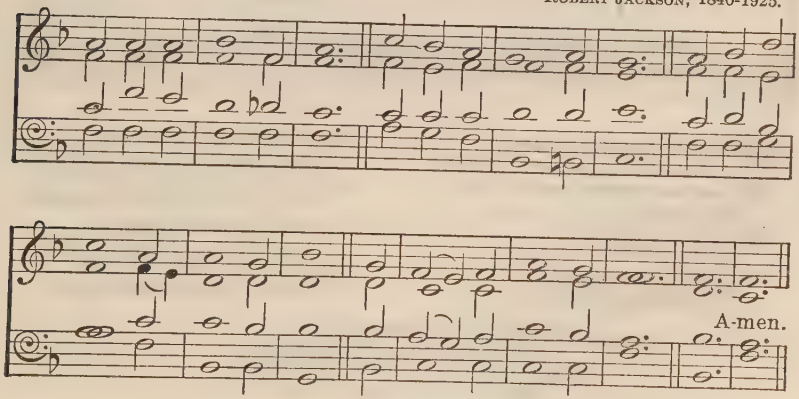
Moderately slow.

CHETHAM'S PSALMODY, 1718.



TRENTHAM. S.M. *Moderate.*

ROBERT JACKSON, 1840-1925.



BREATHE on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

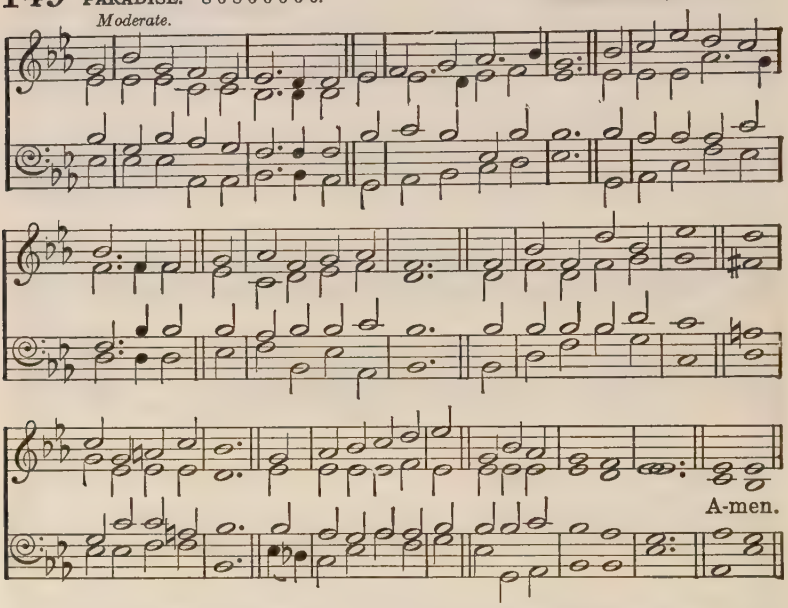
3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

EDWIN HATCH, 1835-1889.

149 PARADISE. 8 6 8 6 6 6 6 6. HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.

Moderate.



O HOLY Spirit, Comforter,
Blest Advocate and Friend,
Be near us in the stress of life,
Thy heavenly aid to lend.
For Thou the Spirit art
Of life and light and love,
Our death, our doubt and sin
Thy coming shall remove.

2 O Holy Spirit, Comforter,
Thou promised Guide divine,
On all the journey of our life
Command Thy light to shine.
So shall we never stray
From ways our Master trod,
So shall our pathway lead
To rest, to home and God.

3 O Holy Spirit, Comforter,
Thou searching, cleansing fire,
Come purge away the dross of sin,
Make pure the heart's desire:
Then kindle in us zeal,
And crown with tongues of flame,
With Pentecostal power
We shall the word proclaim.

4 O Holy Spirit, Comforter,
Convict the world of sin,
Reveal the righteousness of God,
The reign of Christ bring in.
Then nations shall rejoice
To walk in ways of peace,
And war with all its woe
From all the earth shall cease.

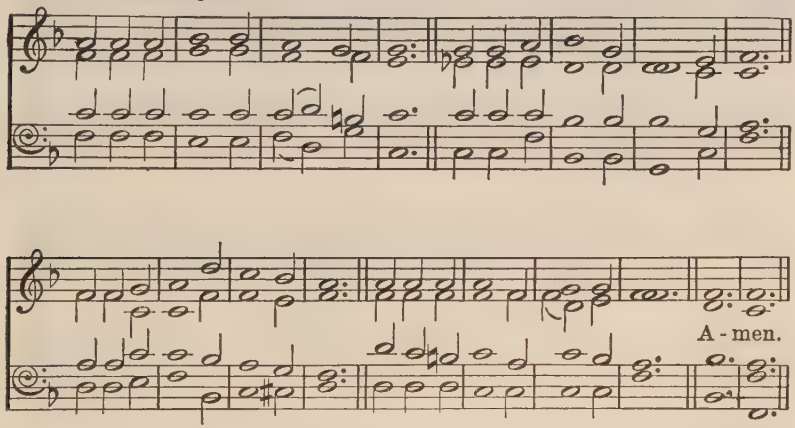
5 O Holy Spirit, Comforter,
Now glorify the Son;
Now save and sanctify and seal,
And make Thy people one.
So shall the Church on earth
Be as the Church above;
So shall the world become
A paradise of love.

T. Ernest Holling, 1867-

150 CALM. L.M.

Moderately slow.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1823-1876.



Or Melcombe, No. 239.

O BREATH of God, breathe on us now,
And move within us while we pray;
The spring of our new life art Thou,
The very light of our new day.

2 O strangely art Thou with us, Lord,
Neither in height nor depth to seek:
In nearness shall Thy voice be heard;
Spirit to spirit Thou dost speak.

3 Christ is our Advocate on high;
Thou art our Advocate within:
O plead the truth, and make reply
To every argument of sin.

4 But ah, this faithless heart of mine!
The way I know; I know my Guide:
Forgive me, O my Friend divine,
That I so often turn aside.

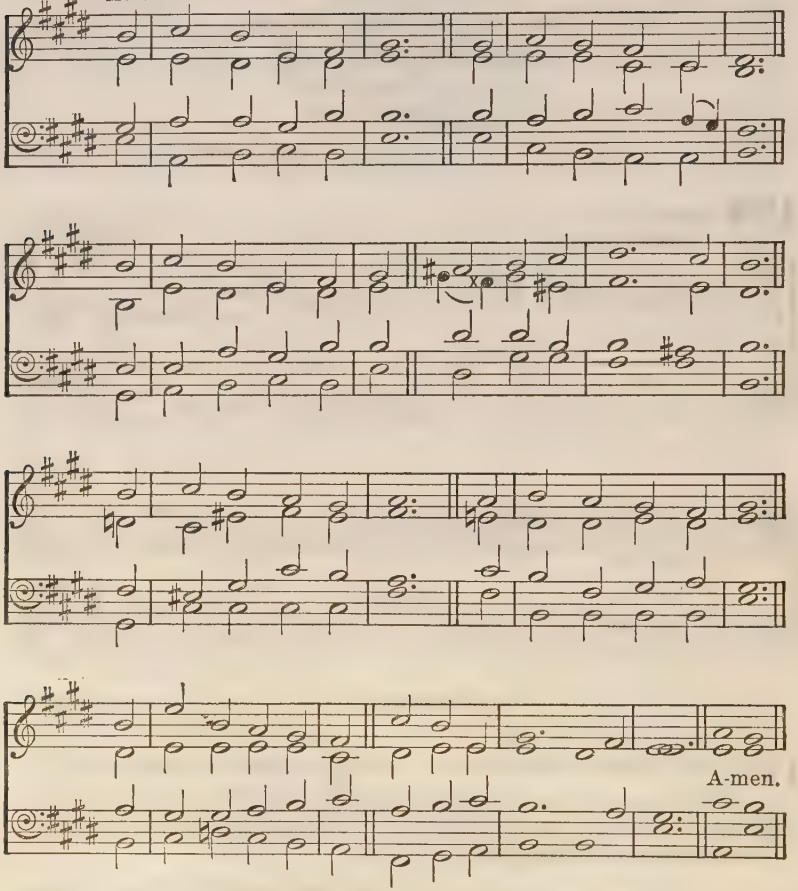
5 Be with me when no other friend
The mystery of my heart can share;
And be Thou known, when fears transcend,
By Thy best name of Comforter.

Alfred Henry Vine, 1845-1917.

151 DENBY. 6 6 6 6 D.

Moderate.

C. J. DALE.



By permission of The Epworth Press.

Or GUERNSEY, No. 526.

AS comes the breath of spring,
With light, and mirth, and song,
So does God's Spirit bring
New days,—brave, free and strong.
He comes with thrill of life,
To chase hence winter's breath,
To hush to peace the strife
Of sin that ends in death.

2 He comes like dawning day,
With flaming truth and love,
To chase all glooms away,
To brace our wills to prove
How wise, how good to choose
The truth and its brave fight;
To prize it, win or lose,
And live on God's delight.

3 He comes like songs at morn,
That till the earth with joy,
Till men of Him new-born
New strength in praise employ.
He comes to rouse the heart
From drifting to despair,
Through high hope to impart
Life, with an ampler air.

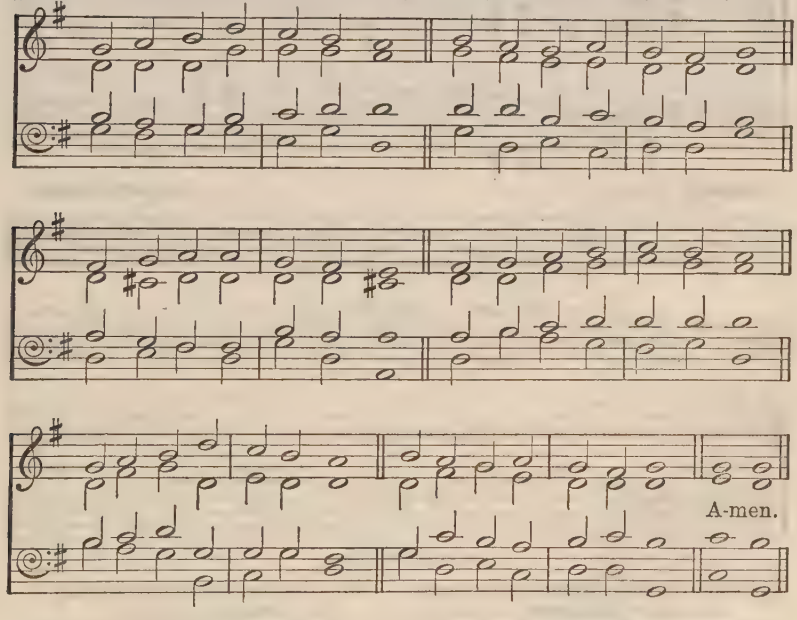
4 He breathes, and there is health,
He moves, and there is power,
He whispers, there is wealth
Of love, His richest dower.
His presence is to men
Like summer in the soul;
His joy shines forth and then
Life blossoms to its goal.

DAVID LAKIE RITCHIE, 1929.

152 CASSEL. 777777.

Moderately slow.

THOMMEN'S GESANGBUCH, 1745.



GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

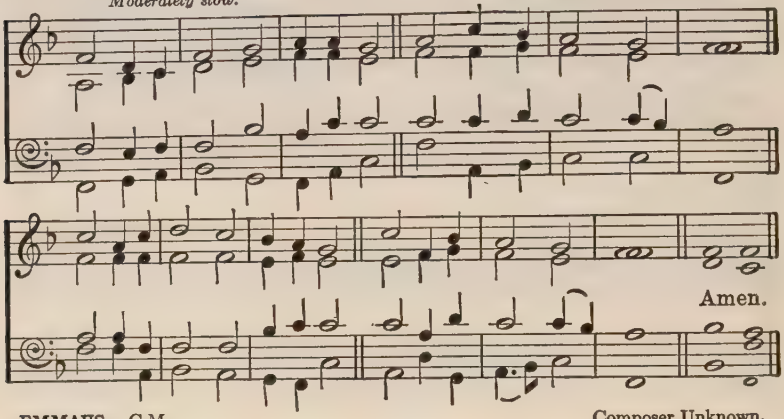
4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1818-1871.

153 GRÄFENBERG. C.M.

Moderately slow.

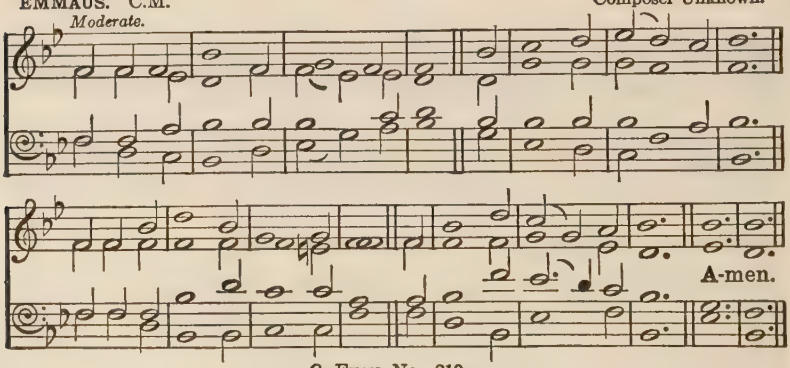
JOHANN CRÜGER'S
PRAXIS PIETATIS MELICA, 1653.



EMMAUS. C.M.

Moderate.

Composer Unknown.



Or EVAN, No. 219.

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire: and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dew: and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove: and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

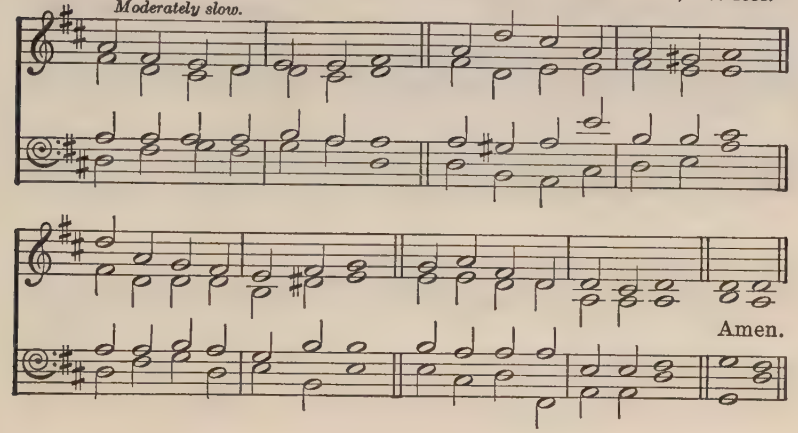
7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

ANDREW REED, 1787-1862.

154 BUCKLAND. 7 7 7 7.

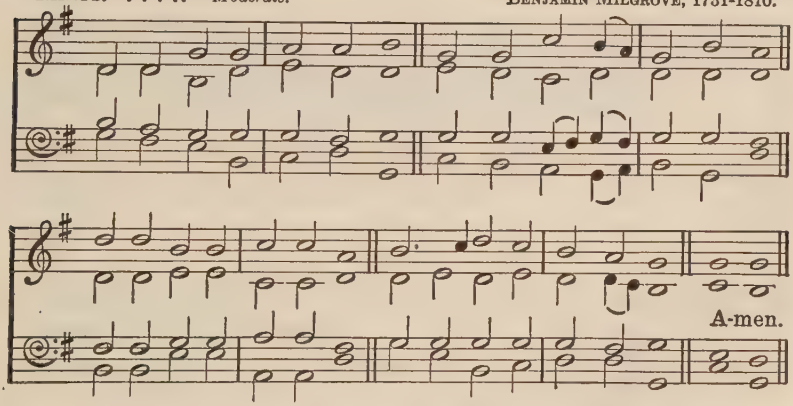
LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1836-1883.

Moderately slow.



HARTS. 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.*

BENJAMIN MILGROVE, 1731-1810.



HOLY Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

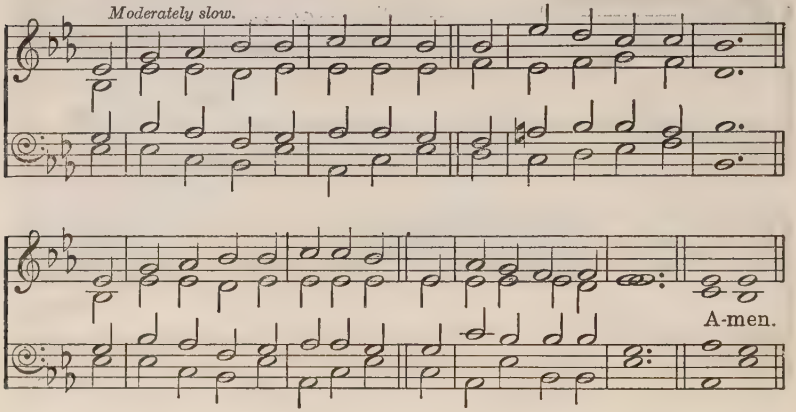
6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing—
'Spring, O Well, for ever spring.'

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819-1892.

155 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M.

THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1515-1585.

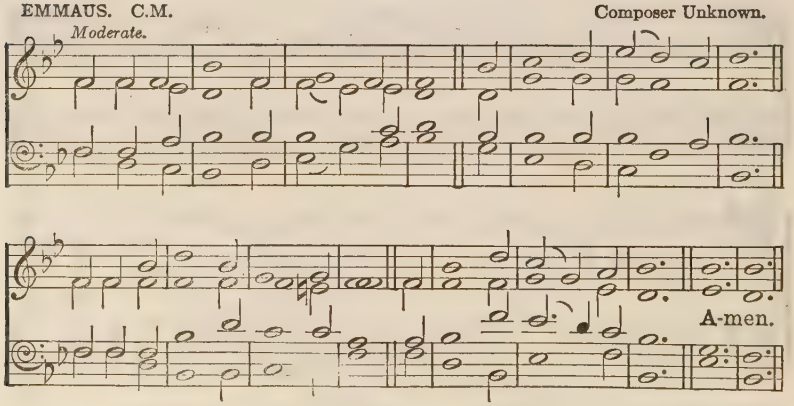
Moderately slow.



EMMAUS. C.M.

Composer Unknown.

Moderate.



COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thy influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
Thy prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light;

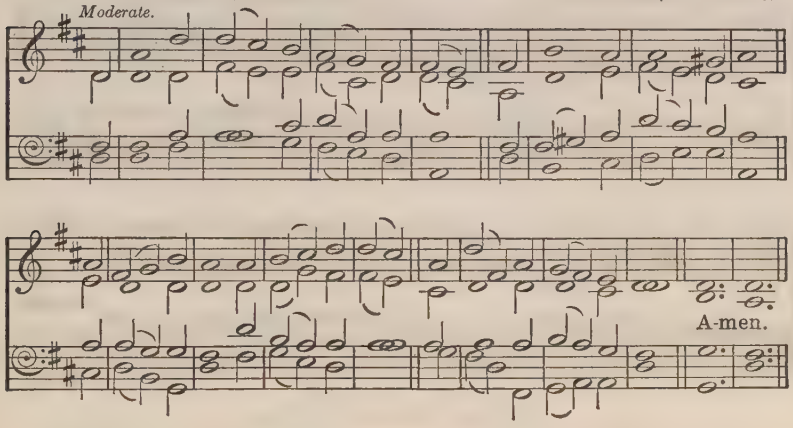
4 God through Himself we then shall know
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depth of love divine.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

156 ST. STEPHEN (ABRIDGE). C.M.

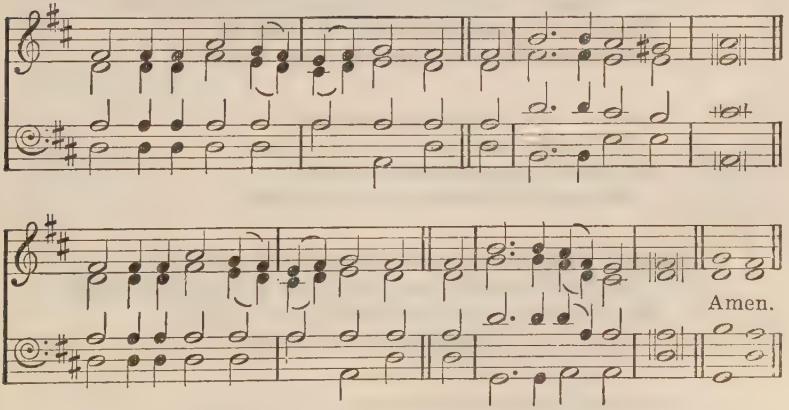
ISAAC SMITH, c. 1735-1800.

Moderate.



NAOMI. C.M. *Moderately slow.*

HANS GEORG NÄGELI, 1768-1836.
Arranged by LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!

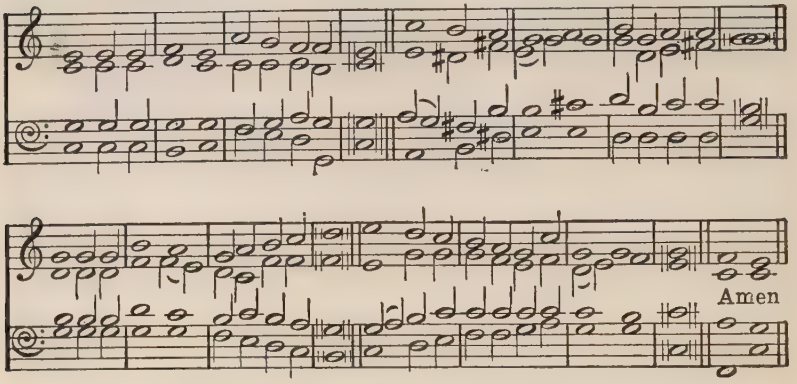
4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

157 MORECAMBE. 10 10 10 10.

Moderate.

Ascribed to
Frederick Cook Atkinson, 1841-1897.



Or St. Agnes (Langran), No. 220.

SPIRIT of God, descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid me love Thee, God and King,—
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind?
I see Thy Cross,—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

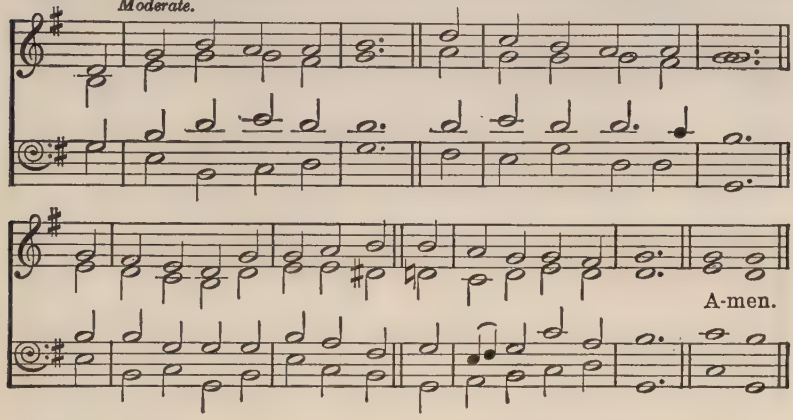
5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame,—
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

George Croly, 1780-1860.

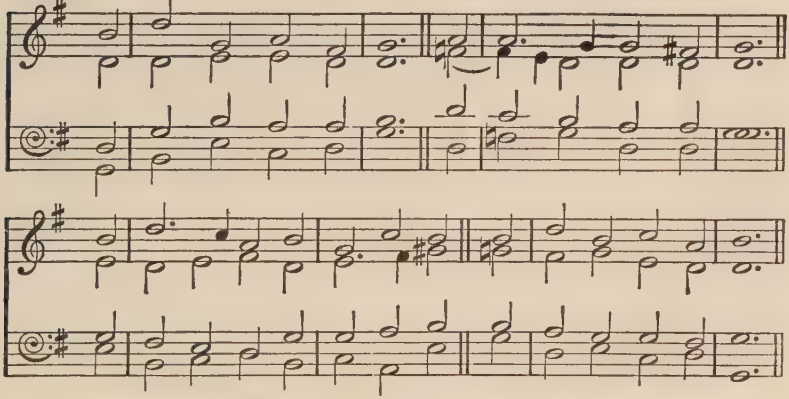
158 OLD 134th (ST. MICHAEL). S.M.

Adapted from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

Moderate.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880- .



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

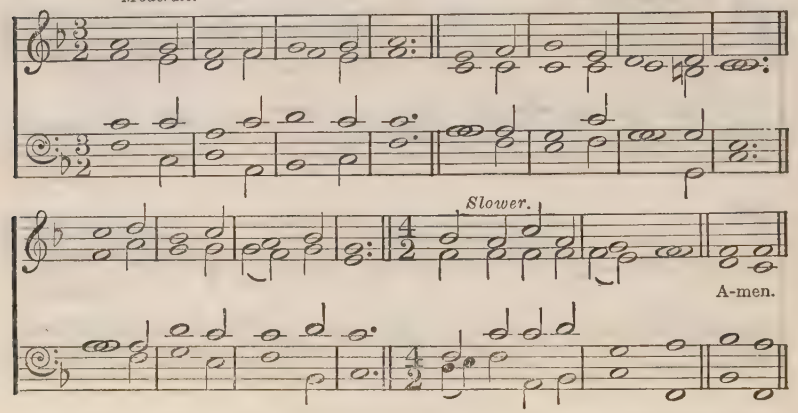
4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

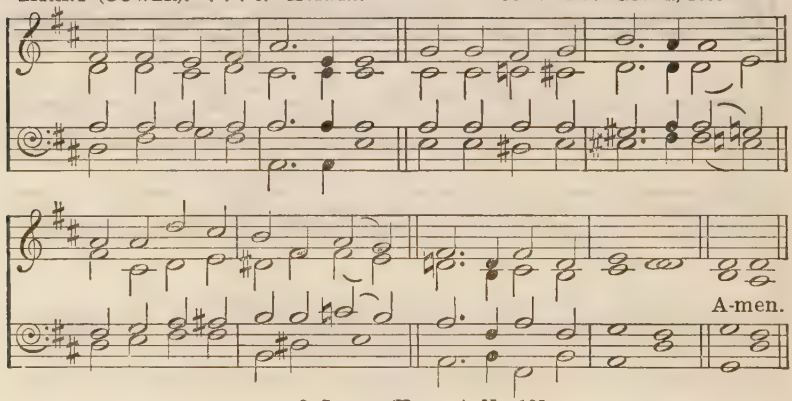
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

159 LITANY (HELFER MEINER ARMEN SEELE). 7776.

Moderate. HEILIGE SEELENLUST, 1657.



LITANY (GOWER). 7776. *Moderate.* JOHN HENRY GOWER, 1855-



Or LITANY (HERVEY), No. 168.

SPIRIT, Strength of all the weak,
Giving courage to the meek,
Teaching faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

2 Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit, Fount of faith and joy,
Giving peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Source of love and light divine,
With that hallowing grace of Thine,
More and more upon us shine;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

5 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

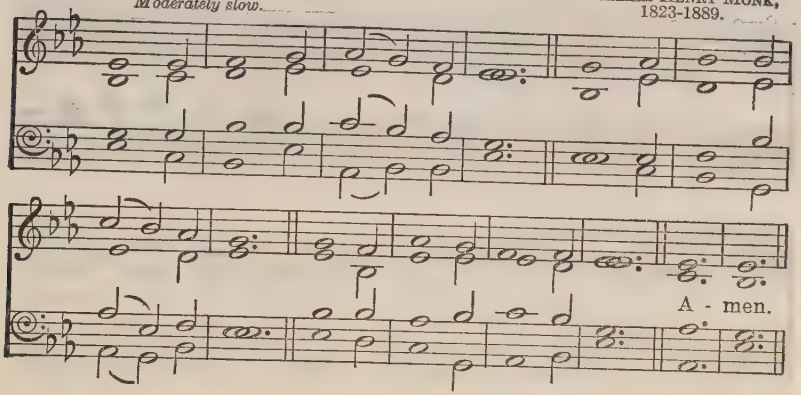
6 May we soon, from sin set free,
Where Thy work may perfect be,
Jesus' face with rapture see;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1836-1896.

160 ST. PHILIP (MONK). 777.

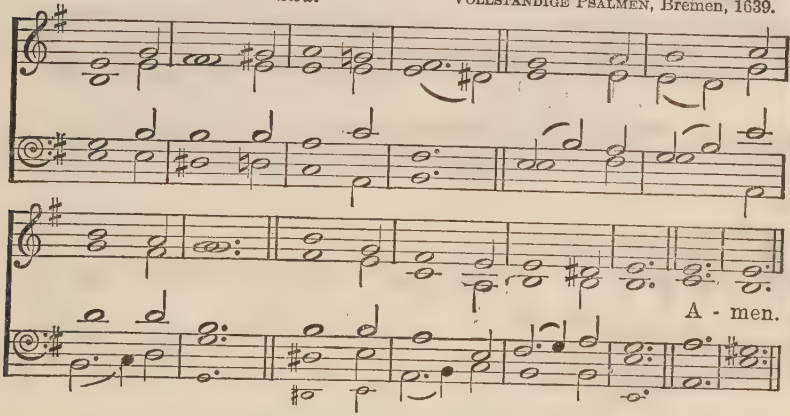
Moderately slow.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.



HEILIGER GEIST. 777. *Slow.*

VOLLSTÄNDIGE PSALMEN, Bremen, 1639.



HOLY Ghost, my Comforter,
Now from highest heaven appear,
Shed Thy gracious radiance here.

2 Thou the heart's most precious Guest,
Thou of comforters the best,
Give to us, o'erladen, rest.

3 Blessed Sun of grace, o'er all
Faithful hearts who on Thee call
Let Thy light and solace fall.

4 What without Thy aid is wrought,
Skilful deed or wisest thought,
God will count but vain and nought.

5 Cleanse us, Lord, from sinful stain,
On the parchèd spirit rain,
Heal the wounded of its pain.

6 Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
Melt the cold with fire divine,
Erring hearts to right incline.

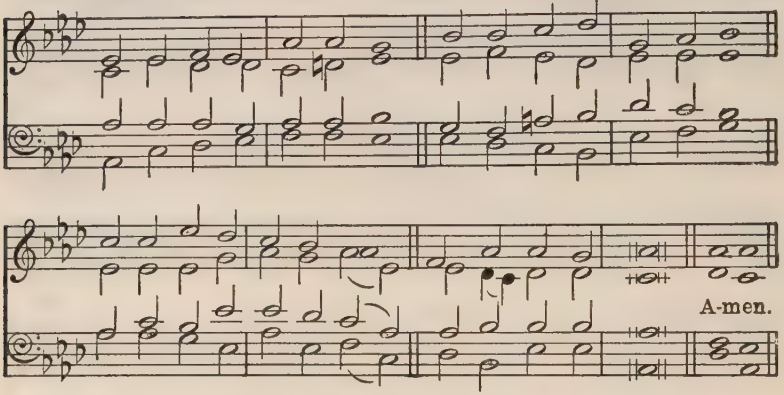
7 Grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be,
Give Thy gift of charity.

8 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with Thee in bliss!

From the Latin, c. 12th or 13th century.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-1878.

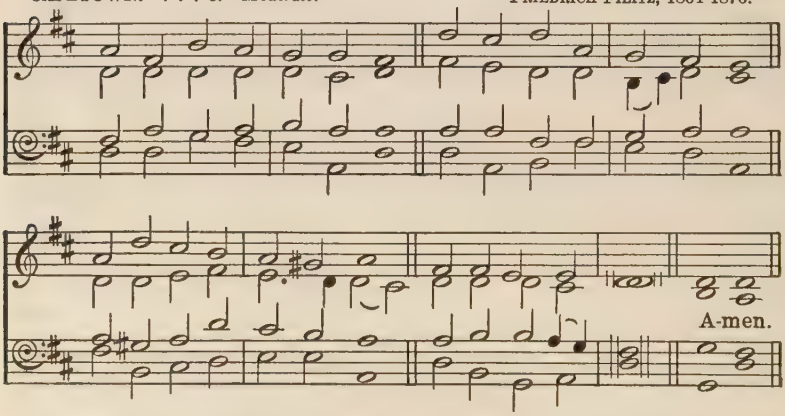
161 IRENE. 7 7 7 5. *Moderate.*

CLEMENT COTTERILL SCHOLEFIELD, 1839-1904.



CAPETOWN. 7 7 7 5. *Moderate.*

FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804-1876.



COME to our poor nature's night,
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

4 Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

5 In us, 'Abba, Father' cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality;
Comforter Divine.

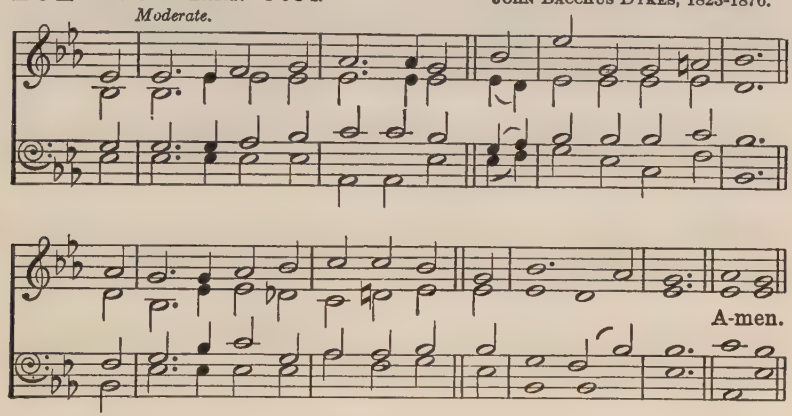
6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards by the starry road
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1807-1889.

162 ST. CUTHBERT. 8 6 8 4.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

Moderate.



OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

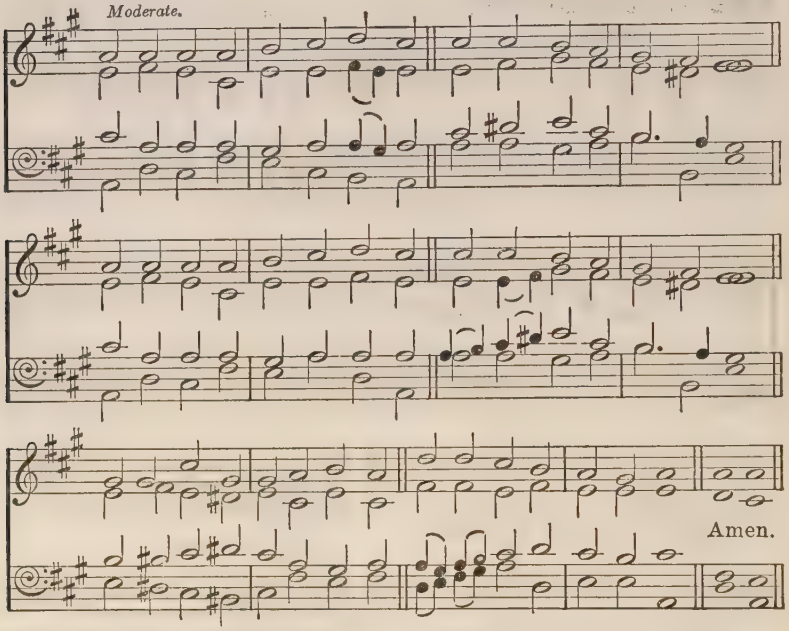
HARRIET AUBER, 1773-1862.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

1-5 Hymns of the Holy Trinity.
26 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea.
(Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower.)
184 The Spirit breathes upon the word.
239 O Spirit of the living God.
308 O for a closer walk with God.
(Return, O Holy Dove, return.)
327 Father of peace, and God of love.
(O may Thy Spirit seal our souls.)
333 My spirit longs for Thee.
344 O Thou who camest from above.
438 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.
(Spirit of our God, descending.)
616 Holy Spirit, hear us.

163 ORIEL. 8 7 8 7 8 7.

CASPER ETT'S CANTICA SACRA, 1840.



Or REGENT SQUARE, No. 2.

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner stone
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants, as they pray,
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain;
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

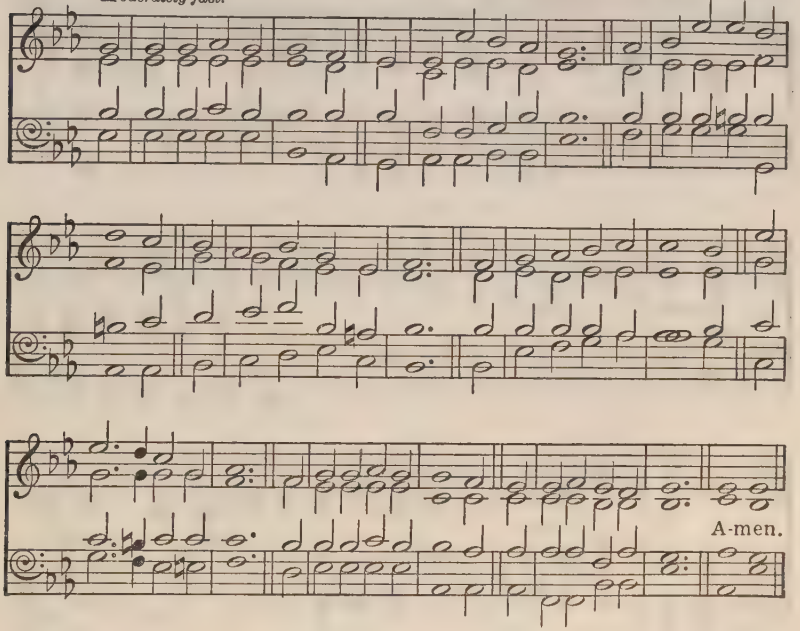
4 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run.

From the Latin, 7th or 8th century.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.

164 AURELIA. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

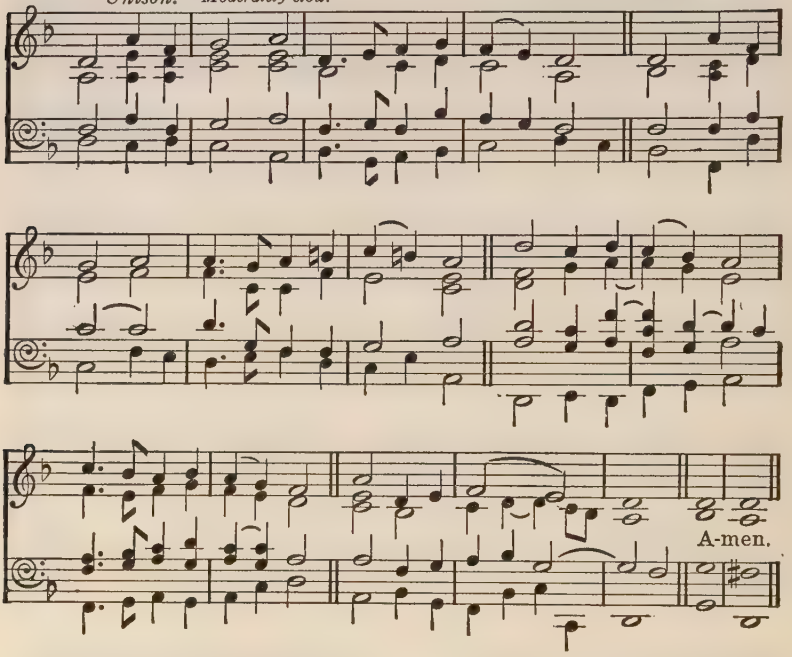
5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE, 1839-1900.

165 ISTE CONFESSOR. 11 11 11 5.

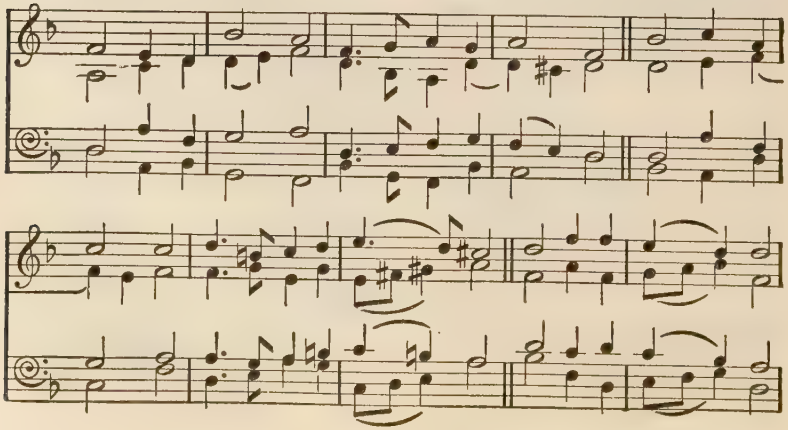
Unison. *Moderately slow.*

Rouen Church Melody.
Harmonized by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-

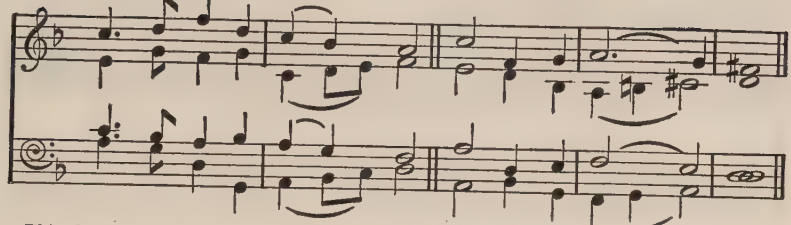


Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon).

Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-

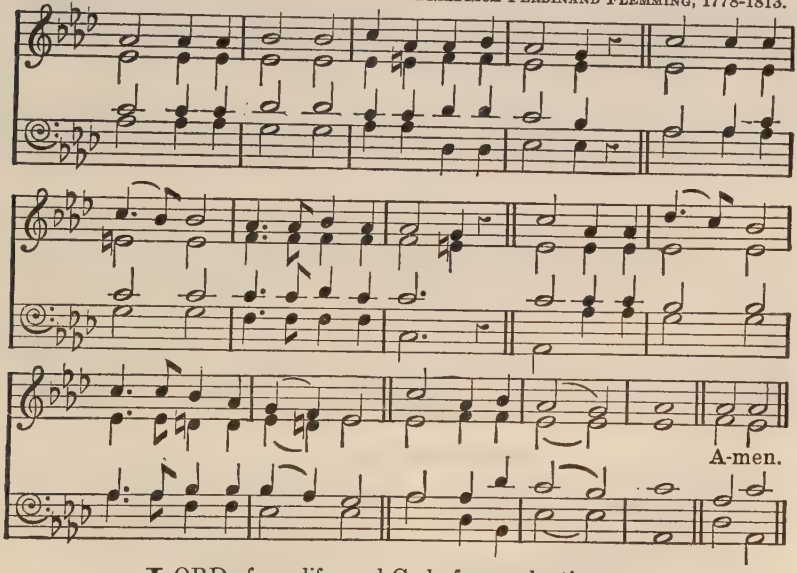


The Communion of Saints



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

FLEMMING. 11 11 11 5. *Moderate.* FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, 1778-1813.



LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord:

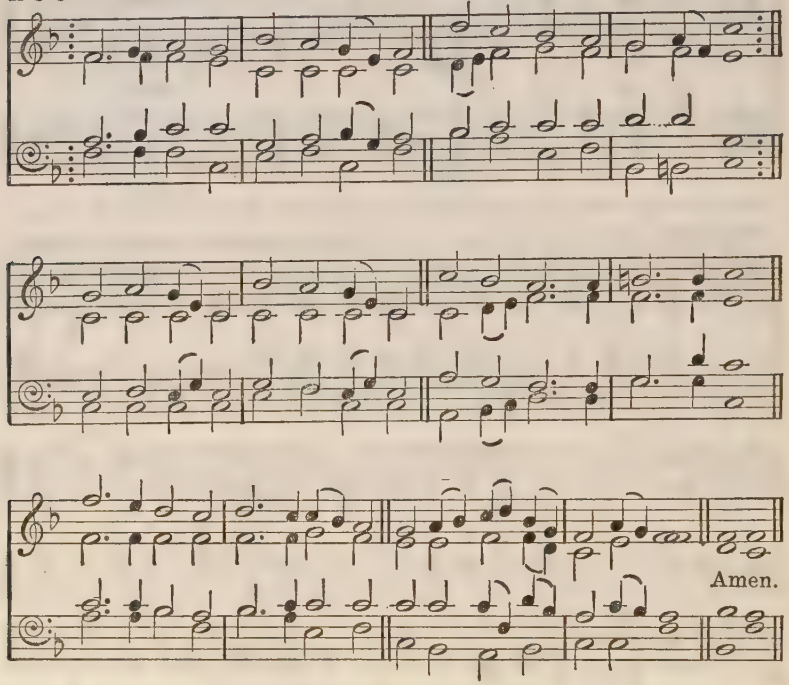
3 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging;
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging;
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging:
Calm Thy foes' raging.

4 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, or, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven. PHILIP PUSEY, 1799-1855.

Based on MATTHÄUS APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN, 1594-1648.

166 AUSTRIA. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.*

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN, 1732-1809.



Or HYFRYDOL, No. 132.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thankoffering brings.

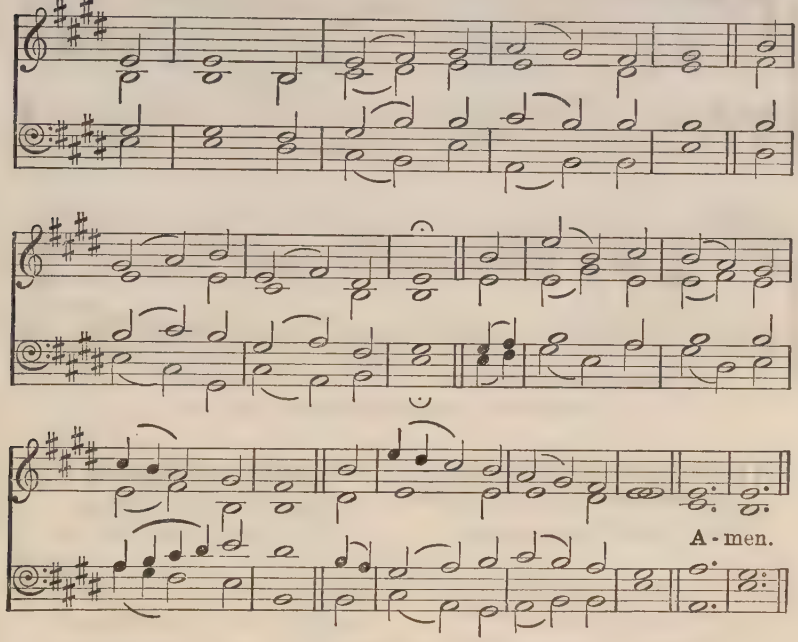
4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807.

167 IRISH. C.M.

Moderately fast

Melody from A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS, Dublin, 1749.



Or DUNFERMLINE, No. 40.

HOW glorious Zion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne He hath established here,
Here fixed His loved abode.

2 Its walls, defended by His grace,
No power shall e'er o'erthrow,
Salvation is its bulwark sure
Against the assailing foe.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our King.

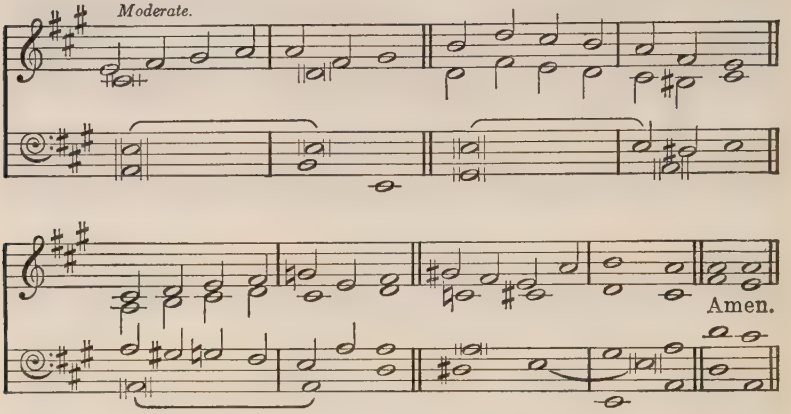
4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace,
Ye who have known Jehovah's Name,
And trusted in His grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as His years.

Adapted from ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.
As in SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

168 LITANY (HERVEY). 7 7 7 6.

FREDERICK ALFRED JOHN HERVEY, 1846-1910.



Or LITANY (HELFER MEINER ARMEN SEELE), No. 159.

JESUS, with Thy Church abide;
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgement near,
Telling of a Saviour dear:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May her lamp of truth be bright;
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

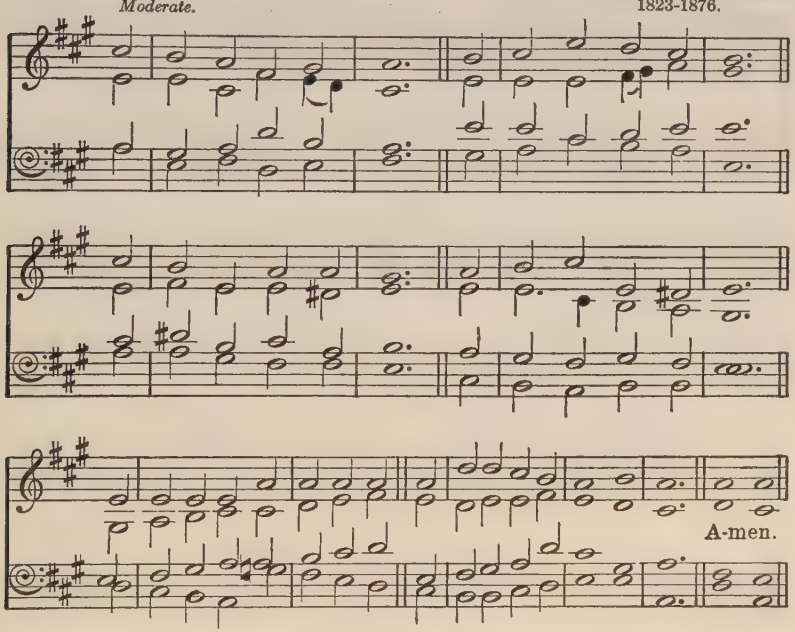
8 May she thus all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1836-1896.

169 ST. GODRIC. 6 6 6 6 8 8.

Moderate.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



Or ST. JOHN, No. 626.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watchword,—love;
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

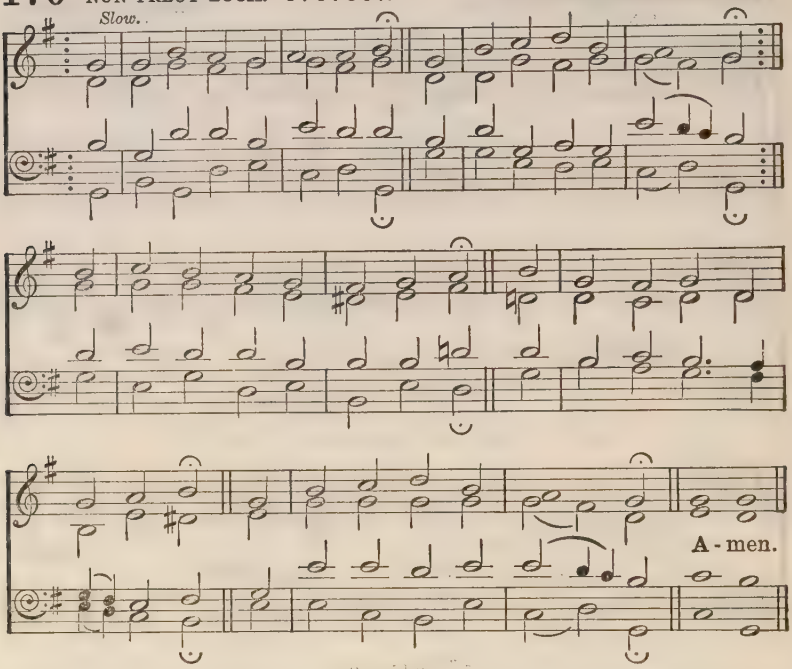
2 Our Sacrifice is one,
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone;
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering.

3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care,
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain.

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew;
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

GEORGE ROBINSON, 1842.

170 NUN FREUT EUCH. 8 7 8 7 8 8 7. WITTENBERG GESANGBUCH, 1535.



WE come unto our fathers' God;
Their Rock is our salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

2 The fire divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly shield around them spread
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

3 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth;
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

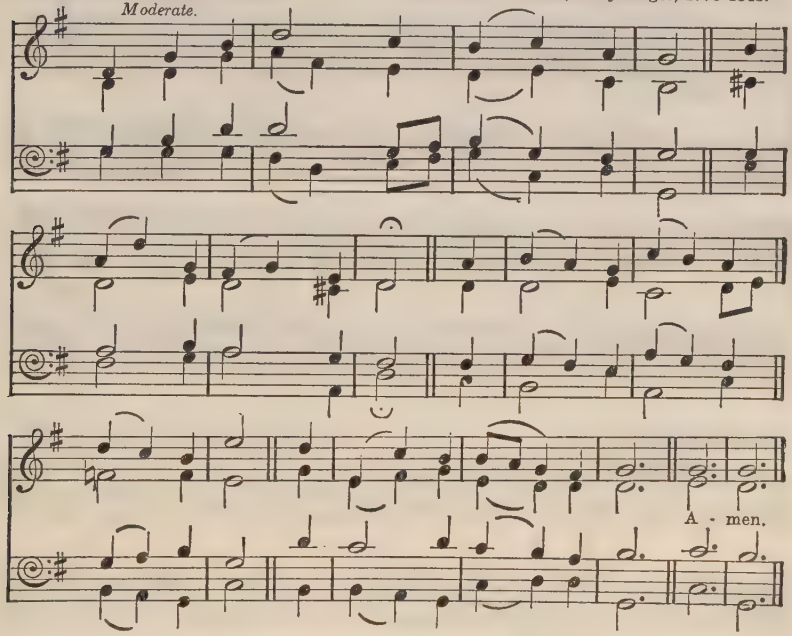
4 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour;
Unbroken be the golden chain;
Keep on the song for ever;
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1819-1906.

171 RICHMOND. C.M.

Adapted from THOMAS HAWEIS, 1734-1820.
by SAMUEL WEBBE, the younger, 1770-1843.

Moderate.



For Melody in the Tenor (FAUX BOURDON), see No. 14.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent;
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown,
Of freedom, love, and truth!

4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

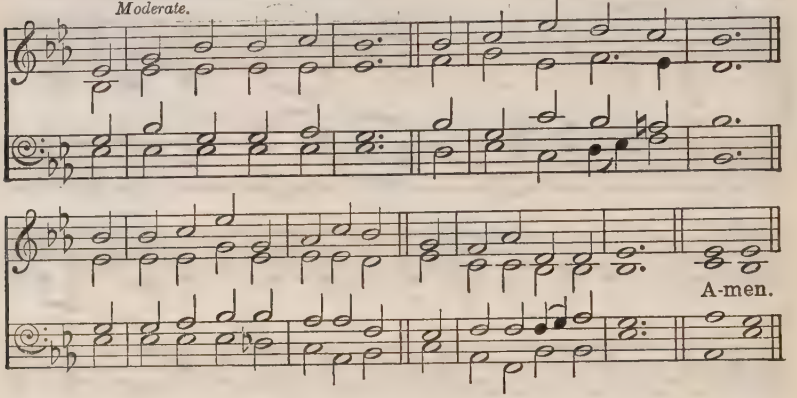
5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1822-1882.

172 HOLYROOD. S.M.

JAMES WATSON, 1816-1880.

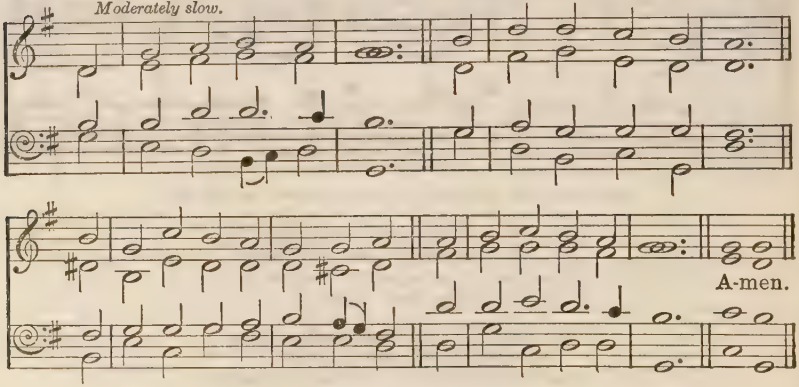
Moderate.



ST. AUGUSTINE. S.M.

CHORALE SONGS FOR FOUR VOICES, 1769.

Moderately slow.



I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

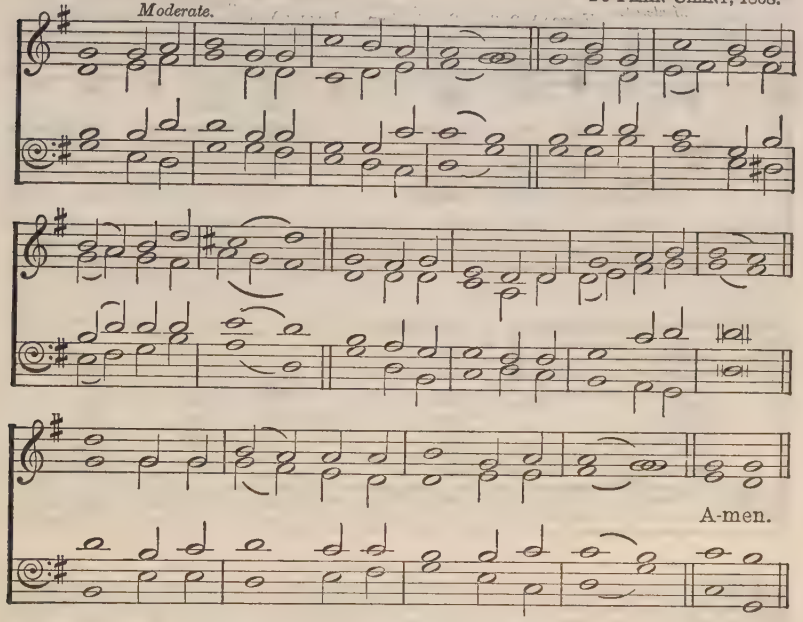
5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752-1817.

173 O QUANTA QUALIA. 10 10 10 10.

La Feillée's Méthode du Plain-Chant, 1808.



O WHAT their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crown for the valiant; to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
'Vision of peace,' that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

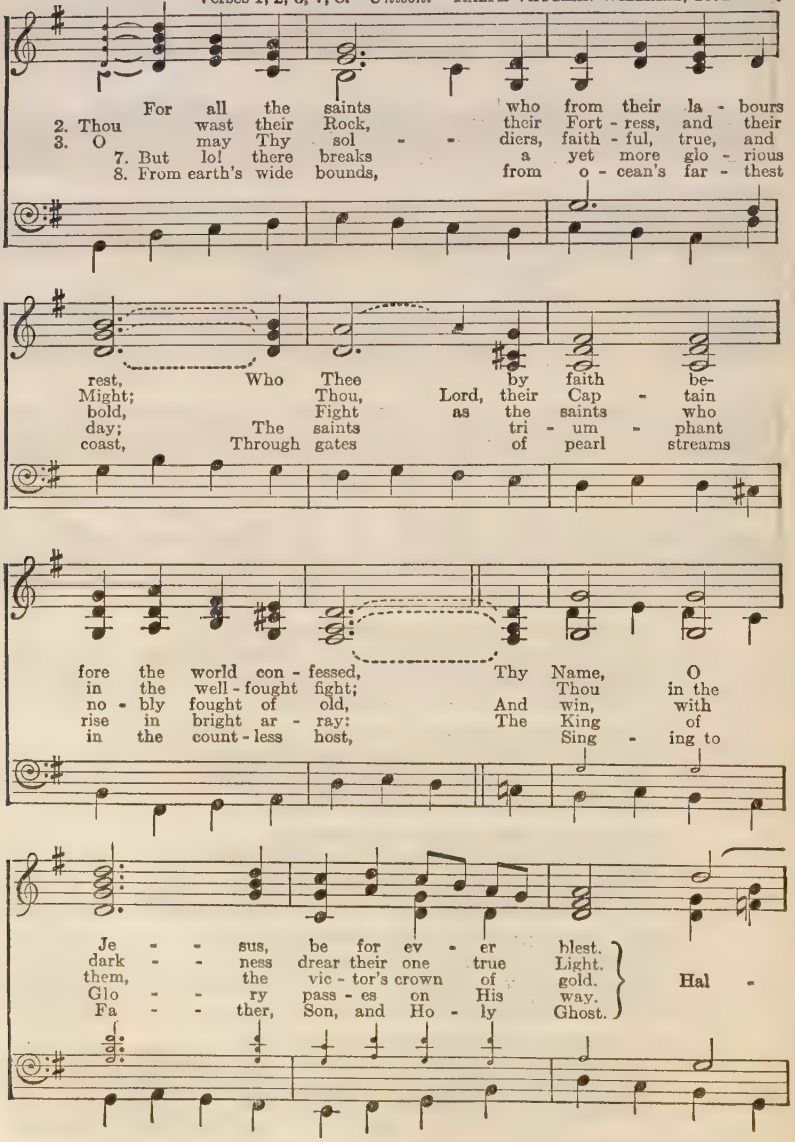
4 We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people shall evermore raise.

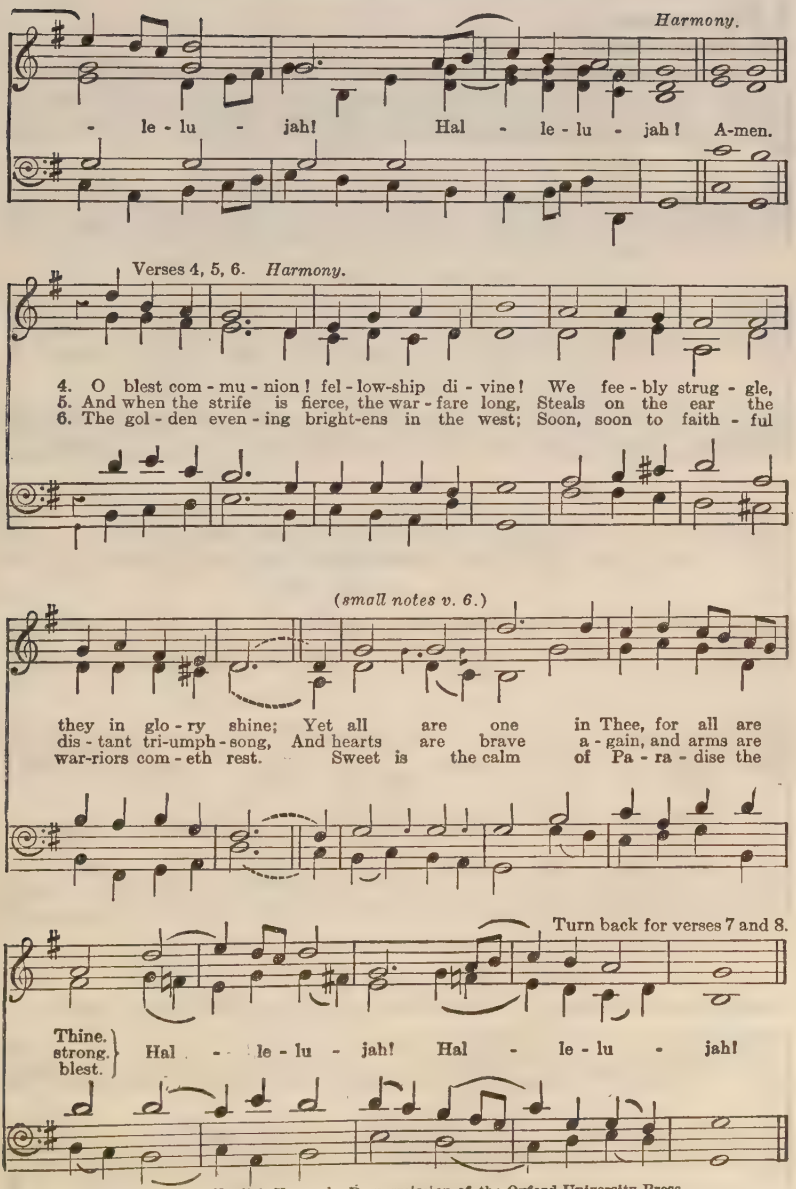
5 Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and through whom, the Son;
In whom, the Spirit, with these ever One.

Pierre Abelard, 1079-1142; *tr.* John Mason Neale, 1818-1866.

174 SINE NOMINE. 10 10 10 4.

Words by
WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897.
Music by
RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, 1872-

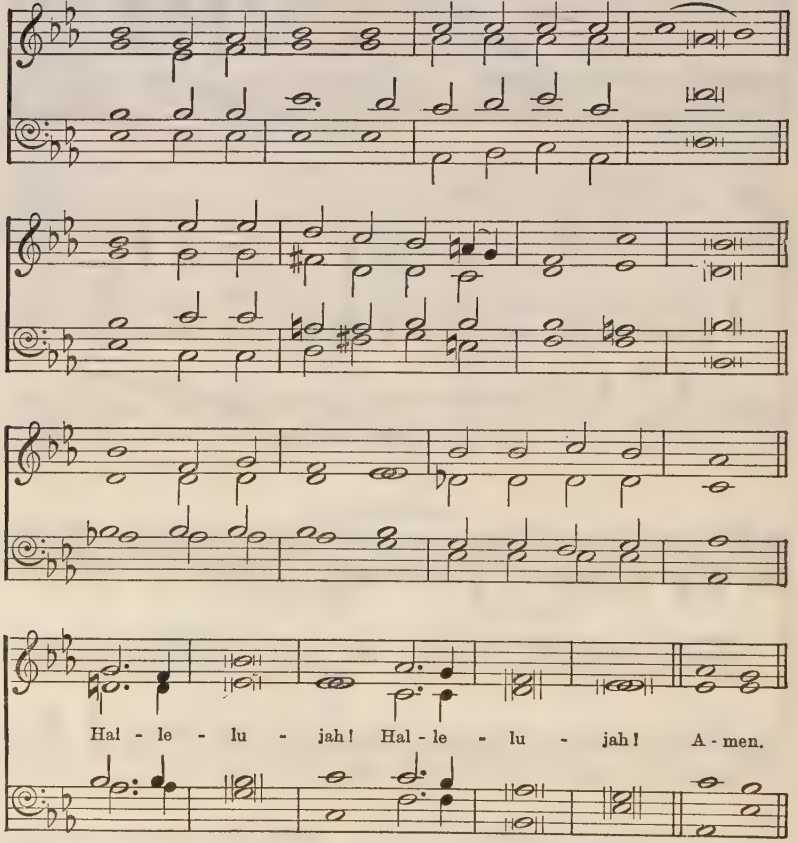
Moderate. Verses 1, 2, 3, 7, 8. *Unison.*

For all the saints who from their la - bours
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fort - ress, and their
3. O may Thy sol - diers, faith - ful, true, and
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more glo - rious
8. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's far - thest
rest, Who Thee by faith be-
Might; Thou, Lord, their Cap - tain
bold, Fight as the saints who
day; The saints tri - um - phant
coast, Through gates of pearl streams
fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O
in the well - fought fight; Thou in the
no - bly fought of old, And win, with
rise in bright ar - ray: The King of
in the count - less host, Sing - ing to
Je - sus, be for ev - er blest.
dark - ness drear their one true Light.
them, the vic - tor's crown of gold.
Glo - ry pass - es on His way.
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
Hal -

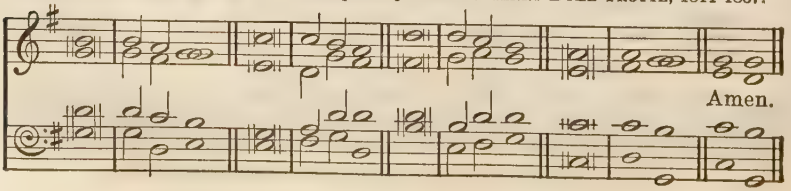
The Communion of Saints

Harmony.
- le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A-men.
Verses 4, 5, 6. Harmony.
4. O blest com - mu - nion! fel - low-ship di - vine! We fee - bly strug - gle,
5. And when the strife is fierce, the war - fare long, Steals on the ear the
6. The gol - den even - ing bright-ens in the west; Soon, soon to faith - ful
(small notes v. 6.)
they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are
dis - tant tri-umph - song, And hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are
war-riors com - eth rest. Sweet is the calm of Pa - ra - dise the
Turn back for verses 7 and 8.
Thine. strong. blest.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

From the English Hymnal. By permission of the Oxford University Press.

174 *(Continued).*

ST. PHILIP (BARNBY). 10 10 10 4.

First and last verses in Unison. *Moderately fast.* JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.

CHANT (TROYTE, No. 2). Adapted by ARTHUR HENRY DYKE TROYTE, 1811-1857.



The Communion of Saints

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Hallelujah!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Hallelujah!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold:
Hallelujah!

4 O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine:
Hallelujah!

5 And, when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong:
Hallelujah!

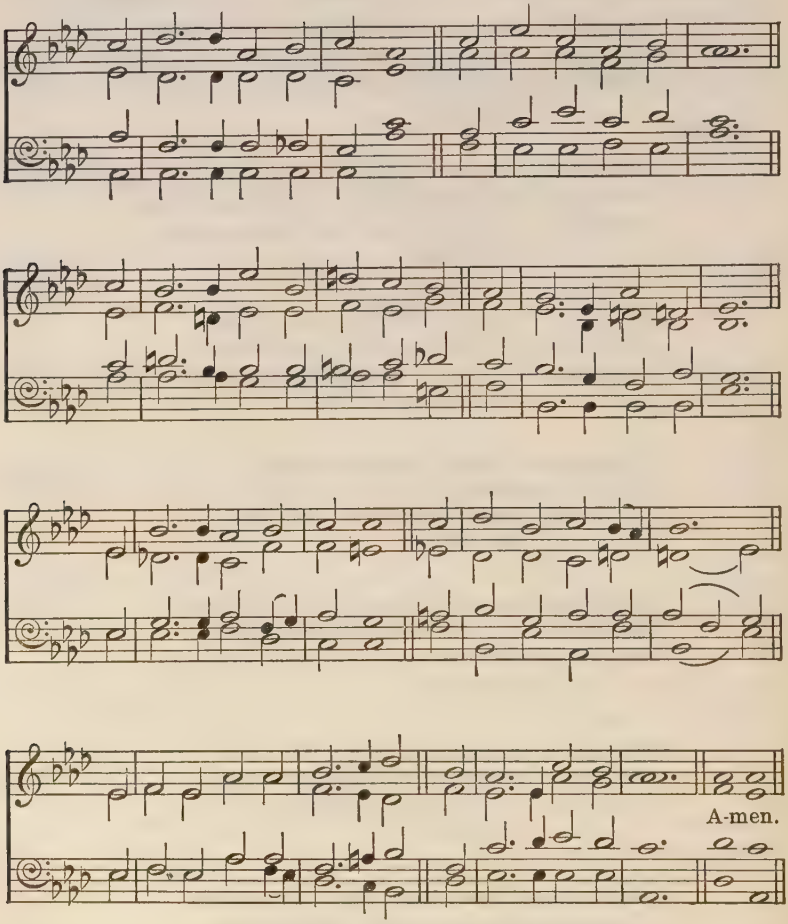
6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Hallelujah!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah!

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897.

175 ALFORD. 7 6 8 6 D. *Moderate.*

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

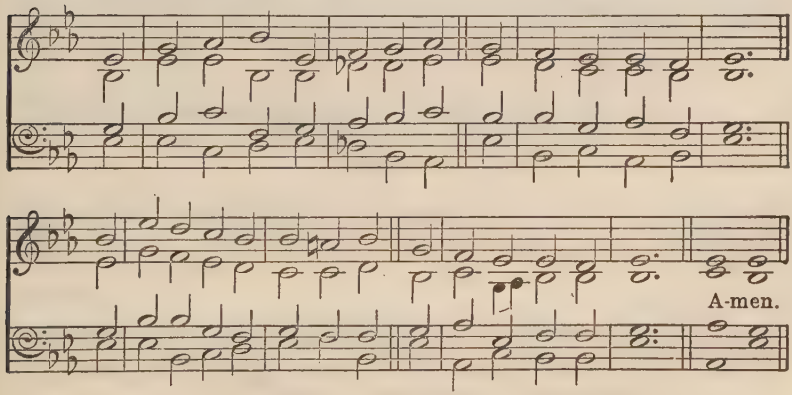
4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign!
Appear, Desire of nations,—
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

HENRY ALFORD, 1810-1871.

176 FRENCH (DUNDEE). C.M.

Slow and dignified.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.
RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

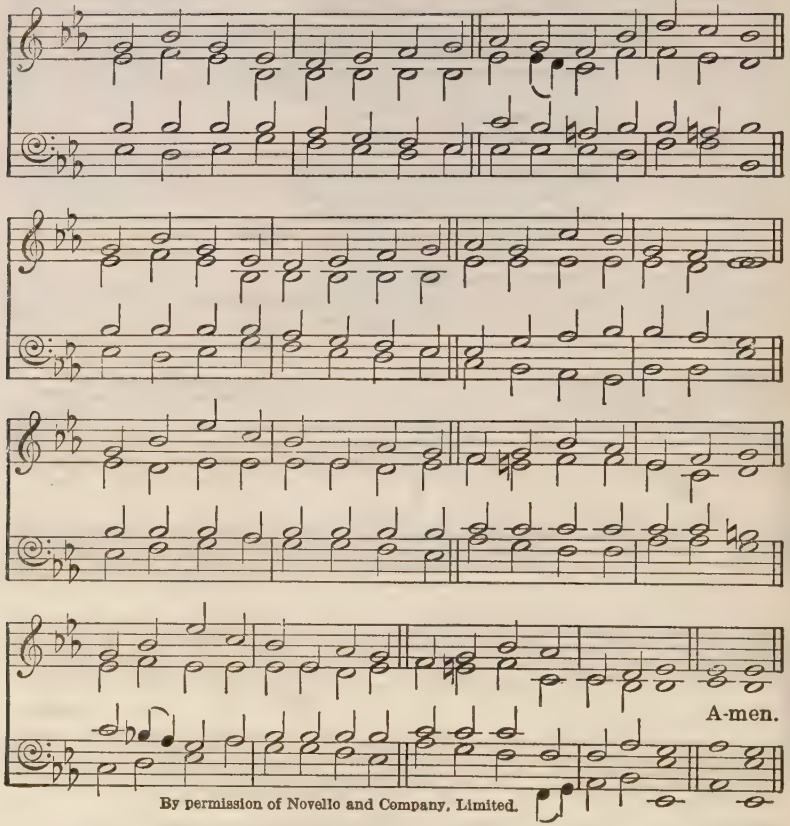
3 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Even now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

177 DEERHURST. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.* JAMES LANGRAN, 1835-1909.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Or ALLELUIA, No. 377.

HARK! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' Lord, to Thee:
Multitude, which none can number, like the stars in glory stands
Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

2 They have come from tribulation, and have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan, by the might of Christ the Lord.

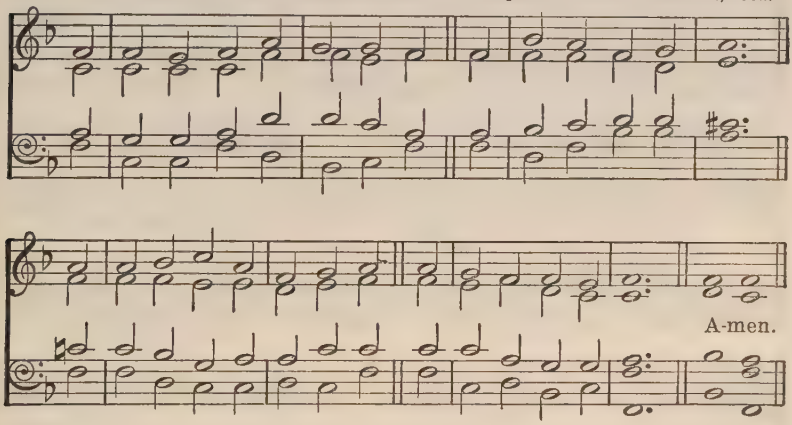
3 Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation, Thee, their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered; gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal they were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever, and all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the blessèd Trinity.

5 God of God, the One-begotten, Light of light, Emmanuel,
In whose body joined together all the saints for ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fullness that we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost adore.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885.

178 ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. *Moderately slow.* Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1562.



Or BANGOR, No. 660.

WE cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with us no more
Along the path of life we tread;
They have but gone before.

2 The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond our vision dim;
All souls are His, and here or there
Are living unto Him.

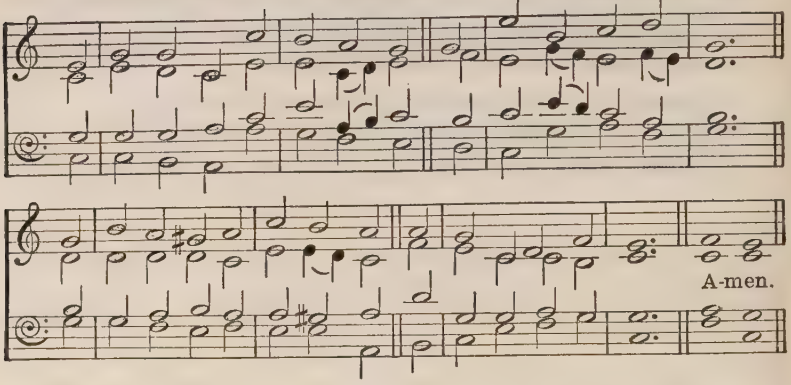
3 And still their silent ministries
Within our hearts have place,
As when on earth they walked with us
And met us face to face.

4 Ours are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1840-1929.

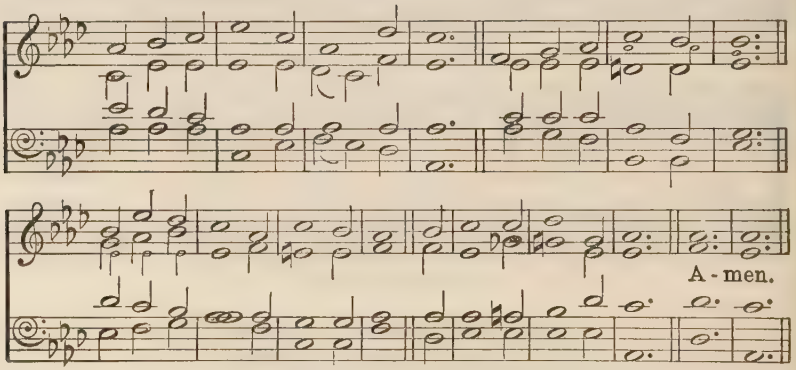
179 WESTMINSTER. C.M. *Moderately slow.*

JAMES TURLE, 1802-1882.



BEATITUDO. C.M. *Moderate.*

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



BALLERMA, opposite, is commended for this hymn.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And poured forth cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
They gained the promised rest.

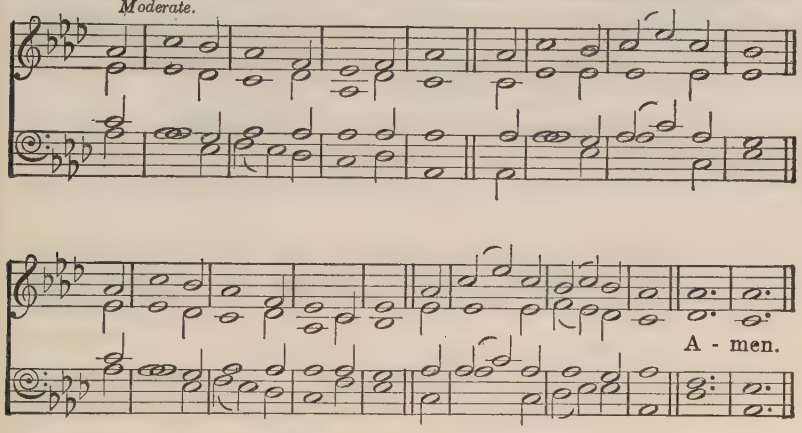
5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

180 BALLERMA. C.M.

Adapted by Robert Simpson, 1790-1832.

Moderate.



Or, Beatitudo, opposite.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

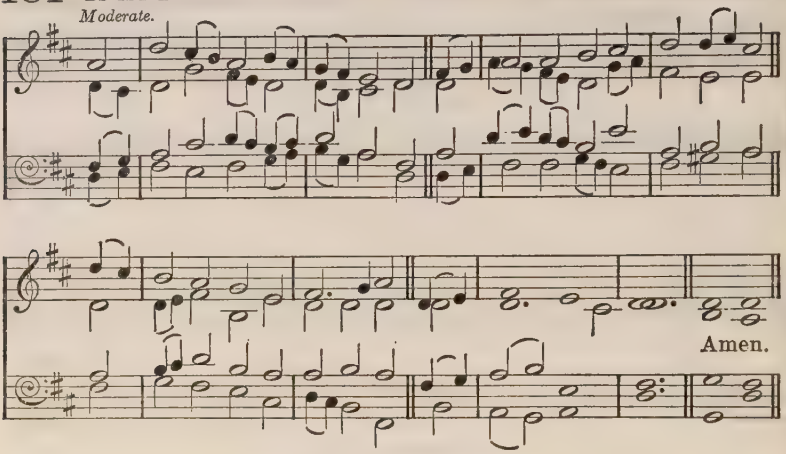
7 To pastures green He'll lead His flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Adapted from Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.
Scottish Paraphrases, 1781.

181 ES IST KEIN TAG. 8 8 8 4.

Melody in MEYER'S SEELENFREUD, 1692.

Moderate.



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Or WIMBLEDON, No. 430.

FOR those we love within the veil,
Who once were comrades of our way,
We thank thee, Lord; for they have won
To cloudless day;

2 And life for them is life indeed,
The splendid goal of earth's straight race;
And where no shadows intervene
They see Thy face.

3 Not as we knew them any more,
Toilworn, and sad with burdened care,—
Erect, clear-eyed, upon their brows
Thy Name they bear.

4 Free from the fret of mortal years,
And knowing now Thy perfect will,
With quickened sense and heightened joy,
They serve Thee still.

5 O fuller, sweeter is that life,
And larger, ampler is the air.
Eye cannot see nor heart conceive
The glory there;

6 Nor know to what high purpose Thou
Dost yet employ their ripened powers,
Nor how at Thy behest they touch
This life of ours.

7 There are no tears within their eyes;
With love they keep perpetual tryst;
And praise and work and rest are one
With thee, O Christ.

WILLIAM CHARTER PIGGOTT, 1872-

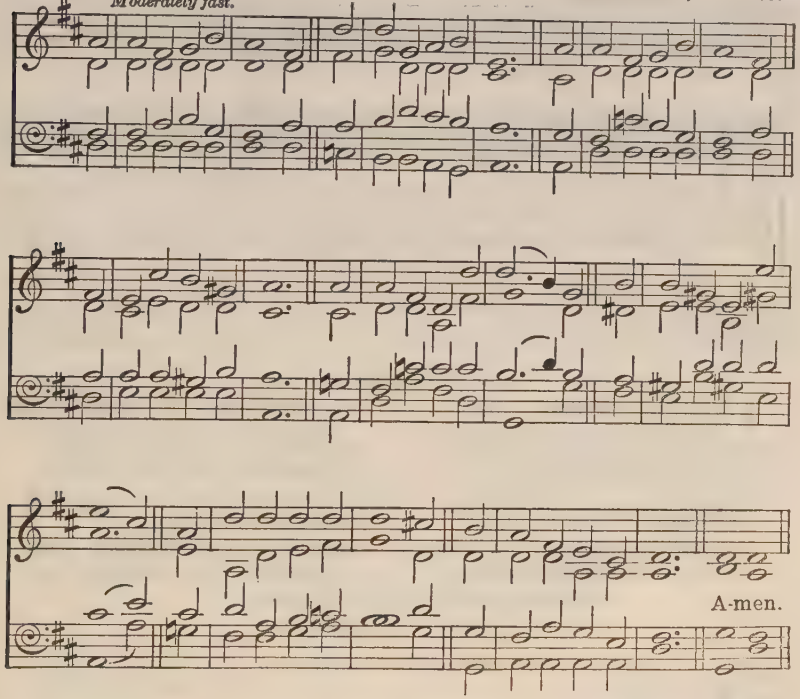
AND THE FOLLOWING:

182 O Word of God Incarnate.
461 Jerusalem, my happy home.
463 Jerusalem the golden.
467 Blest be the everlasting God.
521 Behold the mountain of the Lord.
638 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high (Ps. 24).
651 God is our refuge and our strength (Ps. 46).
659 How lovely is Thy dwelling-place (Ps. 84).
660 How lovely are Thy dwellings fair (Ps. 84).
670 Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet (Ps. 102).
682 I joyed when to the house of God (Ps. 122).
687 We'll to God's tabernacles go (Ps. 132).

182 LANCASHIRE. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



OR AURELIA, No. 164.

O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth,
O'er all the earth to shine;
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word;

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon,
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

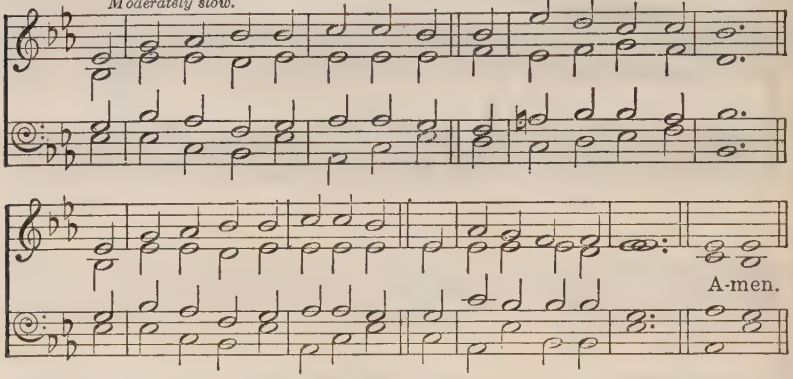
4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897.

183 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M.

THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1515-1585.

Moderately slow.



Or GRÄFENBERG below.

FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind,
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

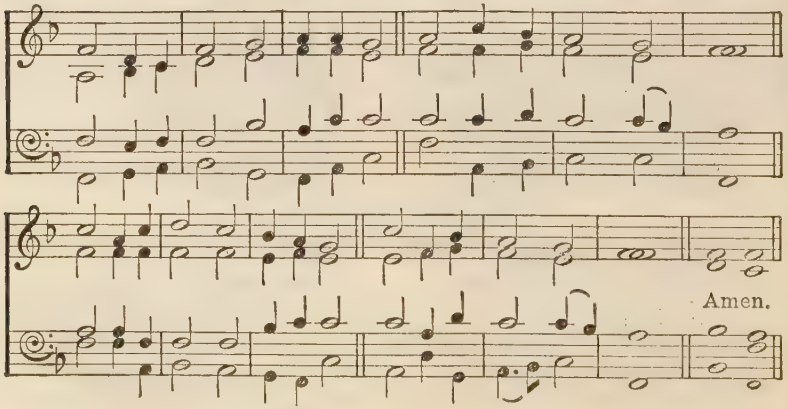
4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE, 1716-1778.

184 GRÄFENBERG. C.M. *Moderately slow.*

PRAXIS PIETATIS MELICA, 1653.



Or TALLIS'S ORDINAL, above.

THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

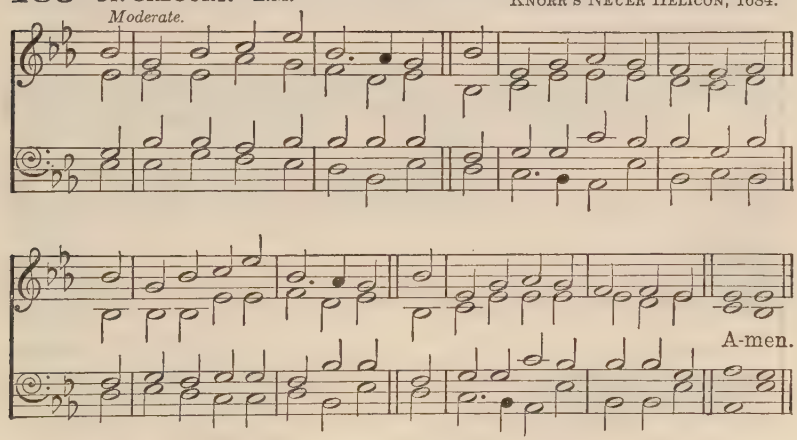
4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

185 ST. GREGORY. L.M.

KNORR'S NEUER HELICON, 1684.



LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessing in Thy Word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Thee alone.

3 How well Thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

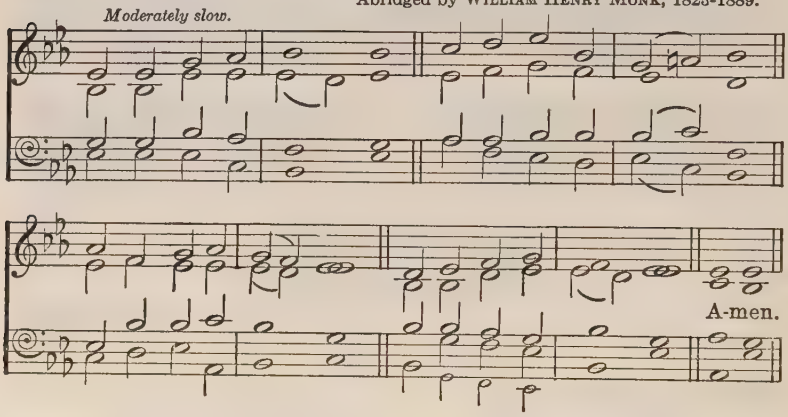
4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind Thy Gospel to my heart.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

186 RAVENSHAW. 6 6 6 6.

From a Melody in
Hymn Book of the Bohemian Brethren, 1531.
Abridged by William Henry Monk, 1823-1889.

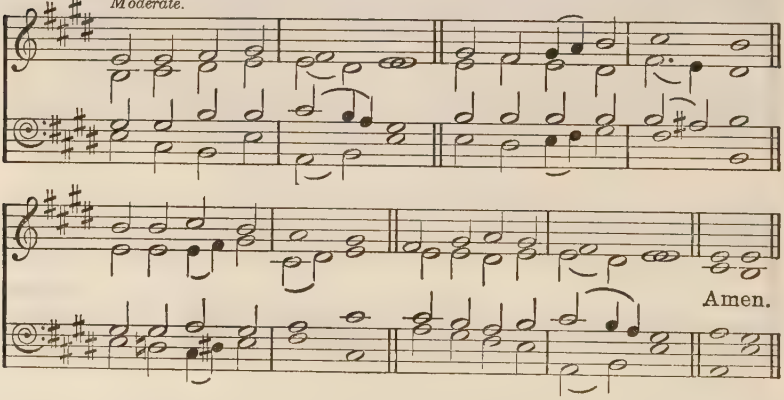
Moderately slow.



CONSOLATOR. 6 6 6 6.

From Arundel Hymns.

Moderate.



LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

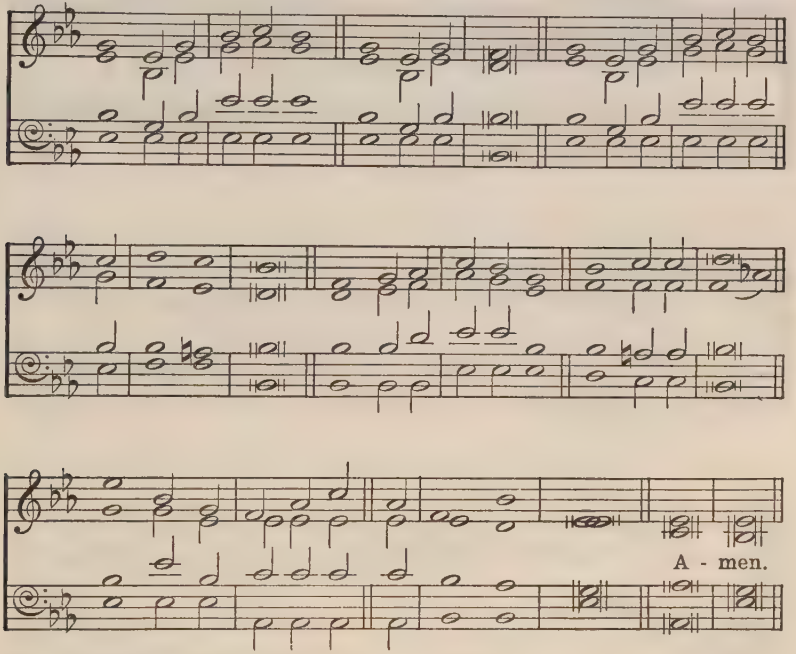
6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-1877.

187 BREAD OF LIFE. 6 4 6 4 D.

Moderate.

WILLIAM FISK SHERWIN, 1826-1888.



BREAK Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-all!

MARY ARTEMISIA LATHBURY, 1841-1913.

Copyright, J. H. Vincent. Written for the Chautauqua Vesper Hour.

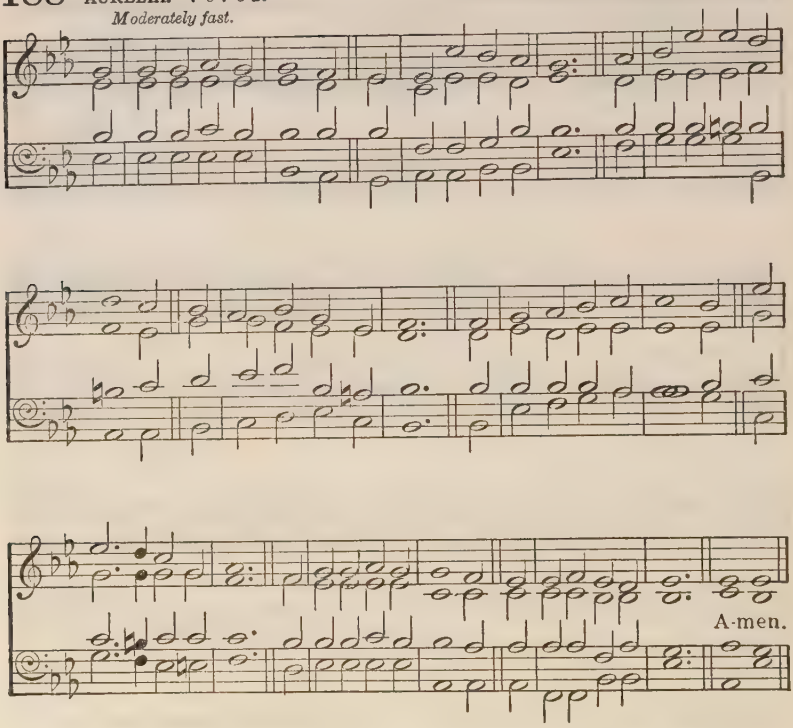
AND THE FOLLOWING:

28 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord.
155 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire.
630 That man hath perfect blessedness (Ps. 1).
635 God's law is perfect, and converts (Ps. 19).
678 By what means shall a young man learn (Ps. 119).
679 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way (Ps. 119).

188 AURELIA. 7 6 7 6 D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.

Moderately fast.



O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing, 'Holy, holy, holy!'
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven:
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

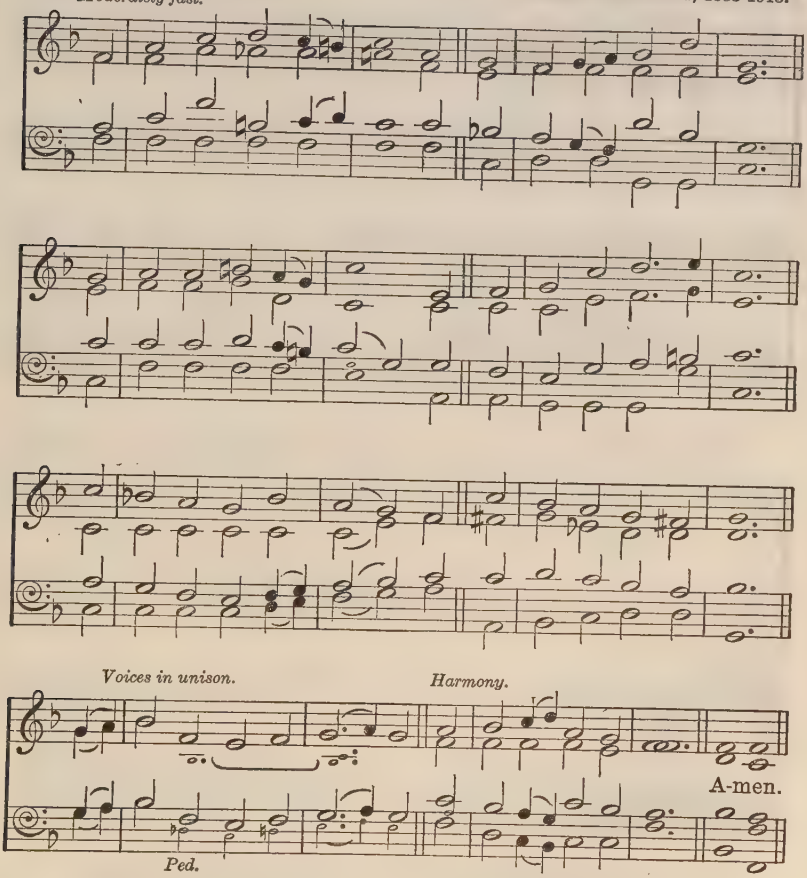
4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

The Lord's Day

DAY OF REST. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

JAMES WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 1833-1915.



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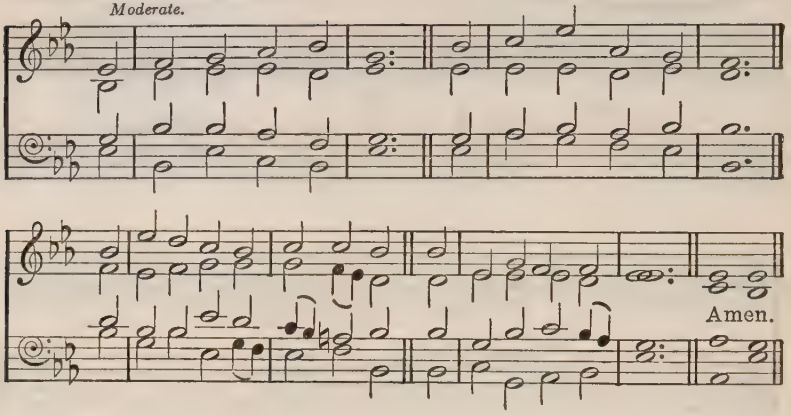
5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885.
As in HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

189 FRANCONIA. S.M.

Moderate.

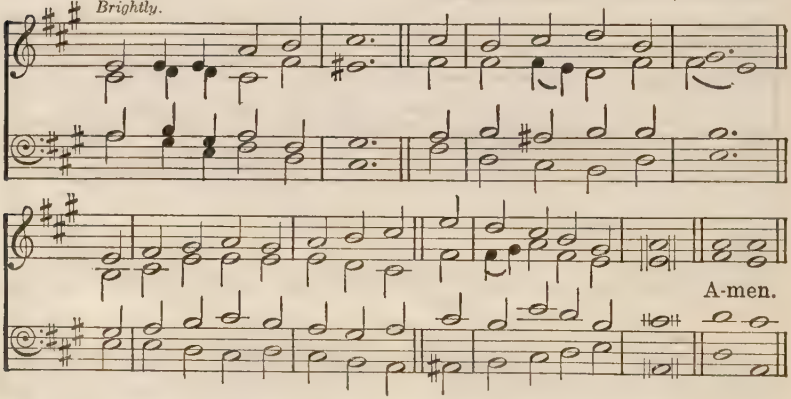
KÖNIG'S CHORALBUCH, 1738.



DOMINICA. S.M.

Brightly.

HERBERT STANLEY OAKELEY, 1830-1903.



THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

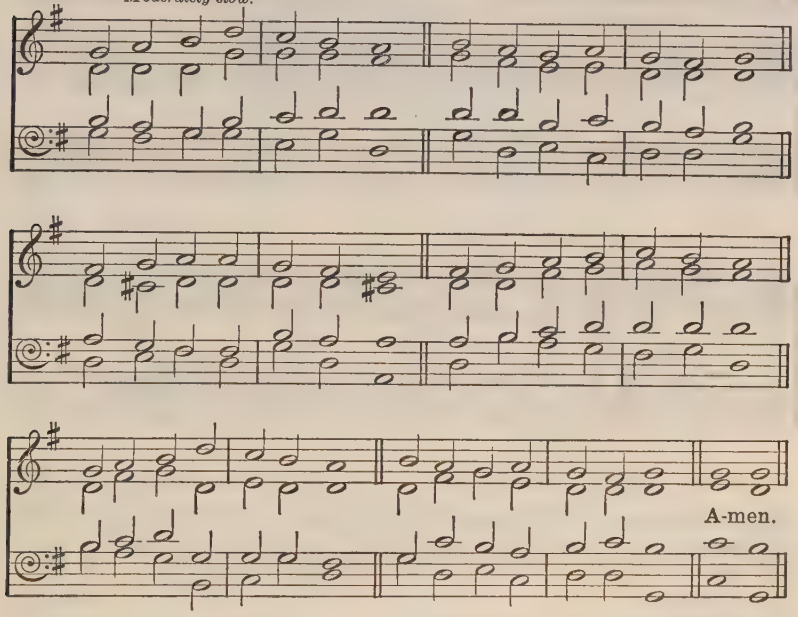
5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

190 CASSEL. 777777.

Moderately slow.

JOHANN THOMMEN'S CHORALE BOOK, 1745.



Or SABBATH, Supplement.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconcilèd face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy Name to praise,
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

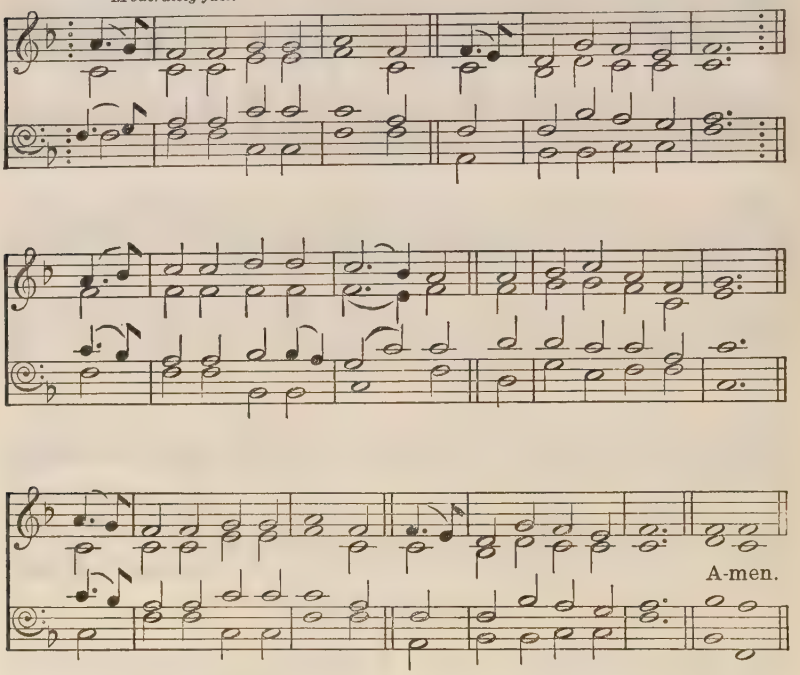
4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
May the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807.
Adapted by LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, 1855-1930.

191 ENDSLEIGH. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

SALVATORE FERRETTI, 1817-1874.
Arranged by JAMES TURLE, 1802-1882.



THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath
Breaks o'er the earth again,
As some sweet summer morning
After a night of pain.
It comes as cooling showers
To some exhausted land,
As shade of clustered palm trees
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labour,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to Thee,
By Thine own Spirit fostered
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won!

4 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith and sure,
And love so deep and fervent
That tries to make it pure:
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need;
And then the peace so lasting,
Celestial peace indeed!

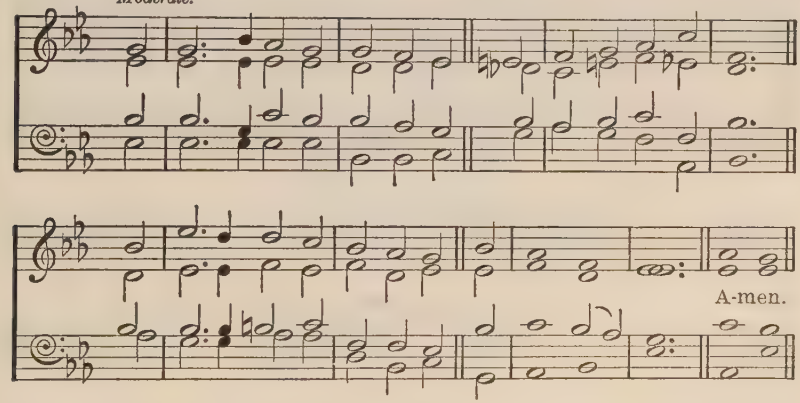
5 So be it, Lord, for ever;
O may we evermore
In Jesus' holy presence
His blessèd Name adore,
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple-walls—
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls.

ADA CROSS, 1844- .

192 WREFORD. 8 6 8 4.

Moderate.

EDMUND SARDINSON CARTER, 1845-1923



HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free!
Hail, quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me.

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

4 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease;
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

5 For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing—when songs on earth have ceased—
With saints above.

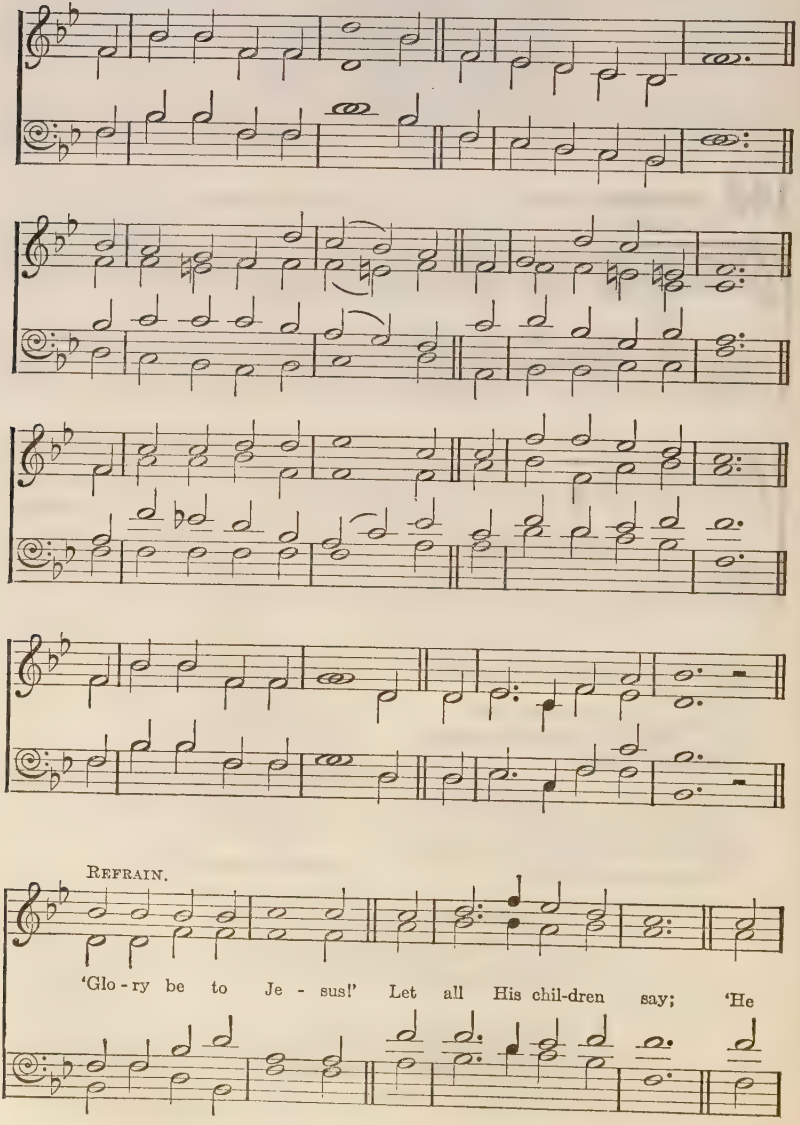
6 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,—
Sweet foretaste of the endless day
Of rest in heaven.

GODFREY THRING, 1823-1903.

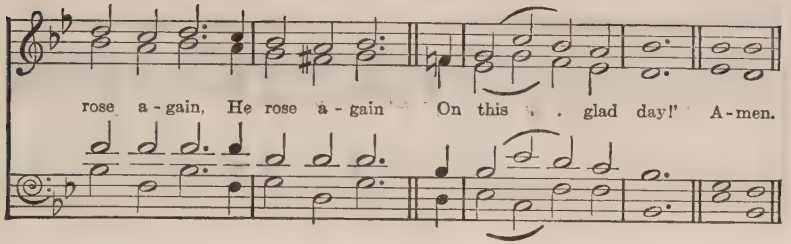
193 WIR PFLÜGEN (DRESDEN). 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast. and refrain.

JOHANN ABRAHAM SCHULZ, 1747-1800.



The Lord's Day



AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here;
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near;
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet
To keep the day of rest.

'Glory be to Jesus!'
Let all His children say;
'He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day!'

2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

'Glory be to Jesus!'
Let all His children say;
'He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day!'

3 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship
And every tongue shall sing.

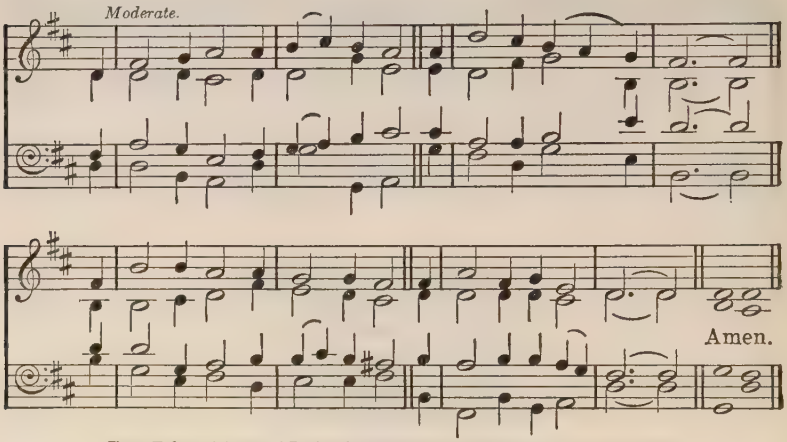
'Glory be to Jesus!'
Let all His children say;
'He rose again, He rose again
On this glad day!'

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

194 THIS ENDRIS NYGHT. C.M.

Old English Carol, 15th century.

Moderate.

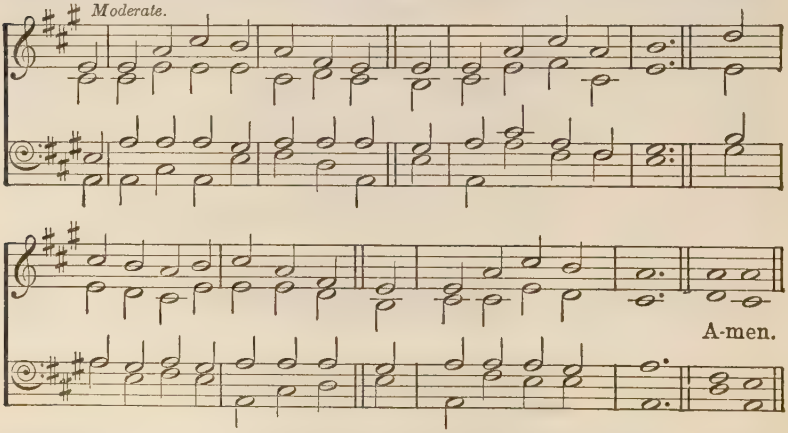


From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

EVAN. C.M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.

Moderate.



BEHOLD we come, dear Lord, to Thee,
And bow before Thy throne;
We come to offer on our knee
Our vows to Thee alone.

2 Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
Thy bounty freely gave;
Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
And wilt hereafter save.

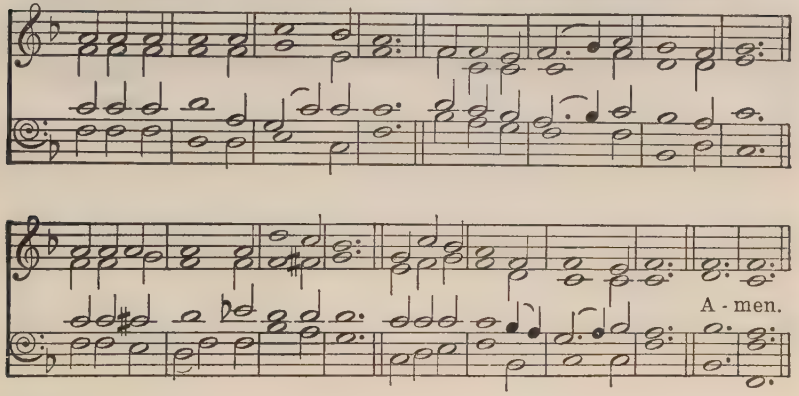
3 Come then, my soul, bring all thy powers,
And grieve thou hast no more;
Bring every day thy choicest hours,
And thy great God adore.

4 But, above all, prepare thy heart,
On this His own blest day;
In its sweet task to bear thy part,
And sing, and love, and pray.

JOHN AUSTIN, -1669.

195 ARIZONA. L.M. *Moderate.*

ROBERT HENRY EARNSHAW, 1856-



SWEET is the sunlight after rain,
And sweet the sleep which follows pain;
And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest
Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

2 Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm;
The poor man's birthright and his balm;
God's witness of celestial things;
A sun with healing in its wings.

3 New rising in this gospel time,
And in its sevenfold light sublime,
Blest day of God! we hail its dawn,
To gratitude and worship drawn.

4 O nought of gloom and nought of pride
Should with the sacred hours abide;
At work for God, in loved employ,
We lose the duty in the joy.

5 Breathe on us, Lord! our sins forgive,
And make us strong in faith to live;
Our utmost, sorest need supply,
And make us strong in faith to die.

MORLEY PUNSHON, 1824-1881.

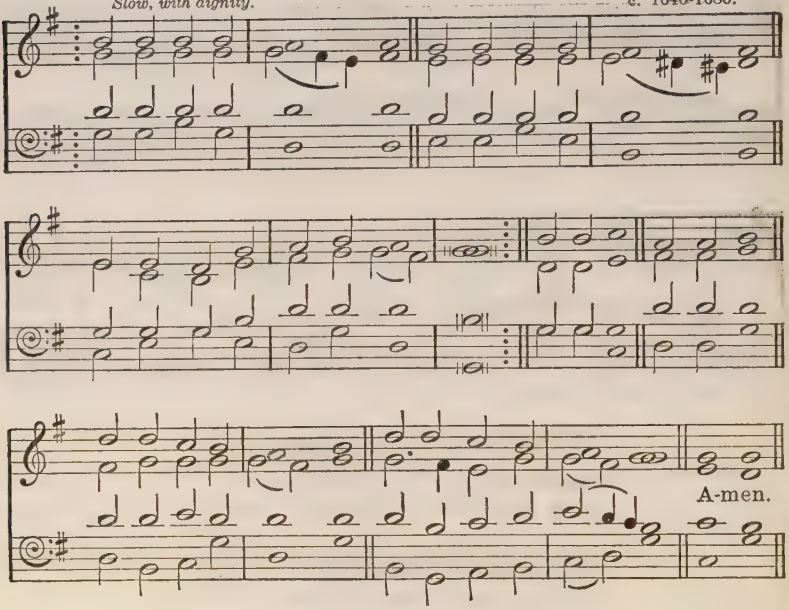
AND THE FOLLOWING:

103 The Day of Resurrection.
104 Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
105 Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
106 O sons and daughters, let us sing.
107 Welcome, happy morning.
617 Lord, this day Thy children meet.

196 ARNSBERG (REVERENCE). 6 6 8 D 3 3 6 6.

JOACHIM NEANDER, c. 1640-1680.

Slow, with dignity.



GOD reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
God is in His temple:
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His Name for ever!

2 God reveals His presence:
Hear the harps resounding;
See the crowds the throne surrounding;
'Holy, holy, holy!'
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending.
Bow Thine ear
To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

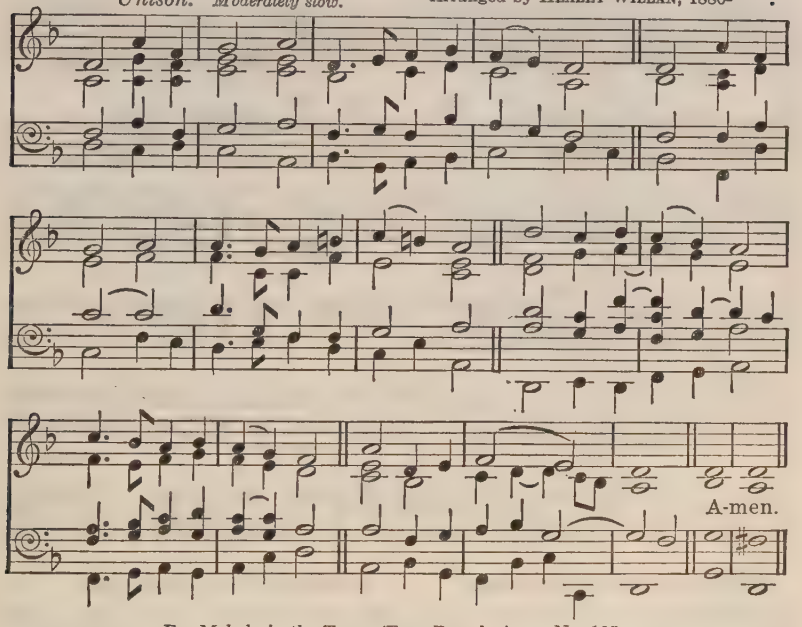
3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit:
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697-1769;
FREDERICK WILLIAM FOSTER, 1760-1835;
JOHN MILLER, 1756-1810;
WILLIAM MERCER, 1811-1873.

197 ISTE CONFESSOR. 11 11 11 5.

Unison. Moderately slow.

Rouen Church Melody,
Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



For Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon), see No. 165.

Or FLEMMING, No. 567.

ONLY-BEGOTTEN, Word of God eternal,
Lord of Creation, merciful and mighty,
List to Thy servants, when their tuneful voices
Rise to Thy presence.

(2 Thus in our solemn Feast of Dedication,
Graced with returning rites of due devotion,
Ever Thy children, year by year rejoicing,
Chant in Thy temple.)

3 Here in our sickness healing grace aboundeth,
Light in our blindness, in our toil refreshment;
Sin is forgiven, hope o'er fear prevaileth,
Joy over sorrow.

4 Hallowed this dwelling where the Lord abideth,
This is none other than the gate of heaven;
Strangers and pilgrims, seeking homes eternal,
Pass through its portals.

5 Lord, we beseech Thee, as we throng Thy temple,
By Thy past blessings, by Thy present bounty,
Smile on Thy children, and with tender mercy
Hear our petitions.

6 God in Three Persons, Father everlasting,
Son co-eternal, ever-blessèd Spirit,
Thine be the glory, praise, and adoration,
Now and for ever.

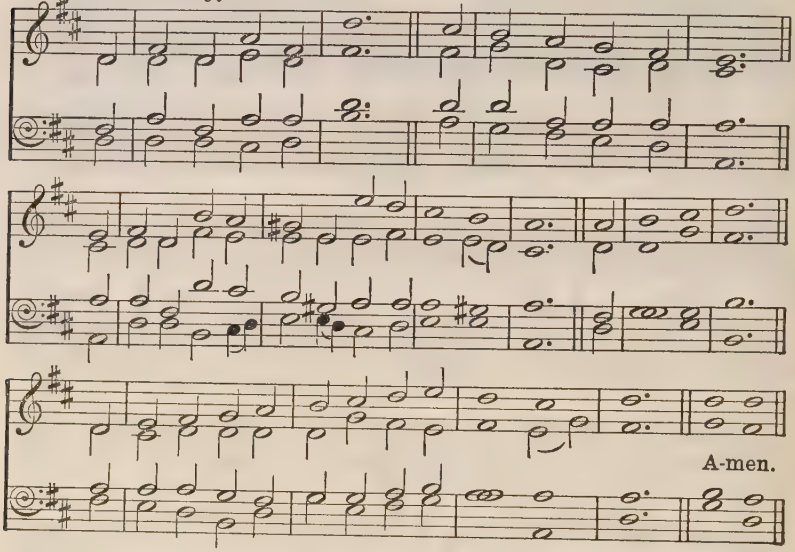
From the Latin, c. 9th century. *Tr.* M. J. BLACKER.

Verse 2 to be sung at the Dedication, or at the Anniversary of a Dedication of a Church.

198 DARWALL. 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4.

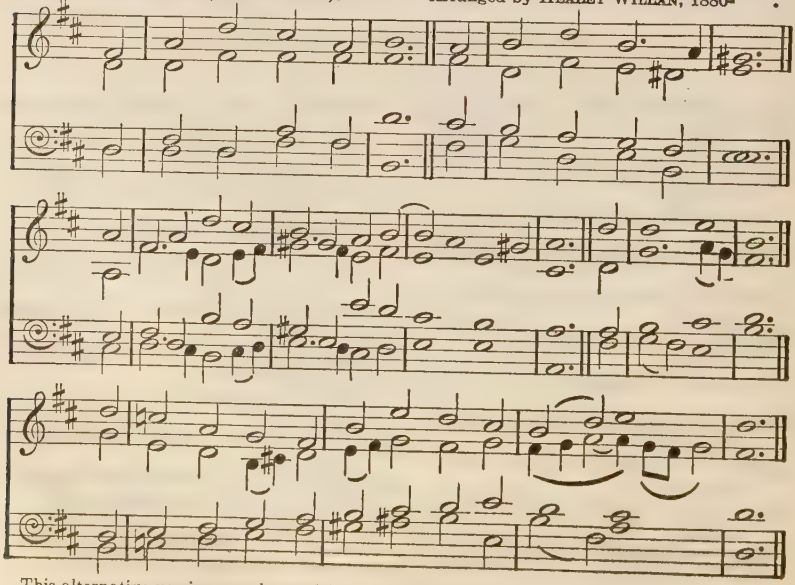
Moderately fast.

JOHN DARWALL, 1731-1789.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon).

Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are!
To Thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still:
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

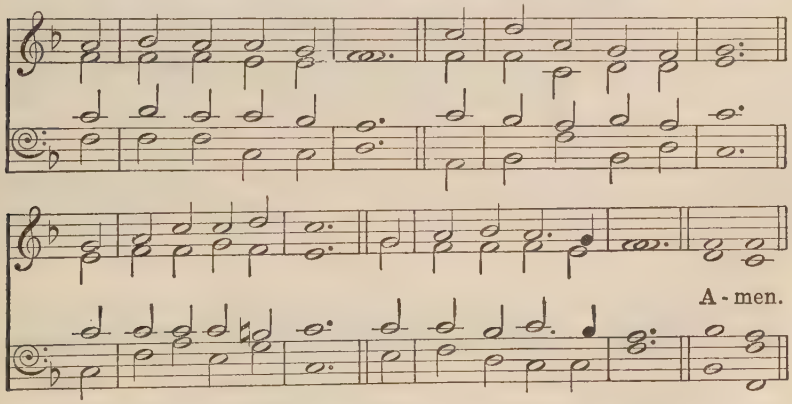
Founded on Psalm lxxxiv.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat!
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee!

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

199 QUAM DILECTA. 6 6 6 6. *Moderate.* HENRY LASCELLES JENNER, 1820-1898.



WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O we long to know
The triumph song of heaven!

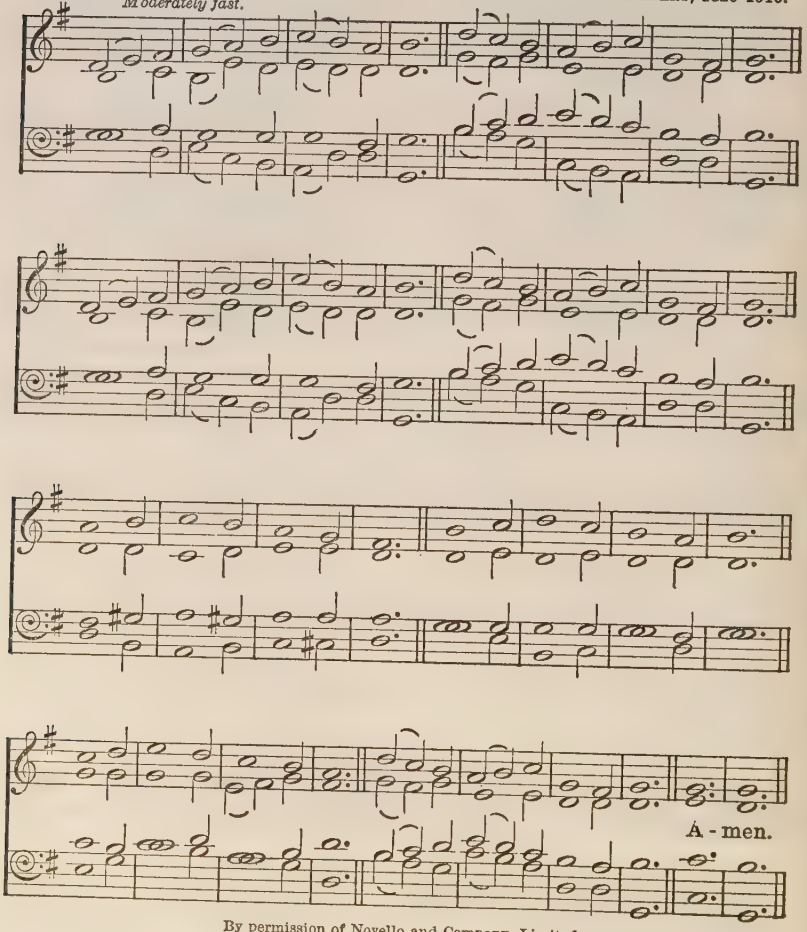
5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

WILLIAM BULLOCK, 1798-1874,
and HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821-1877.

200 MAIDSTONE. 7777 D.

Moderately fast.

WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1829-1910.



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PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace!

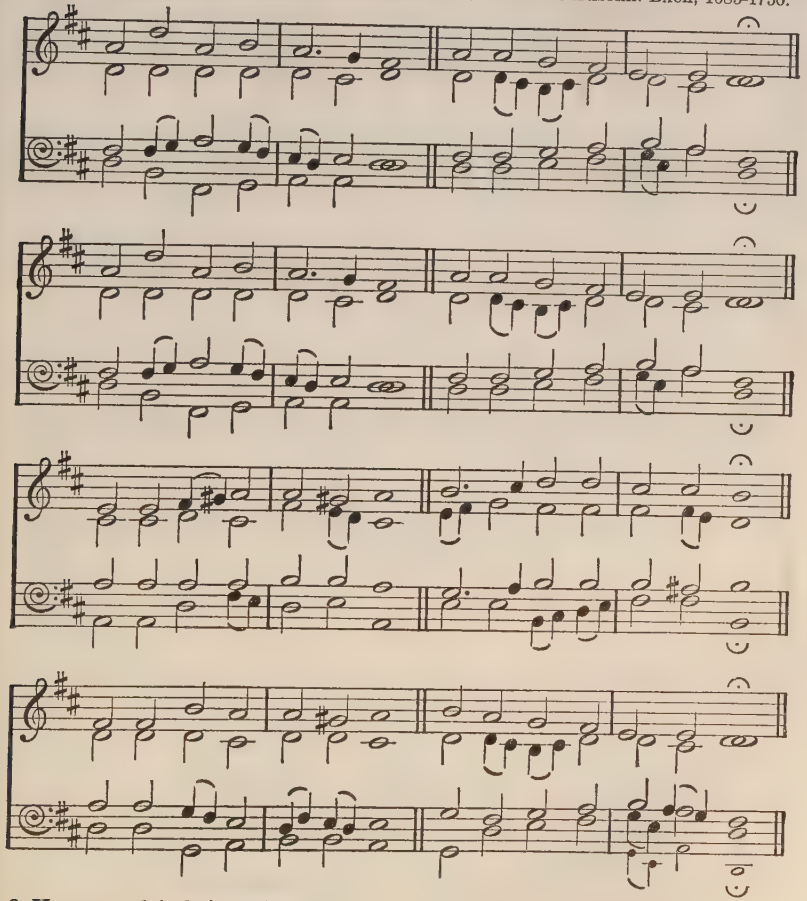
2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

The House of God

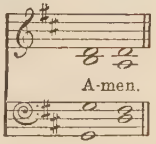
SALZBURG (HINTZE). 7 7 7 7 D.

Moderate.

Melody from JAKOB HINTZE, 1622-1702.
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750.



3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

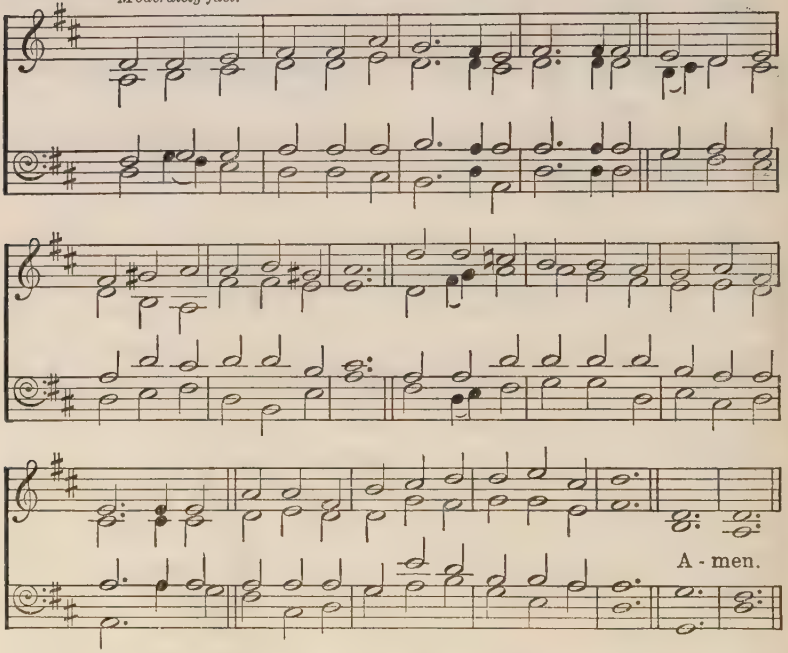
4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield
alike Thou art;
Guide and guard
my erring heart.
Grace and glory
flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord,
on me.

Founded on Psalm lxxxiv.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847.

201 UTTINGEN. 12 10 12 10.

From the RHEINHARDT Mss., Uttingen, 1754.

Moderately fast.



WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His Name!

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts, in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou canst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

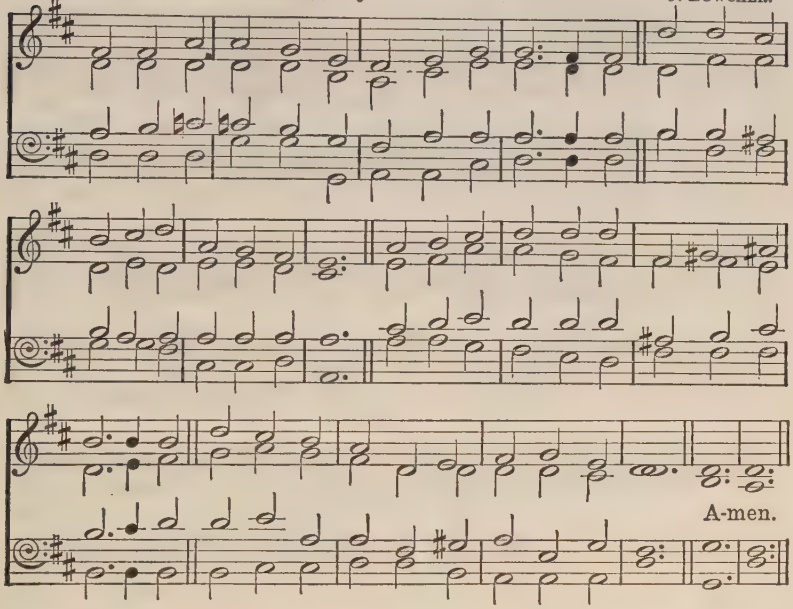
4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is His Name!

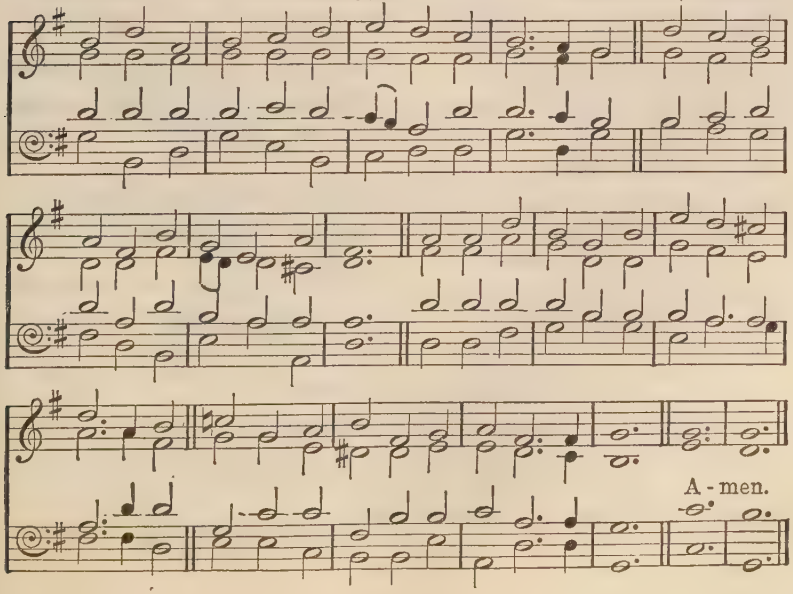
JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811-1875.

The House of God

EAST HILL. 12 10 12 10. *Moderately slow.* J. BOWCHER.



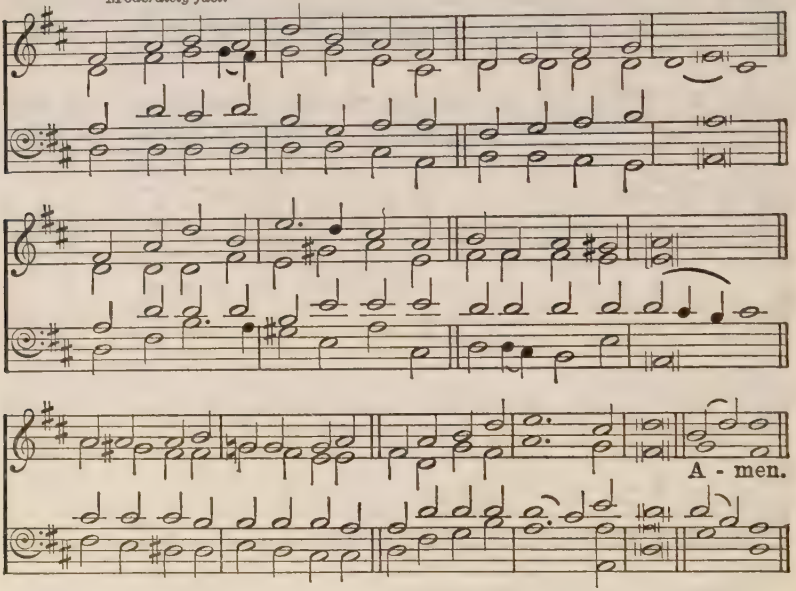
MOREDUN. 12 10 12 10. *Moderately fast.* HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



202 ANGEL VOICES. 8 5 8 5 8 4 3.

Moderately fast.

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, 1819-1900.



ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless
Thee,
And confess Thee,
Lord of might!

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

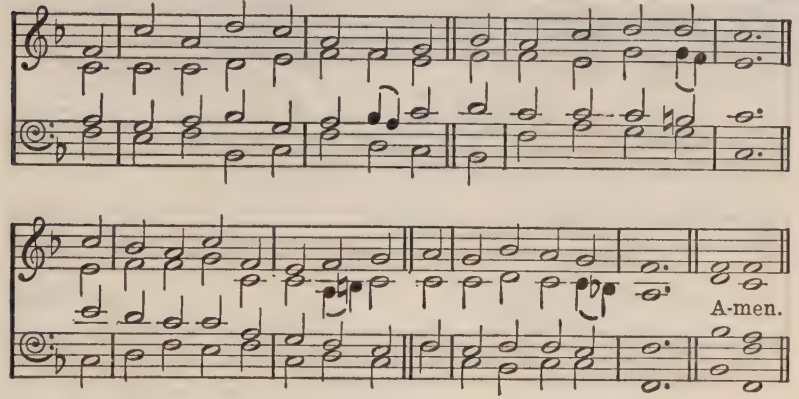
4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and
voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity.
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

FRANCIS POTT, 1832-1909.

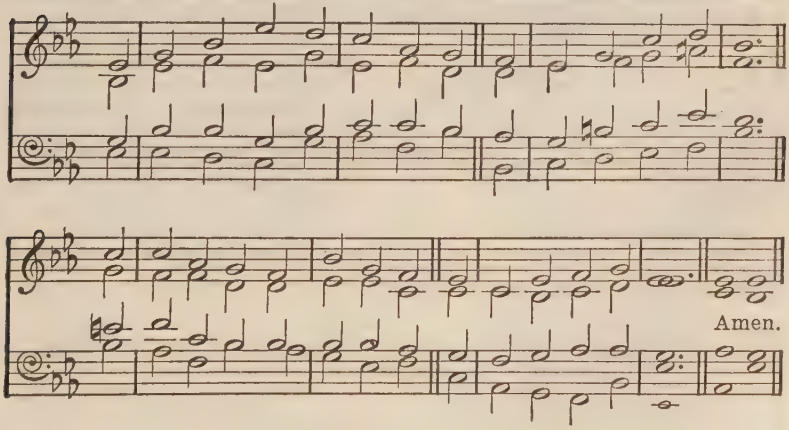
203 DURHAM. C.M. *Slow.*

RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



SOMERSET. C.M. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM HENRY HEWLETT, 1873-1940.



DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

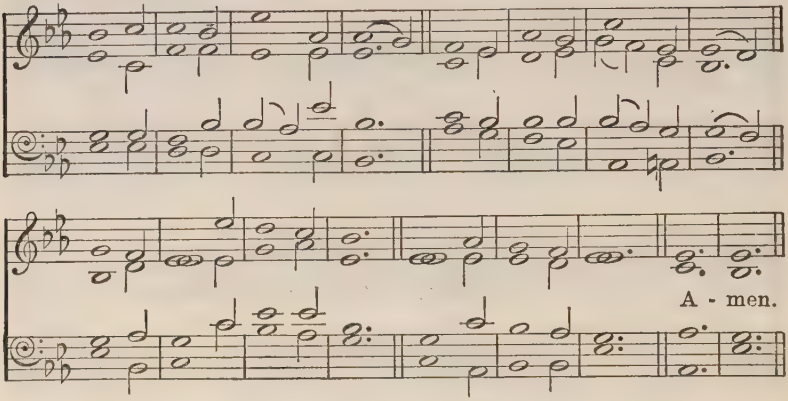
2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807.

204 ETERNITY. 7 7 7 5. *Moderate.* SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



Or CAPETOWN, No. 553.

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive, and save.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat,
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.

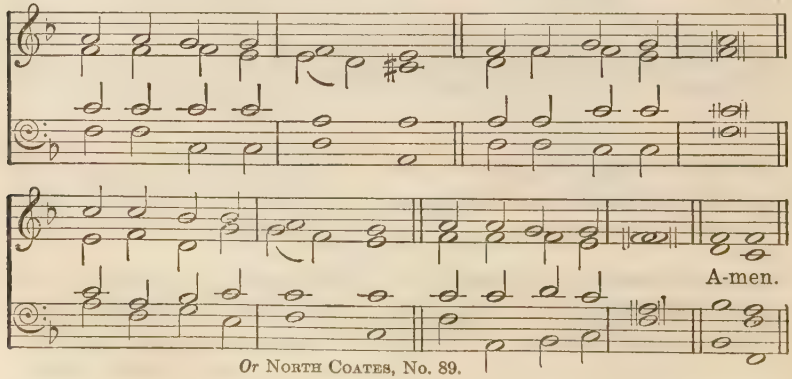
4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And, whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
Hear, forgive, and save.

ELIZA FANNY MORRIS, 1821-1874.

205 BEMERTON (CASWALL). 6 5 6 5. *Moderate.* FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804-1876.



Or NORTH COATES, No. 89.

JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power;
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart;
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

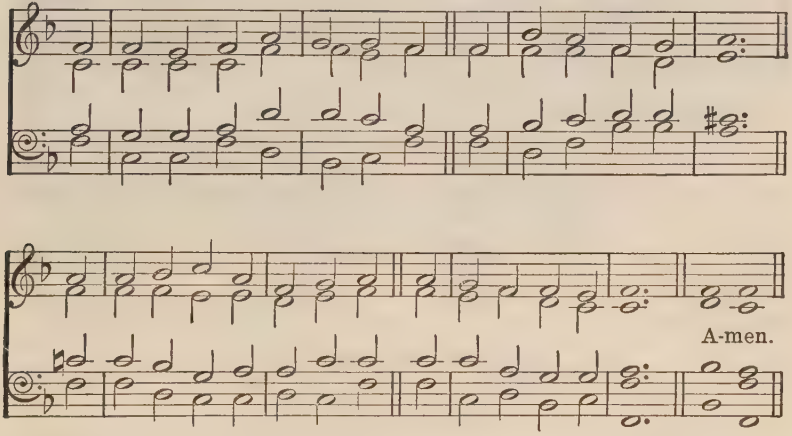
3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day.

WILLIAM PENNEFATHER, 1816-1873.

206 ST. FLAVIAN. C.M.

Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.

Moderately slow.



BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

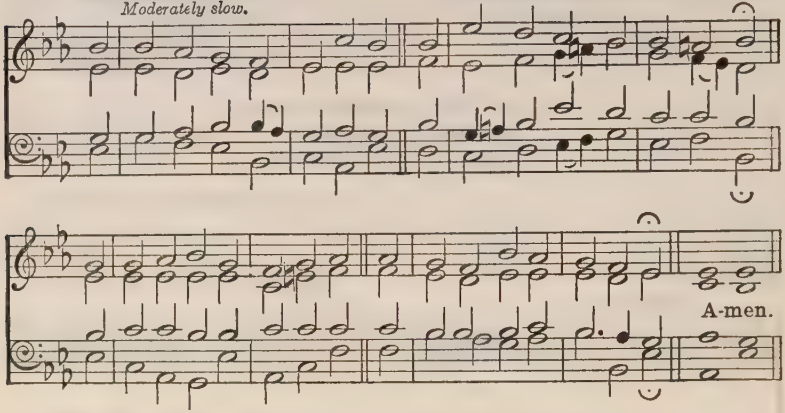
6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

207 MELCOMBE. L.M.

Moderately slow.

SAMUEL WEBBE, the elder, 1740-1816.



DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

ALL things are Thine; no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee:
And hence with grateful hearts to-day
Thine own before Thy feet we lay.

2 Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

3 No lack Thy perfect fullness knew;
For human needs and longings grew
This house of prayer, this home of rest,
In the fair garden of the West.

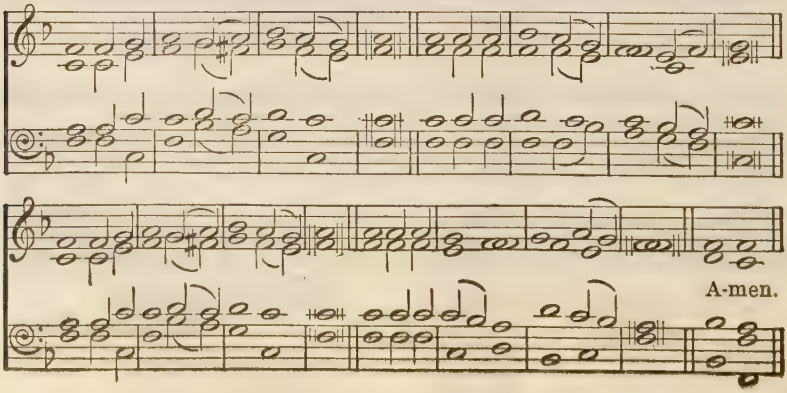
4 In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

5 O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness;
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee.

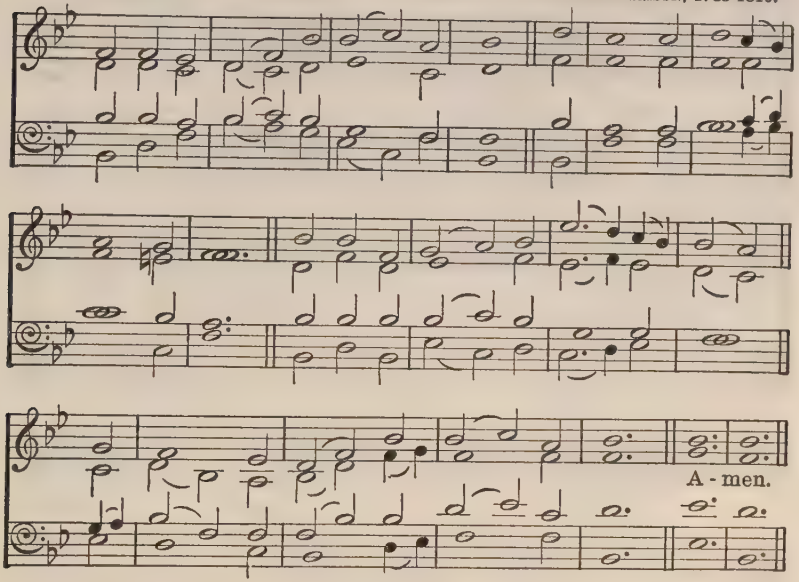
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892.

208 HAMBURG. L.M. *Moderate.*

From a Gregorian chant.
Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



WARRINGTON. L.M. *Moderate.* RALPH HARRISON, 1748-1810.



Or MELCOMBE, opposite.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

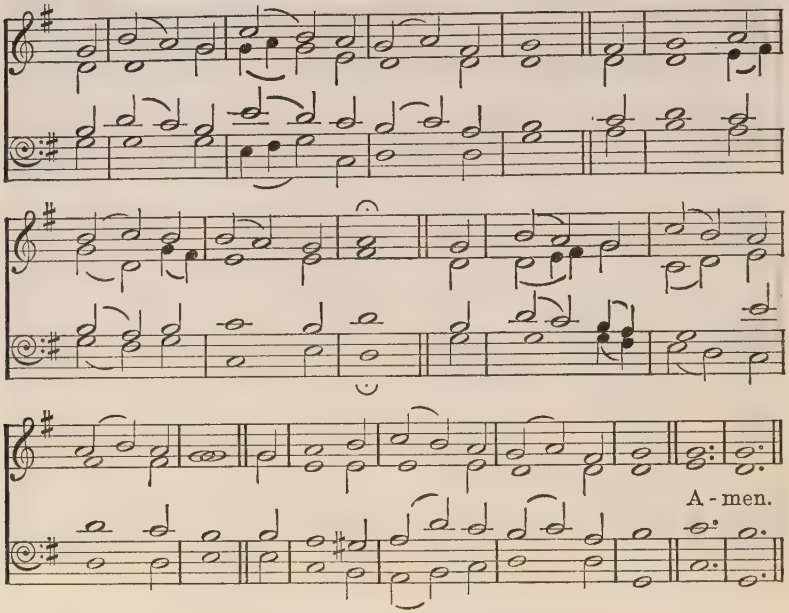
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

209 **ST. ALKMUND.** L.M. *Moderate.*

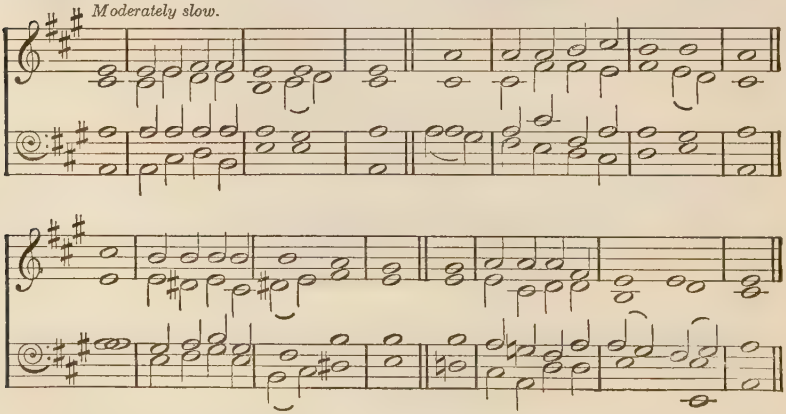
EASY MUSIC FOR CHURCH CHOIRS, 1853.



OLIVES' BROW. L.M.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1816-1868.

Moderately slow.

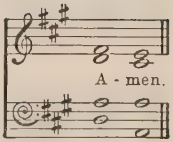


AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burdens and the care.

3 O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

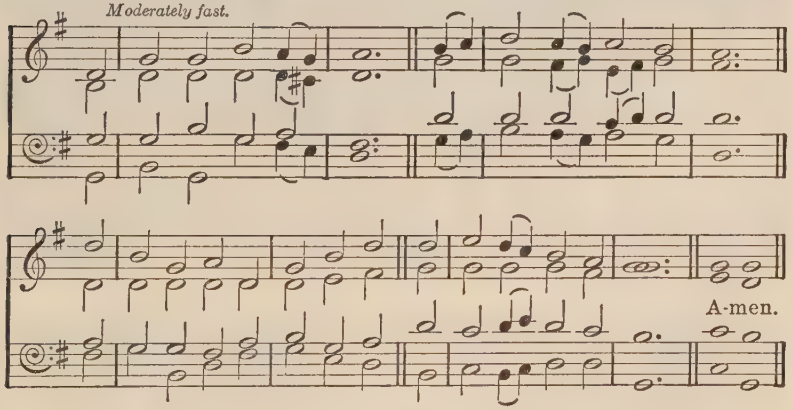


SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819-1892.

210 ST. THOMAS. S.M.

WILLIAMS' PSALMODY, 1770.

Moderately fast.



Or OLD 134TH (ST. MICHAEL), No. 158.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

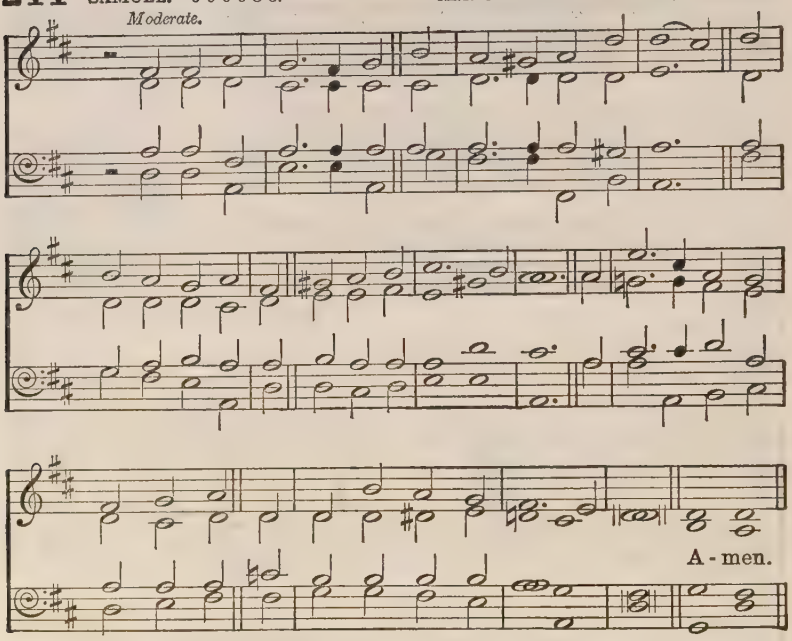
5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

211 SAMUEL. 6 6 6 6 8 8.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

Moderate.



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HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

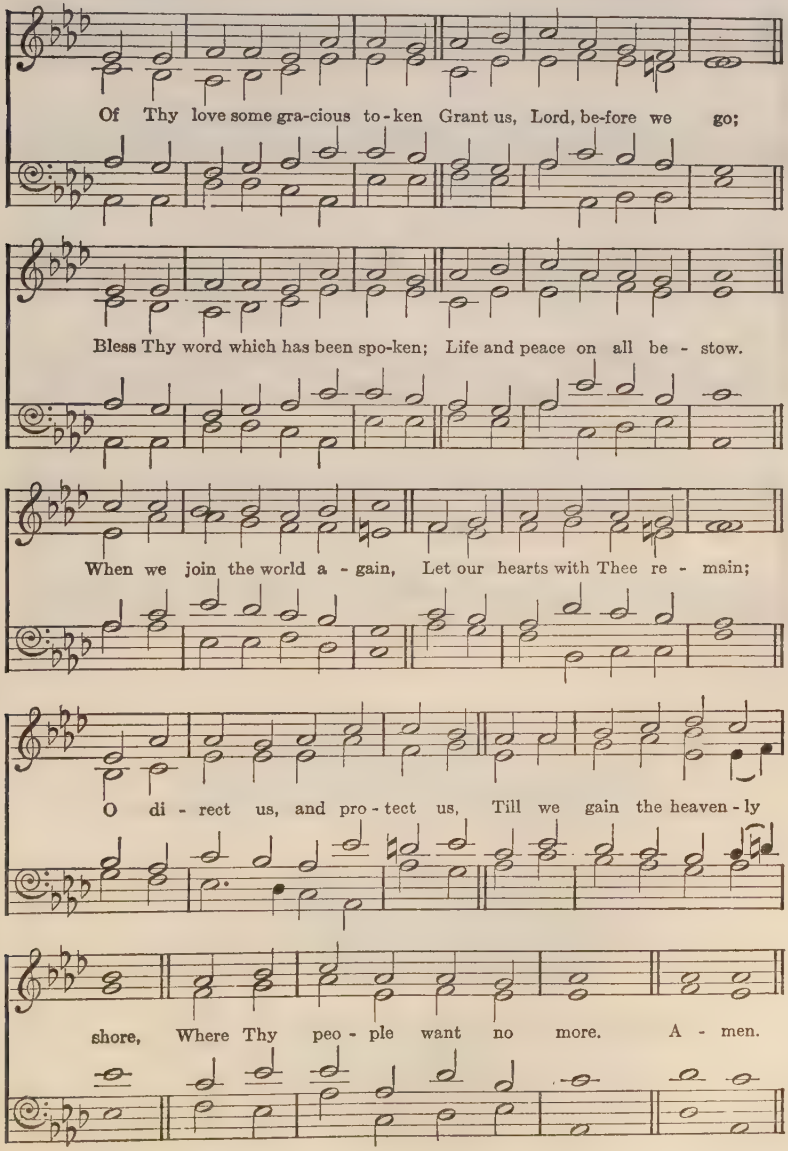
5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1823-1864.

212 HENLLAN. 8 7 8 7 7 7 8 7.

Moderately slow.

Words by THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1854.
Music by DAVID EVANS, 1874-


Of Thy love some gra-cious to-ken Grant us, Lord, be-fore we go;
Bless Thy word which has been spo-ken; Life and peace on all be - stow.
When we join the world a - gain, Let our hearts with Thee re - main;
O di - rect us, and pro - tect us, Till we gain the heaven - ly
shore, Where Thy peo - ple want no more. A - men.

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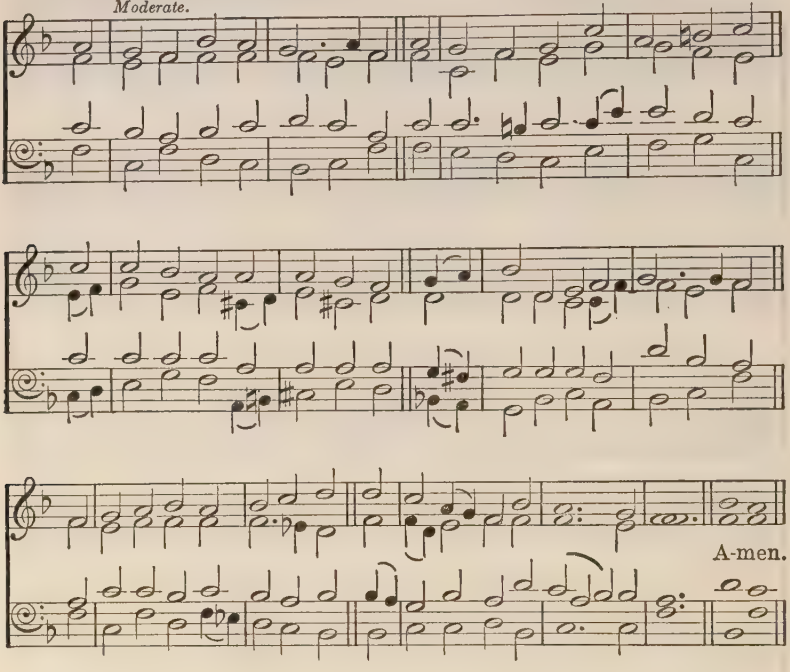
213 ST. MATTHIAS. 8 8 8 8 and refrain.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.

Moderate.



O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is done; its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

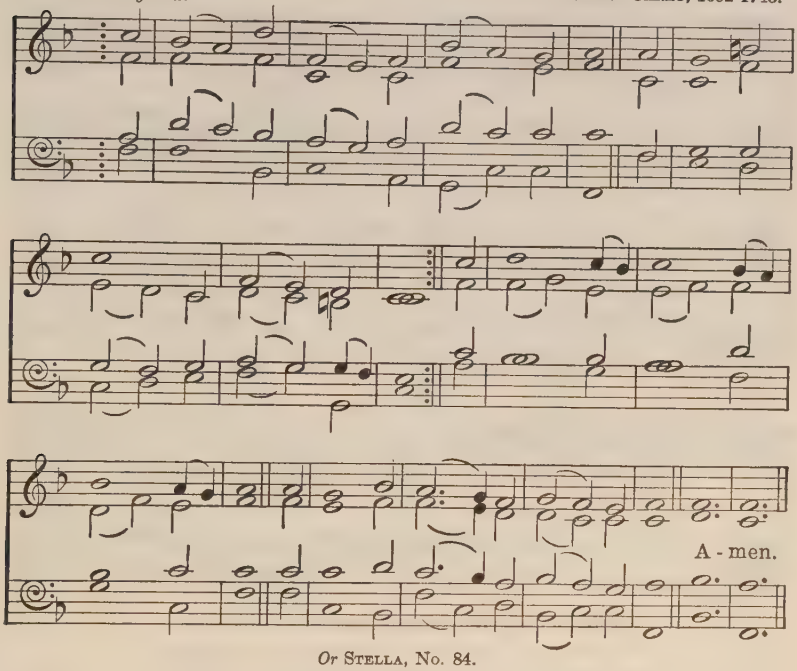
3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The House of God

SURREY. 8 8 8 8 and refrain.

Moderately slow.

HENRY CAREY, 1692-1743.



Or STELLA, No. 84.

4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

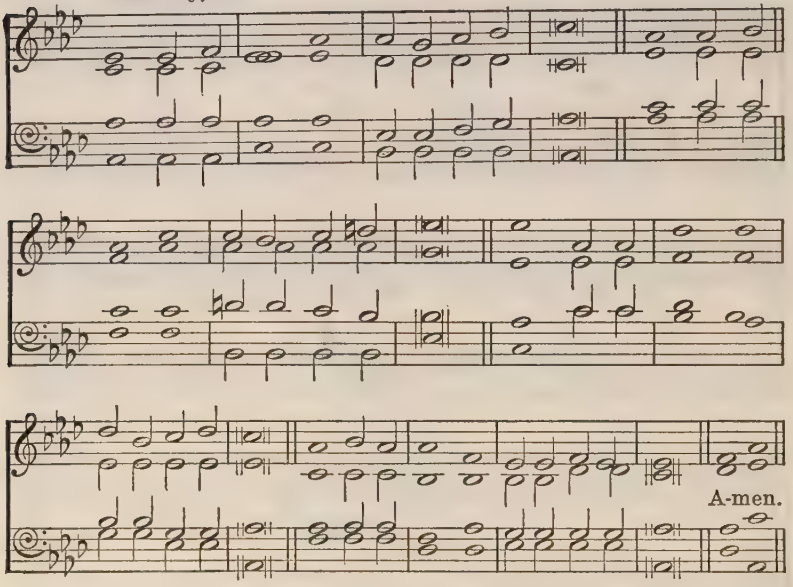
6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814-1863.

214 ELLERS. 10 10 10 10.

Moderately fast.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1818-1901.



SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

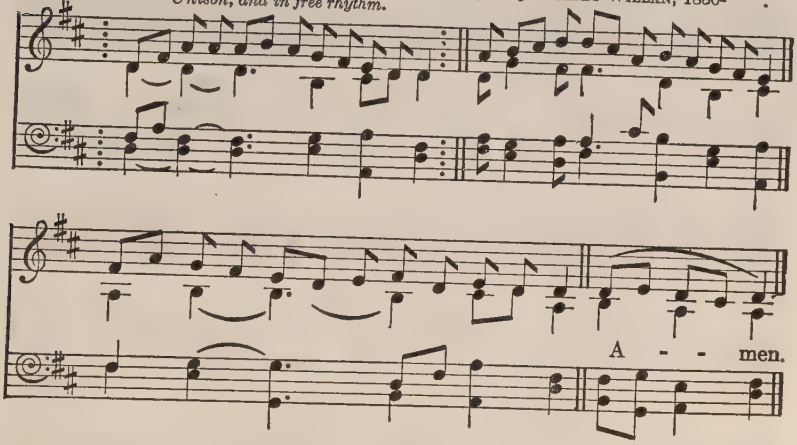
2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

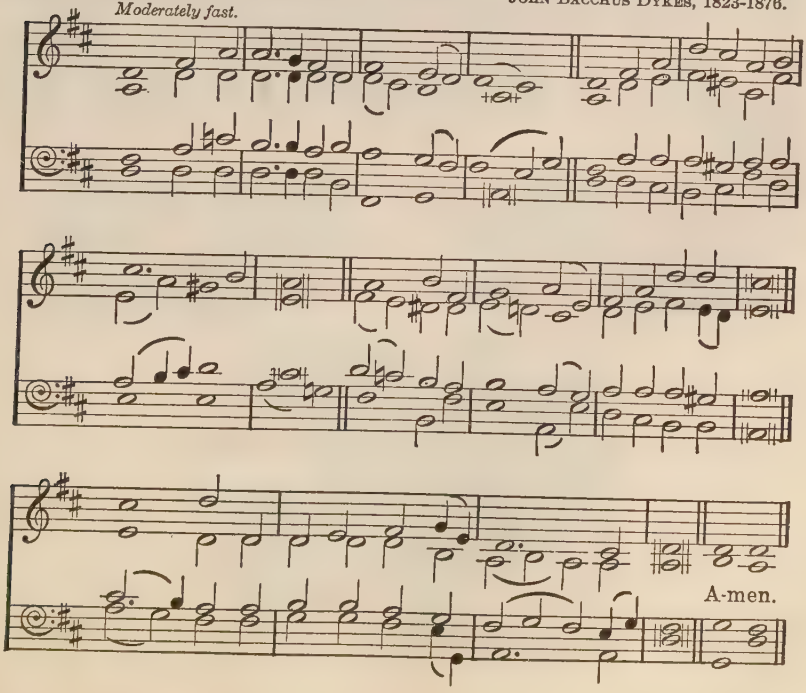
4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

ADORO TE. Proper Melody, from the Solesmes Version.
Unison, and in free rhythm. Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



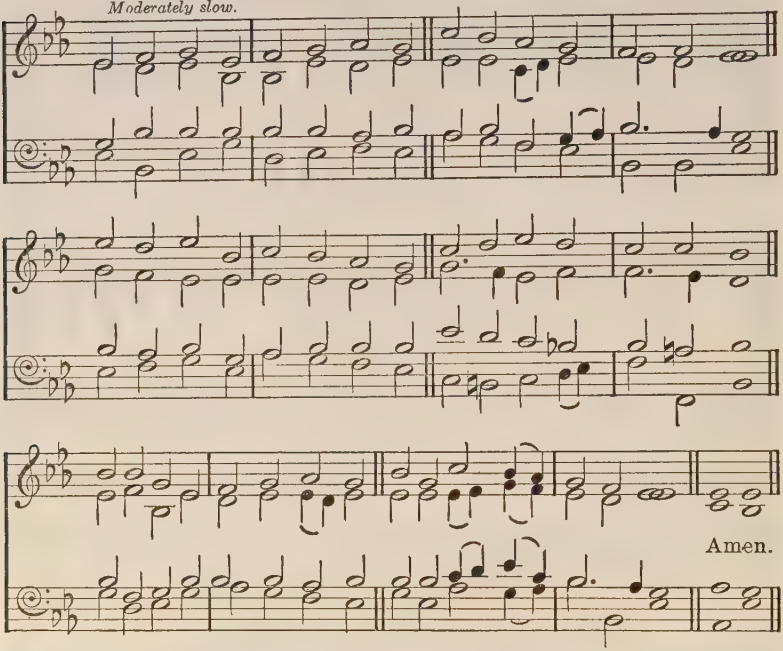
PAX DEI. 10 10 10 10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.
Moderately fast.



215 HOLYWOOD (ST. THOMAS). 8 7 8 7 8 7.

AN ESSAY ON THE CHURCH PLAIN CHANT, 1782.

Moderately slow.



LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

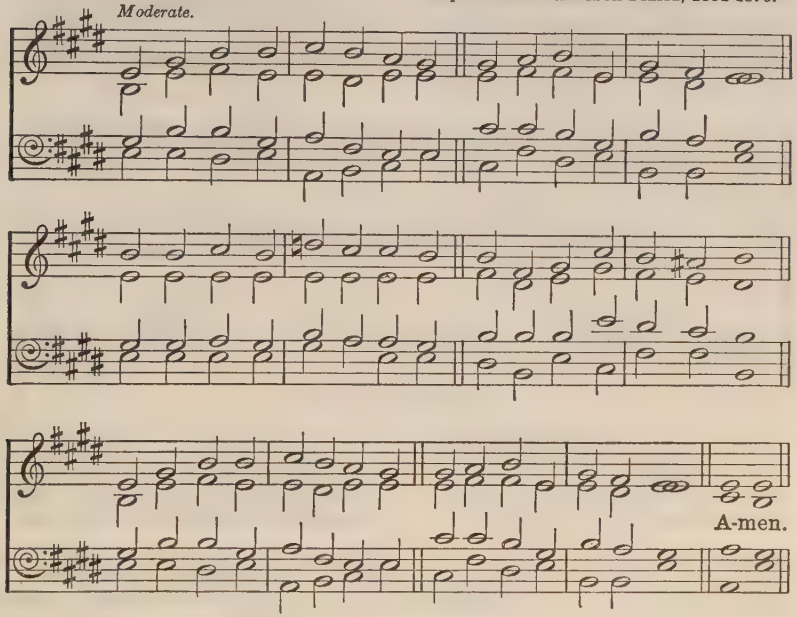
JOHN FAWCETT, 1740-1817.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.
6 Before Jehovah's awful throne.
16 From all that dwell below the skies.
45 When morning gilds the skies.
103-110 The Lord Jesus Christ—His Resurrection.
163 Christ is made the sure foundation.
560 Saviour, now the day is ending.
633 Within Thy tabernacle, Lord (Ps. 15).
650 O send Thy light forth and Thy truth (Ps. 43).
653 O God, give ear unto my cry (Ps. 61).
655 Lord, Thee, my God, I'll early seek (Ps. 63).
656 Praise waits for Thee in Zion, Lord (Ps. 65).
659 How lovely is Thy dwelling-place (Ps. 84).
660 How lovely are Thy dwellings fair (Ps. 84).
666 O come, let us sing to the Lord (Ps. 95).
669 All people that on earth do dwell (Ps. 100).
677 O set ye open unto me (Ps. 118).
682 I joyed when to the house of God (Ps. 122).

216 MANNHEIM. 8 7 8 7 8 7. Adapted from Friedrich Filitz, 1804-1876.

Moderate.



Or Dismissal, No. 441.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May they walk the narrow way;
Thus direct them, and protect them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

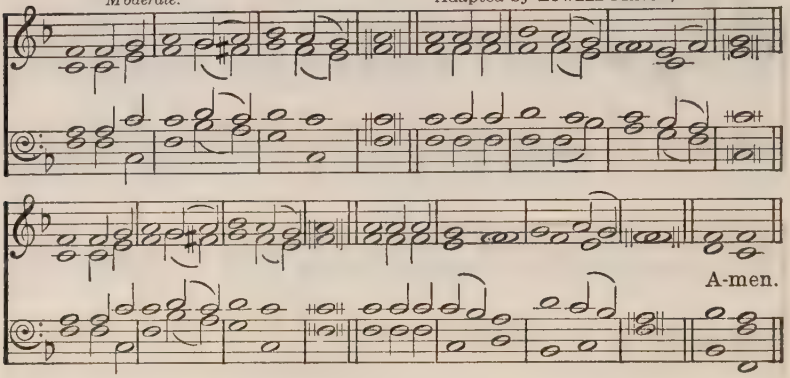
3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
Glad thankofferings may they bring,
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise their Lord and King.

Jane Eliza Leeson, 1807-1882,
and John Keble, 1792-1866.

217 HAMBURG. L.M.

Moderate.

From a Gregorian Chant.
Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



Or ANGELUS, No. 541.

A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His Name;
And angels worshipped as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
'Let little children come to Me.'

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

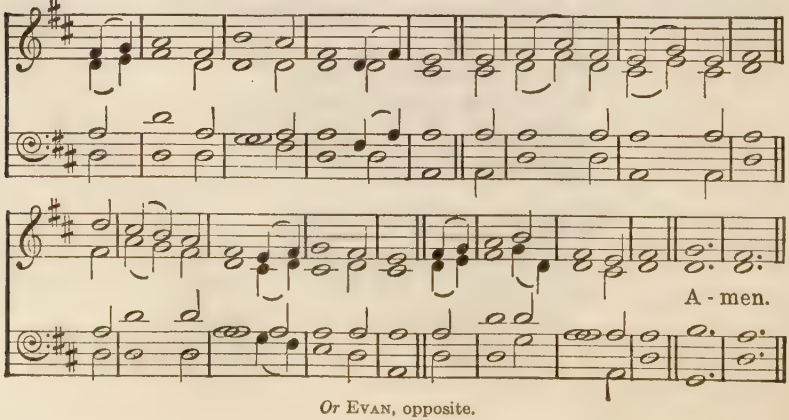
4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou, who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 1820-1864.

218 SILOAM. C.M. *Moderate.*

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY, 1819-1858.



Or EVAN, opposite.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

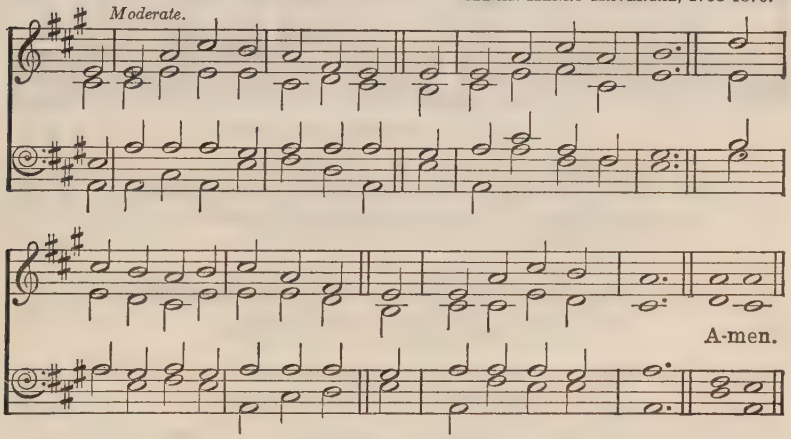
3 O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826.

219 EVAN. C.M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.



Or ST. PETER, No. 306.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 'Permit them to approach,' He cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine;
Thine let our offspring be.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

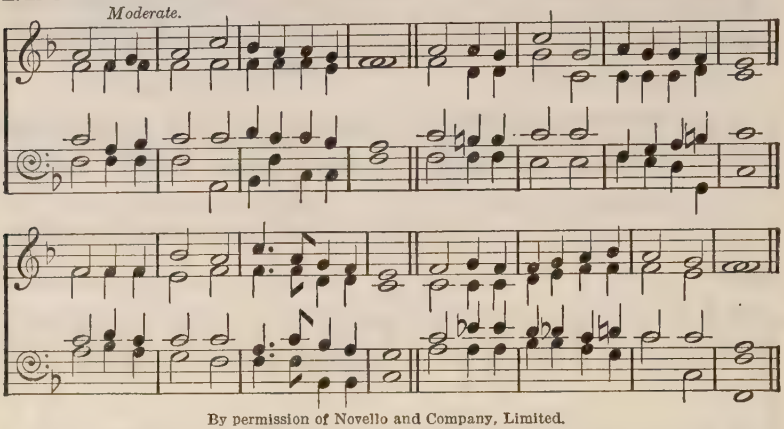
169 One sole baptismal sign.
395 Father, our children keep.
446 O God of Bethel, by whose hand.
663 O with Thy tender mercies, Lord (Ps. 90).
762 The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

For the Baptism of Adults and Reception to full Communion and Confirmation, the following also are suitable.

86 When I survey the wondrous Cross.
143 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.
267 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
270 Just as I am, without one plea.
271 I heard the voice of Jesus say.
348-365 Hymns of Consecration and Discipleship.

220 ST. AGNES (LANGRAN). 10 10 10 10. JAMES LANGRAN, 1835-1909.

Moderate.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

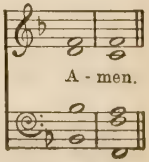
HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

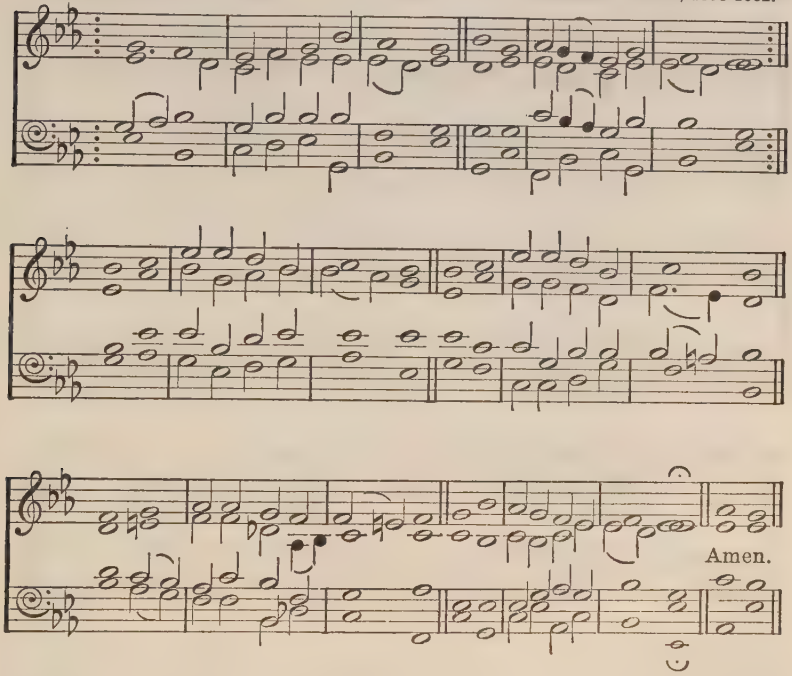
4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever; still my Shield and Sun.

5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

6 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

7 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

221 SCHMÜCKE DICH. 8 8 8 8 D. *Slow.* JOHANN CRÜGER, 1598-1662.



DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendour,
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded;
High o'er all the heavens He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2 Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal;
Haste to ope the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
'Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I never more will leave Thee.'

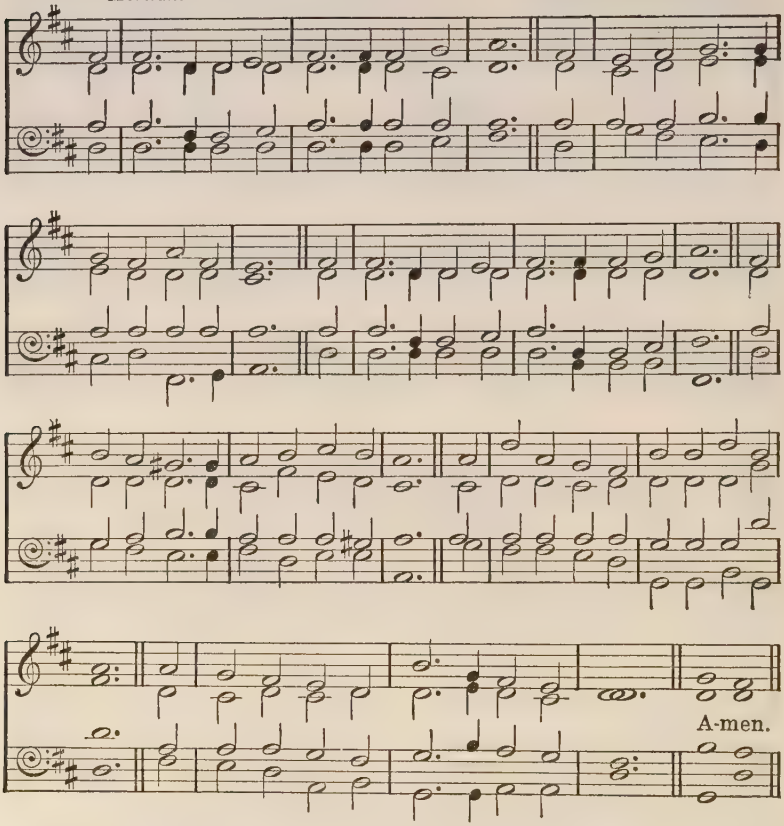
3 Sun, who all my life dost brighten;
Light, who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth;
Fount, whence all my being floweth:
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessèd food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

4 Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee;
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited:
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me,
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

JOHANN FRANCK, 1618-1677.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-1878.

222 UNDE ET MEMORES. 10 10 10 10 10 10.

Moderate.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.

O HOLY Father, who in tender love
Didst give Thine only Son for us to die,
The while He pleads at Thy right hand above,
We in one Spirit now with faith draw nigh,
And, as we eat this bread and drink this wine,
Plead His once-offered Sacrifice divine.

2 We are not worthy to be called Thy sons,
Nor gather up the fragments of Thy feast;
Yet look on us, Thy sorrowing contrite ones,
On us in Him our Advocate and Priest,
Whose robe is fringed with mercy's golden bells,
Whose breastplate fathomless compassion tells.

3 O hear us, for Thou always hearest Him;
Behold us sprinkled with His precious blood;
And from between the shadowing cherubim
Shine forth, and grant us in this heavenly food
Foretastes of coming glory, and meanwhile
A Father's blessing and a Father's smile.

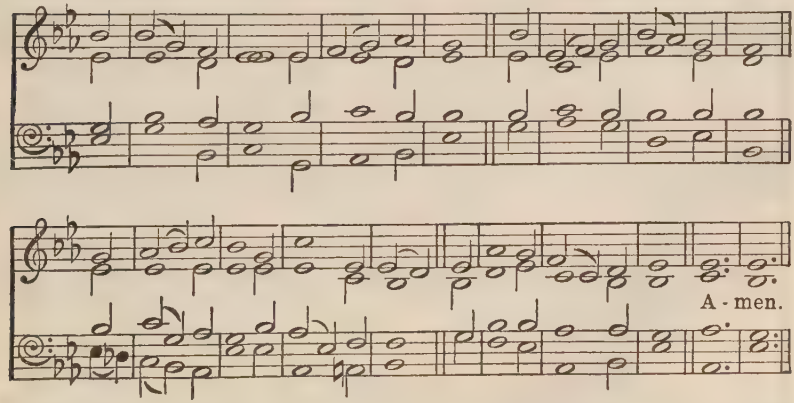
4 Nor only, Father, in Thy presence here
Low at Thy footstool for ourselves we pray,
But for the loved ones to our hearts most near
At home or toiling in far lands away;
O guard them, guide them, comfort and befriend,
And keep them Thine unfaltering to the end.

5 And, Father, ere we leave Thy mercy-throne,
Bound by these sacred pledges, yet most free,
We give our hearts, and not our hearts alone,
But all we are and all we have to Thee;
Glad free-will offerings all our pilgrim days,
Hereafter an eternity of praise.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1825-1906.

223 LEICESTER. C.M. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM HURST, 1849-1934.



I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay,—
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom price to pay?

4 O come, in this sweet morning[1] hour,
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

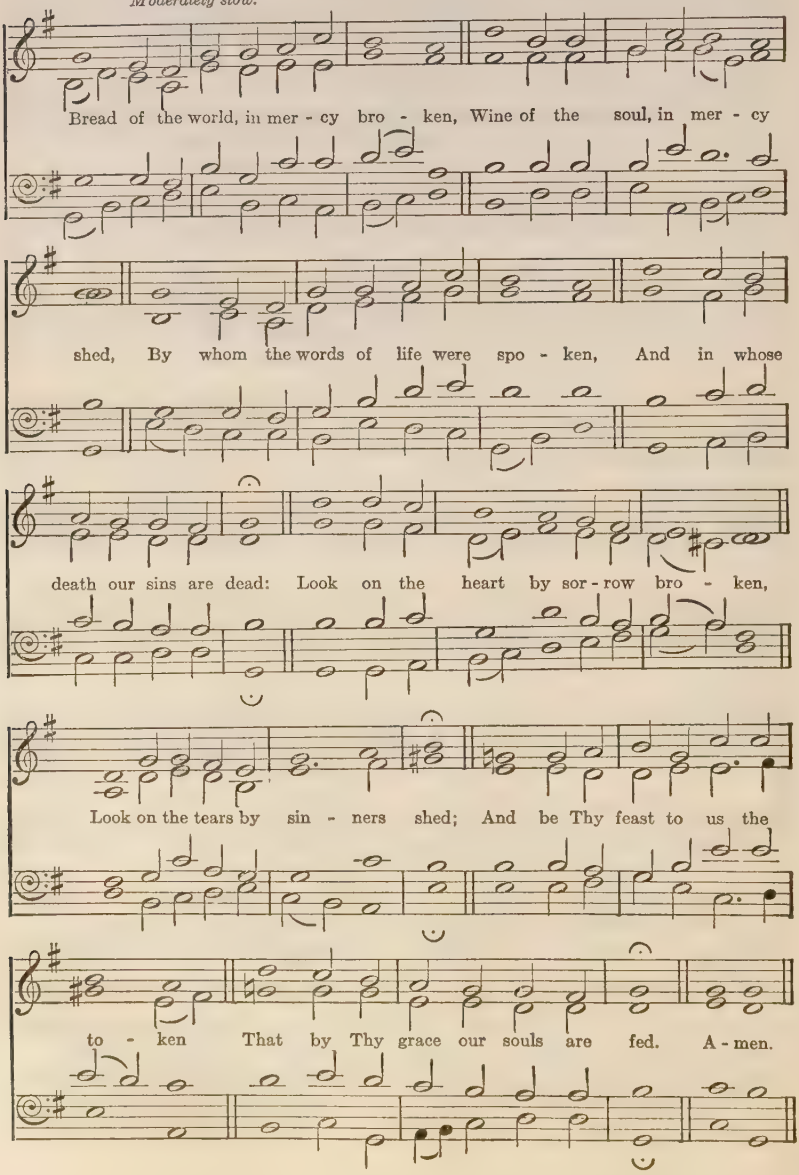
[1] *Or* evening.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821-1877.

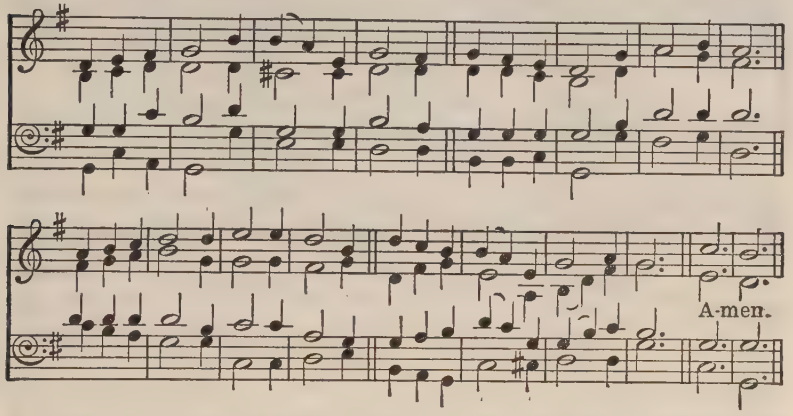
224 RENDEZ À DIEU. 9 8 9 8 D.

Moderately slow.

Words by Reginald Heber, 1783-1826,
Melody composed or adapted by Louis Bourgeois,
Genevan Psalter, 1543.
Arranged as in The English Hymnal.


Bread of the world, in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy
shed, By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose
death our sins are dead: Look on the heart by sor - row bro - ken,
Look on the tears by sin - ners shed; And be Thy feast to us the
to - ken That by Thy grace our souls are fed. A - men.

AGAPÉ. 9 8 9 8. *Moderate.* CHARLES JOHN DICKINSON, 1822-1883.

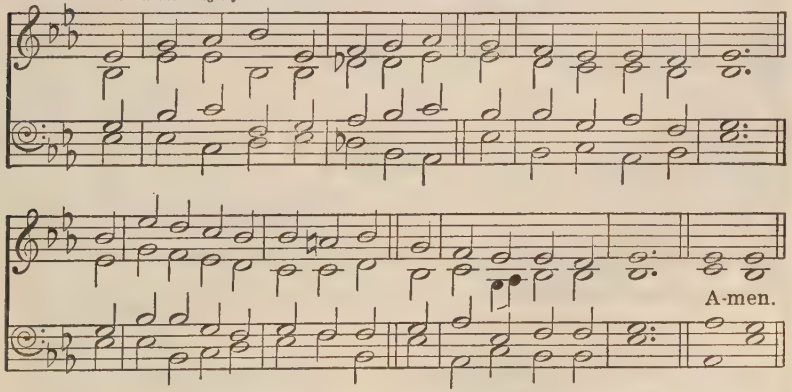


BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

225 FRENCH (DUNDEE). C.M.

Slow and dignified.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.
RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

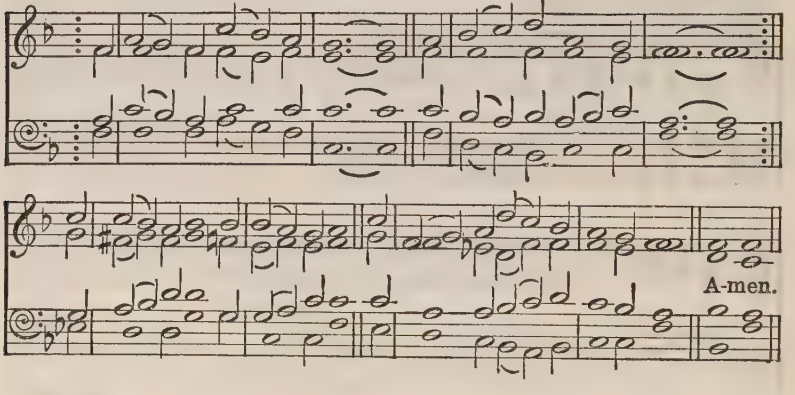
2 By faith we take the bread of life
With which our souls are fed,
The cup in token of His blood
That was for sinners shed.

3 Under His banner thus we sing
The wonders of His love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

THOMAS COTTERILL, 1779-1823.

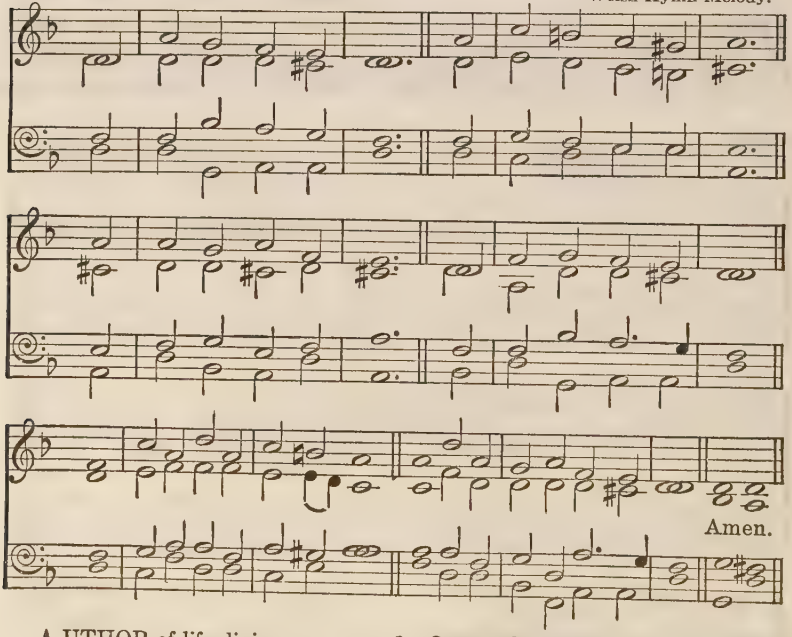
226 WESLEY. 6 6 6 6 8 8. *Moderately fast.*

Source unknown.



DOLGELLY. 6 6 6 6 8 8. *Moderate.*

Welsh Hymn Melody.



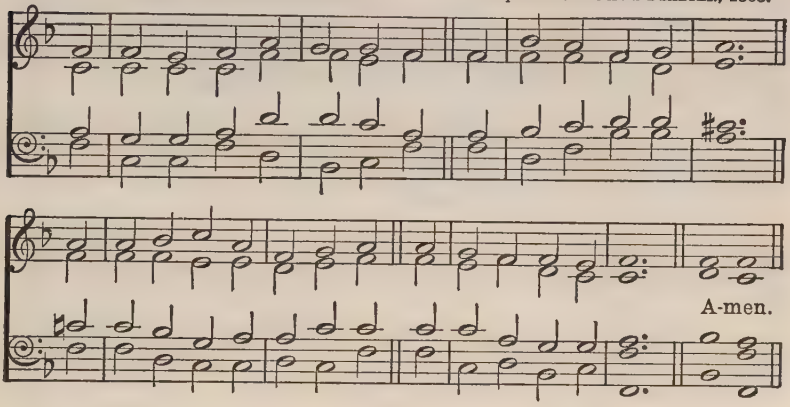
AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with mystic wine
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fullness prove,
And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil Thy face.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

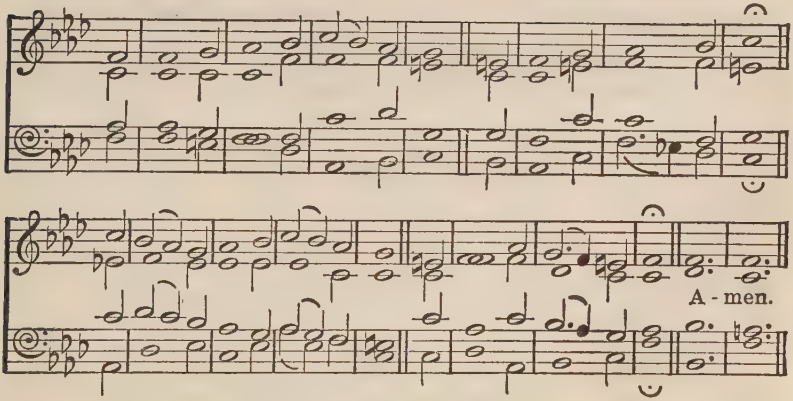
227 ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. *Moderate.*

Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



BURFORD. C.M. *Moderately slow.*

CHETHAM'S PSALMODY, 1718.



ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

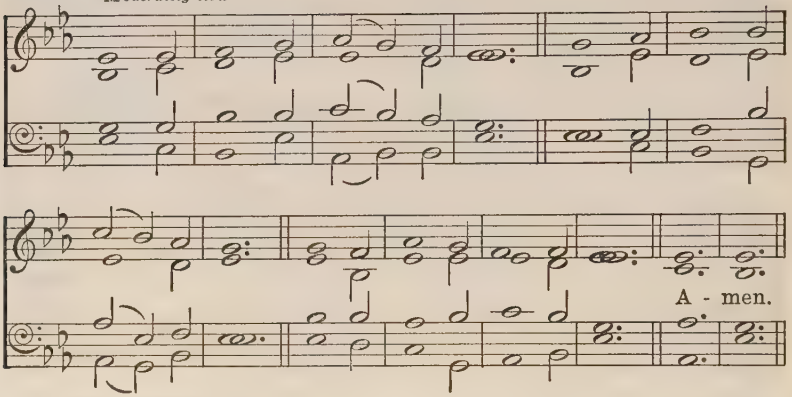
6 And when these failing lips grow dumb
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

228 ST. PHILIP. 7 7 7.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.

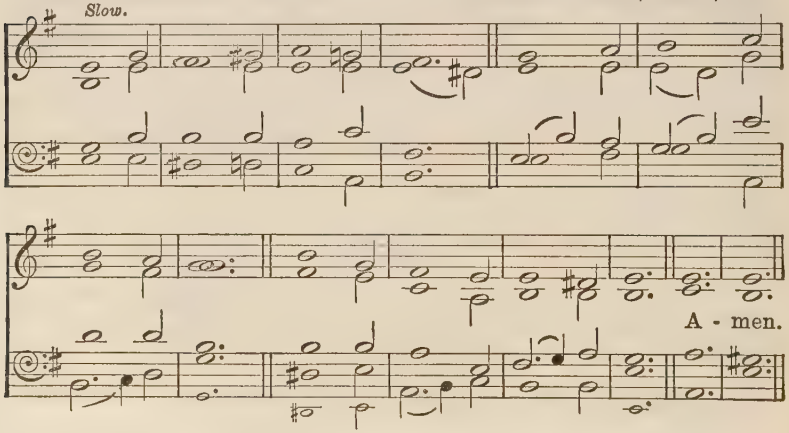
Moderately slow



HEILIGER GEIST. 7 7 7.

VOLLSTÄNDIGE PSALMEN, Bremen, 1639.

Slow.



JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

3 While upon Thy Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

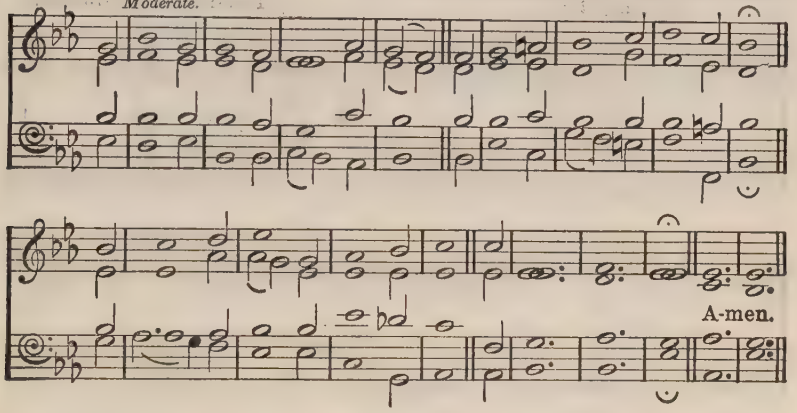
6 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

ROBERT HALL BAYNES, 1831-1895.

229 MEMORIA. 8 8 8 4.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.

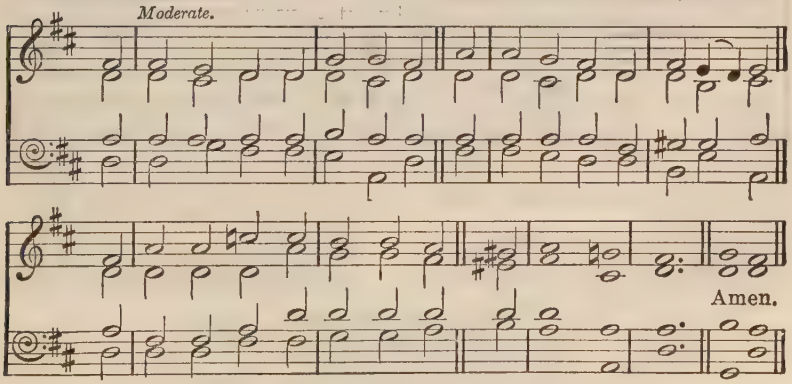
Moderate.



IN MEMORIAM. 8 8 8 4.

FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1844-1927.

Moderate.



Or WIMBLEDON, No. 430.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The streams of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.

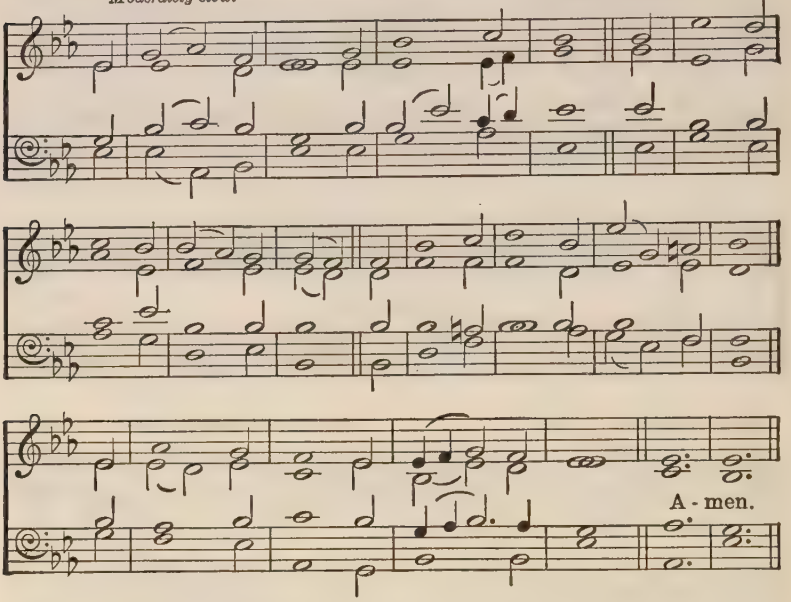
5 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1807-1889.

230 COMMUNION (ROCKINGHAM). L.M.

Moderately slow.

Adapted by
EDWARD MILLER, 1731-1807.



'TWAS on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His followers spoke:

3 'My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings My wondrous love to view.'

4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and praised,
While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.

5 'My blood I thus pour forth,' He cries,
'To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And heaven's eternal grace revealed.

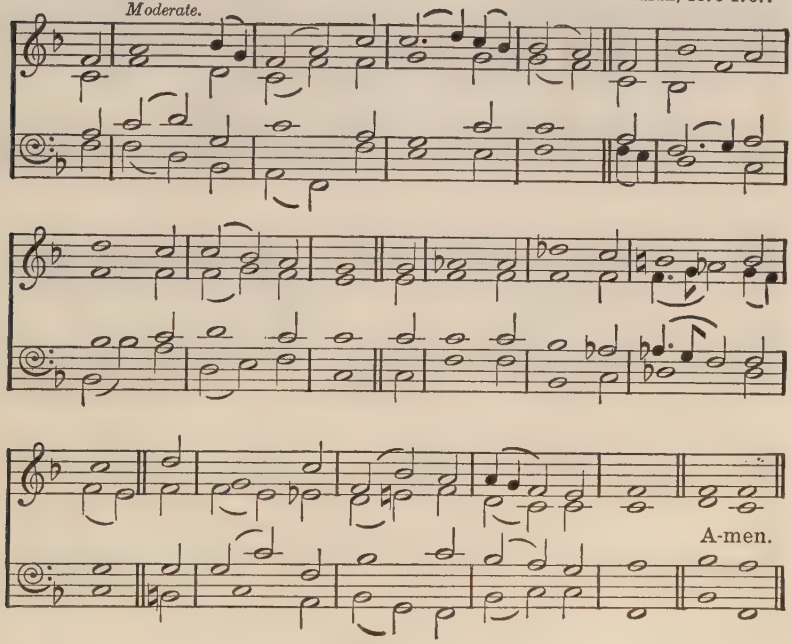
6 'With love to man this cup is fraught;
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In memory of My dying hour.'

JOHN MORISON, 1750-1798,
as in SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

231 BROMLEY. L.M.

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.

Moderate.



Or COMMUNION, opposite.

MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

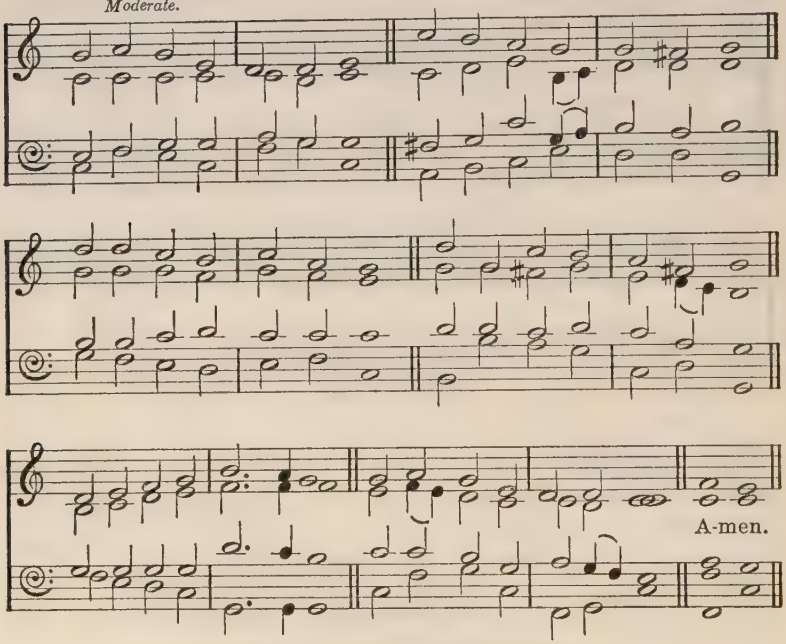
3 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend,
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

4 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751.

232 REYNOLDSTONE. 7 7 7 7 7 7. TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1826-1910.

Moderate.



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'TILL He come!' O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come.'

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only till He come.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the Cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper 'Till He come.'

4 See, the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine, and break the bread—
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1825-1906.

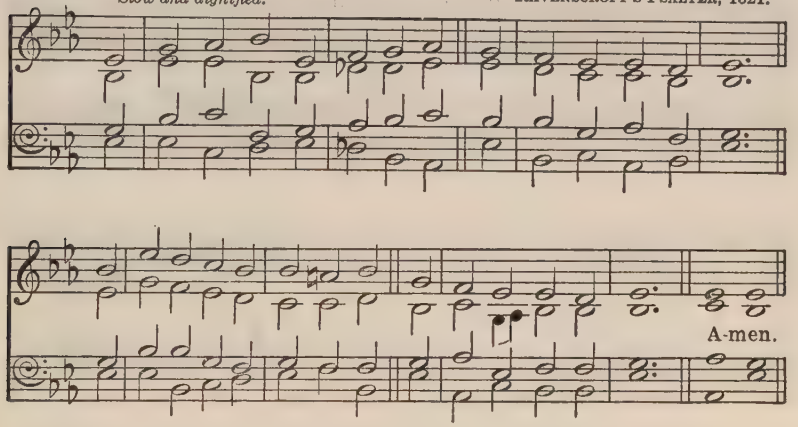
AND THE FOLLOWING:

14 Praise to the Holiest.
85-102 Hymns of our Lord's Sufferings and Death.
266 Jesus, Lover of my soul.
267 Rock of Ages.
270 Just as I am.
297 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts.
329 Come, let us, who in Christ believe.
330 Love Divine, all loves excelling.
344 O Thou who camest from above.
348-365 Hymns of Consecration and Discipleship.
650 O send Thy light forth (Ps. 43).
671 O thou my soul, bless God (Ps. 103).
675 I love the Lord (Ps. 116).
676 I'll of salvation take the cup (Ps. 116).

233 FRENCH (DUNDEE). C.M.

Slow and dignified.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.
RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



THOU who Thyself didst sanctify,
And set Thyself apart,
Thy servant's purpose ratify,
The purpose of his heart.

2 In reverence he himself would yield
To be Thy soldier true,
And in high places of the field
Thy glorious work to do.

3 Captain Divine, his name enroll;
In token let him feel
The fire from heaven within his soul,
The ever-burning zeal!

4 Give him his armour, all of light;
And with unfaltering breath,
Lord, make him Thy great battle fight,
And faithful be, to death!

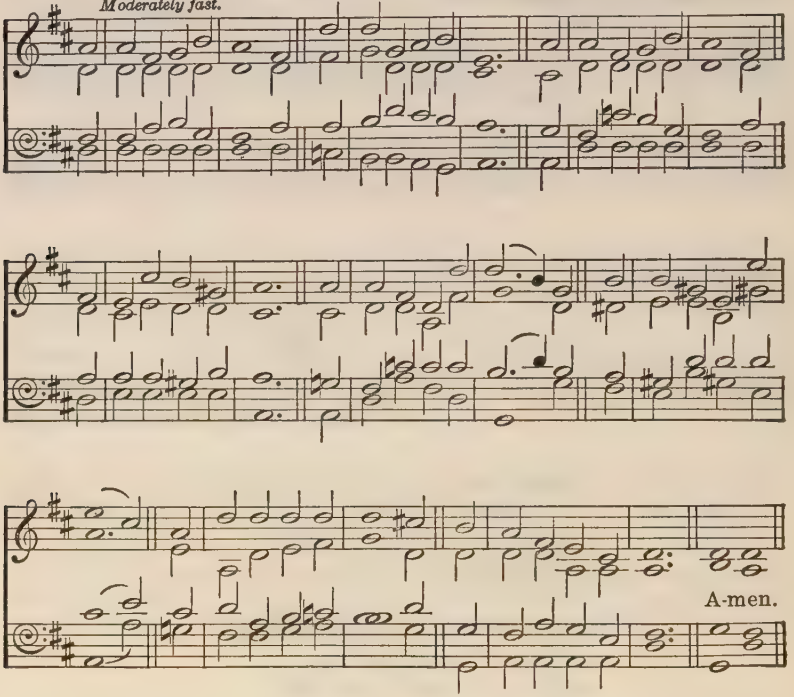
5 He that o'ercometh, Lord, with Thee
The morning star shall own,
The robe and palm of victory
And the immortal crown.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1807-1889.

234 LANCASHIRE. 7 6 7 6 D.

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.

Moderately fast.



LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept fresh hands to labour,
Fresh hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy Kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send them out, Christ, to be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee.
Content to ask no wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy Kingdom come.

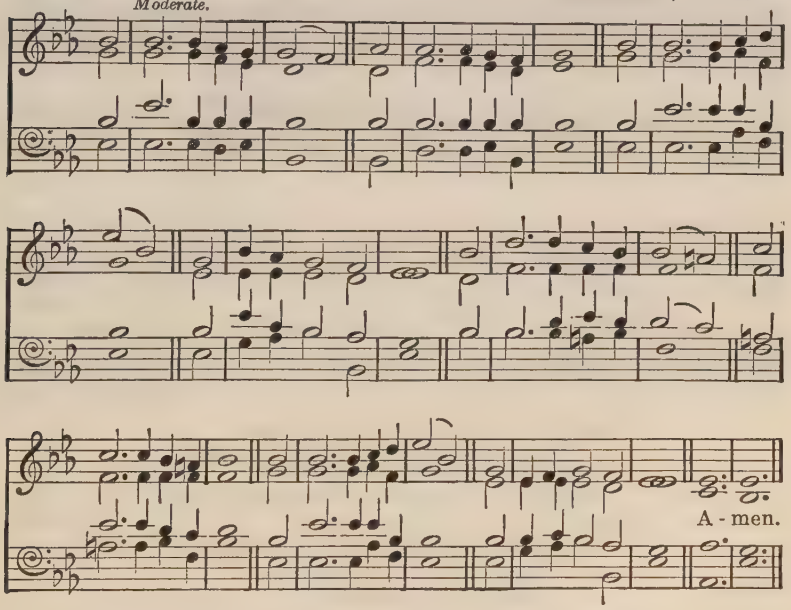
3 Be with them, God the Father;
Be with them, God the Son;
Be with them, God the Spirit,
Eternal Three in One!
Make them a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fullness,
Now and for evermore.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811-1875.

235 BROUGHTON. 6 6 6 6 D.

Moderate.

Melody by THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872.



SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day,
And through the written Word
Thy very Self display;
That so, from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name.
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy Word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

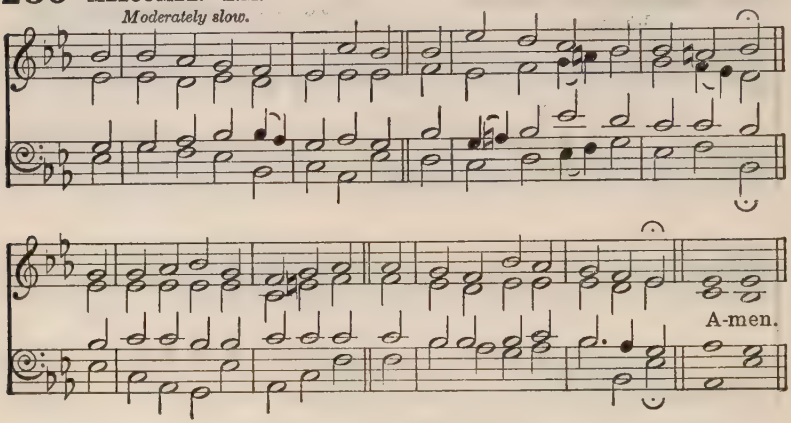
4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers,
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

236 MELCOMBE. L.M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, the elder, 1740-1816.

Moderately slow.



POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when we stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be!

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign:
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

143-162 Hymns of the Holy Spirit.
239 O Spirit of the living God.
348-365 Hymns of Consecration and Discipleship.
366-391 Hymns of Fellowship and Service.
677 O set ye open unto me (Ps. 118).
682 I joyed when to the house of God (Ps. 122).
687 We'll to God's tabernacles go (Ps. 132).

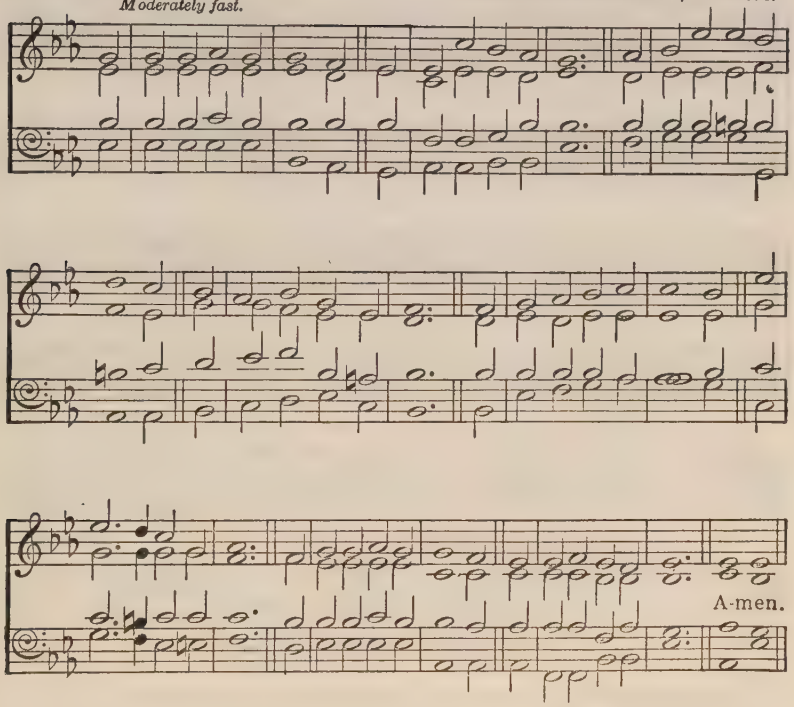
For Ordination and Induction of Ministers the following also are suitable:

141 Ye servants of the Lord.
143 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.
163 Christ is made the sure foundation.
164 The Church's one foundation.
166 Glorious things of thee are spoken.
167 How glorious Zion's courts appear.
172 I love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

237 AURELIA. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



O FATHER, all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

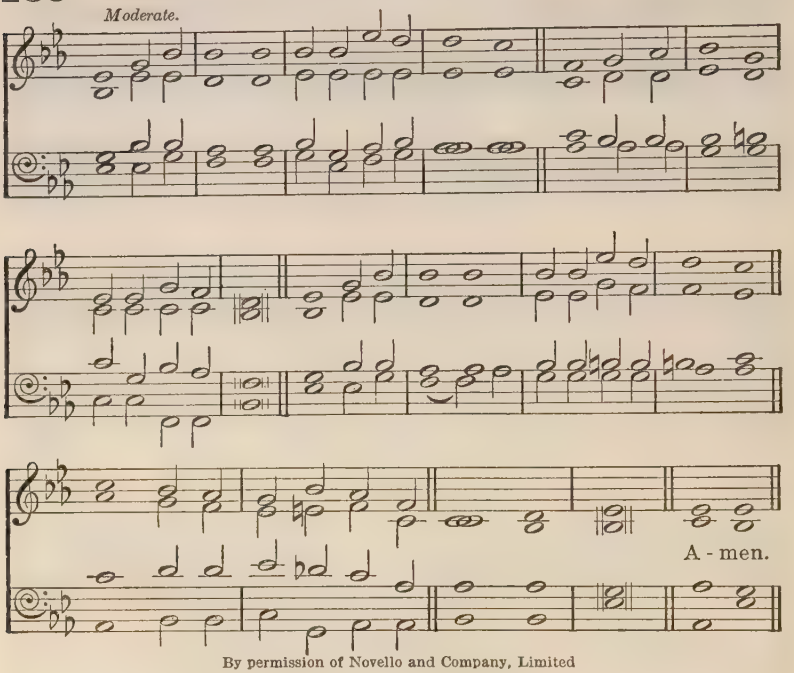
4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one;
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

238 O PERFECT LOVE. 11 10 11 10.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.

Moderate.



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O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY, 1858-1932.

By permission of Dorothy Frances Gurney and the Oxford University Press.

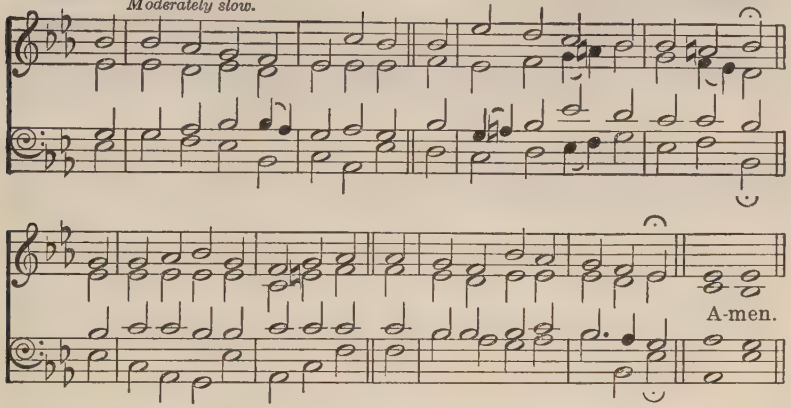
AND THE FOLLOWING:

290 Happy are they, they that love God.
330 Love Divine, all loves excelling.
438 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.
446 O God of Bethel.
637 The Lord's my Shepherd (Ps. 23).
643 Through all the changing scenes of life (Ps. 34).
680 I to the hills will lift mine eyes (Ps. 121).
681 Unto the hills around do I lift up (Ps. 121).

239 MELCOMBE. L.M.

Moderately slow.

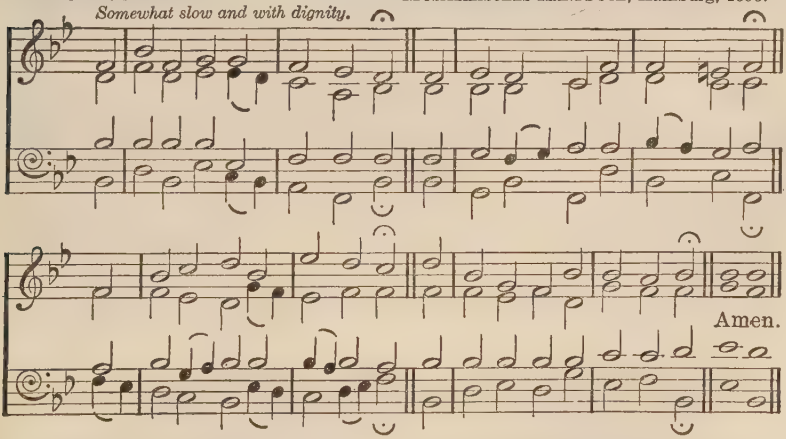
SAMUEL WEBBE, the elder, 1740-1816.



WINCHESTER NEW. L.M.

Somewhat slow and with dignity.

MUSIKALISCHES HANDBUCH, Hamburg, 1690.



O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

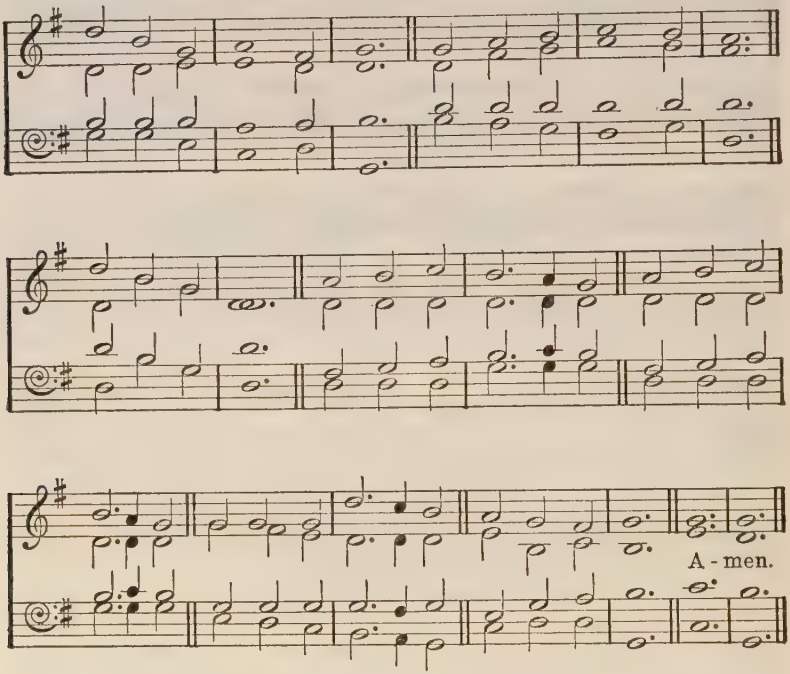
5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

240 MOSCOW. 6 6 4 6 6 6 4.

Moderately fast.

FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1716-1796.
Harmonized by
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



Or SERUG, No. 5. *Or* MALVERN, opposite.

THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray.
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

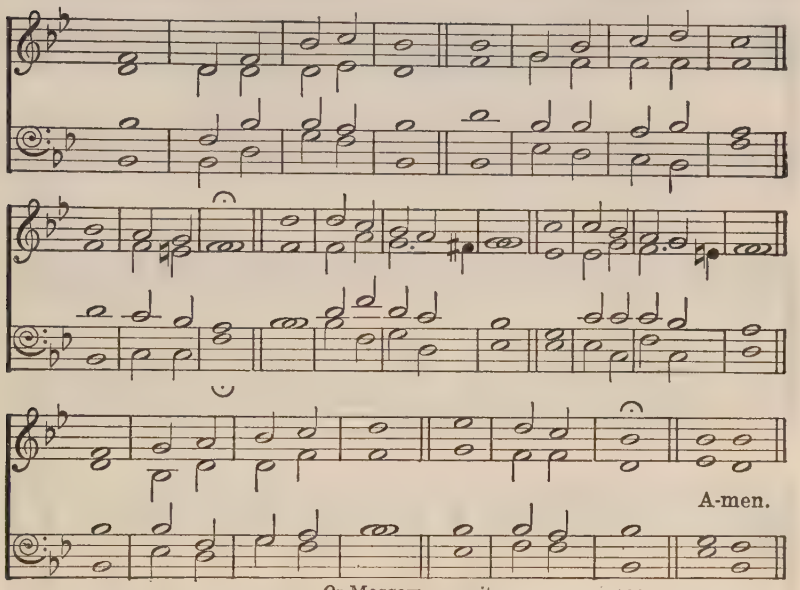
4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light.

JOHN MARRIOTT, 1780-1825.

241 MALVERN. 6 6 4 6 6 6 4.

Moderately fast.

THE HALLELUJAH, 1849.
Arranged by
JOHN ROBERTS, 1822-1877.



Or Moscow, opposite.

'CHRIST for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal;
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

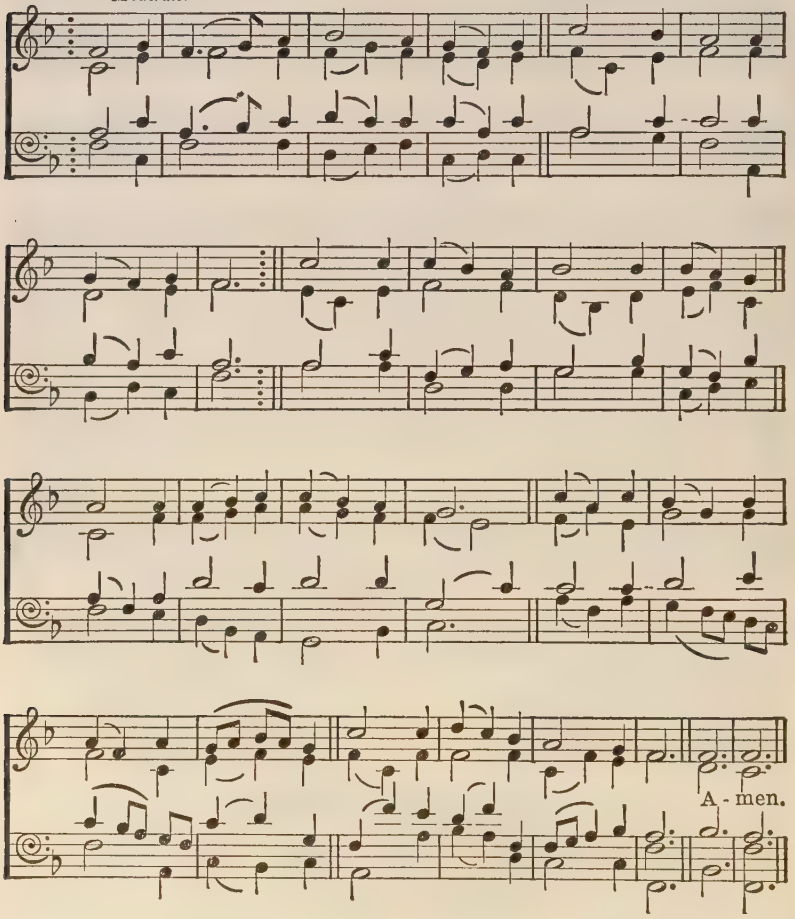
3 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 'Christ for the world' we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT, 1813-1886.

242 HYFRYDOL. 8 7 8 7 D.

ROWLAND HUGH PRITCHARD, 1811-1887.

Moderate.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

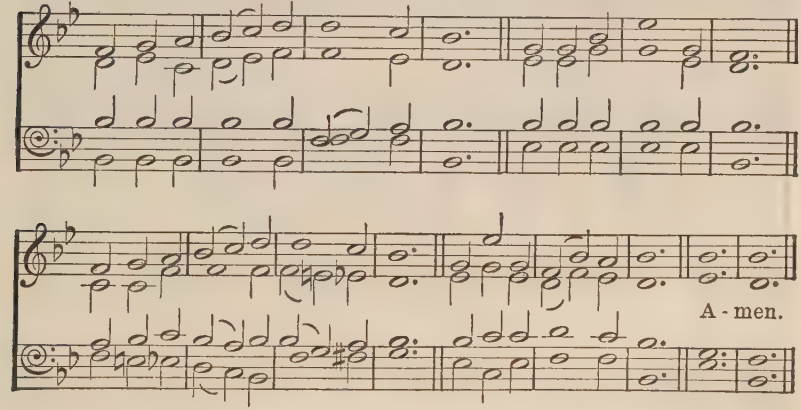
2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new-creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1818-1896.

243 EAGLEY. C.M. *Moderate.*

JAMES WALCH, 1837-1901.



Or ABERGELE, No. 300.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy,
In memory of Thy love.

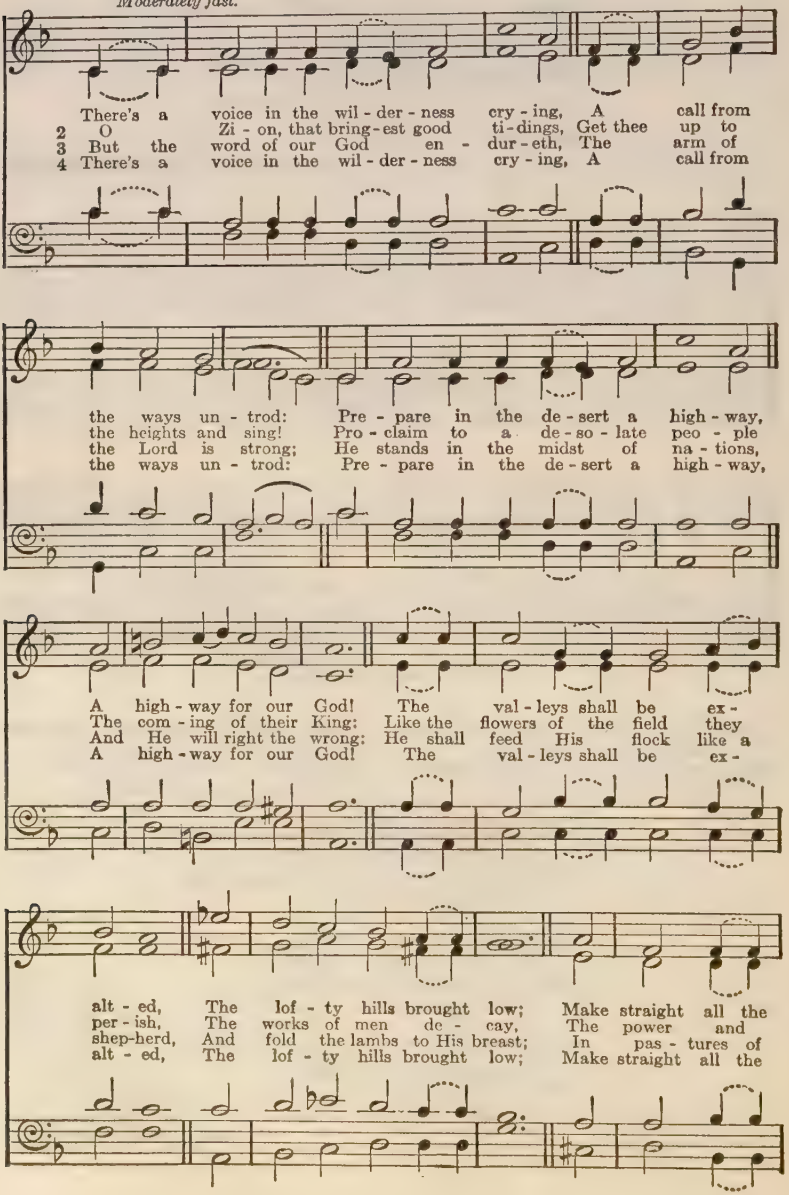
4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

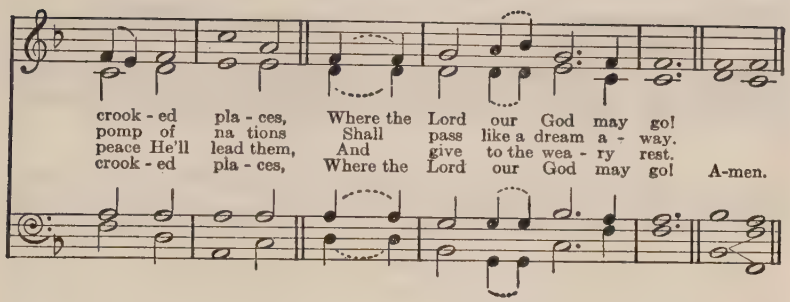
5 Thine was the Cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

EDWARD DENNY, 1796-1889.

244 HEREFORD. Irregular.

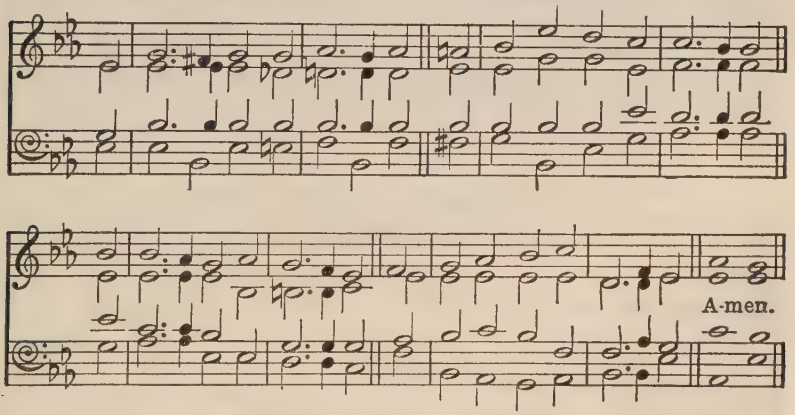
Moderately fast.

Words by James Lewis Milligan, 1876-
Music by Francis Donaldson Heins, 1878-

There's a voice in the wil - der - ness cry - ing, A call from
2 O Zi - on, that bring - est good ti - dings, Get thee up to
3 But the word of our God en - dur - eth, The arm of
4 There's a voice in the wil - der - ness cry - ing, A call from
the ways un - trod: Pre - pare in the de - sert a high - way,
the heights and sing! Pro - claim to a de - so - late peo - ple
the Lord is strong; He stands in the midst of na - tions,
the ways un - trod: Pre - pare in the de - sert a high - way,
A high - way for our God! The val - leys shall be ex -
The com - ing of their King: Like the flowers of the field they
And He will right the wrong: He shall feed His flock like a
A high - way for our God! The val - leys shall be ex -
alt - ed, The lof - ty hills brought low; Make straight all the
per - ish, The works of men de - cay, The power and
shep - herd, And fold the lambs to His breast; In pas - tures of
alt - ed, The lof - ty hills brought low; Make straight all the


crook - ed pla - ces, Where the Lord our God may go!
pomp of na tions Shall pass like a dream a - way.
peace He'll lead them, And give to the wea - ry rest.
crook - ed pla - ces, Where the Lord our God may go! A-men.

245 WALTHAM. L.M. *Moderate.*

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1827-1905.



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FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

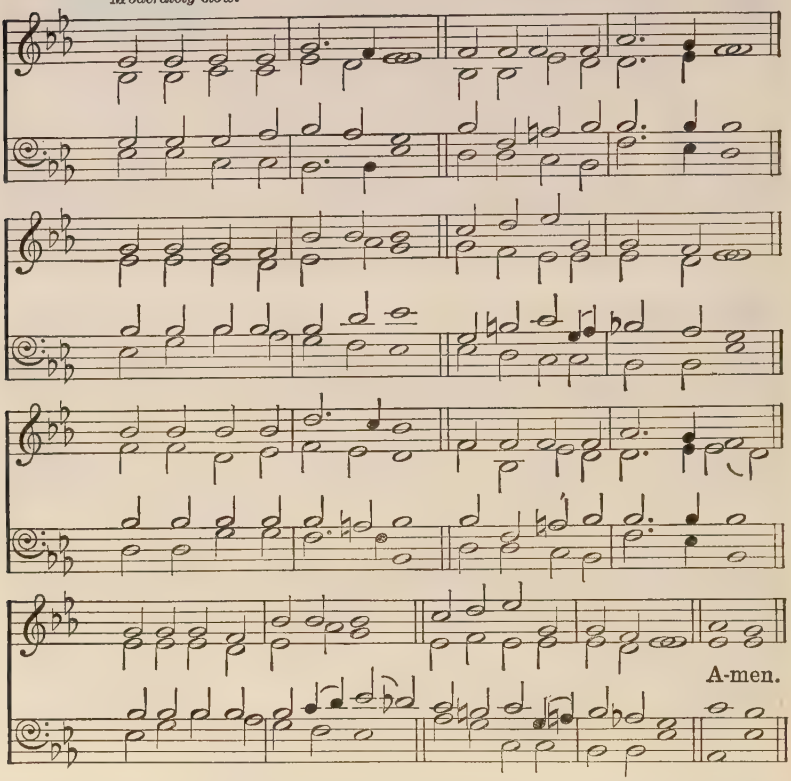
5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1799-1859.

246 BENEVENTO. 7777 D.

Moderately slow.

Ascribed to
SAMUEL WEBBE, the elder, 1740-1816.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze;
To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was His day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail,
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

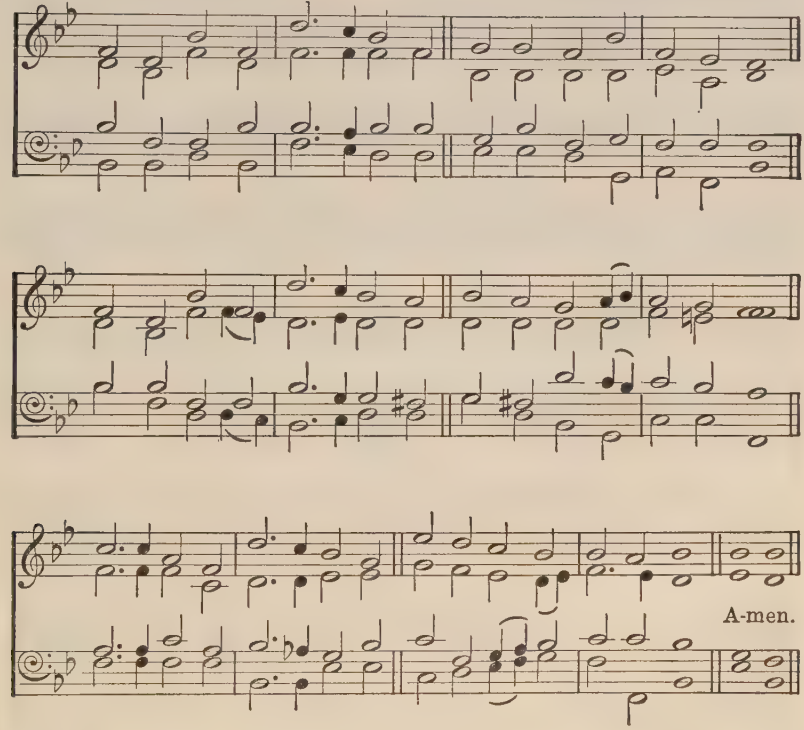
4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

247 REGENT SQUARE. 8 7 8 7 8 7.

Moderately fast.

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



Or NEANDER, No. 135.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessèd jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

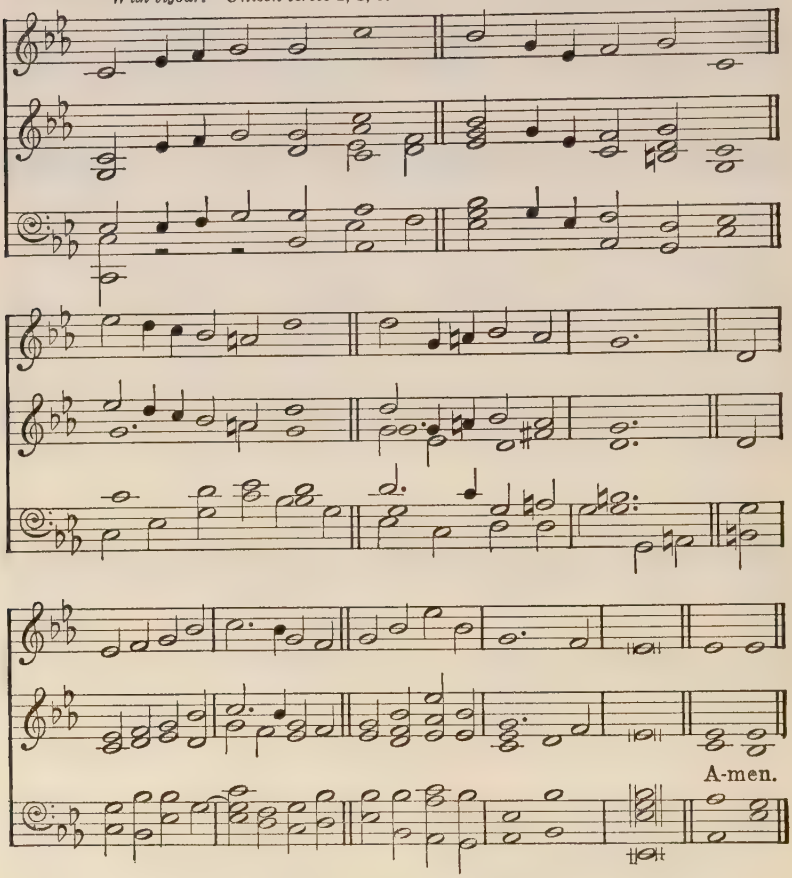
3 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1717-1791.

248 LITTLE CORNARD. 6 6 6 6 8 8.

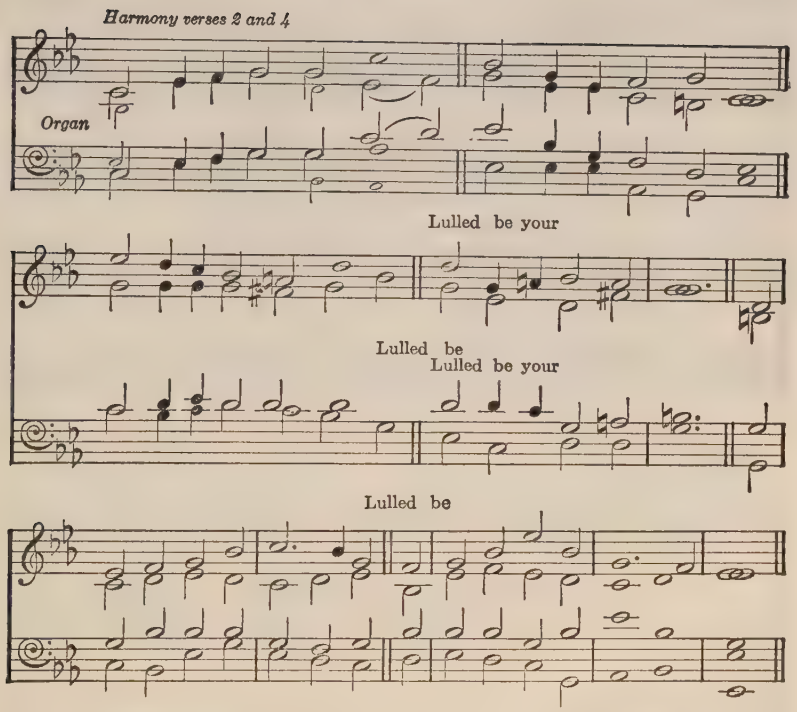
MARTIN SHAW, 1876-

With vigour. Unison verses 1, 3, 5.



HILLS of the North, rejoice:
River and mountain-spring,
Hark to the advent voice!
Valley and lowland, sing!
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh,
He judgement brings, and victory.

2 Isles of the Southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves:
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And make your wastes His great highway.



By permission, from Curwen edition No. 6300, published by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., 24 Berners St., London, W.1.

3 Lands of the East, awake!
Soon shall your sons be free,
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty:
On your far hills, long cold and grey,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

4 Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song;
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns—the Crucified!

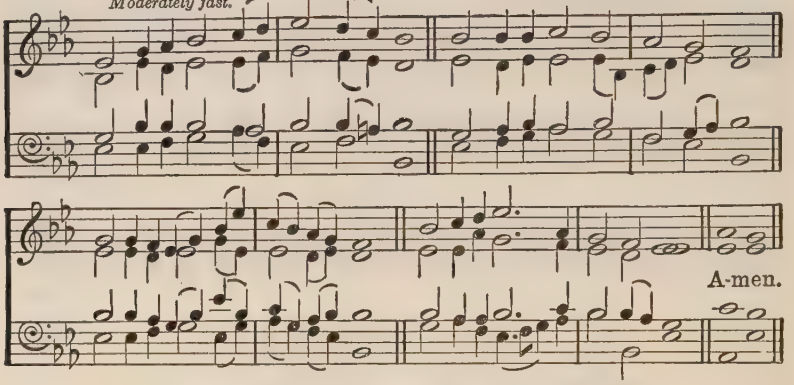
5 Shout while ye journey home!
Songs be in every mouth!—
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South:
City of God, the bond are free;
We come to live and reign in thee.

CHARLES EDWARD OAKLEY, 1832-1865.

249 DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON, ? -1793.

Moderately fast.

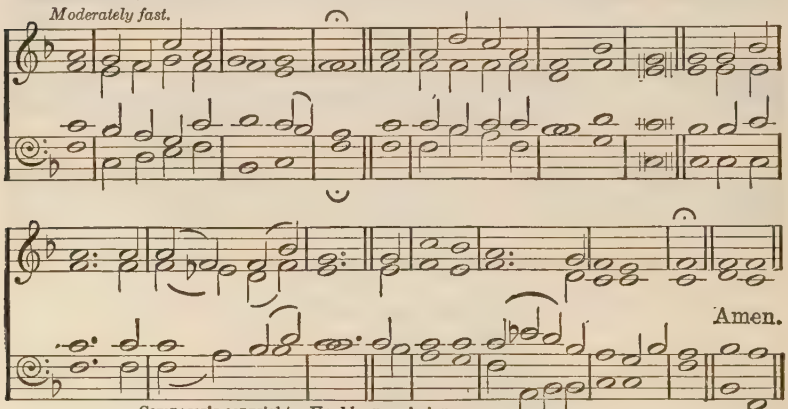


Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon) at No. 688.

RIMINGTON. L.M.

FRANCIS DUCKWORTH.

Moderately fast.



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Or WARRINGTON, No. 33.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

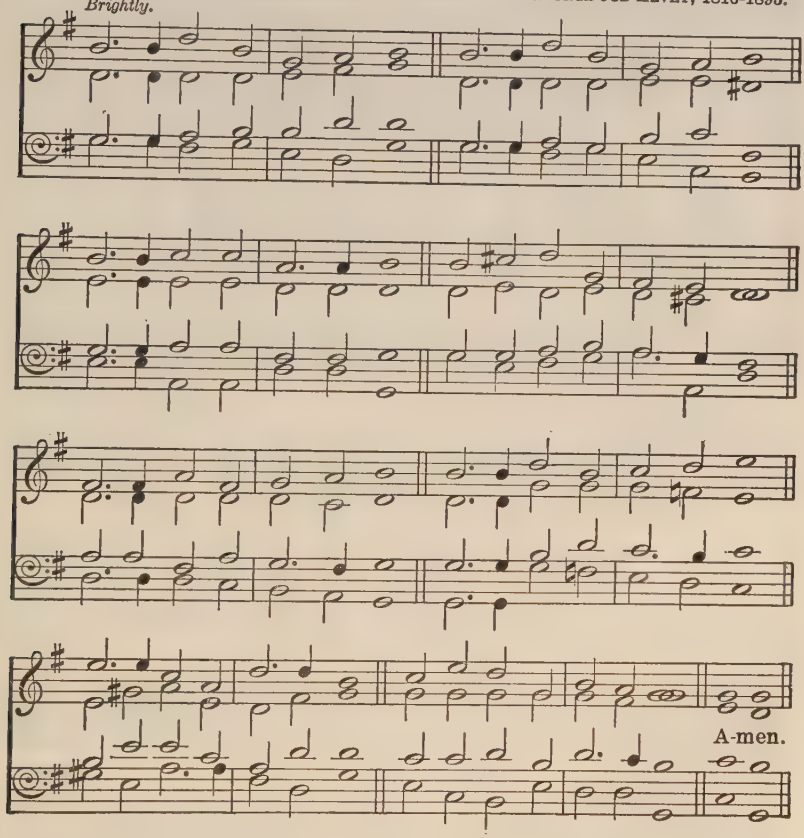
5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Founded on Psalm lxxii.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

250 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7 7 7 7 D.

GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1816-1893.

Brightly.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword; He speaks—
'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

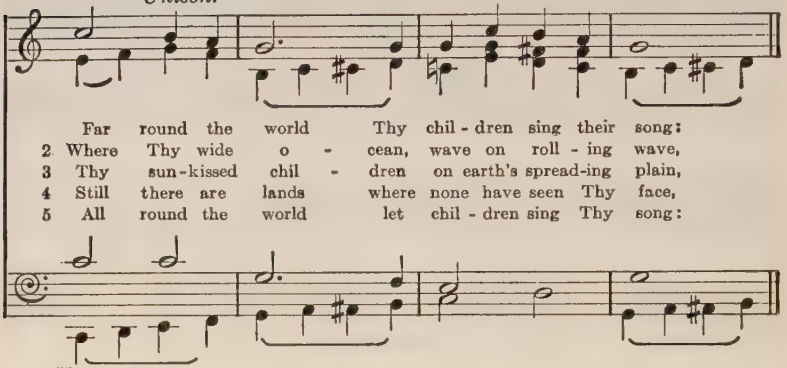
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

251 DUNBLANE CATHEDRAL. 10 10 10 10.

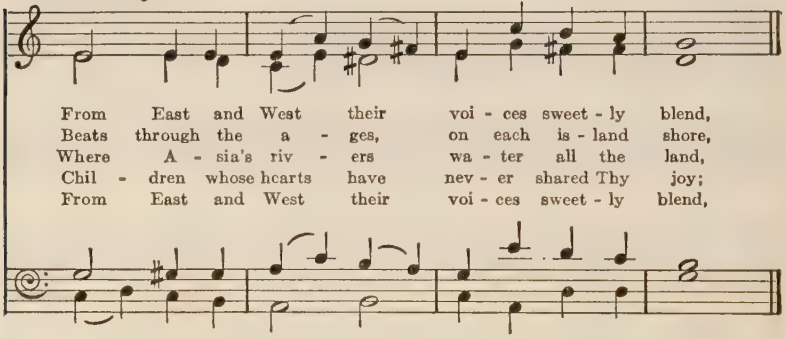
Moderate.

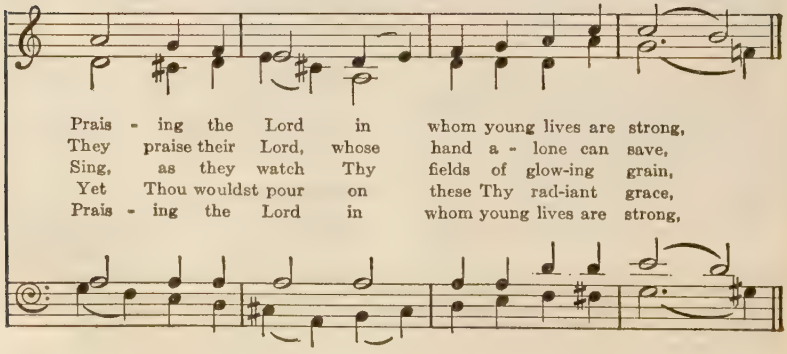
Words by
BASIL JOSEPH MATHEWS, 1879-

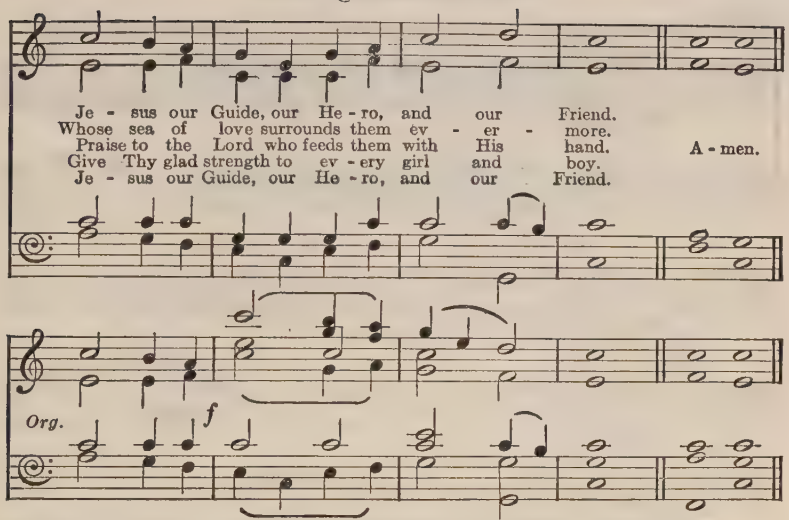
Music by
ARCHIE FAIRBAIRN BARNES, 1878-

Unison.

Far round the world Thy chil - dren sing their song:
2 Where Thy wide o - cean, wave on roll - ing wave,
3 Thy sun-kissed chil - dren on earth's spread-ing plain,
4 Still there are lands where none have seen Thy face,
5 All round the world let chil - dren sing Thy song:

Harmony.


From East and West their voi - ces sweet - ly blend,
Beats through the a - ges, on each is - land shore,
Where A - sia's riv - ers wa - ter all the land,
Chil - dren whose hearts have nev - er shared Thy joy;
From East and West their voi - ces sweet - ly blend,


Prais - ing the Lord in whom young lives are strong,
They praise their Lord, whose hand a - lone can save,
Sing, as they watch Thy fields of glow-ing grain,
Yet Thou wouldst pour on these Thy rad-iant grace,
Prais - ing the Lord in whom young lives are strong,


Je - sus our Guide, our He - ro, and our Friend.
Whose sea of love surrounds them ev - er - more.
Praise to the Lord who feeds them with His hand.
Give Thy glad strength to ev - ery girl and boy.
Je - sus our Guide, our He - ro, and our Friend.
A - men.
Org.
f

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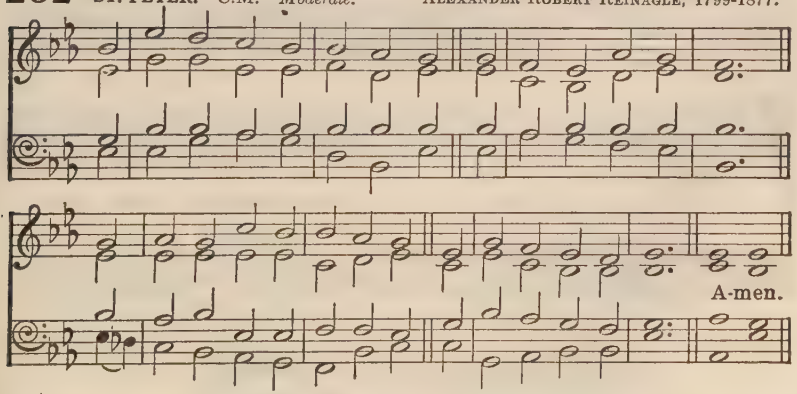
Or PEEL CASTLE, No. 338.

252 ST. PETER. C.M. *Moderate.*

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



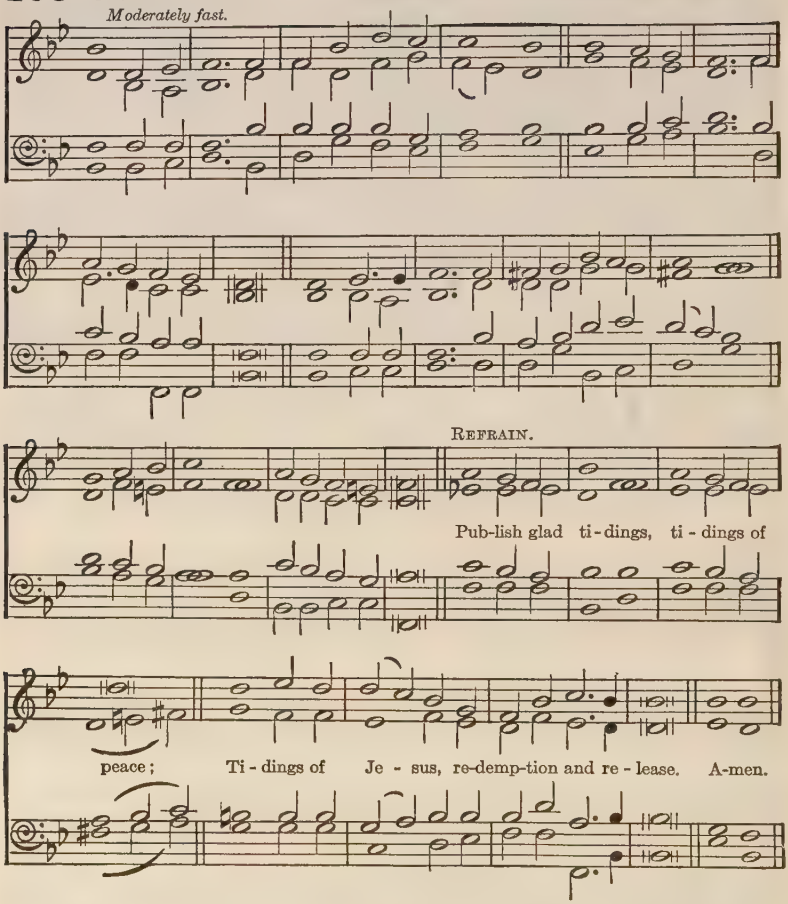
IN Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole round earth.

2 In Him shall true hearts everywhere
Their true communion find.
His service is the golden cord
Close-binding all mankind.

3 Join hands, then, brothers of the faith,
Whate'er your race may be—
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.

4 In Christ now meet both East and West,
In Him meet South and North,
All Christly souls are one in Him
Throughout the whole wide earth.

JOHN OXENHAM, 1908.

253 ANGELIC SONGS. 11 10 11 10 and refrain. JAMES WALCH, 1837-1901.

O ZION, haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is light;
That He who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night:
Publish glad tidings, tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus, redemption and release.

2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.

3 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.

4 Give to thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

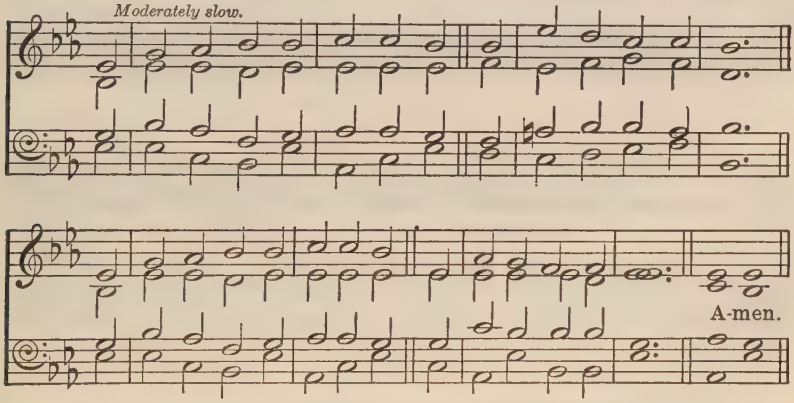
5 He comes again: O Zion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

MARY ANN THOMSON, 1871.

254 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M.

THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1515-1585.

Moderately slow.



Or JACKSON, No. 111.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

FATHER, whose will is life and good
For all of mortal breath,
Bind strong the bond of brotherhood
Of those who fight with death.

2 Empower the hands and hearts and wills
Of friends in lands afar,
Who battle with the body's ills,
And wage Thy holy war.

3 Where'er they heal the maimed and blind,
Let love of Christ attend:
Proclaim the good Physician's mind,
And prove the Saviour friend.

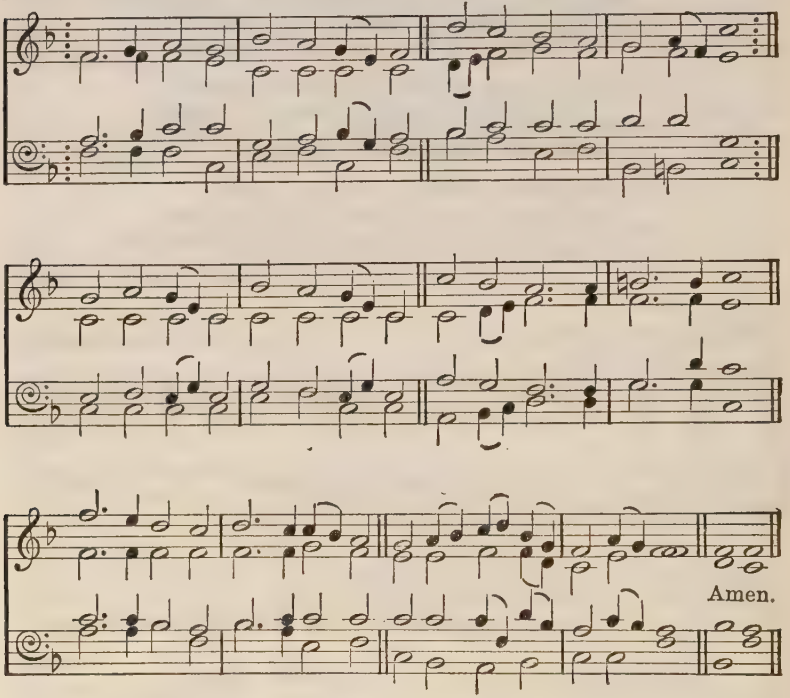
4 For still His love works wondrous charms,
And, as in days of old,
He takes the wounded to His arms,
And bears them to the fold.

5 O Father, look from heaven and bless,
Where'er Thy servants be,
Their works of pure unselfishness,
Made consecrate to Thee!

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY, 1851-1920.

255 AUSTRIA. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.*

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN, 1732-1809.



Descant at No. 31.

ZION'S King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own His sway;
He will make His Kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day.
Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign.

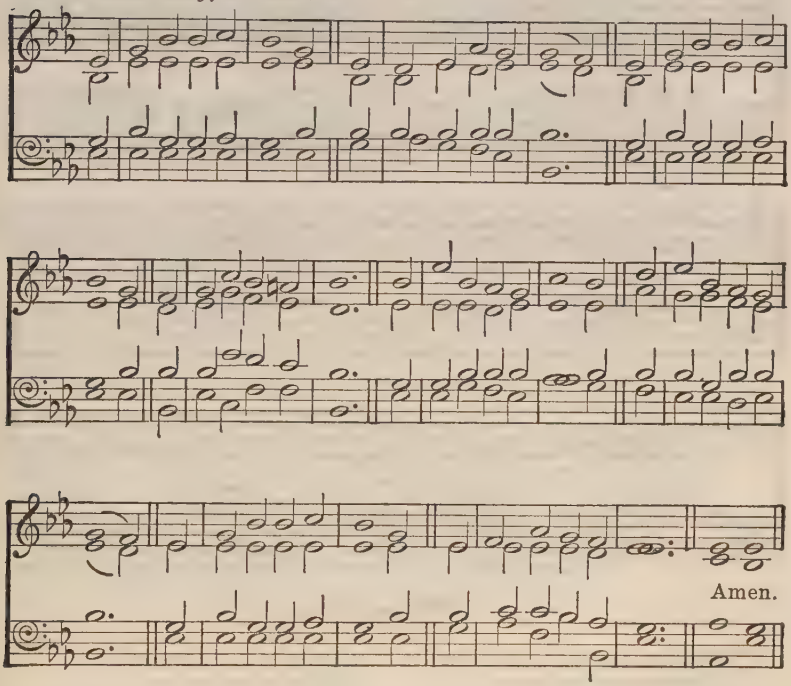
2 Nations now from God estrangèd
Then shall see a glorious light;
Night to day shall then be changèd,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.
Mighty King, Thine arm revealing,
Now Thy glorious cause maintain,
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to Thy reign.

THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1854.

256 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



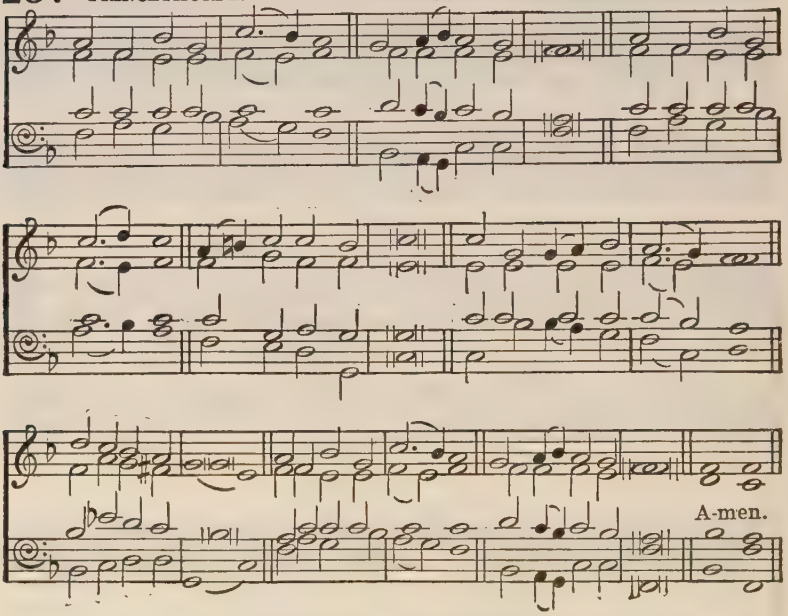
FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826.

257 PRINCETHORPE. 6 5 6 5 D. *Moderately fast.* WILLIAM PITTS, 1829-1903.



Or HERMAS, No. 315.

FROM the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

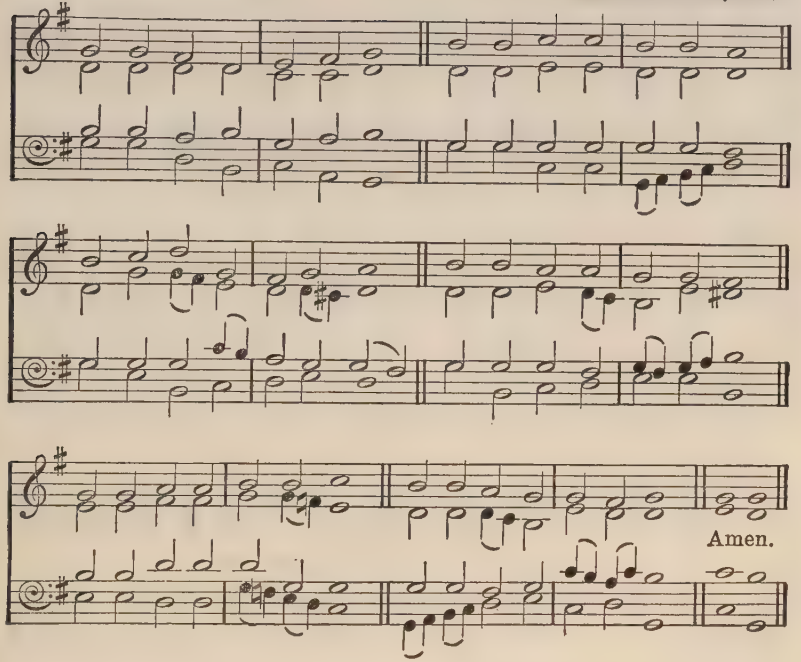
4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way:
Those who've never known Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.

GODFREY THRING, 1823-1903.

258 ZURICH. 777777.

WEIMAR GESANGBUCH, 1681.



Or HEATHLANDS, No. 379; *or* DIX, No. 15.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine,
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

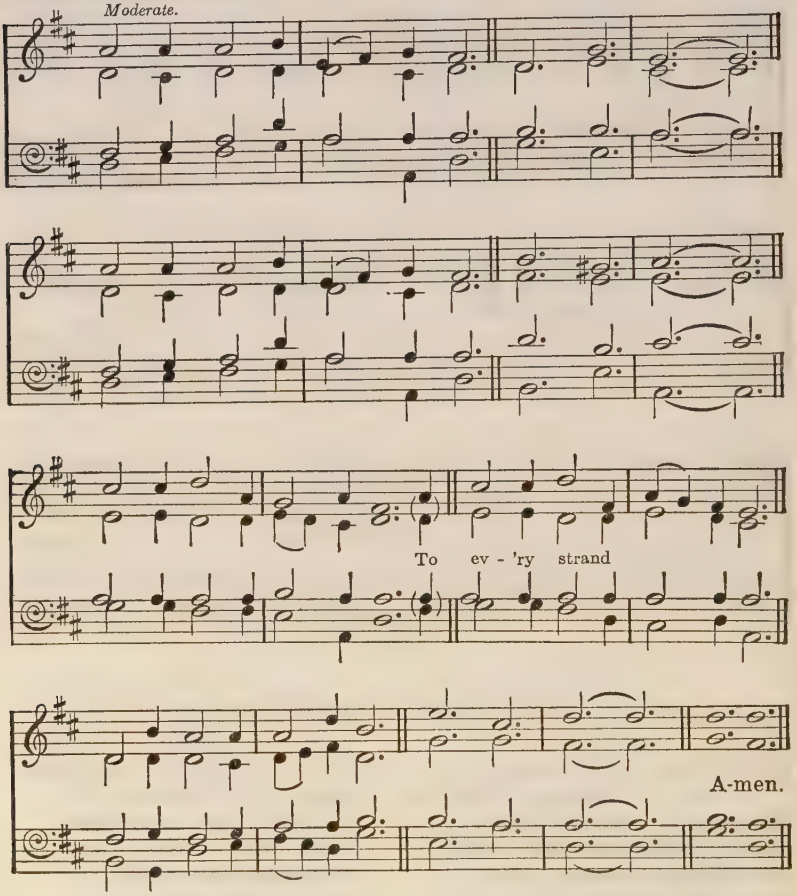
3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live—
All below and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

Founded on Psalm lxvii.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847.

259 LIMPSFIELD. 7 3 7 3 7 7 7 3.

JOSIAH BOOTH, 1852-1929.

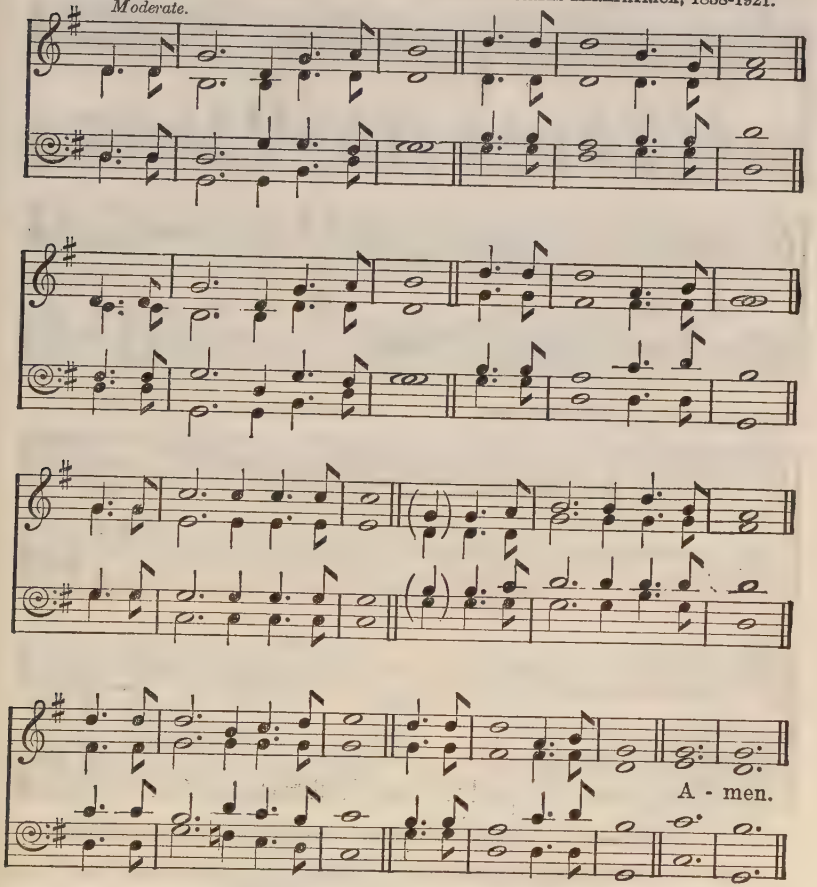


WE have heard a joyful sound,—
'Jesus saves!'
Spread the gladness all around:
'Jesus saves!'
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward!—'tis our Lord's command.
Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide:
'Jesus saves!'
Tell to sinners far and wide,
'Jesus saves!'
Sing, ye islands of the sea;
Echo back, ye ocean caves;
Earth shall keep her jubilee:
Jesus saves!

JESUS SAVES. 76767776. WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1838-1921.

Moderate.



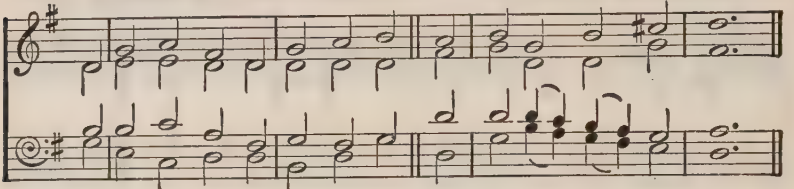
3 Sing above the battle's strife
'Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life
Jesus saves!'
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
'Jesus saves!'

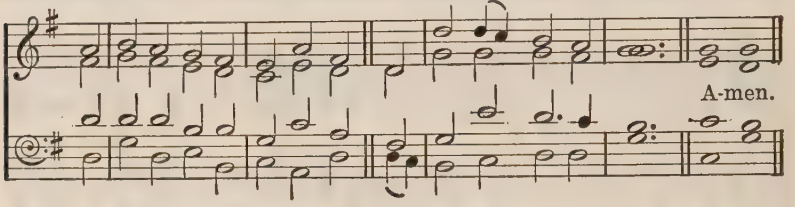
4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
'Jesus saves!'
Let the nations now rejoice:
Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves,—
This our song of victory,
'Jesus saves!'

PRISCILLA JANE OWENS, 1829-c.1899.

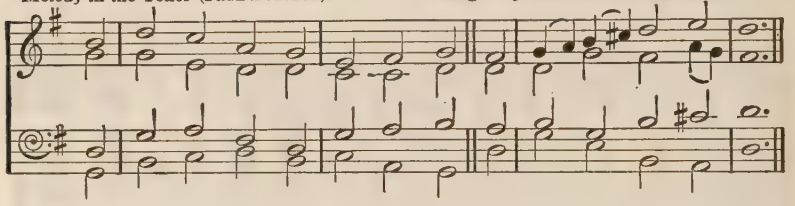
260 ST. MAGNUS. C.M. *Moderately slow.*

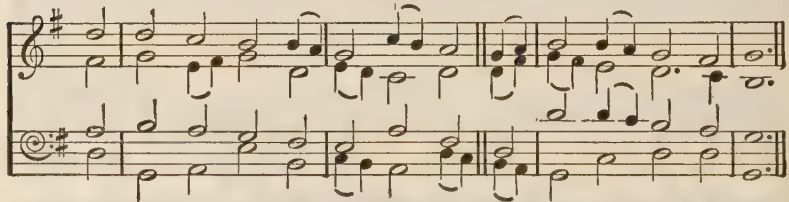
JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.





Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-





This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of Glory pass;
The Cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

4 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

5 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong;
To Christ shall every nation bow,
And sing with you this song:

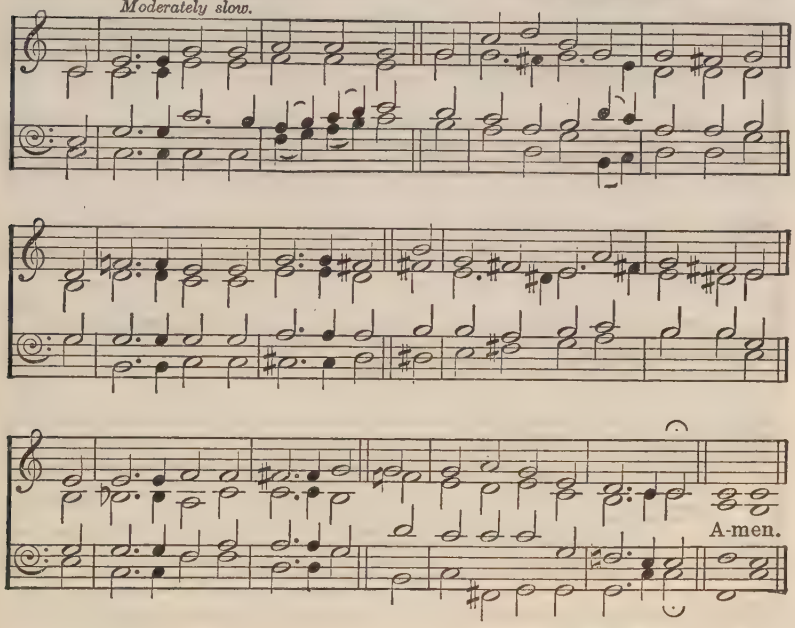
6 'Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The Cross hath won the field.'

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

261 MELITA. 8 8 8 8 8 8.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

Moderately slow.



O MASTER of the waking world,
Who hast the nations in Thy heart,—
The heart that bled and broke to send
God's love to earth's remotest part,—
Show us anew in Calvary
The wondrous power that makes men free.

2 On every side the walls are down,
The gates swing wide to every land,
The restless tribes and races feel
The pressure of Thy pierced hand;
Thy way is in the sea and air,
Thy world is open everywhere.

3 We hear the throb of surging life,
The clank of chains, the curse of greed,
The moan of pain, the futile cries
Of superstition's cruel creed;
The peoples hunger for Thee, Lord,
The isles are waiting for Thy word.

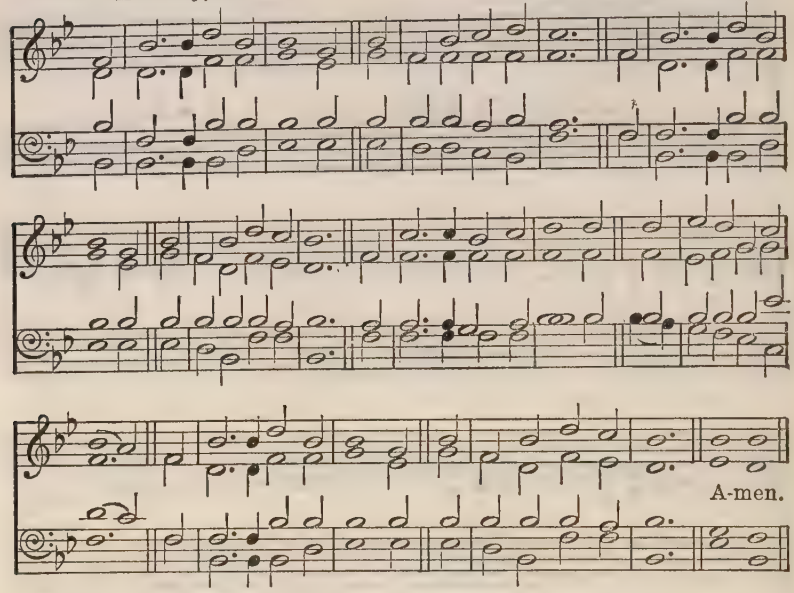
4 Thy witness in the souls of men,
Thy Spirit's ceaseless, brooding power,
In lands where shadows hide the light,
Await a new creative hour;
O mighty God, set us aflame
To show the glory of Thy Name.

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1850-1935.

262 MORNING LIGHT. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1803-1887.



THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, 'The Lord is come.'

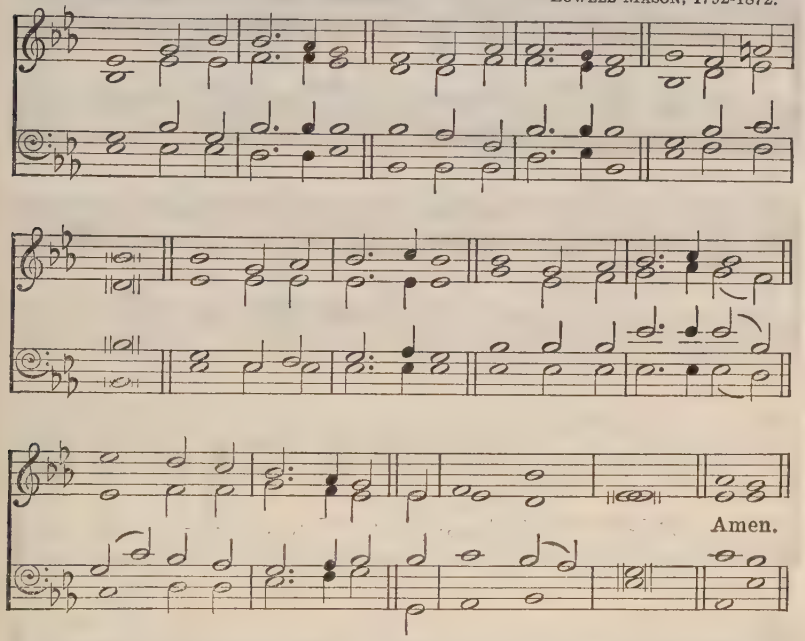
SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1808-1895.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

16 From all that dwell below the skies.
46 All hail the power of Jesus' Name.
60 The race that long in darkness pined.
113 At the Name of Jesus.
115 Crown Him with many crowns.
138 Thy Kingdom come,—on bended knee.
139 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
140 Thy Kingdom come, O God.
366-391 Hymns of Fellowship and Service.
407 Soldiers of the Cross, arise.
510 From ocean unto ocean.
515 Judge Eternal, throned in splendour.
526 Thy Kingdom come, O Lord.
528 Break, day of God, O break.
603 I think, when I read that sweet story.
619 Once again, dear Lord, we pray.
657 Lord, bless and pity us (Ps. 67).
658 His Name for ever shall endure (Ps. 72).

Penitence and Faith

263 OLIVET. 6 6 4 6 6 6 4. *Moderate.* LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

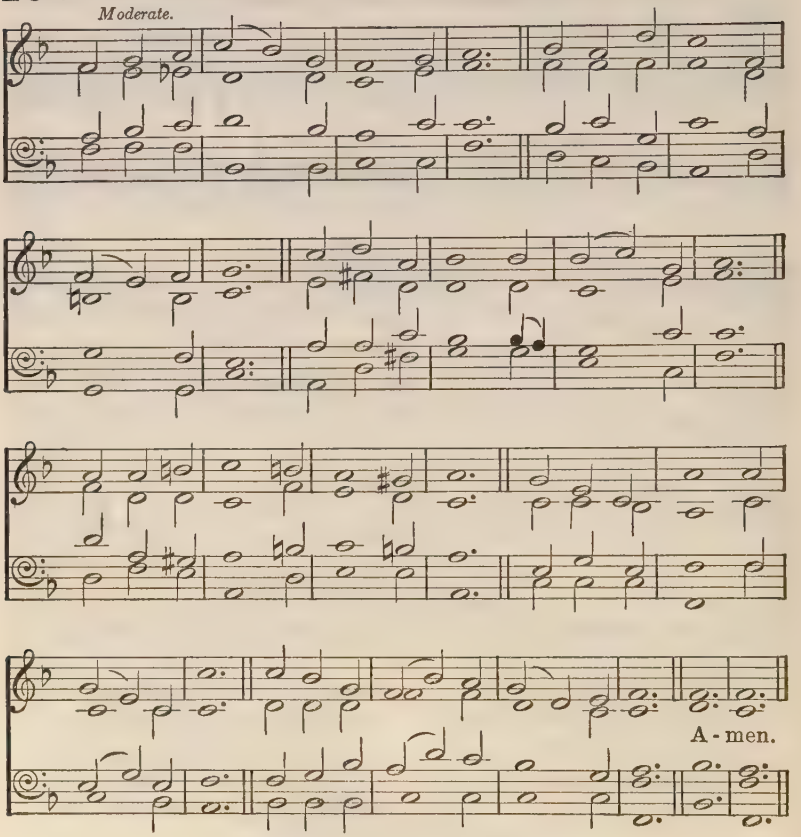
2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER, 1808-1887.

264 PATER OMNIUM. 8 8 8 8 8 8. HENRY JAMES ERNEST HOLMES, 1852-

Moderate.

Or WRESTLING JACOB, No. 312.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms, and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou knowest the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

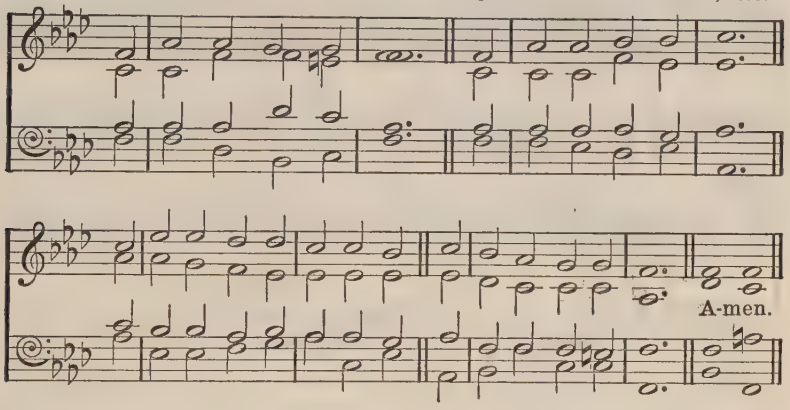
4 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

265 SOUTHWELL. S.M.

Moderately slow.

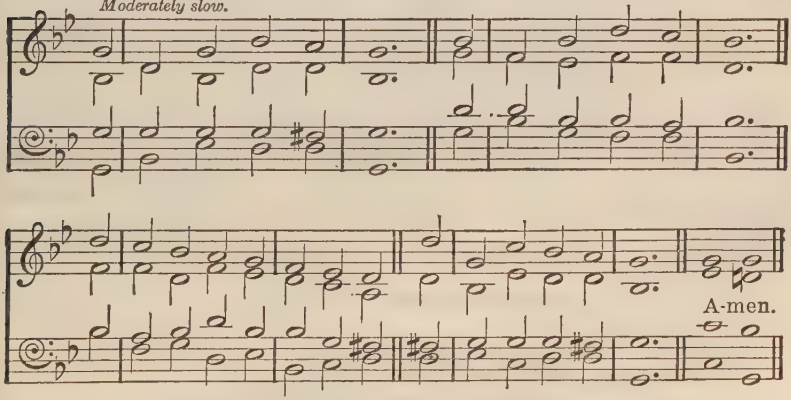
Adapted from DAMON'S PSALMES, 1579.



ST. BRIDE. S.M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, 1710-1782.

Moderately slow.



LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Amid the battle's strife;
In all my pain and misery
Be Thou my health and life.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

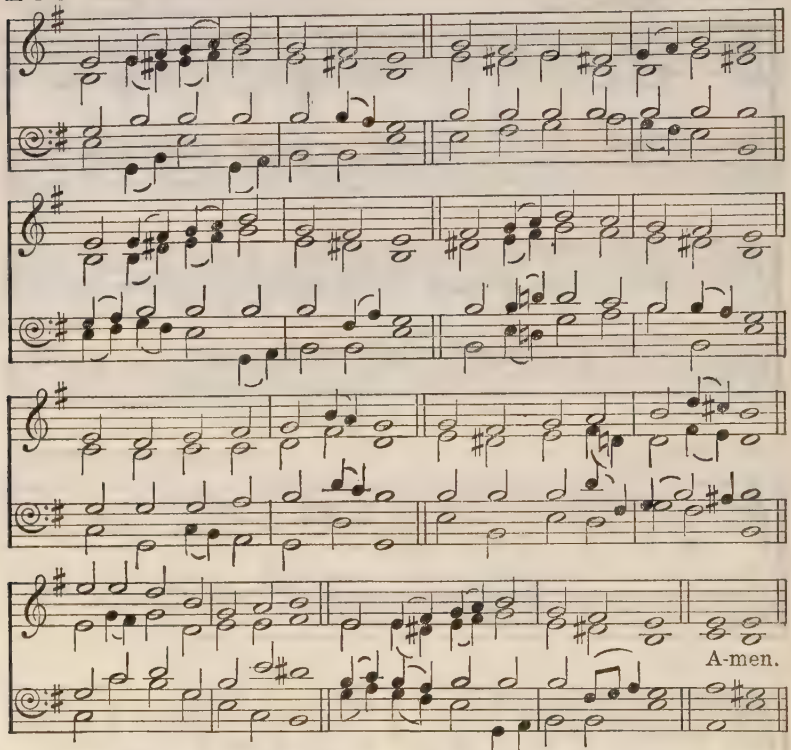
5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high;
When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

6 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

SYNESIUS, c. 375-430.
Tr. ALLEN WILLIAM CHATFIELD, 1808-1896.

266 ABERYSTWYTH. 7 7 7 7 D. *Slow.*

JOSEPH PARRY, 1841-1903.

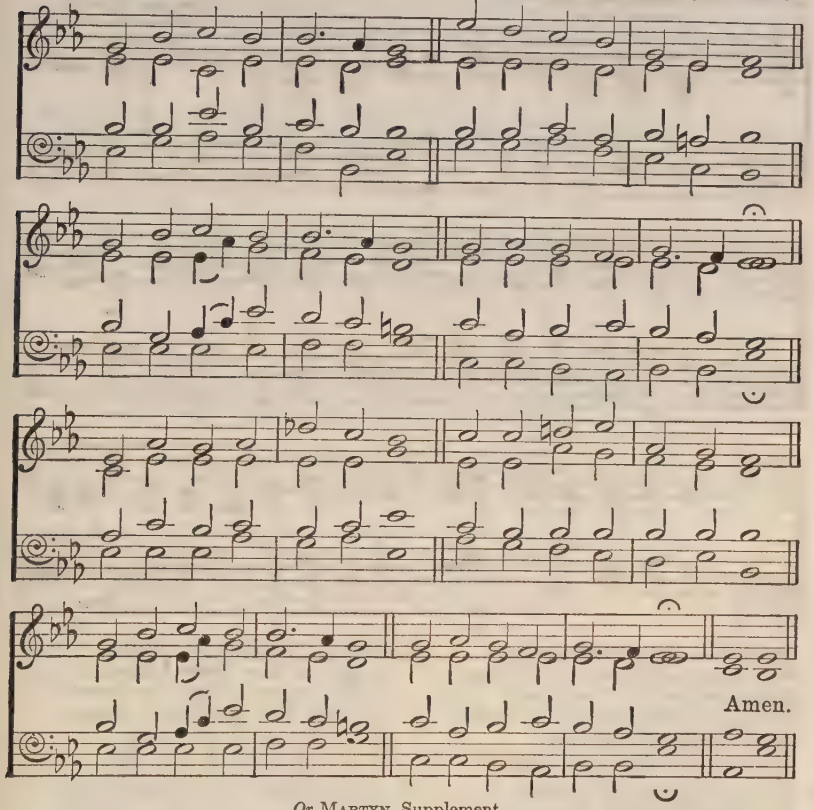


By permission of Hughes and Son, Publishers.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7777 D. *Moderate.* JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



Or MARTYN, Supplement.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace:

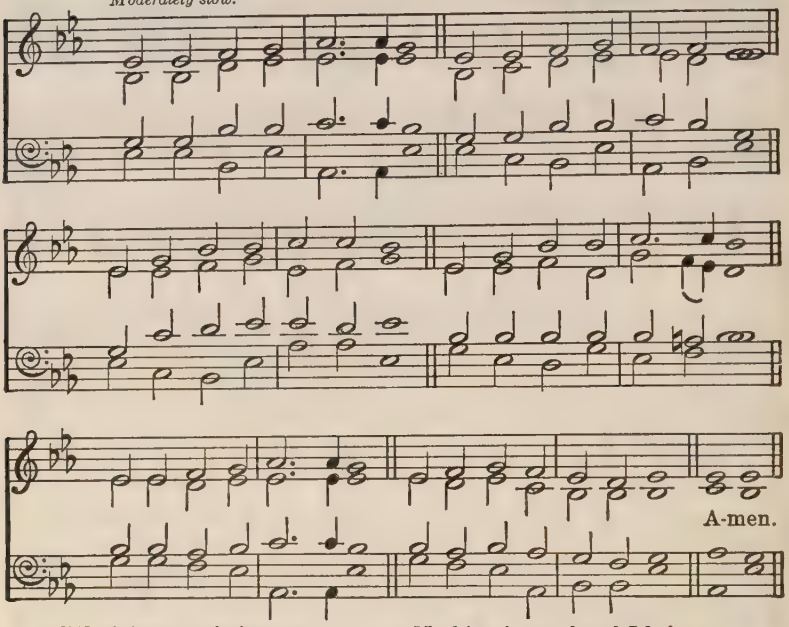
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

267 REDHEAD No. 76 (Petra). 7 7 7 7 7 7.

Moderately slow.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

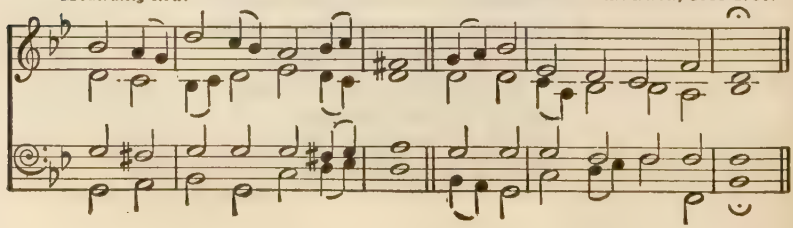
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1740-1778.

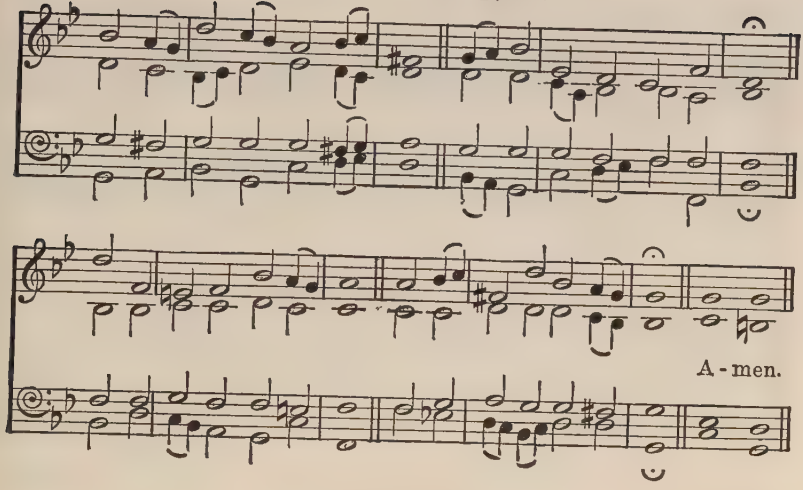
SEBASTIAN (Nicht so traurig). 7 7 7 7 7 7.

Moderately slow.

Ascribed to
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750.

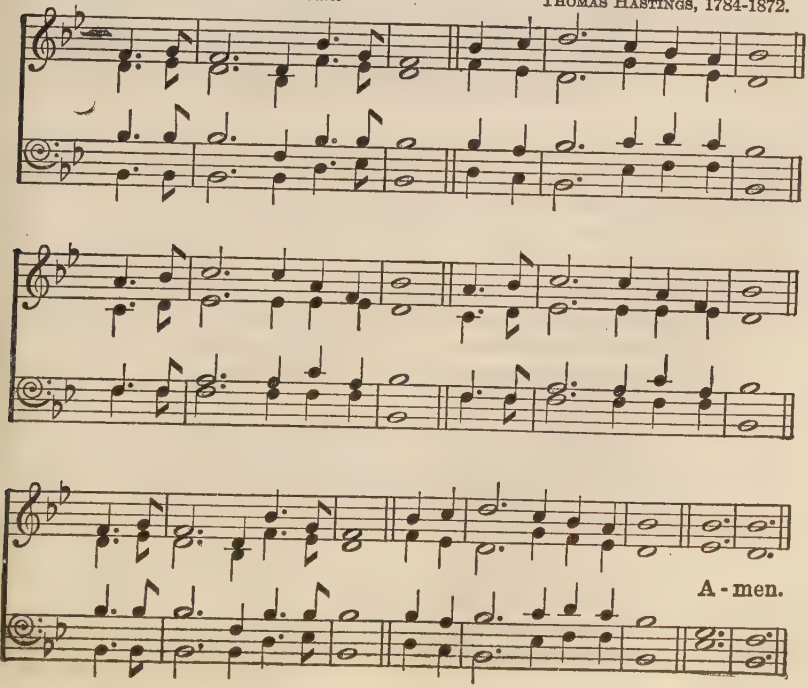


Penitence and Faith



TOPLADY. 777777. *Moderate.*

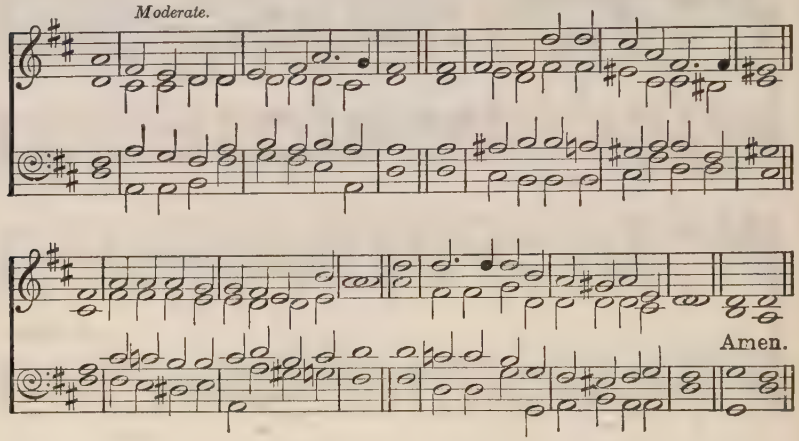
THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872.



268 DALKEITH. 10 10 10 10.

THOMAS HEWLETT, 1845-1874.

Moderate.



Or ELLINGHAM, No. 437.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

4 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, so mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, through Thine the life laid down.

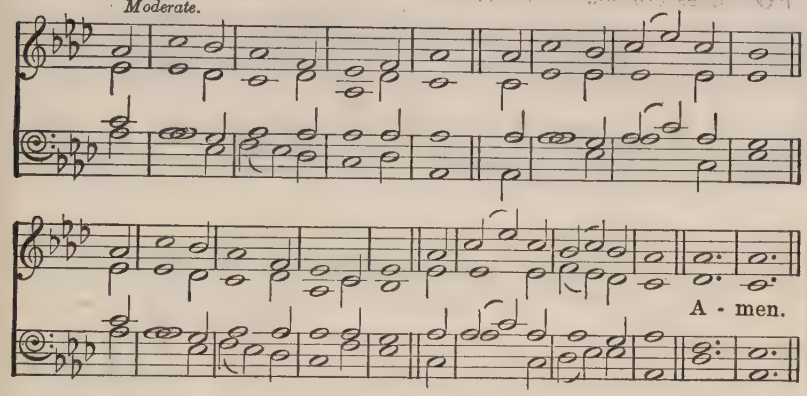
5 Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE, 1839-1900.

269 BALLERMA. C.M.

Moderate.

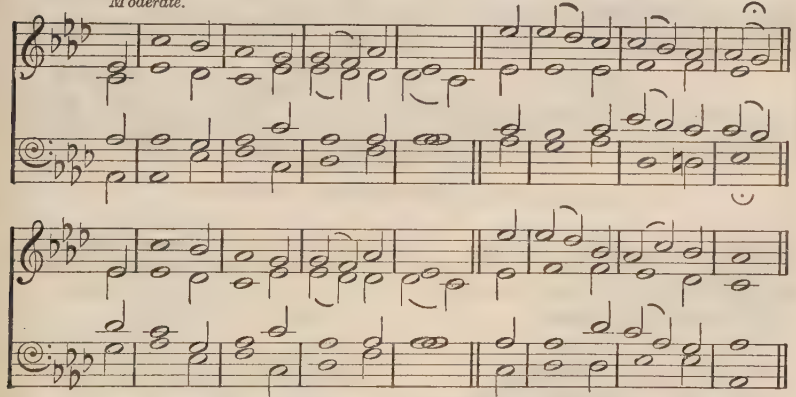
Adapted by Robert Simpson, 1790-1832.



BELMONT. C.M.

Moderate.

Adapted from Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1812.



COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

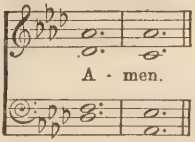
His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice,
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground,

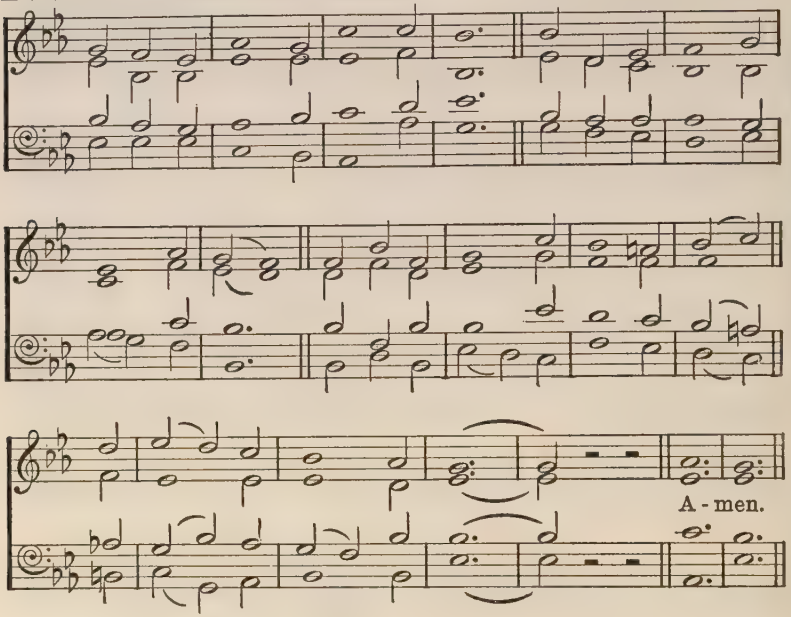
6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.



John Morison, c. 1750-1798.
Scottish Paraphrases, 1781.

270 MISERICORDIA. 8 8 8 6. *Moderate.*

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



By permission of the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

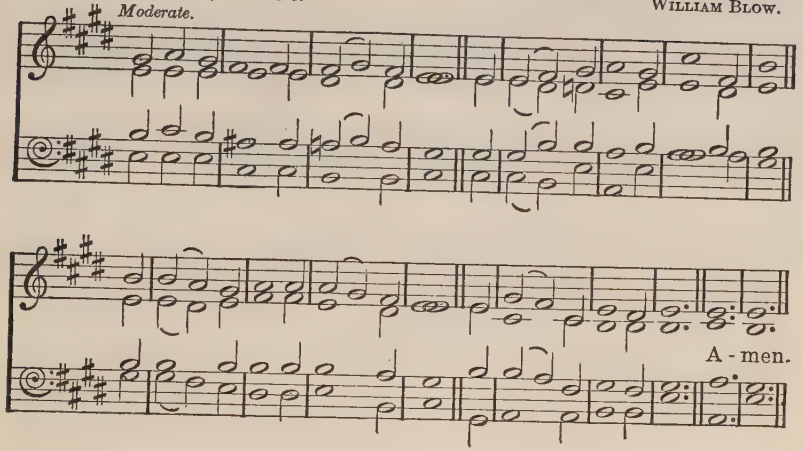
7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789-1871.

ST. AGNES (BLOW). 8 8 8 6.

Moderate.

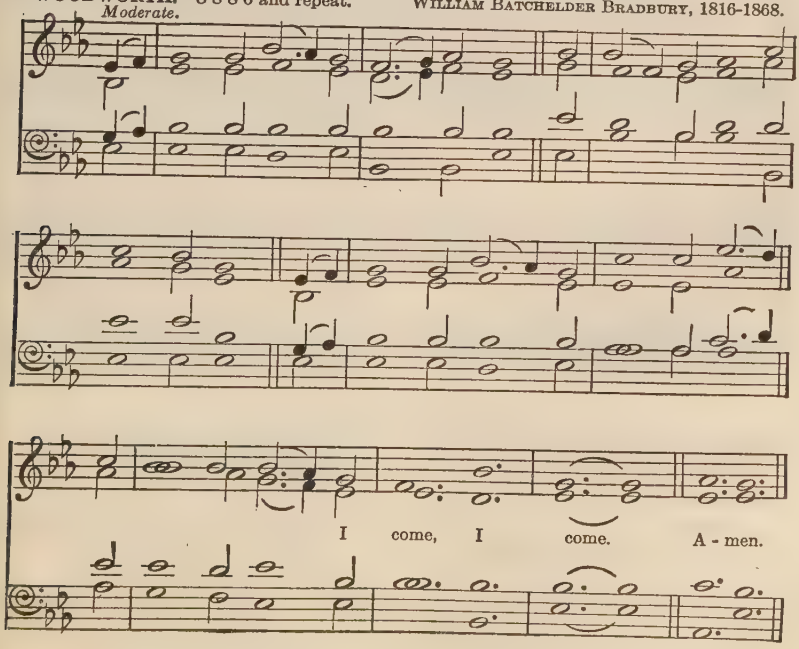
WILLIAM BLOW.



WOODWORTH. 8 8 8 6 and repeat.

Moderate.

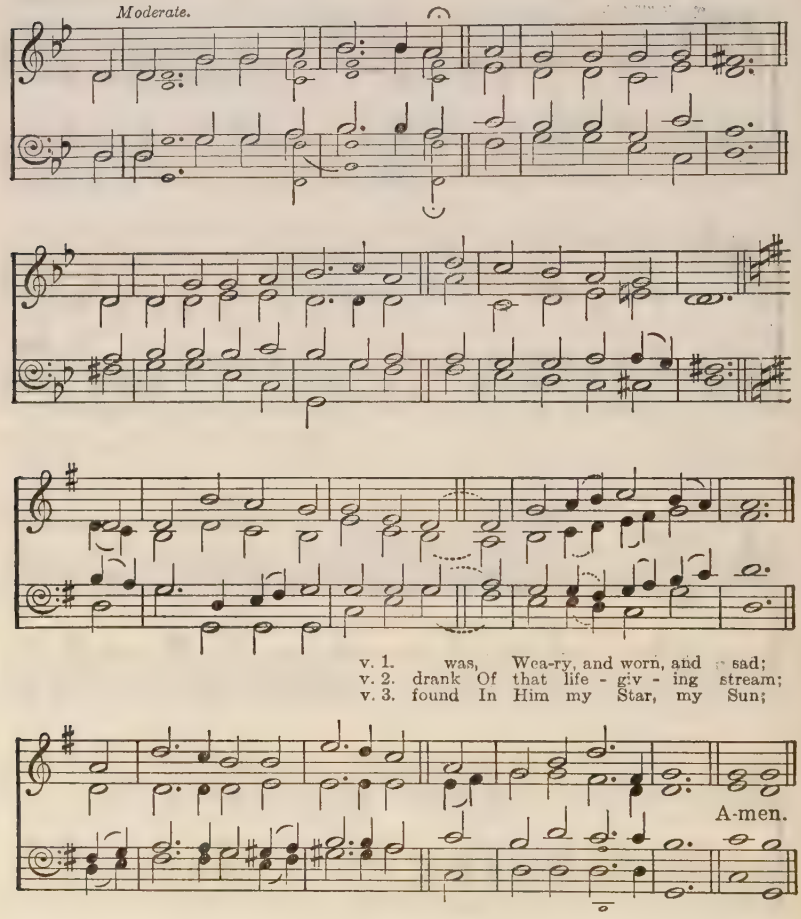
Melody by
WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1816-1868.



271 VOX DILECTI. D.C.M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

Moderate.

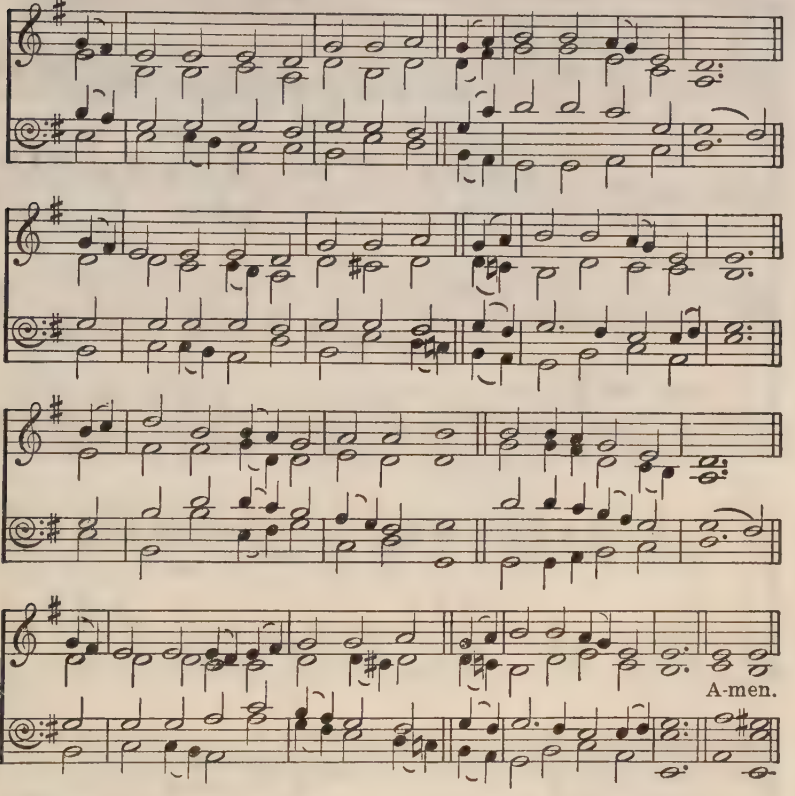


I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast:'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

Penitence and Faith

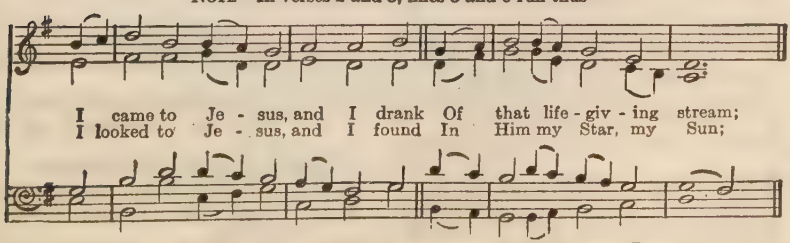
KINGSFOLD. D.C.M. *Moderate.* Arranged from an English Traditional Melody.



3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:'
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

NOTE—In verses 2 and 3, lines 5 and 6 run thus—

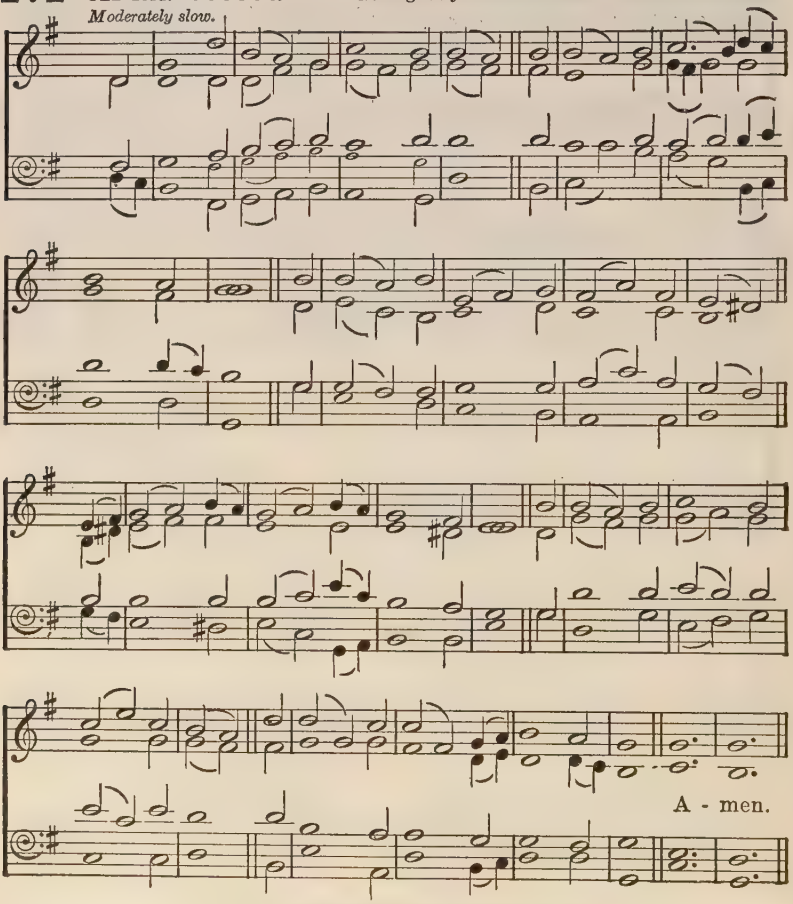


From the English Hymnal. By permission of the Oxford University Press.

272 OLD 23rd. 8 8 8 8 8 8.

From Divine Musical Miscellany, 1754.
Arranged by John Frederick Bridge, 1844-1924.

Moderately slow.



By permission of The Epworth Press.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

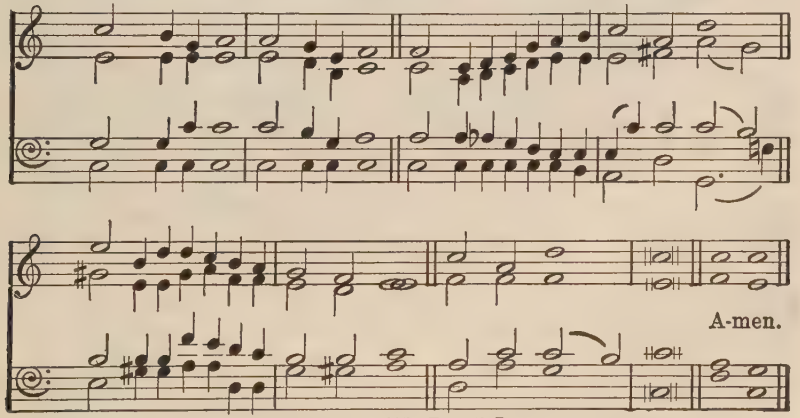
4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,—
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

JOHANN ANDREAS ROTHE, 1688-1758.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

273 ALL HALLOWS. 8 10 10 4. *Moderate.* FREDERICK LUKE WISEMAN, 1858- .



By permission of The Epworth Press.

NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low;
Only my heart's desire cries out in me,
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

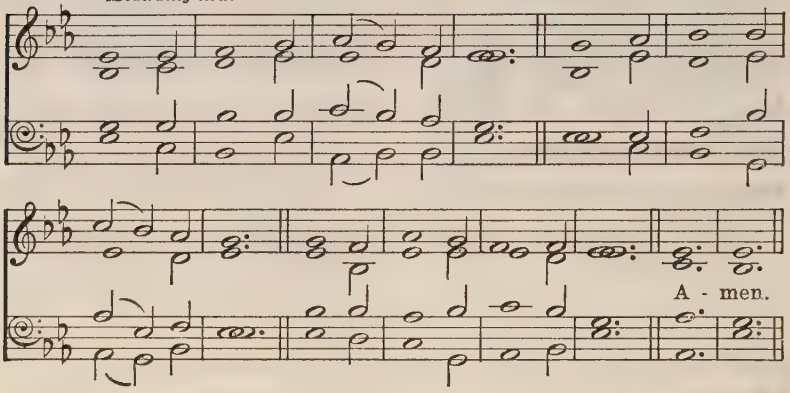
3 Lord, Thou art Life, though I be dead;
Love's Fire Thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830-1894.

274 ST. PHILIP. 7 7 7.

Moderately slow.

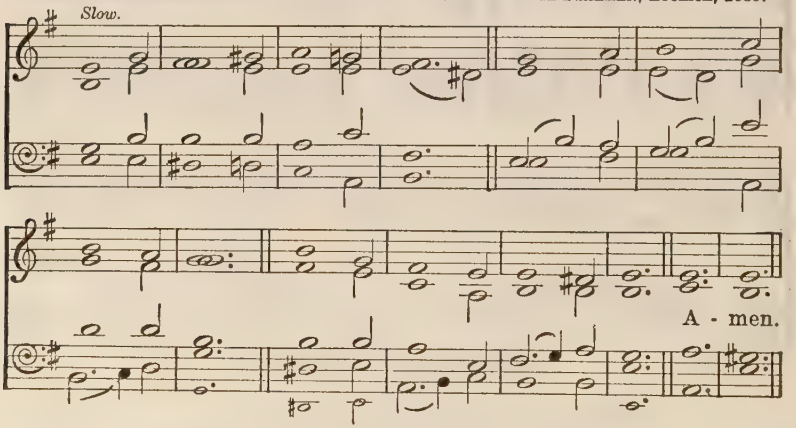
WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.



HEILIGER GEIST. 7 7 7.

VOLLSTÄNDIGE PSALMEN, Bremen, 1639.

Slow.



LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it wholly pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

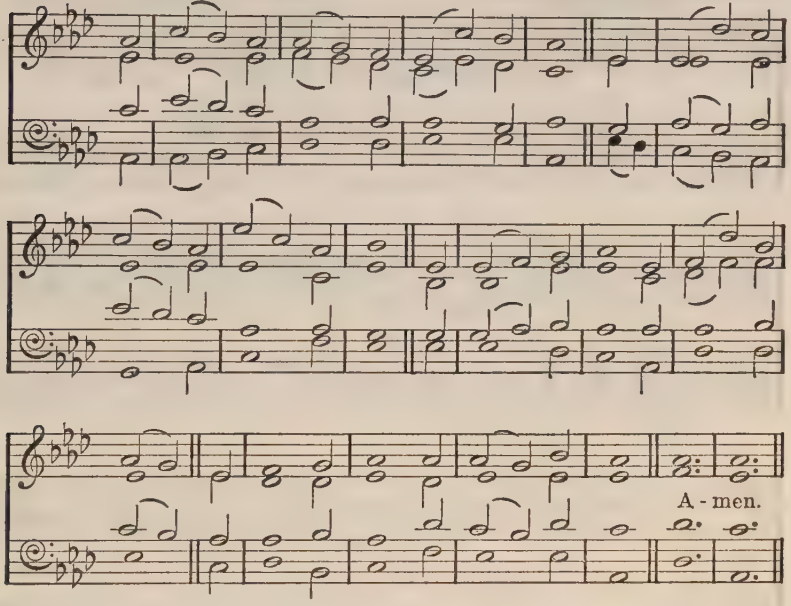
5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forgo.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1802-1865, and others.

275 EDEN. L.M. *Moderate.*

TIMOTHY BATTLE MASON, 1801-1861.



Or ST. ALBAN, No. 318.

AUTHOR of Faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame;
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same:

2 To Thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.

3 By faith we know Thee strong to save;
Save us, a present Saviour Thou!
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have,
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in Thy Name believes
Eternal life with Thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

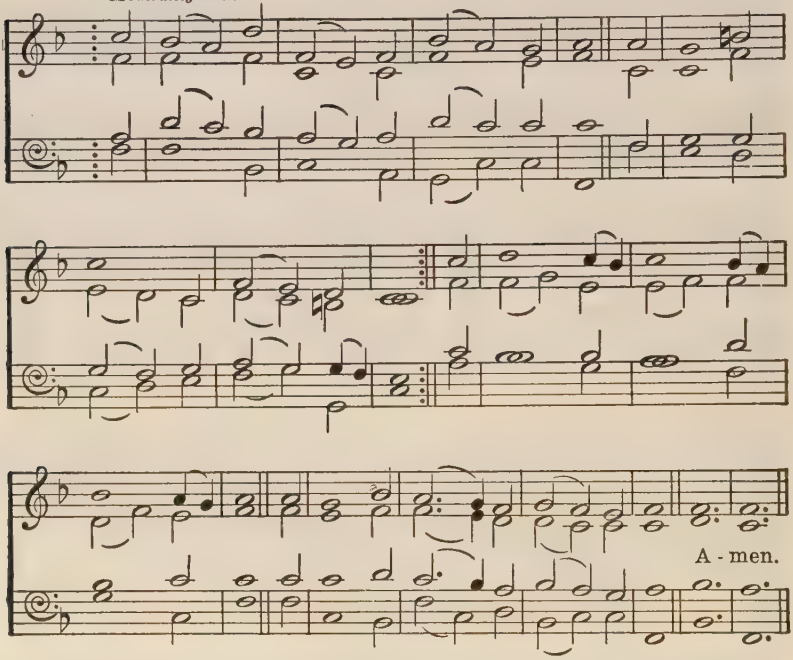
6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

276 SURREY (CAREY'S). 8 8 8 8 8 8.

Moderately slow.

HENRY CAREY, 1692-1743.



Or PENIEL (BOOTH), No. 312.

AND can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain?
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies!
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of Love Divine!
'Tis mercy all; let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

3 He left His Father's throne above—
So free, so infinite His grace—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

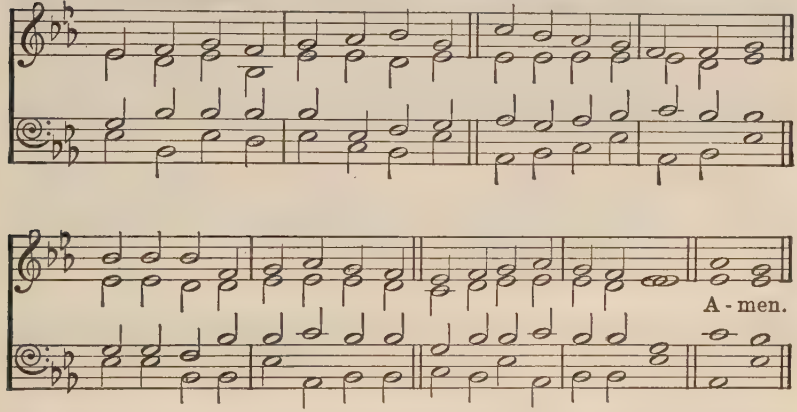
5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

277 ELLERKER (BATTY). 8 7 8 7.

Moderately slow.

JOHANN THOMMEN'S CHORALE BOOK, 1745.



Or EVENING PRAYER, No. 559.

LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy Name we humbly call.

2 Sinful thoughts and words unloving
Rise against us one by one;
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;

3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee;

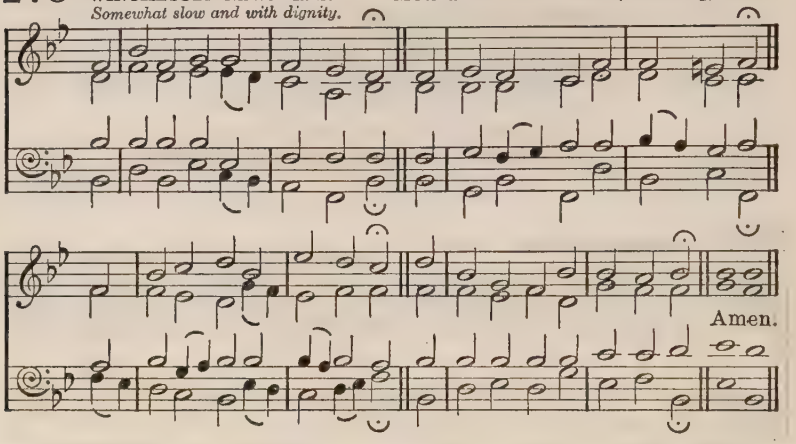
4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

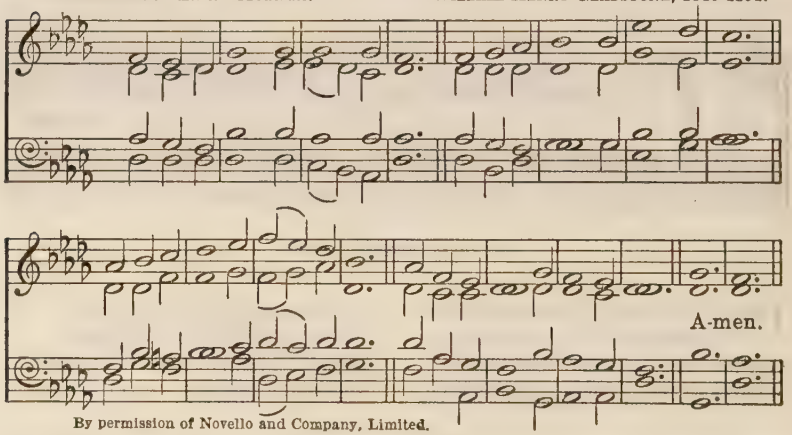
6 Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;
Hearken from Thy throne on high;
Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Hear and heed our humble cry.

MARY ANN SIDEBOTHAM, 1833-1913.

278 WINCHESTER NEW. L.M. MUSIKALISCHES HANDBUCH, Hamburg, 1690.
Somewhat slow and with dignity.



OMBERSLEY. L.M. *Moderate.* WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, 1840-1891.



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JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

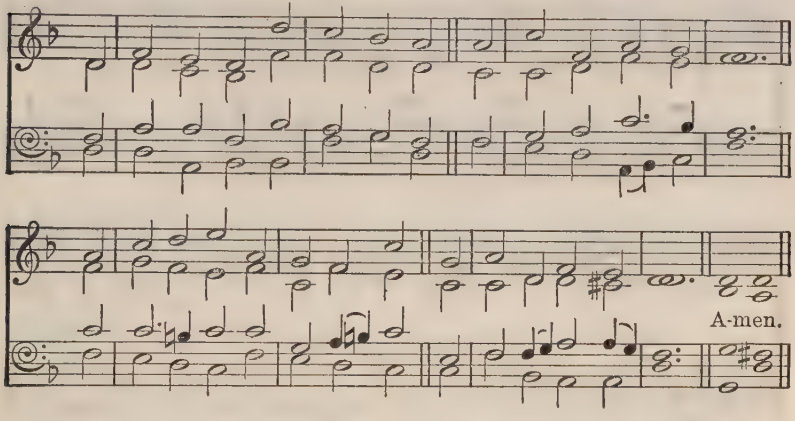
4 Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me—
For me a full atonement made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG ZINZENDORF, 1700-1760.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

279 ST. MARY. C.M. *Slow.*

PRYS'S PSALM BOOK, 1621.



ONE who is all unfit to count
As scholar in Thy school,
Thou of Thy love hast named a friend—
O kindness wonderful!

2 So weak am I, O gracious Lord,
So all unworthy Thee,
That even the dust upon Thy feet
Outweighs me utterly.

3 Thou dwellest in unshadowed light,
All sin and shame above—
That Thou shouldst bear our sin and shame,
How can I tell such love?

4 Ah, did not He the heavenly throne
A little thing esteem,
And not unworthy for my sake
A mortal body deem?

5 When in His flesh they drove the nails,
Did He not all endure?
What name is there to fit a life
So patient and so pure?

6 So, Love itself in human form,
For love of me He came;
I cannot look upon His face
For shame, for bitter shame.

7 If there is aught of worth in me,
It comes from Thee alone;
Then keep me safe, for so, O Lord,
Thou keepest but Thine own.

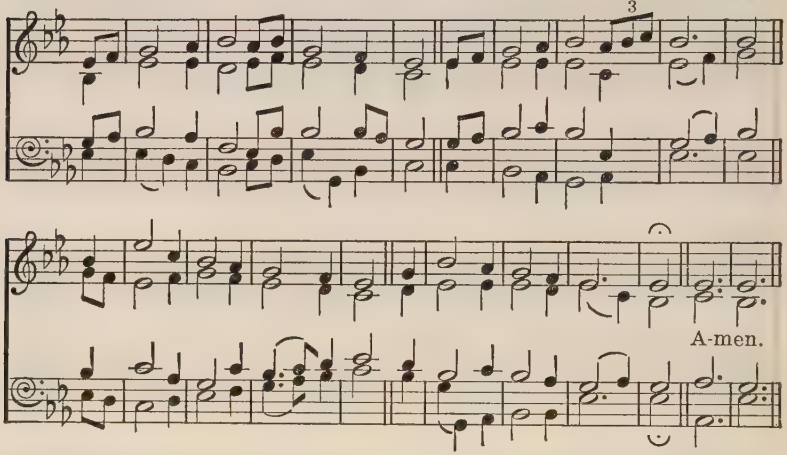
From the Marathi of NARAYAN VAMAN TILAK, 1862-1919;
Tr. NICOL MACNICOL, 1870-

AND THE FOLLOWING:

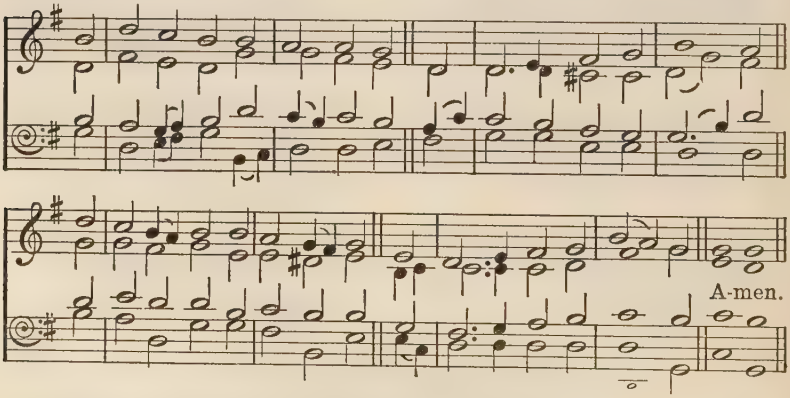
3 Father of heaven, whose love profound.
86 When I survey the wondrous Cross.
89 O my Saviour, lifted.
90 O come and mourn with me awhile.
91 My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet.
94 O sacred Head, now wounded.
95 Near the Cross her vigil keeping.
96 My song is love unknown.
101 Alas, and did my Saviour bleed.
292-306 Hymns of Love and Gratitude.
307-347 Hymns of Aspiration and Holiness.
357 Thine, forever, God of love.
359 Jesus, I my cross have taken.
641 O blessed is the man whose sins (Ps. 32).
648 I waited for the Lord my God (Ps. 40).
649 As pants the hart for cooling streams (Ps. 42).
652 After Thy loving-kindness, Lord (Ps. 51).

280 ST. COLUMBA. 8 7 8 7. *Tenderly.*

Ancient Irish Hymn Melody.



DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.* JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever!

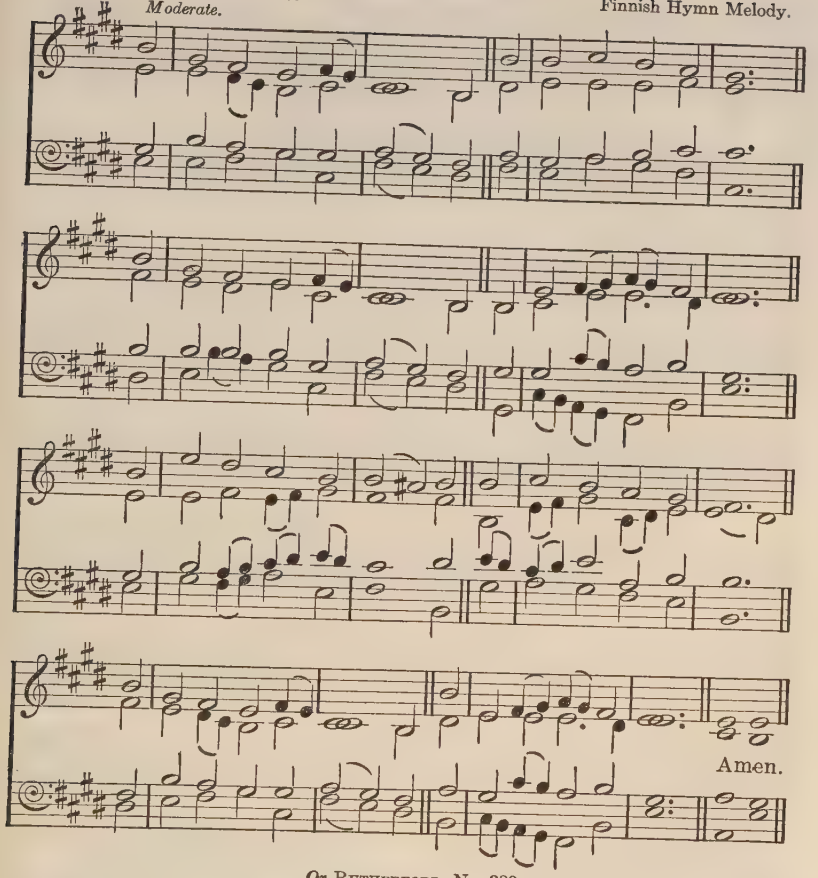
HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821-1877.

281 Peace and Joy

NYLAND. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderate.

Finnish Hymn Melody.



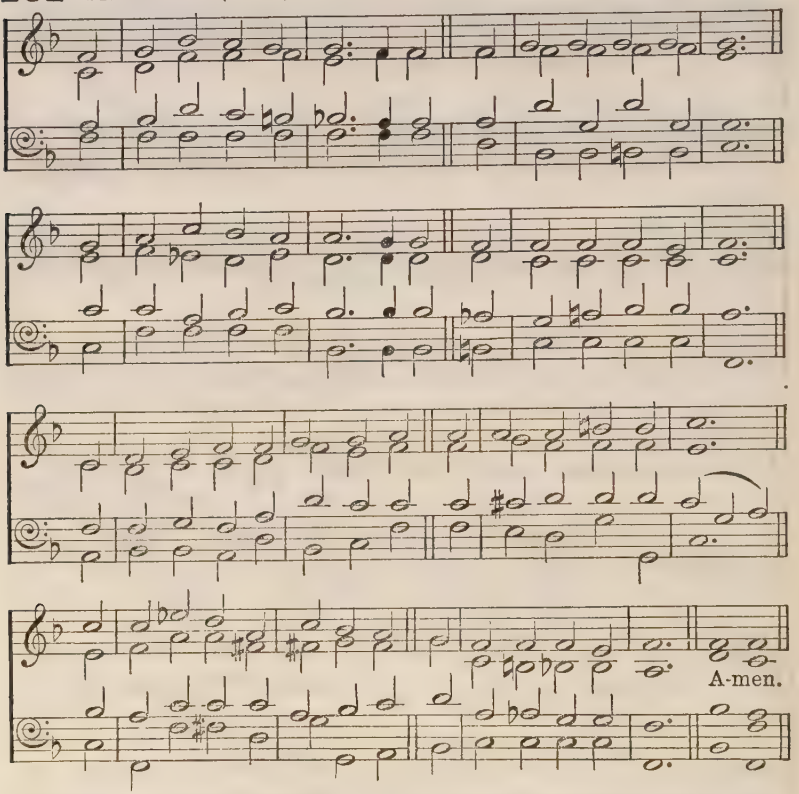
Or RUTHERFORD, No. 320.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure:
My path to life is free:
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, 1820-1910.

282 ST. LEONARD (HILES). D.C.M. *Moderate.* HENRY HILES, 1826-1904.

MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth
To long-loved music set:
'Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet;

3 'Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known;
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.'
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

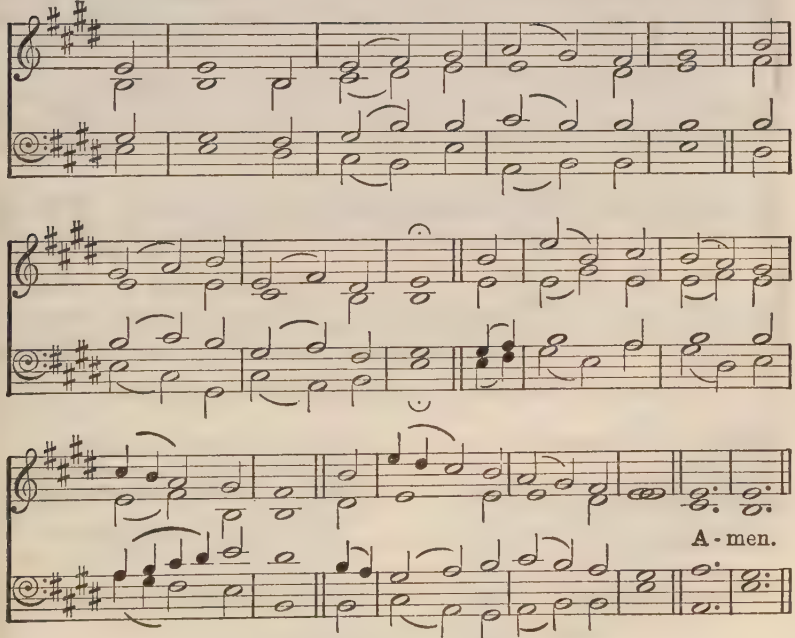
4 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
'Thou art my portion,' saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, 1820-1910.

283 IRISH. C.M.

Moderately fast.

Melody from A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS, Dublin, 1749.



MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

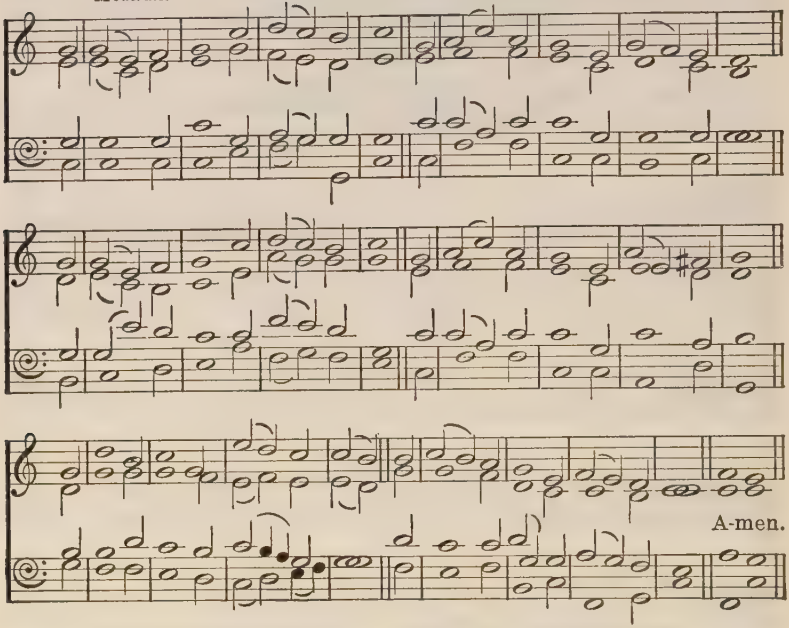
3 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.
Wesley version.

284 ST. PETERSBURG. 8 8 8 8 8 8.

Moderate.

DMITRI STEPANOVITCH BORTNIANSKI, 1752-1825.



From the revised Church Hymnary: by permission of the Oxford University Press.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if Thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy Name.

2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with Thy dear Name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

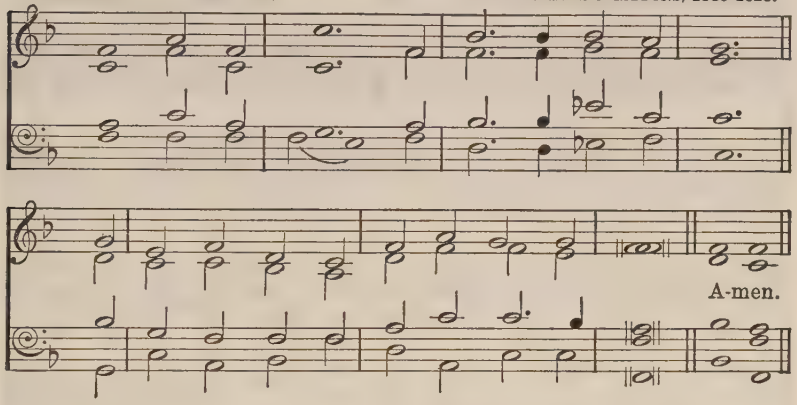
3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art;
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown:

4 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power;
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
My joy in grief, my shield in strife,
In death my everlasting life.

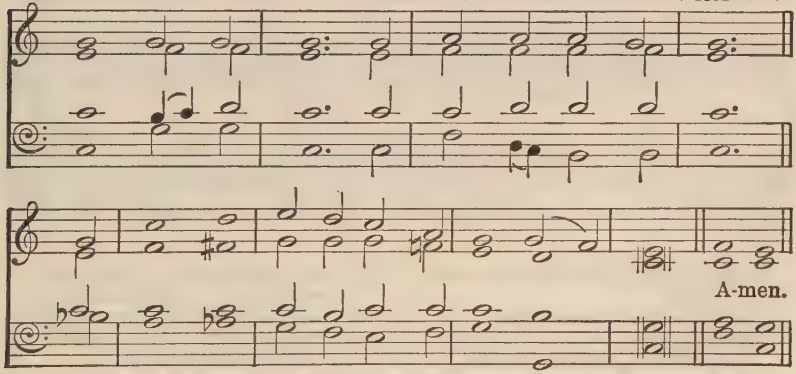
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

Peace and Joy

285 SONG 46 (GIBBONS). 10 10. *Slow.* ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.



PAX TECUM. 10 10. *Slow.* GEORGE THOMAS CALDBECK, 1852-
Arranged by CHARLES JOHN VINCENT, 1852-1934.



From the Hymnal Companion, by permission of Longmans, Green and Company.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

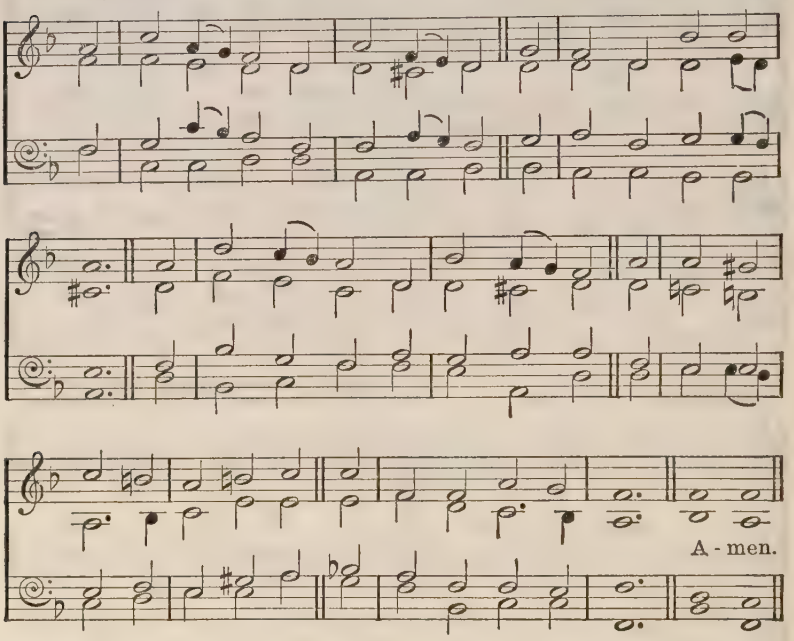
7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1825-1906.

286 HAMMERSMITH. 8 6 8 8 6.

Moderate.

WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, 1840-1891.



DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

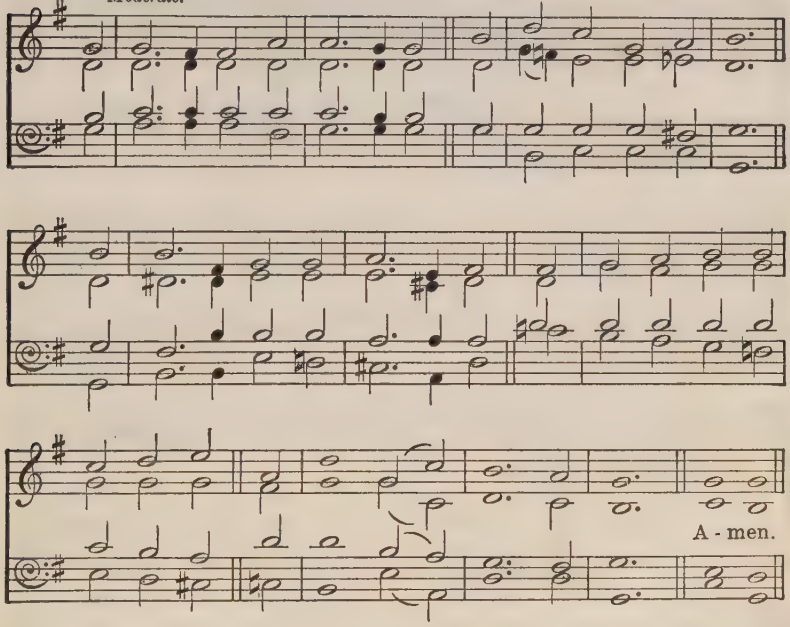
6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892.

Peace and Joy

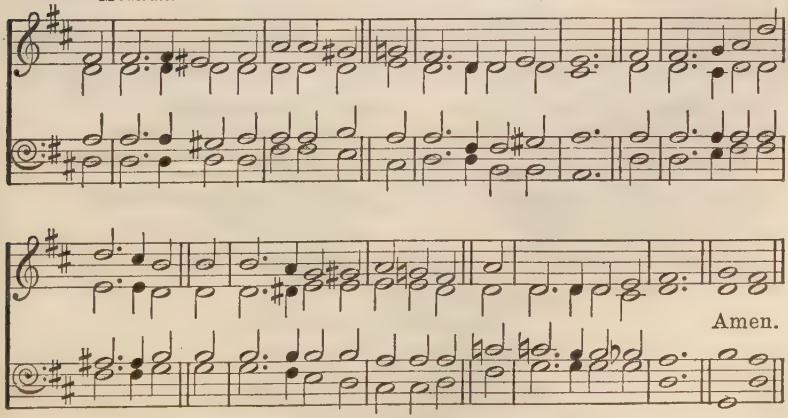
NEWCASTLE. 8 6 8 8 6.
Moderate.

HENRY KILLICK MORLEY, c. 1855-



REST (ELTON). 8 6 8 8 6.
Moderate.

FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1844-1927.



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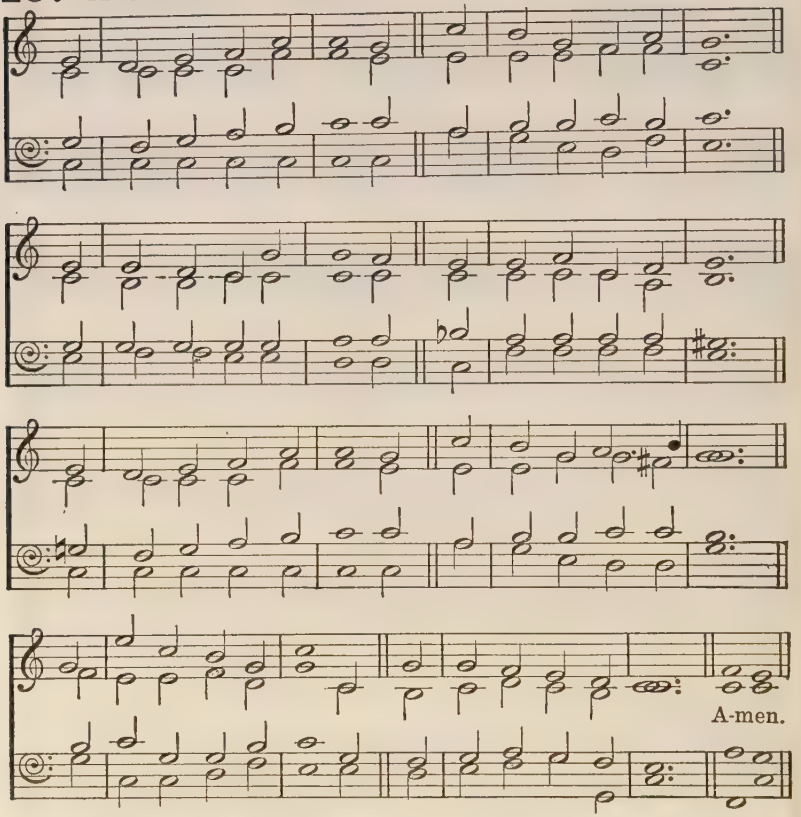
287 BENTLEY. 7 6 7 6 D. *Moderate.* JOHN HULLAH, 1812-1884.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

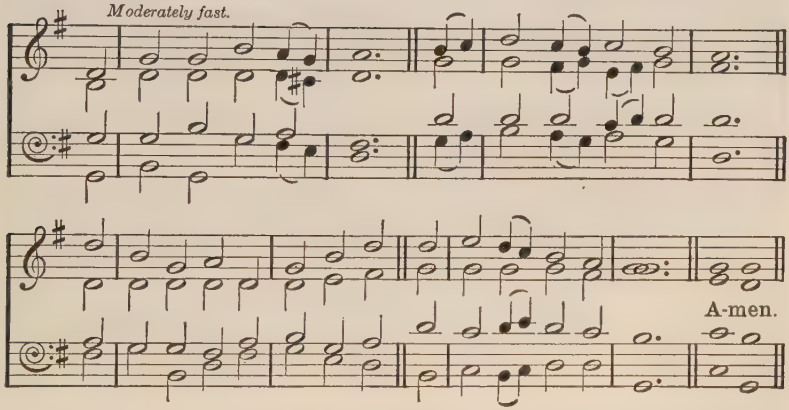
3 'It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.'

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

288 ST. THOMAS. S.M.

WILLIAMS'S PSALMODY, 1770.



Or OLD 134TH (ST. MICHAEL), No. 158.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

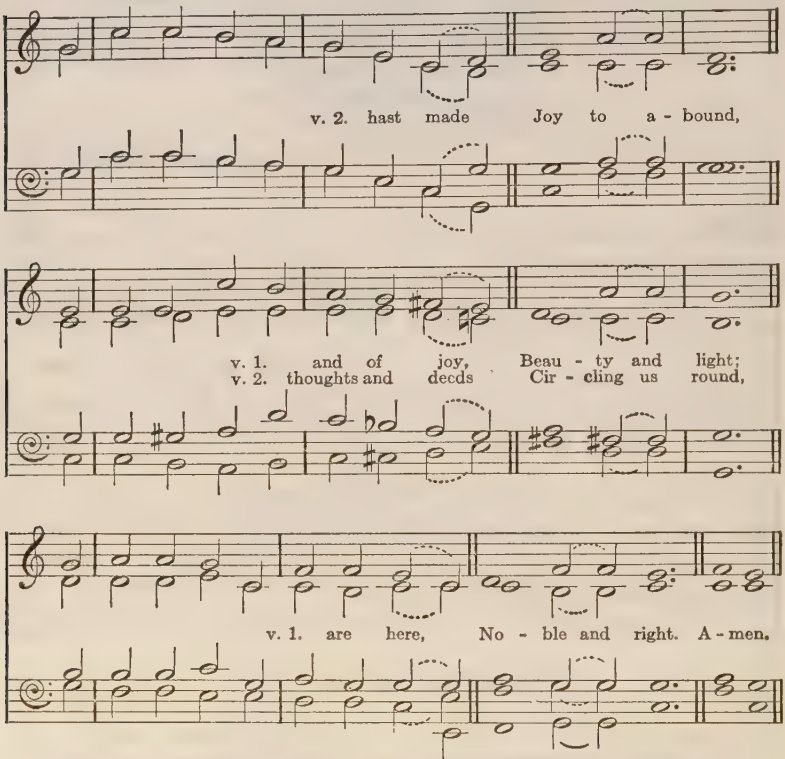
5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

289 WENTWORTH. 8 4 8 4 8 4.

Moderate.

FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1844-1927.


v. 2. hast made Joy to a - bound,
v. 1. and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
v. 2. thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round,
v. 1. are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

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MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,—
So full of splendour and of joy
Beauty and light,—
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,—
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,—
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,—
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more,—
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

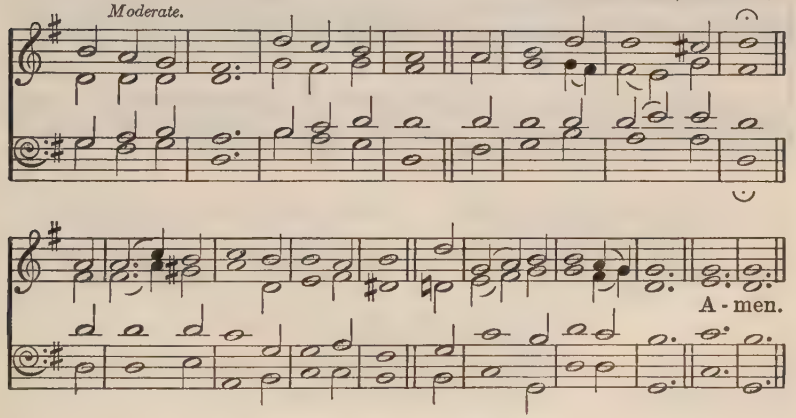
6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1825-1864.

290 BINCHESTER. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727.

Moderate.



HAPPY are they, they that love God,
Whose hearts have Christ confest,
Who by His Cross have found their life,
And 'neath His yoke their rest.

2 Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
When they together sing;
And strong the prayers that bow the ear
Of heaven's eternal King.

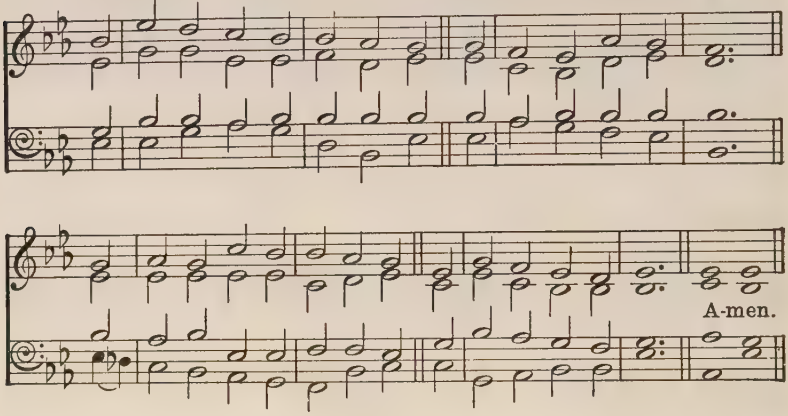
3 Christ to their homes giveth His peace,
And makes their loves His own,
But ah, what tares the evil one
Hath in His garden sown.

4 Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
Did not its sorrows prove
The path whereby the sheep may find
The fold of Jesus' love.

5 Then shall they know, they that love Him,
How all their pain is good;
And death itself cannot unbind
Their happy brotherhood.

CHARLES COFFIN, 1676-1749.
Tr. YATTENDON HYMNAL, No. 34, 1899.

291 ST. PETER. C.M. *Moderate.* ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Ascribed to MICHAEL BRUCE, 1746-1767.
SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

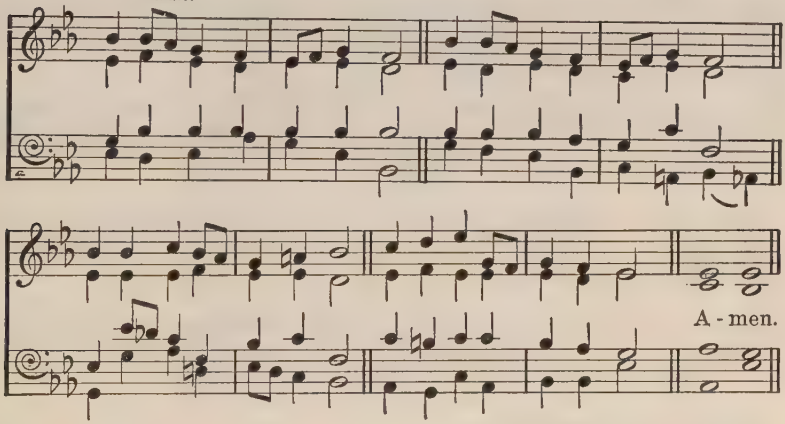
AND THE FOLLOWING:

100 In the Cross of Christ I glory.
130 Rest of the weary.
269 Come, let us to the Lord our God.
295 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All.
297 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts.
298 Jesus, the very thought of Thee.
299 O Jesus, King most wonderful.
304 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.
361 O happy day, that fixed my choice.
419 O Lord, how happy should we be.
640 The Lord's my light and saving health (Ps. 27).
642 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice (Ps. 33).
661 O greatly blessed the people are (Ps. 89).
664 To render thanks unto the Lord (Ps 92).
666 O come, let us sing to the Lord (Ps. 95).

292 SAVANNAH. 7 7 7 7.

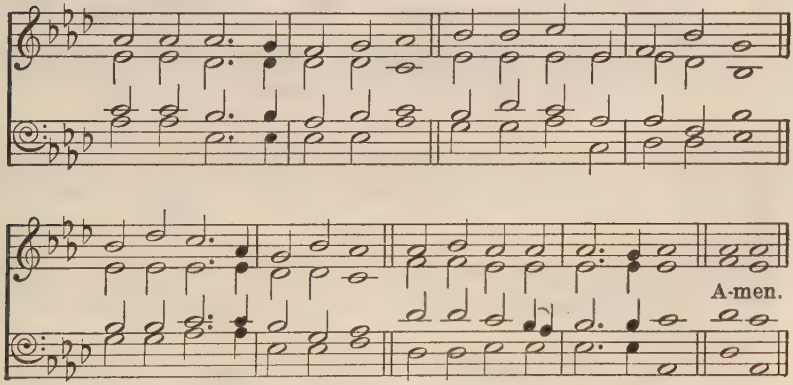
Moderate.

JOHN WESLEY'S FOUNDERY COLLECTION, 1742.



ST. BEES. 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.*

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

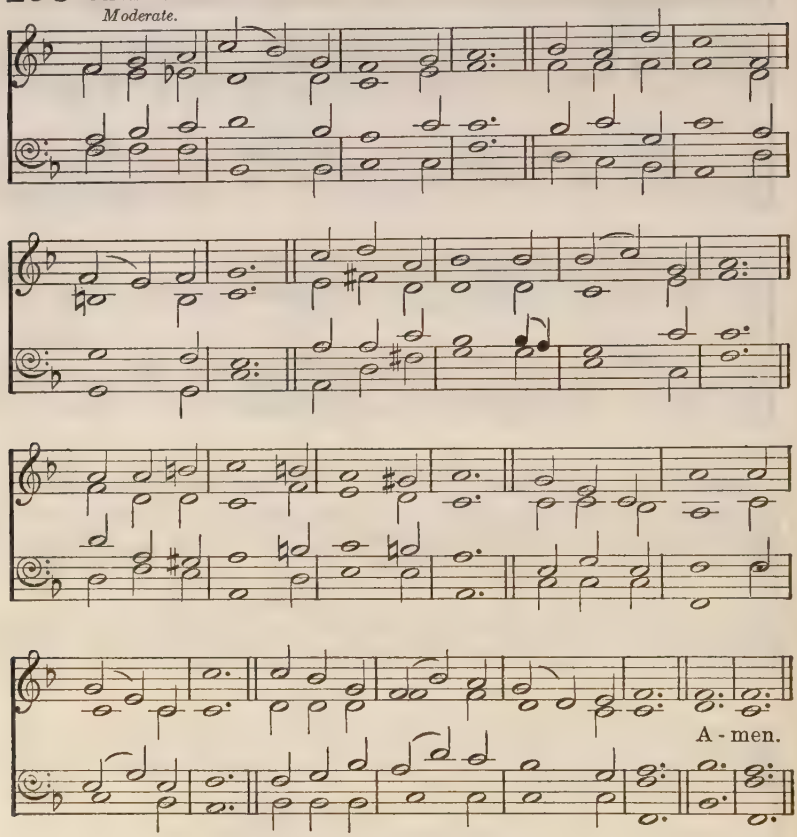
5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

293 PATER OMNIUM. 8 8 8 8 8 8. HENRY JAMES ERNEST HOLMES, 1852- .

Moderate.



Or SURREY (CAREY'S), No. 276.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah, why did I so late Thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To Thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed, I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

4 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

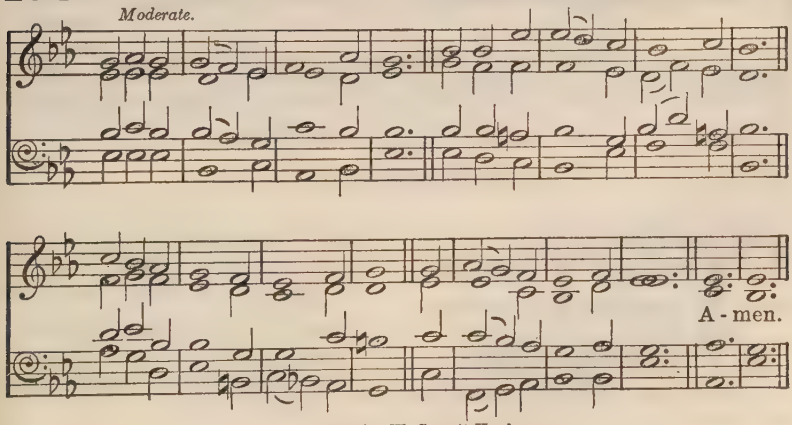
5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

6 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile, Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1624-1677.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

294 TRUST. 8 8 8 6.

GEORGE WILLIAM TORRANCE, 1836-1907.



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O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

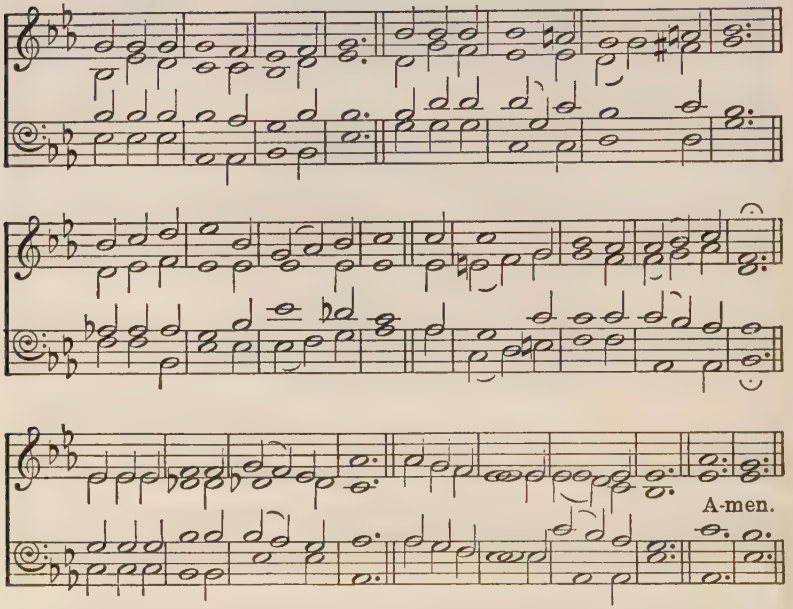
2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

JANE CREWDSON, 1809-1863.

295 ST. CHRYSOSTOM. 8 8 8 8 8 8.

Moderate.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.



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Or SURREY (CAREY'S), opposite.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, My Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

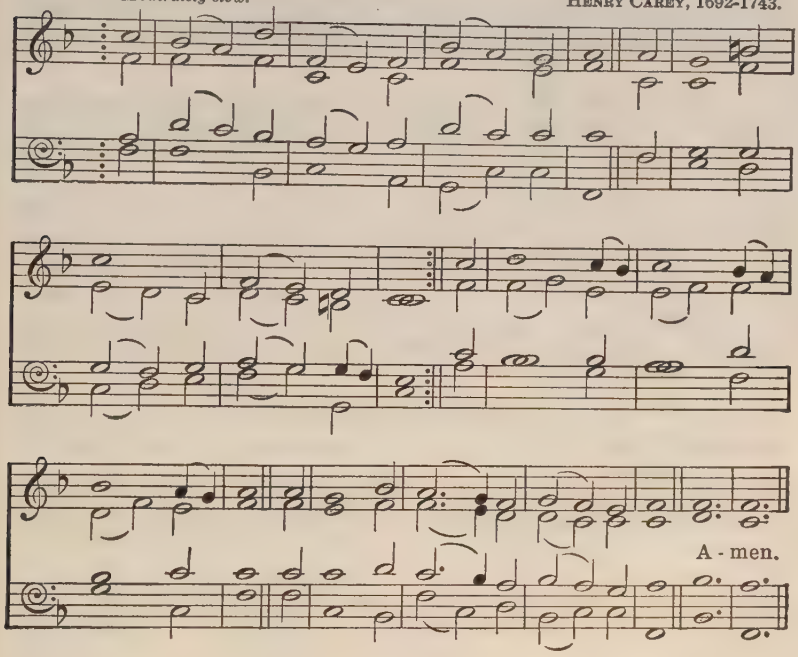
4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more!

HENRY COLLINS, 1830-1919

296 SURREY (CAREY'S). 8 8 8 8 8 8.

Moderately slow.

HENRY CAREY, 1692-1743.



Or ST. CHRYSOSTOM, opposite.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone I am:
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray;
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

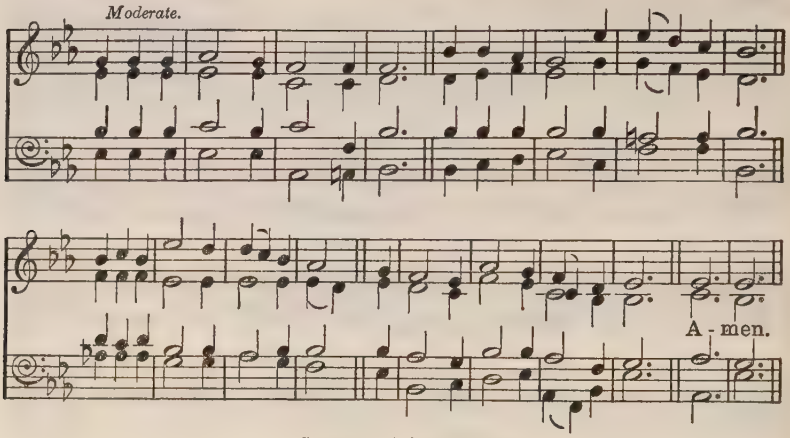
4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died:

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607-1676.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

297 MARYTON. L.M.

HENRY PERCY SMITH, 1825-1898.

Moderate.



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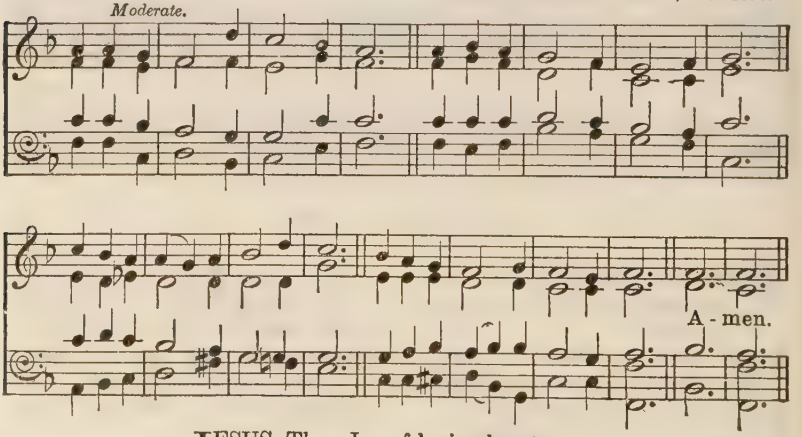
WINSCOTT. L.M.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.

Moderate.



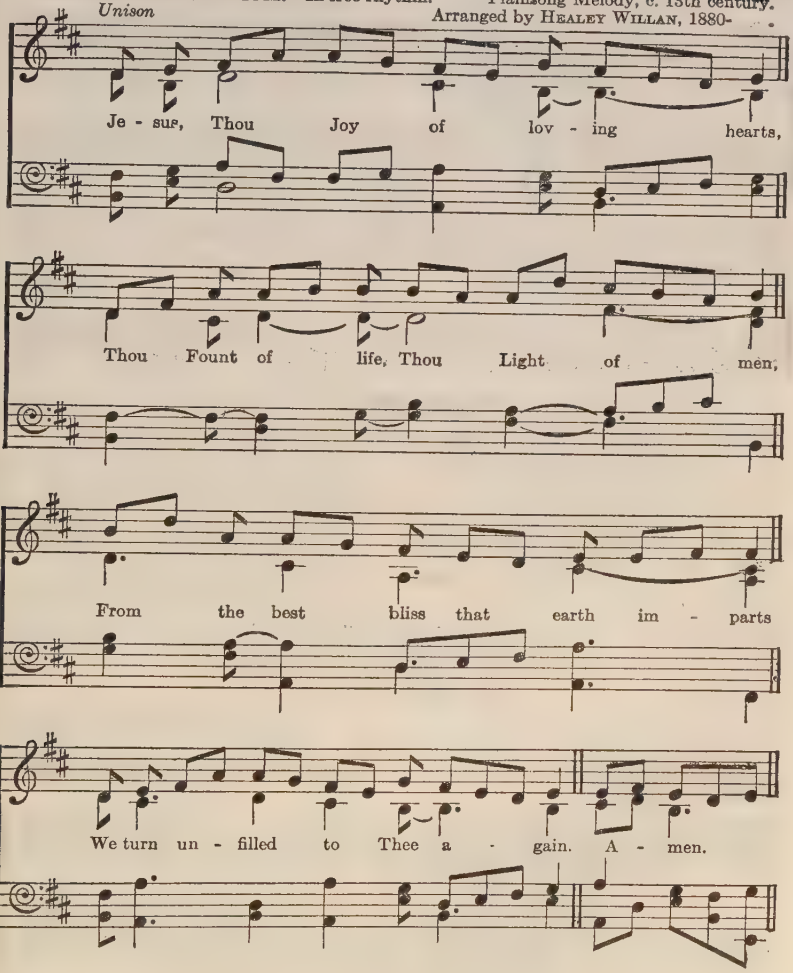
JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call:
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

JESU DULCEDO CORDIUM. In free rhythm. Plainsong Melody, c. 13th century.
Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-

Unison


Je - sus, Thou Joy of lov - ing hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth im - parts
We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - men.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,—
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

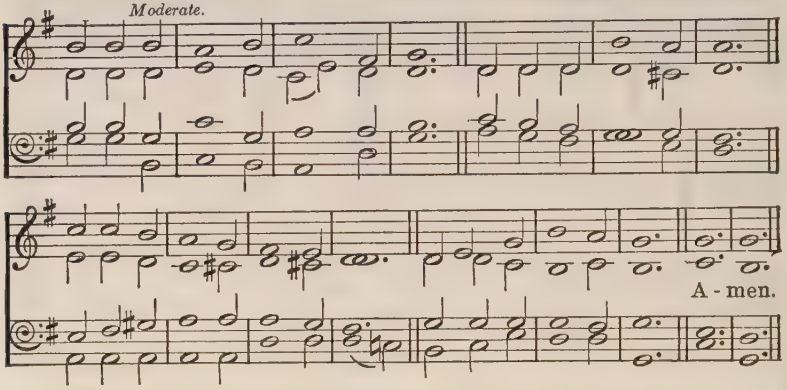
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

From the Latin, Mediaeval.
Tr. RAY PALMER, 1808-1887.

298 ST. AGNES, DURHAM. C.M.

Moderate.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



ST. BERNARD, following, is commended for this hymn.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

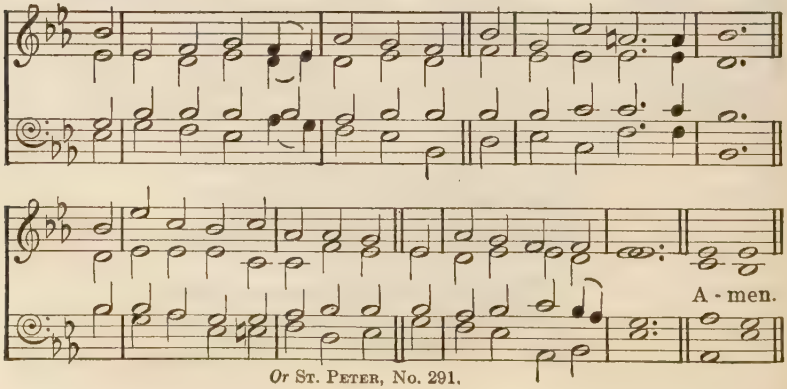
5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now
And through eternity.

From the Latin, Mediaeval.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878.

299 ST. BERNARD. C.M.

Moderate.

Adapted from a Melody in TOCHTER SION, Cologne, 1741.



Or ST. PETER, No. 291.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

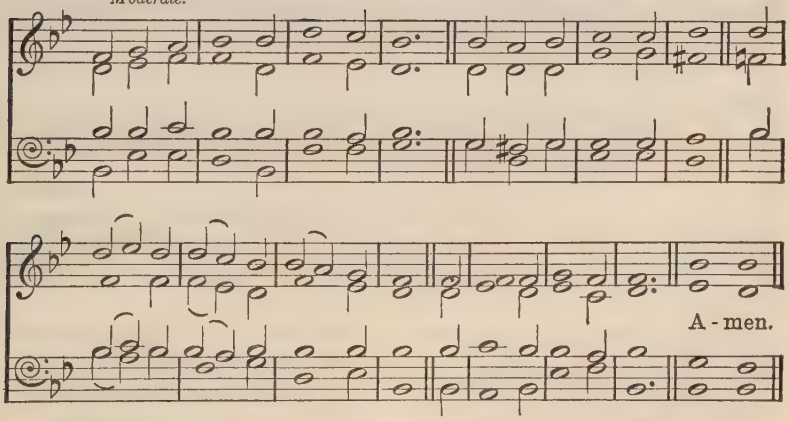
5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

From the Latin, Mediaeval.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878.

300 ABERGELE. C.M.

Moderate.

JOHN AMBROSE LLOYD, 1815-1874.



Or ST. BERNARD, opposite.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

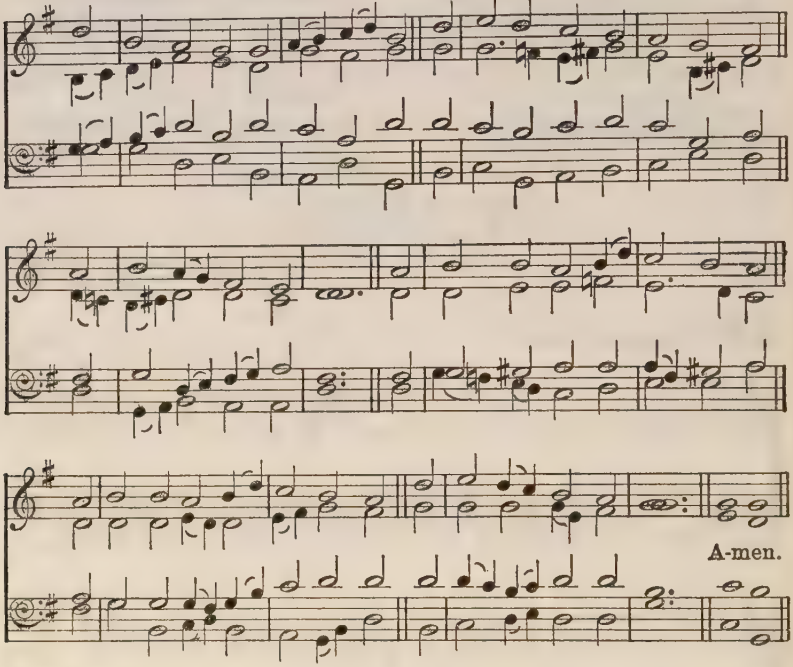
5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

RAY PALMER, 1808-1887.

301 ALLGÜTIGER, MEIN PREISGESANG. 8 8 6 8 8 6.

Moderate.

GEORG PETER WEIMAR, 1734-1800.



O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

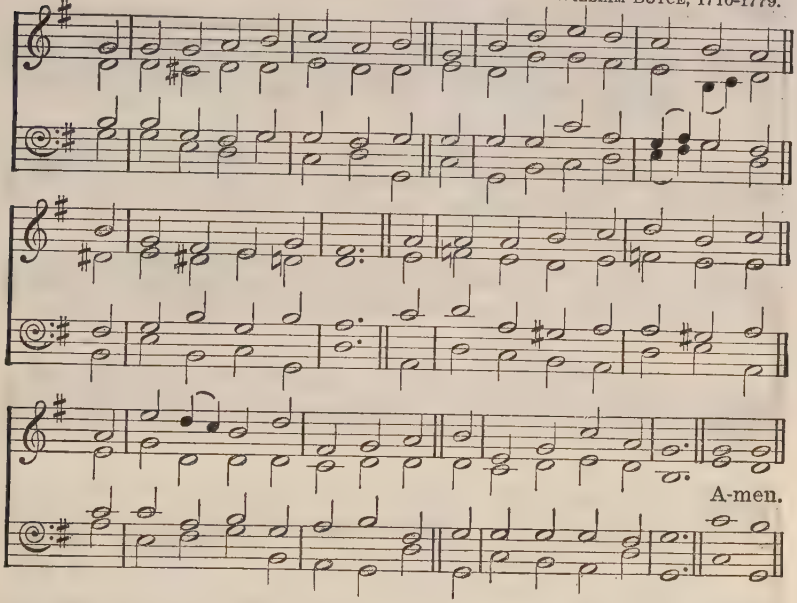
4 O that I could for ever sit
Like Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

Love and Gratitude

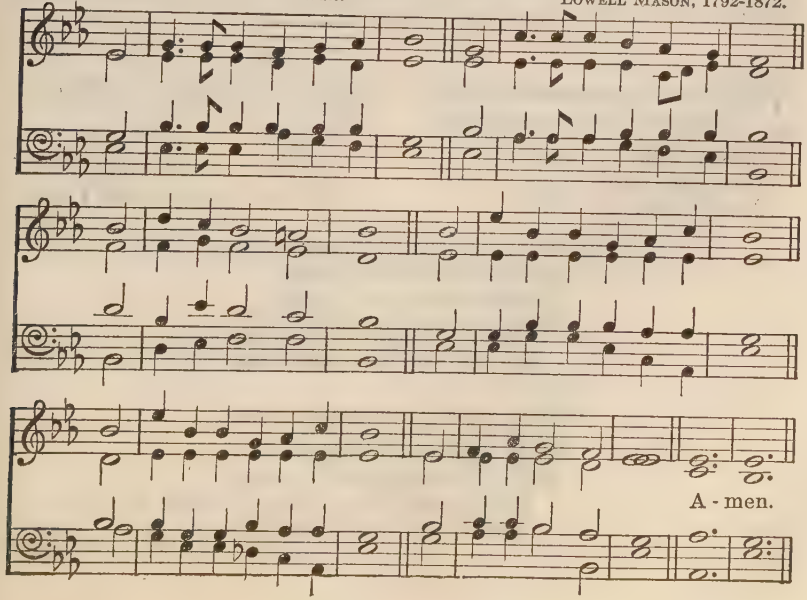
CHAPEL ROYAL. 8 8 6 8 8 6. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM BOYCE, 1710-1779.



MERIBAH. 8 8 6 8 8 6. *Moderate.*

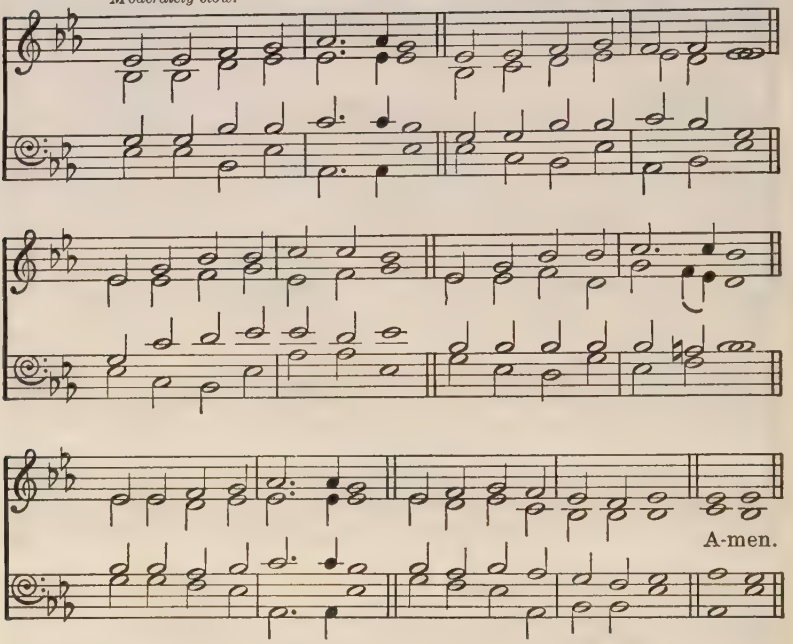
LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



302 REDHEAD No. 76 (Petra). 777777.

Moderately slow.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820-1901.



WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

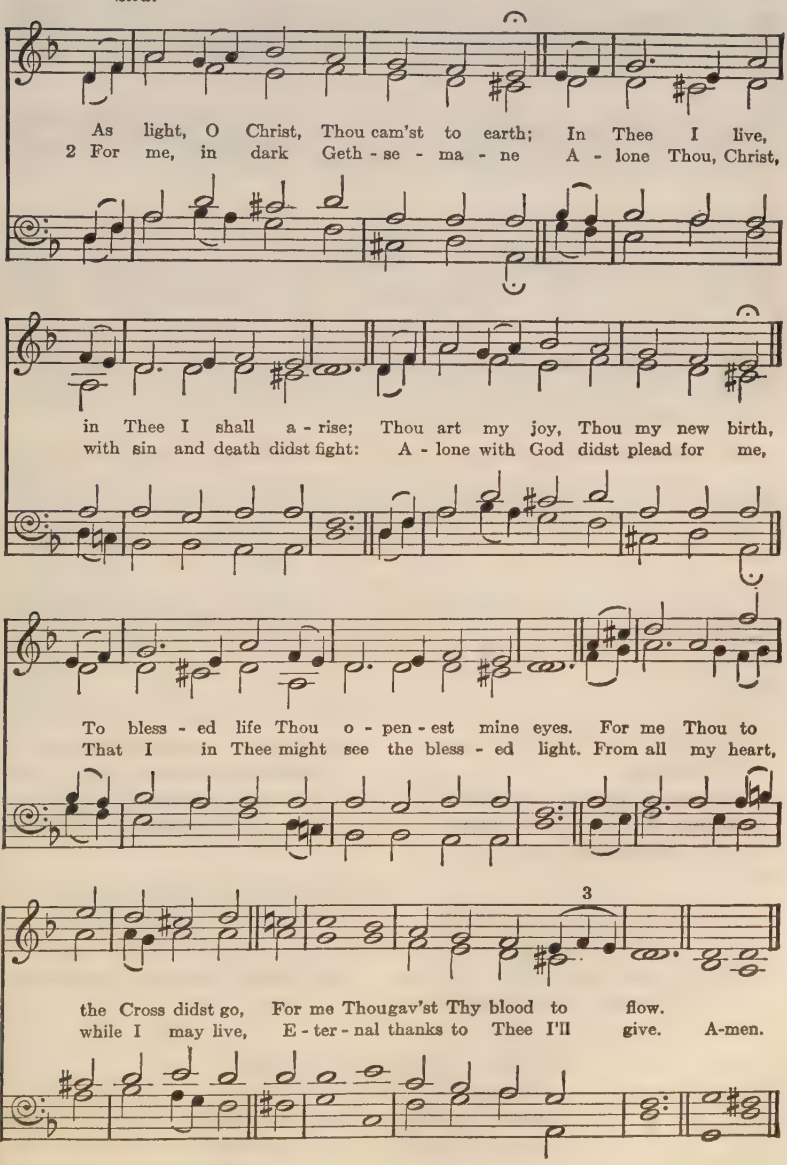
3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

4 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE, 1813-1843.

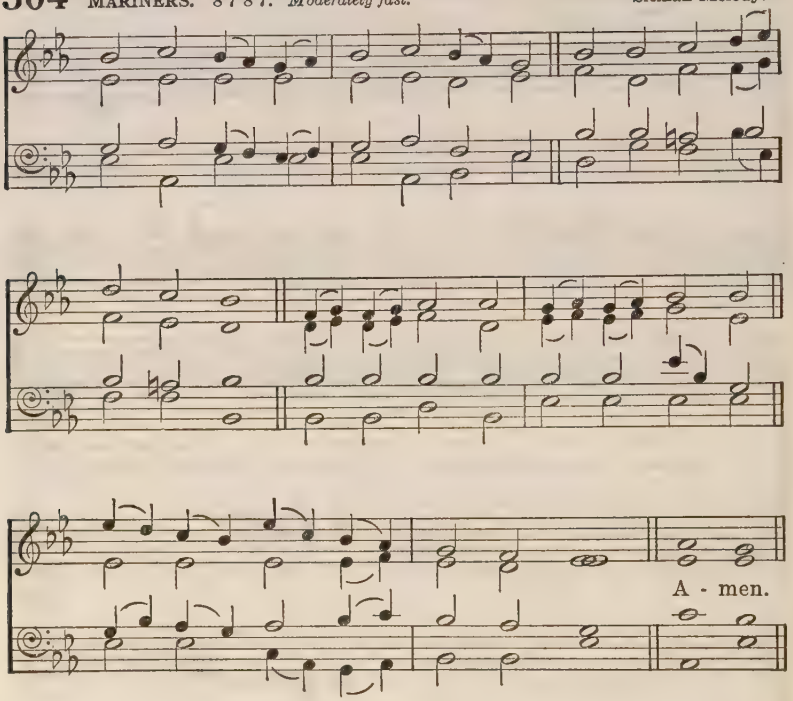
303 **BLESSED LIGHT.** 8 10 8 10 8 8. From the Russian, *Tr.* Robert George Katsunoff, 1887-

Slow.


As light, O Christ, Thou cam'st to earth; In Thee I live,
2 For me, in dark Geth - se - ma - ne A - lone Thou, Christ,
in Thee I shall a - rise; Thou art my joy, Thou my new birth,
with sin and death didst fight: A - lone with God didst plead for me,
To bless - ed life Thou o - pen - est mine eyes. For me Thou to
That I in Thee might see the bless - ed light. From all my heart,
3
the Cross didst go, For me Thougav'st Thy blood to flow.
while I may live, E - ter - nal thanks to Thee I'll give. A-men.

304 MARINERS. 8 7 8 7. *Moderately fast.*

Sicilian Melody.



Or ALL FOR JESUS, No. 13.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above;
While my heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Dwells on God's unchanging love.

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

4 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

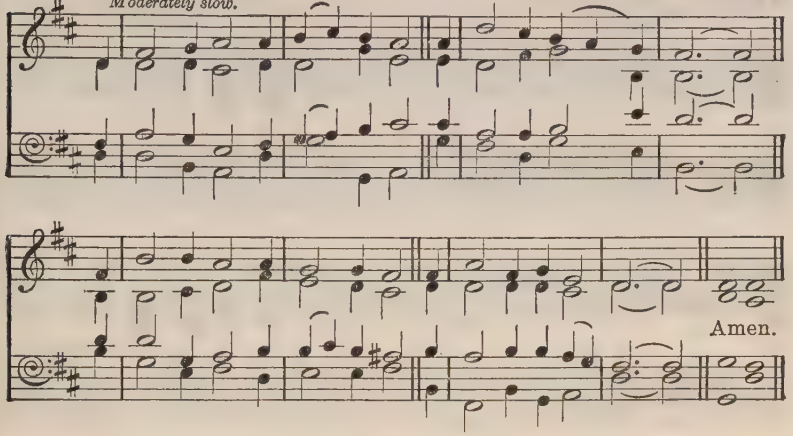
5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1735-1790.

305 THIS ENDRIS NYGHT. C.M.

Old English Carol, c. 15th century.

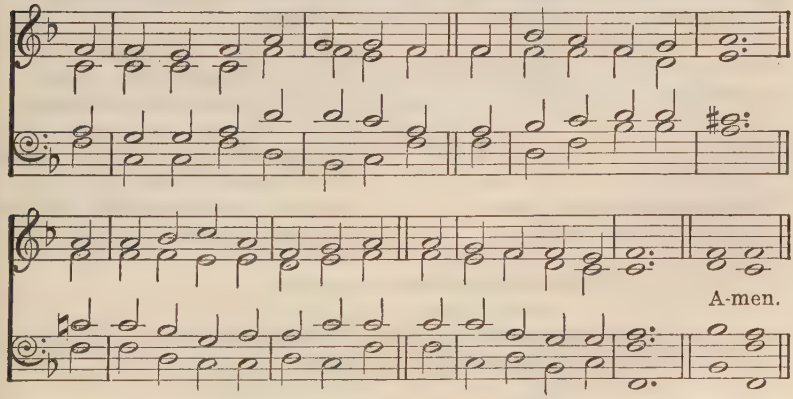
Moderately slow.



From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. *Moderate.*

Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



MY God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Even death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, most loving Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well,
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord?

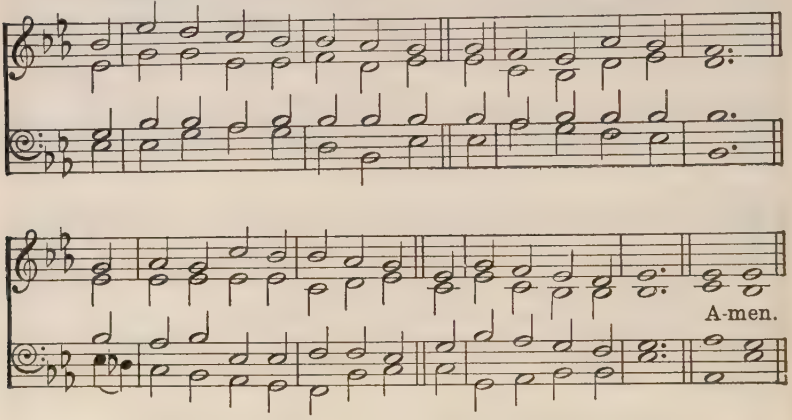
6 Even so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Ascribed to ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, 1506-1552.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878.

306 ST. PETER. C.M.

Moderate.

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807.

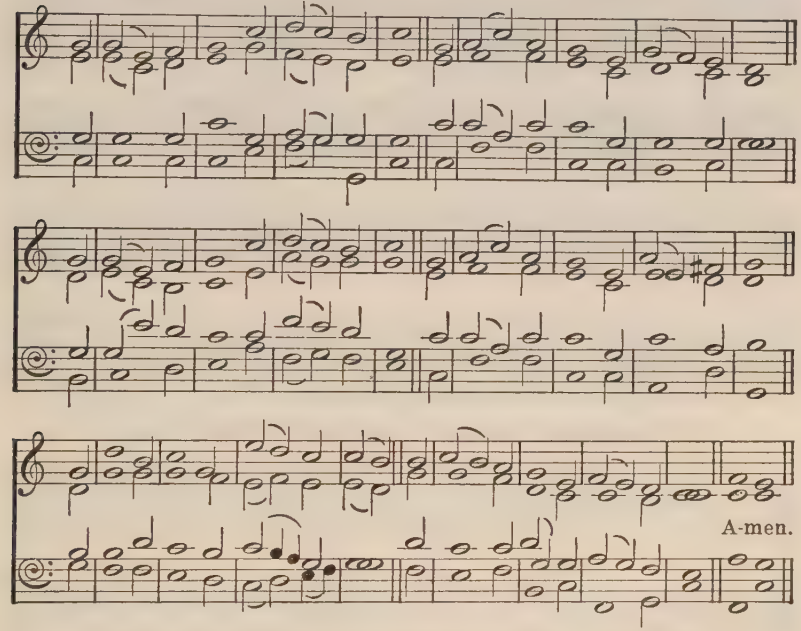
AND THE FOLLOWING:

268 Weary of earth and laden with my sin.
307 Thou hidden Love of God, whose height.
309 O for a heart to praise my God.
320 O Lamb of God, still keep me.
330 Love Divine, all loves excelling.
344 O Thou who camest from above.
664 To render thanks unto the Lord (Ps. 92).
675 I love the Lord, because my voice (Ps. 116).

307 ST. PETERSBURG. 8 8 8 8 8 8.

Moderate.

DMITRI STEPANOVITCH BORTNIANSKI, 1752-1825.



From the revised Church Hymnary: by permission of the Oxford University Press.

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but, though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove.
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

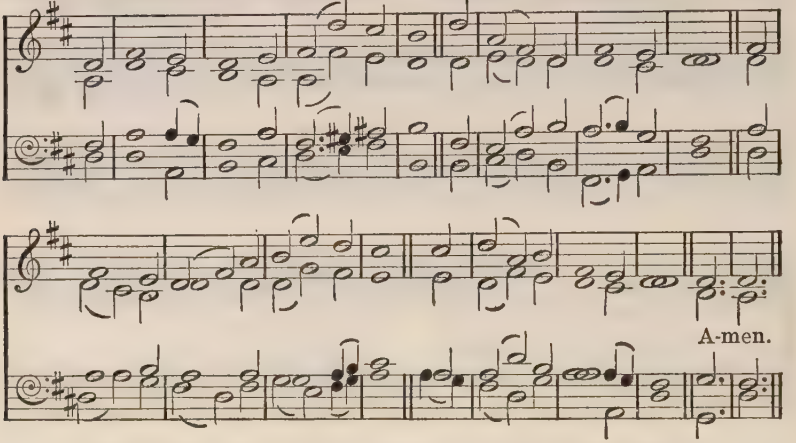
3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697-1769.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

308 STRACATHRO. C.M. *Moderate.*

CHARLES HUTCHESON, 1792-1860.



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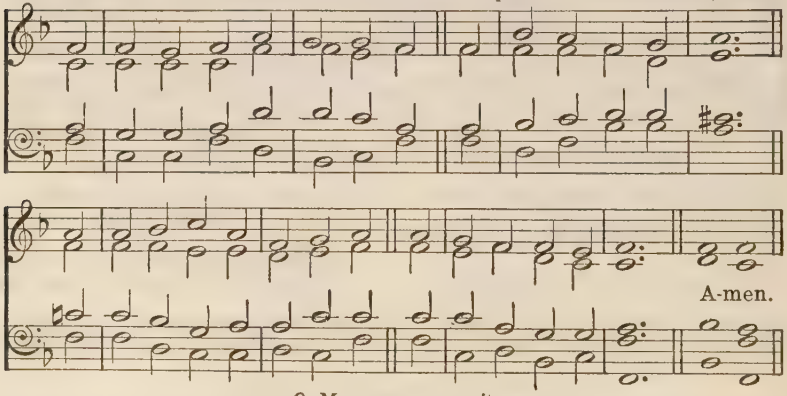
ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. *Moderate.*

Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



Or MARTYRDOM, opposite.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

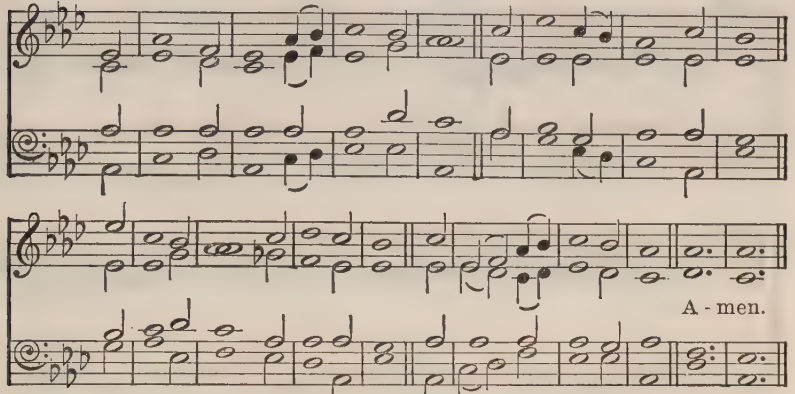
4 Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

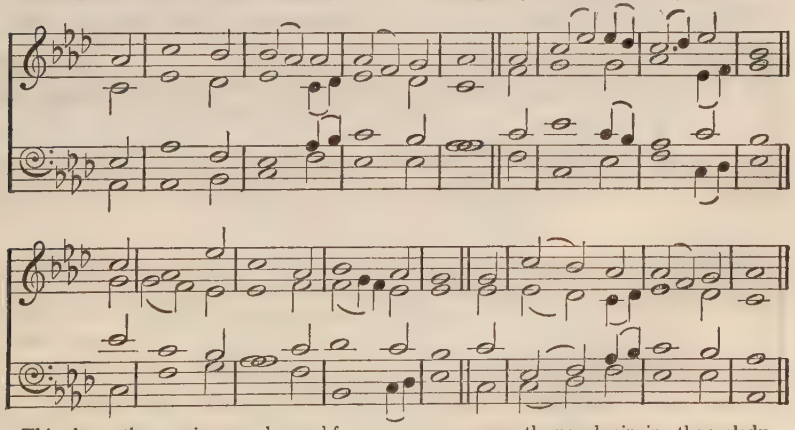
WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

309 MARTYRDOM. C.M. *Moderately slow and dignified.* HUGH WILSON, 1766-1824.



Or THIS ENDRIS NYGHT, No. 305

Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

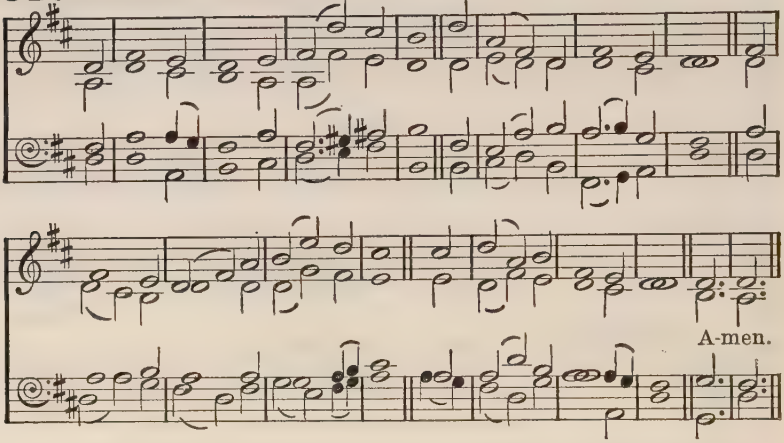
3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

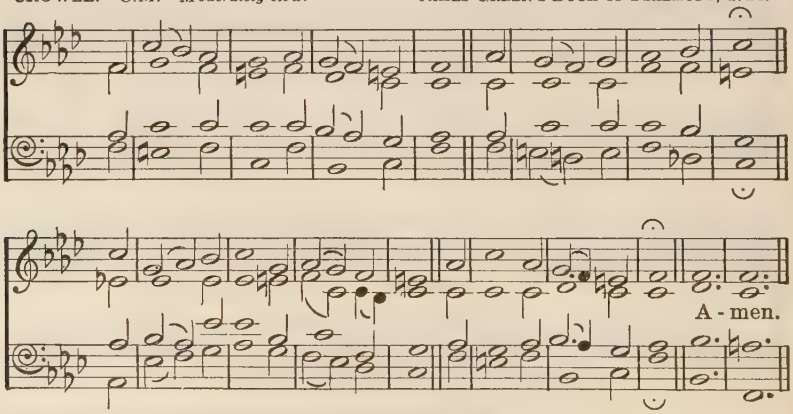
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

310 **STRACATHRO.** C.M. *Moderate.* CHARLES HUTCHESON, 1792-1860.



From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

CROWLE. C.M. *Moderately slow.* JAMES GREEN'S BOOK OF PSALMODY, 1724.



Or SPOHR, No. 649.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

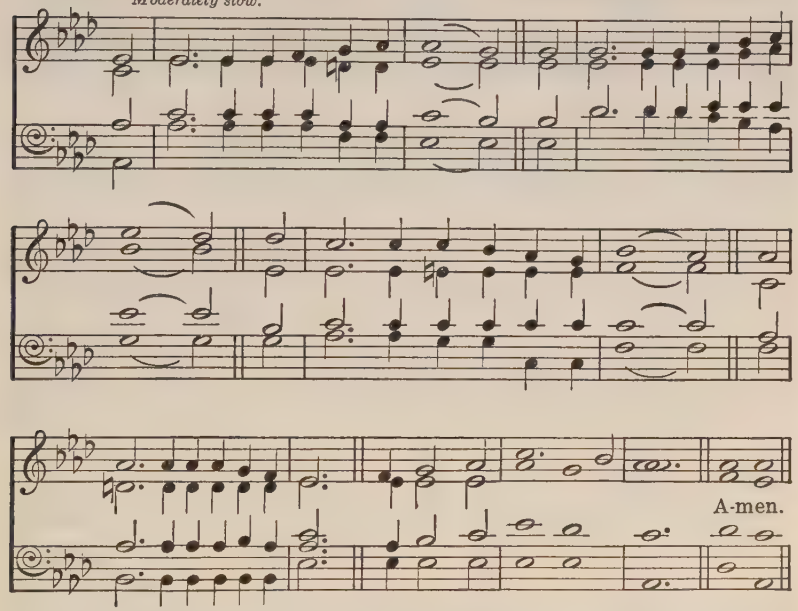
4 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807.

311 ST. MARGARET. 8 8 8 8 6.

ALBERT LISTER PEACE, 1844-1912.

Moderately slow.



Words and music by permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

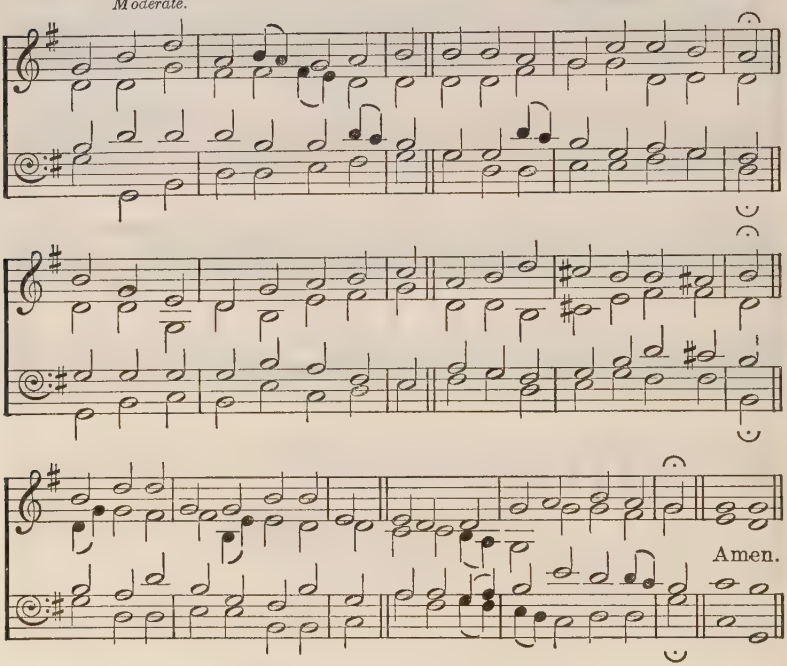
4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1842-1906.

312 WRESTLING JACOB. 8 8 8 8 8 8.

Moderate.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

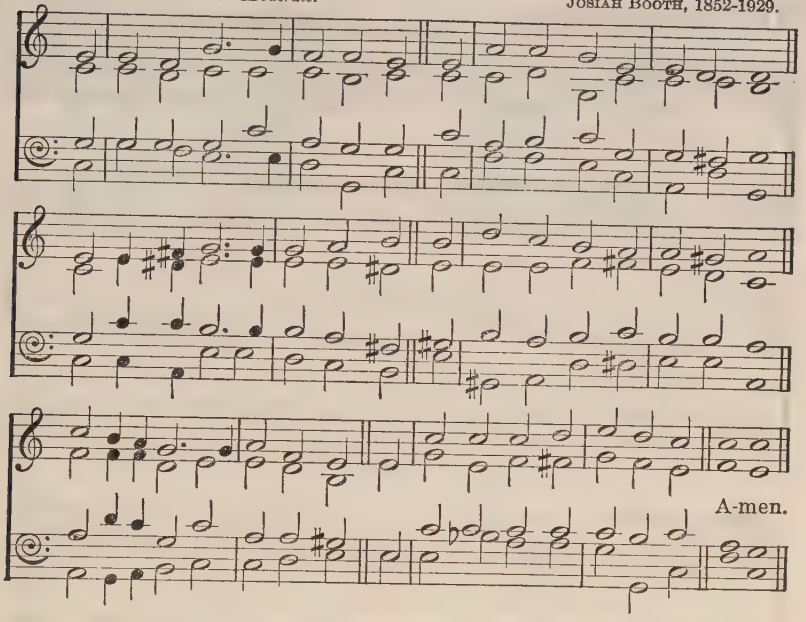
3 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer.
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

4 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

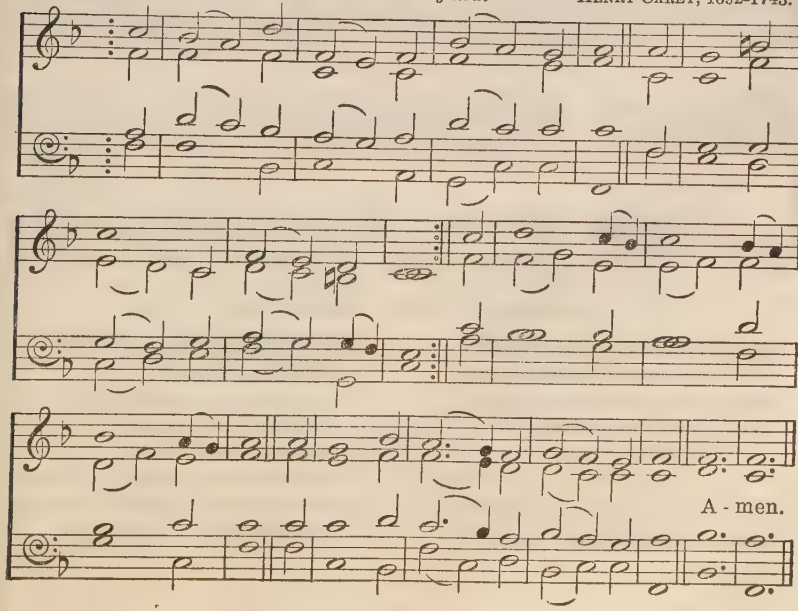
5 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

PENIEL. 8 8 8 8 8 8. *Moderate.* JOSIAH BOOTH, 1852-1929.

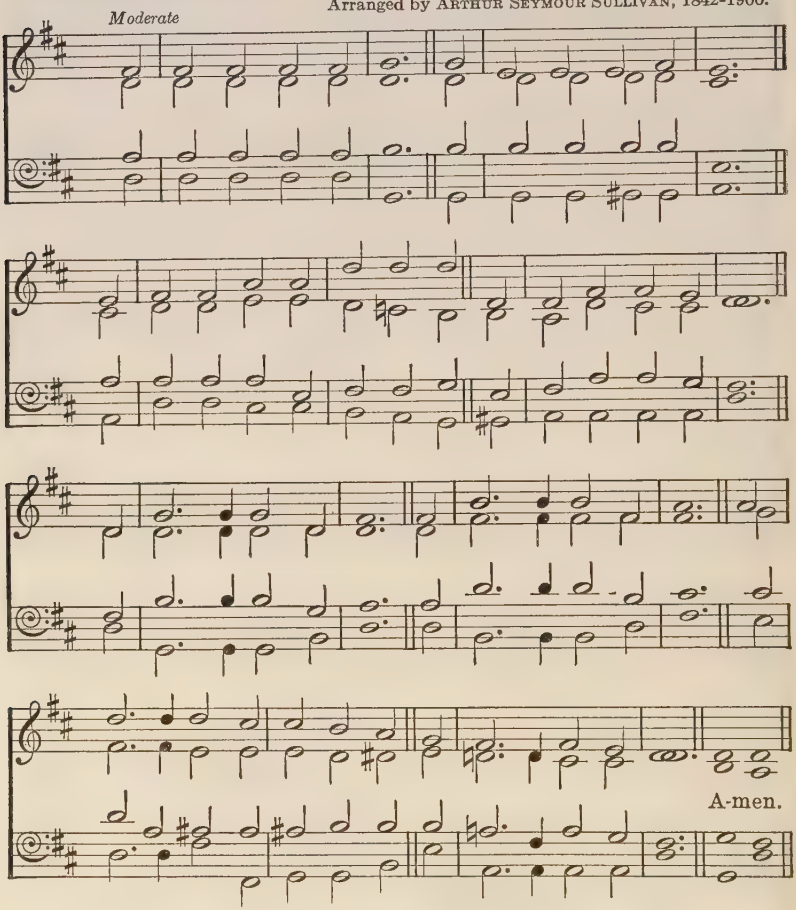


SURREY (CAREY'S). 8 8 8 8 8 8. *Moderately slow.* HENRY CAREY, 1692-1743.



313 LEOMINSTER. D.S.M.

George William Martin, 1828-1881.
Arranged by Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1842-1900.



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MAKE me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conqueror be.
I sink in life's alarms
When by myself I stand;
Imprison me within Thine arms,
And strong shall be my hand.

2 My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find;
It has no spring of action sure—
It varies with the wind.
It cannot freely move,
Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

3 My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve;
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world,
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

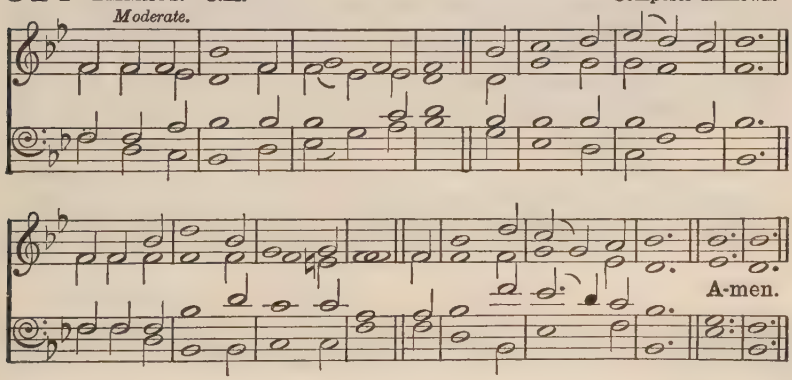
4 My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne
It must its crown resign;
It only stands unbent,
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant
And found in Thee its life.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1842-1906.

314 EMMAUS. C.M.

Composer unknown.

Moderate.



TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of Thy love.

2 With Thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.

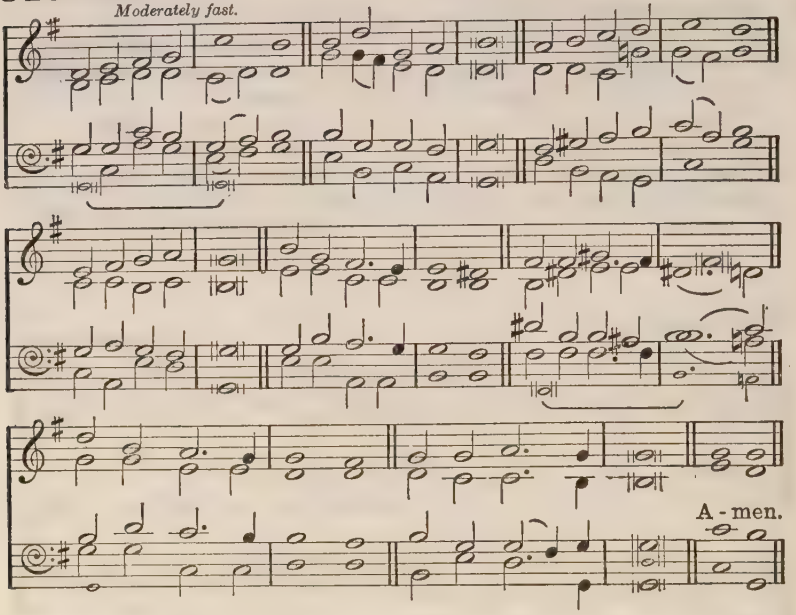
3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,
And echo to Thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek Thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of Thy grace
And hear Thee inly speak.

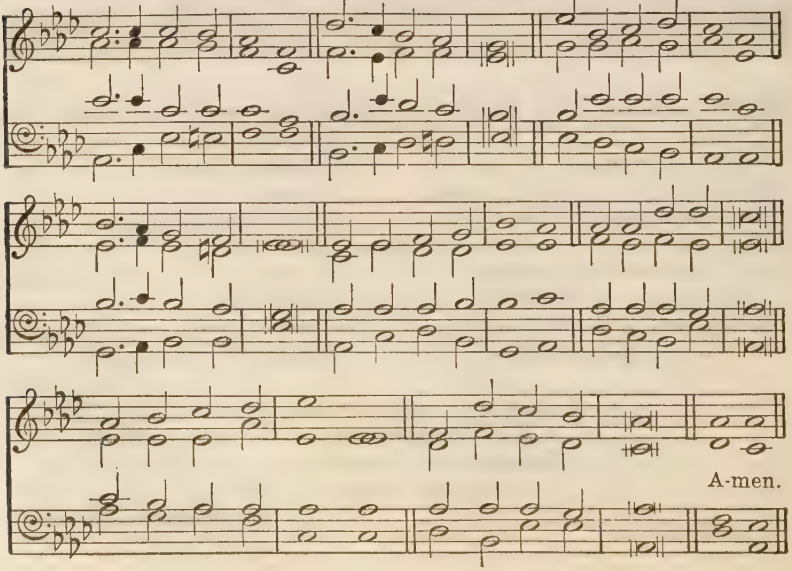
5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I Thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

315 EDINA. 6 5 6 5 D. *Moderately fast.* HERBERT STANLEY OAKELEY, 1830-1903.



HERMAS. 6 5 6 5 D. *Moderately fast.* FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.



SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

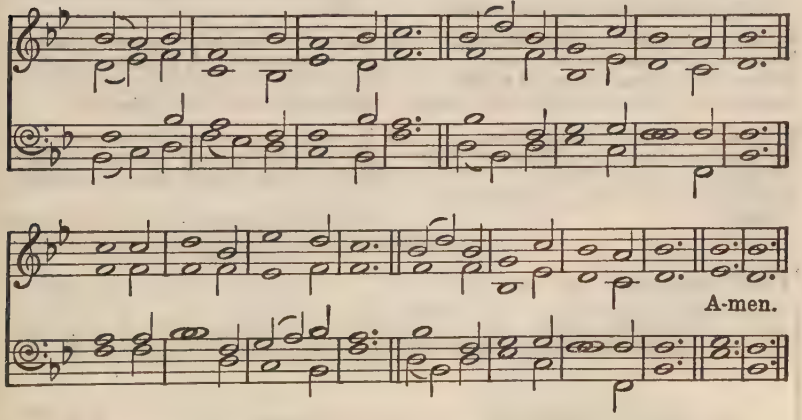
4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

GODFREY THRING, 1823-1903.

316 BRANDENBURG. 7777.

Moderately slow.

Composer unknown.



NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

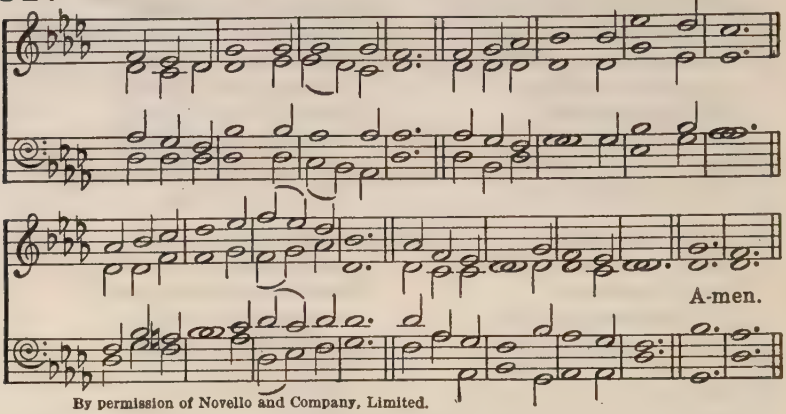
2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807.

317 OMBERSLEY. L.M. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE, 1840-1891.



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Or ST. ALBAN, No. 318.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the Cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean!

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

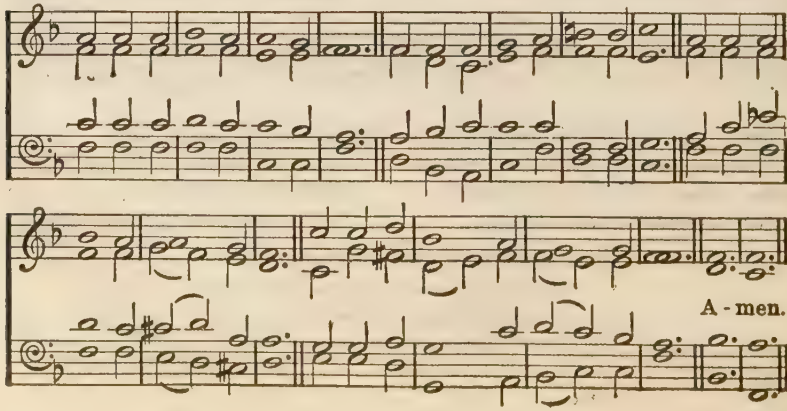
5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF, 1700-1760.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

318 ST. ALBAN. L.M. *Moderate.*

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK, 1867.



TOGETHER, Lord, we come to Thee,
And in Thy presence bow the head:
A band of hard-pressed folk are we,
Who find life's pathway rough to tread.

2 We bring our week of life to Thee,
All soiled, and worn, and marred with sin;
Thine eyes of holy love can see
Each tempted life without, within.

3 We bring our bitterness of heart,
Our hate and want of charity;
We fain would choose the better part,
And learn to love, dear Lord, like Thee.

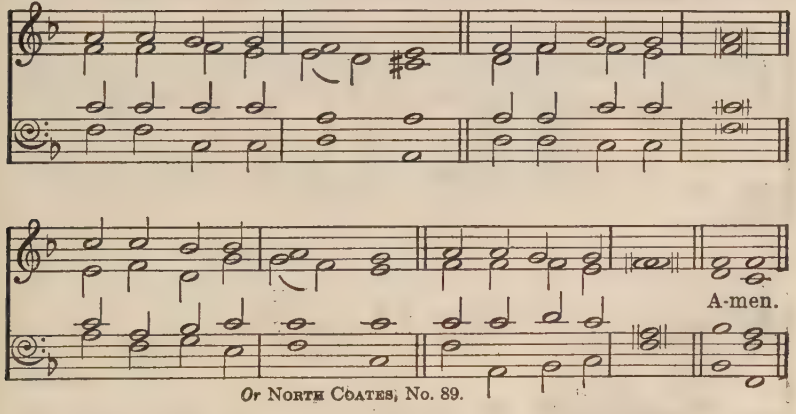
4 We bring our care for daily bread,
The fear that turns the heart to stone;
We cry to Thee; lift up our head
And show us we are not alone.

5 We bring the faith that over all,
Though faint and feeble, flickers still;
Increase it, Lord, that at Thy call
We may our daily task fulfil.

6 Lord, make us pure; enrich our life
With heavenly love for evermore;
Give us Thy strength to face the strife,
And serve Thee better than before.

EDWIN GILBERT, 1859-

319 **BEMERTON (CASWALL).** 6 5 6 5. *Moderate.* FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804-1876.



Or NORTH COATES, No. 89.

JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

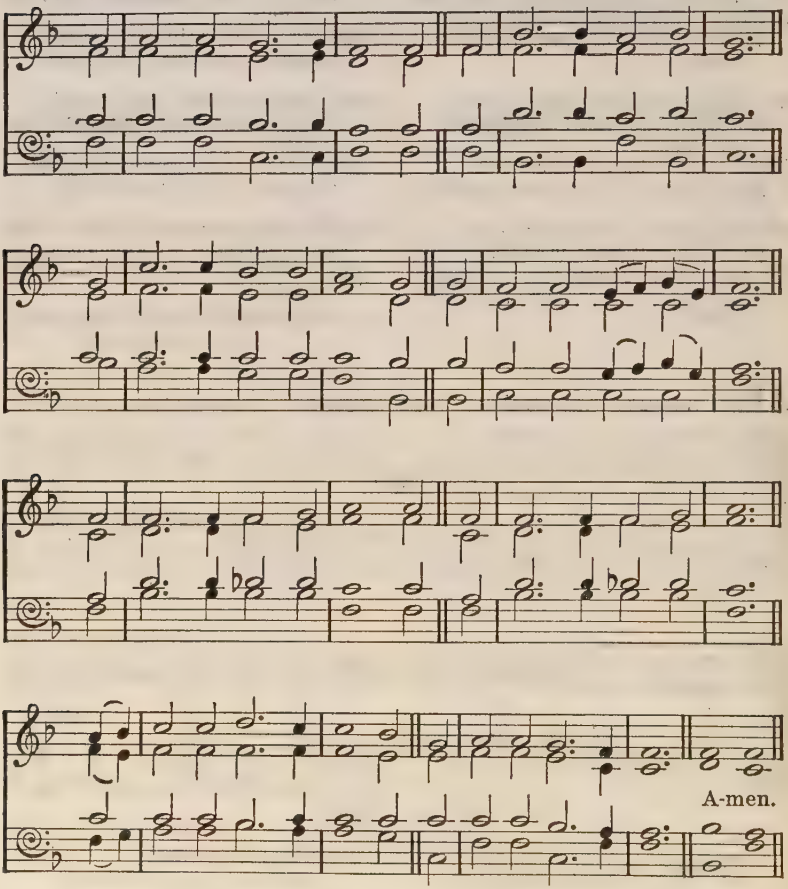
5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

GEORGE RUNDLE PRYNNE, 1818-1903.

320 RUTHERFORD. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderate.

CHRÉTIEN URHAN, 1790-1845.



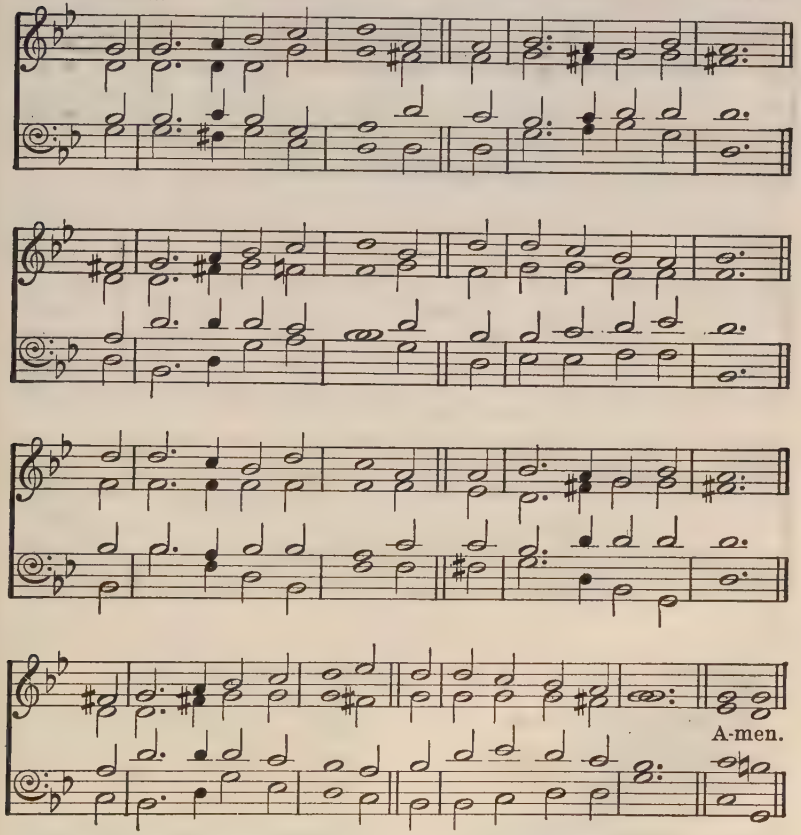
O LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to Thy piercèd side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel myself secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

KILMOREY. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderate.

JOHN AMBROSE LLOYD, 1840-1914.



Or AURELIA, No. 164.

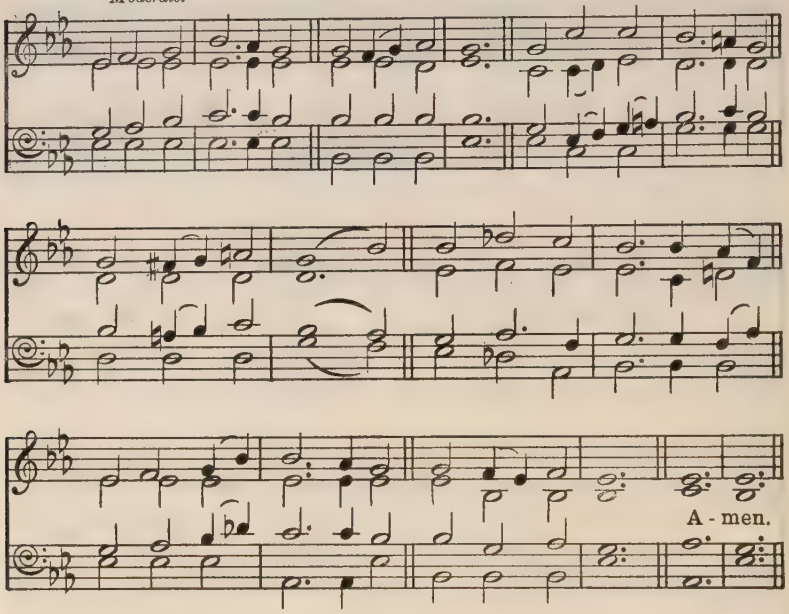
3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

JAMES GEORGE DECK, 1802-1884.

321 HORBURY. 6 4 6 4 6 6 4.

Moderate.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!'

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

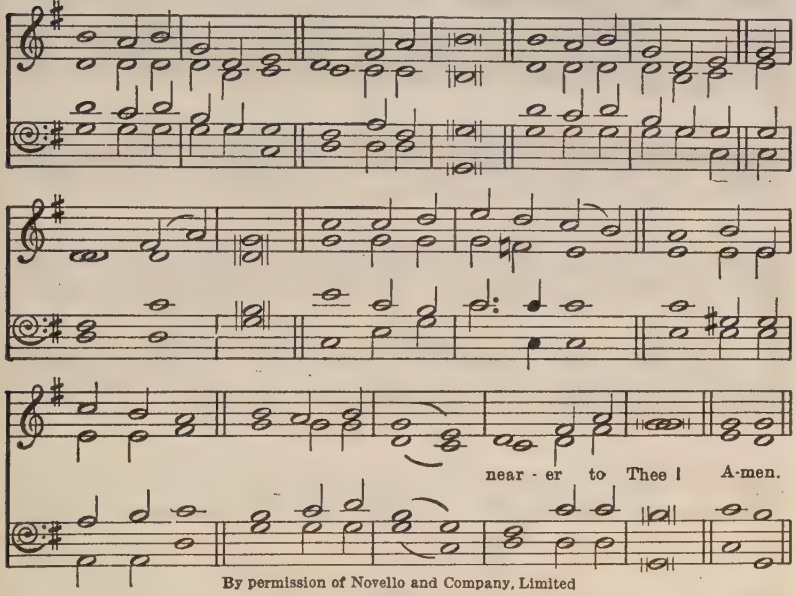
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!'

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1805-1848.

PROPIOR DEO. 6 4 6 4 6 6 4. *Moderate.* ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.



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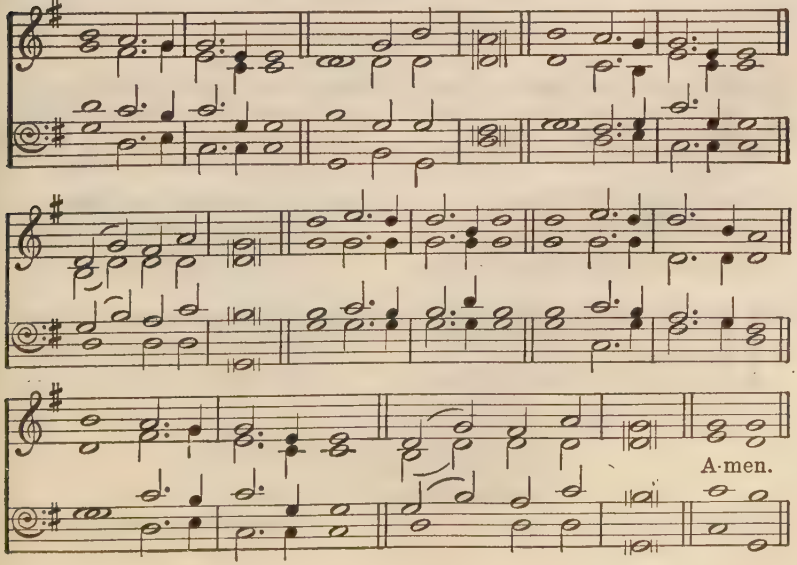
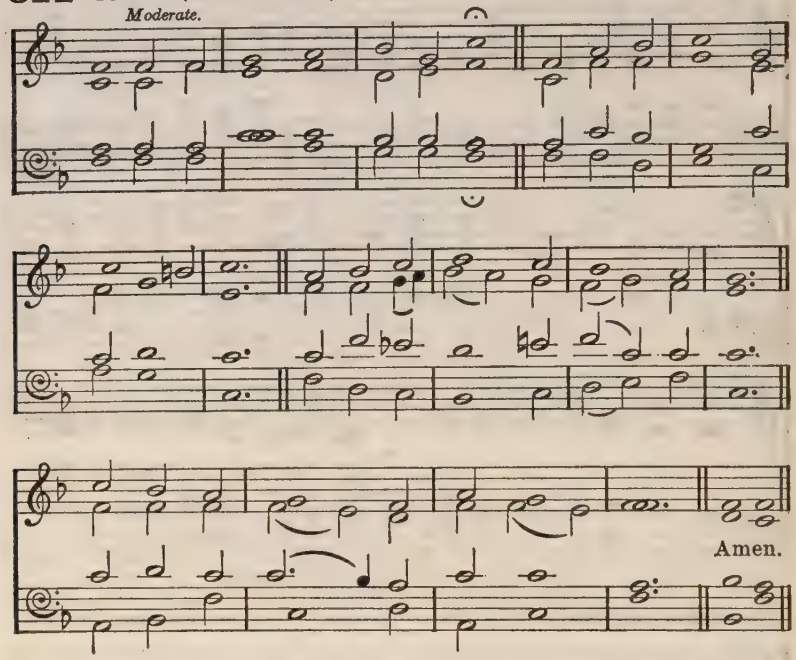
EXCELSIOR (BETHANY). 6 4 6 4 6 6 4. *Moderate.* LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



322 SONG 34 (ANGELS' SONG). L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.

Moderate.



Or ST. ALBAN, No. 318.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings,
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And hovering hides me in His wings,

3 Still let Him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till He renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
'Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near.'

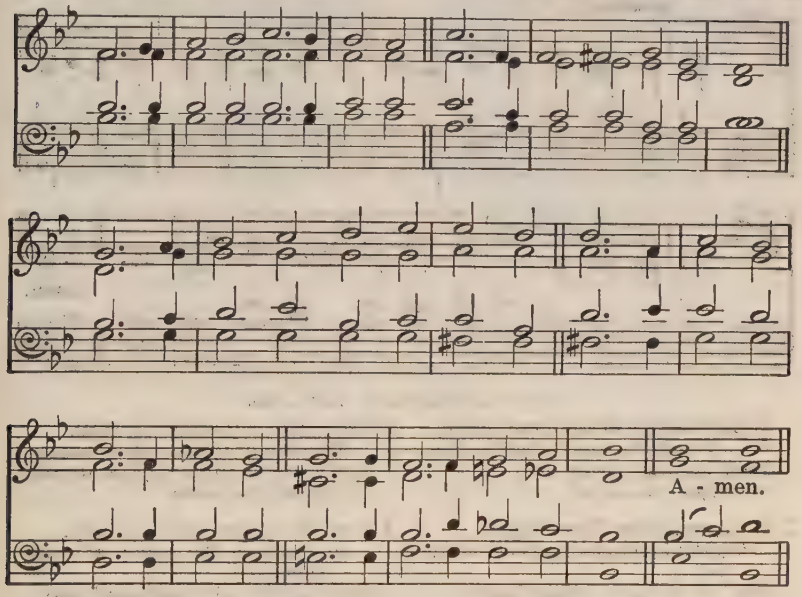
5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the hardness He remove,
And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in Thee,
From nature's every path retreat;
Thou art my Way, my Leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out Thy gracious hand!
Only on Thee for help I call,
Only by faith in Thee I stand.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

323 ST. JUDE. 8 7 8 8 7. *Moderately slow.* CHARLES JOHN VINCENT, 1852-1934.



O THE bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
'All of self, and none of Thee!'

2 Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursèd Tree,
Heard Him pray, 'Forgive them, Father!'
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self, and some of Thee!'

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and, ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
'Less of self, and more of Thee!'

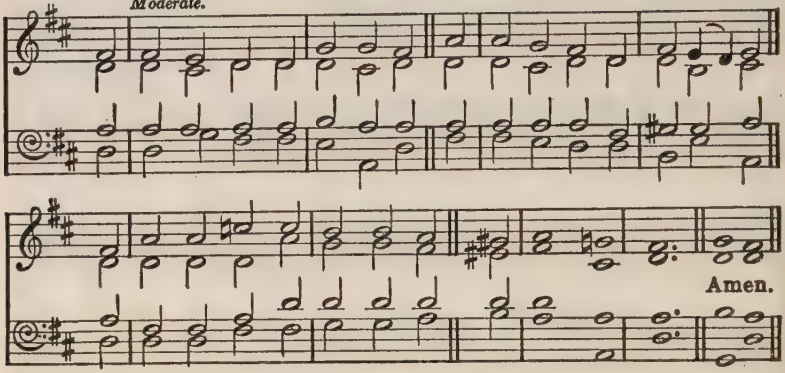
4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my supplication,
'None of self, and all of Thee!'

THEODORE MONOD, 1836-1921.

324 IN MEMORIAM. 8 8 8 4.

FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1844-1927.

Moderate.



Or CHANT (TROYTE No. 1), No. 430.

ONE thing I of the Lord desire,
For all my way hath miry been:
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean!

2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

4 I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought:
But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.

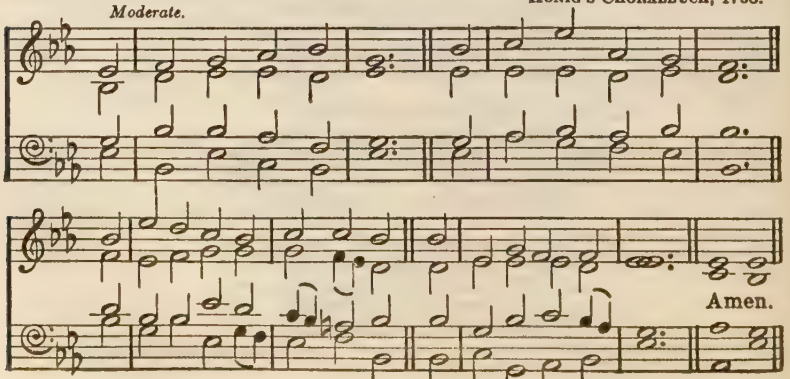
5 So, wash Thou me without, within;
Or purge with fire, if that must be;
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH, 1824-1908.

325 FRANCONIA. S.M.

KÖNIG'S CHORALBUCH, 1738.

Moderate.



BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King:

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

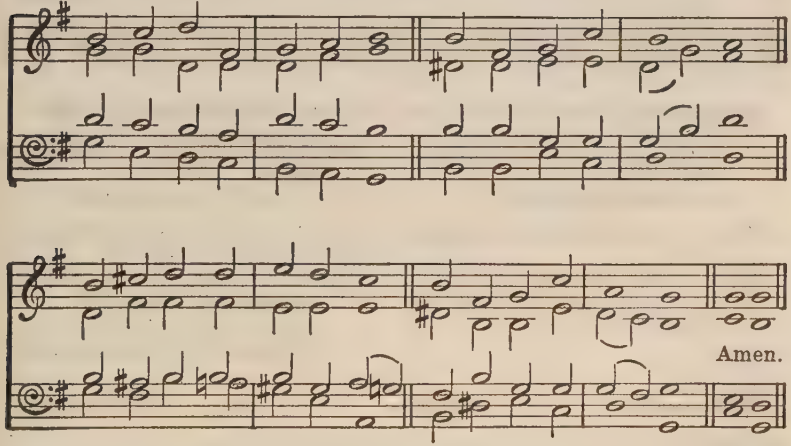
4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792-1866, and others.

326 EXCELSIOR (BOOTH). 7 6 7 6.

Moderately fast.

JOSIAH BOOTH, 1852-1929.



LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places;

2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy Name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly;

3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another;

4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day;
Growing purer, kinder,—

5 Lord, so pray we every day:
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the holy city.

MARY BUTLER, 1841-1916.

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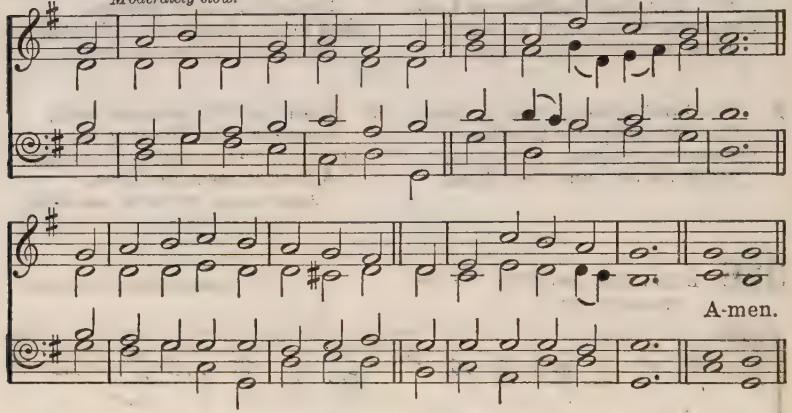
327 ST. PAUL. C.M.

Moderately slow.

CHALMERS'S COLLECTION, Aberdeen, 1749.



FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When by His sacred blood
Confirmed and sealed for evermore
The eternal covenant stood.

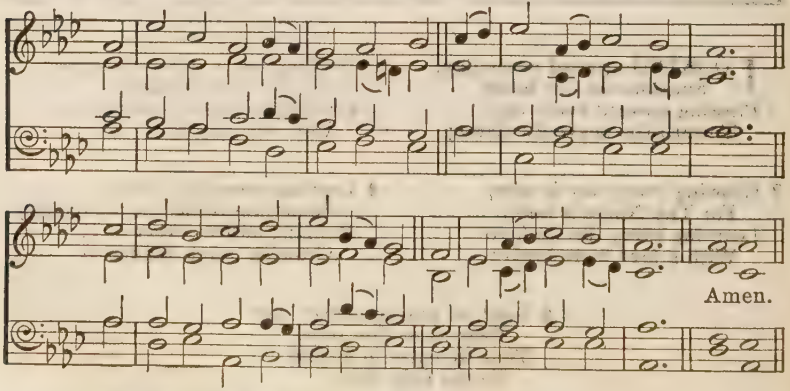
3 O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still;

4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751;
and WILLIAM CAMERON, 1751-1811;
as in SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

328 NEWINGTON. C.M. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM JONES, 1726-1800.



Or ST. STEPHEN (ABRIDGE), No. 156.

BEHOLD the amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!

2 Concealed as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when He came,
Even God's eternal Son.

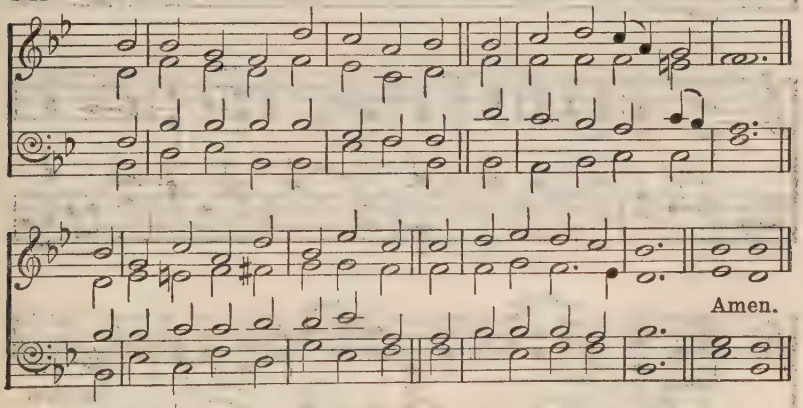
3 High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes:

4 Our souls, we know, when He appears,
Shall bear His image bright;
For all His glory, full disclosed,
Shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ Himself is pure.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748; and
WILLIAM CAMERON, 1751-1811;
as in SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

329 KENT. C.M. *Moderate.* SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767-1822.



Or NEWINGTON, opposite.

COME, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise,
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of His grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep Him out no more,
Or force Him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to Thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice
That Thou wilt enter in.

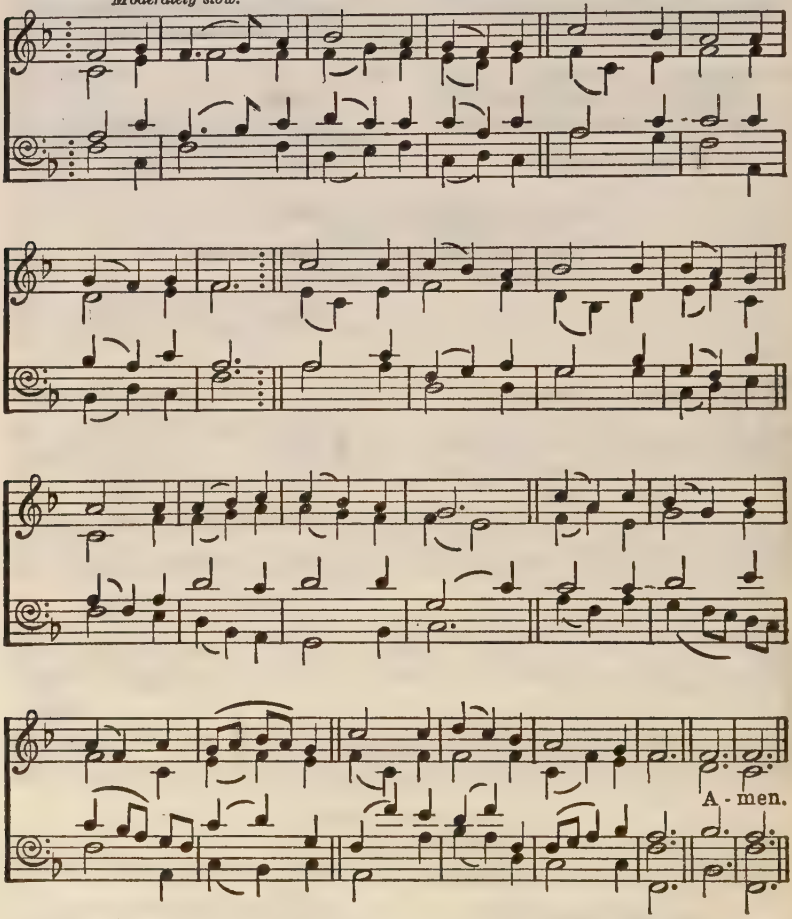
4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

330 HYFRYDOL. 8 7 8 7 D.

ROWLAND HUGH PRITCHARD, 1811-1887.

Moderately slow.



LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, Almighty to deliver;
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

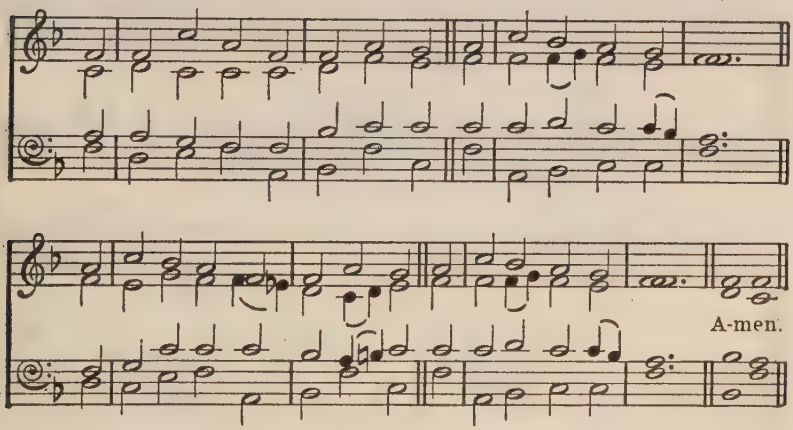
3 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

331 MORAVIA. C.M.

Moderate.

DAVID WOLDER'S GESANGBUCH, 1598.



Or ST. AGNES, DURHAM, No. 298.

O JESUS Christ, grow Thou in me,
And all things else recede;
My heart be daily nearer Thee,
From sin be daily freed.

2 Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3 In Thy bright beams, which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O make me daily, through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy Name.

5 Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
Of my prayer Hearer be.

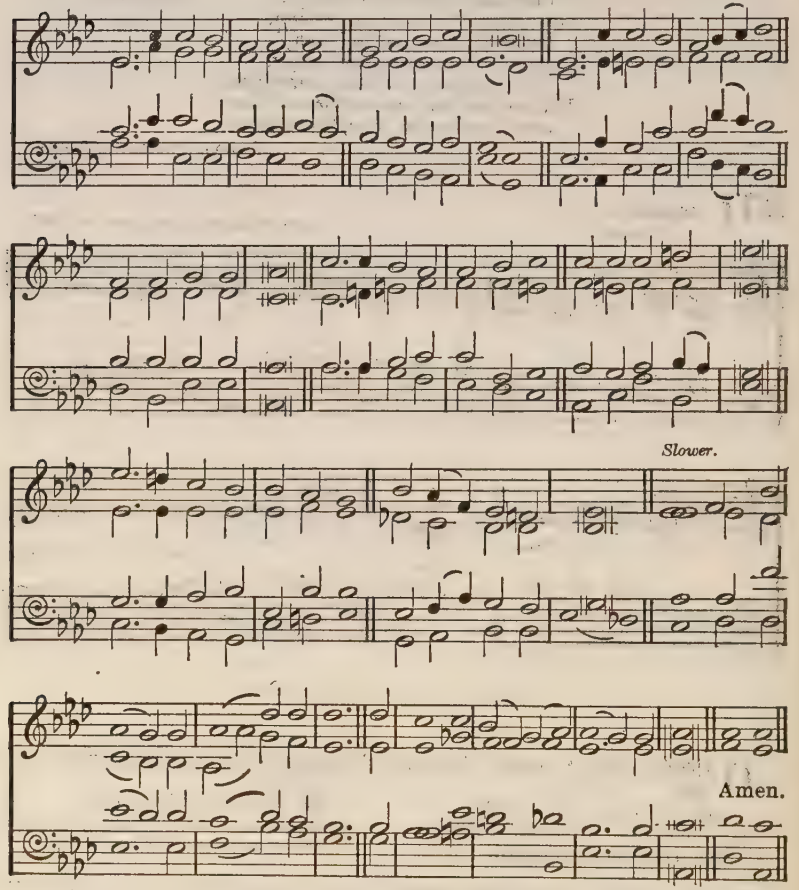
6 Let faith in Thee and in Thy might
My every motive move,
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

JOHANN CASPAR LAVATER, 1741-1801.
Tr. ELIZABETH LEE SMITH, 1817-1877.

332 INTERCESSION. 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 8 8.

WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT, 1807-1882.
Last two lines from MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.

Moderate.



WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the Name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

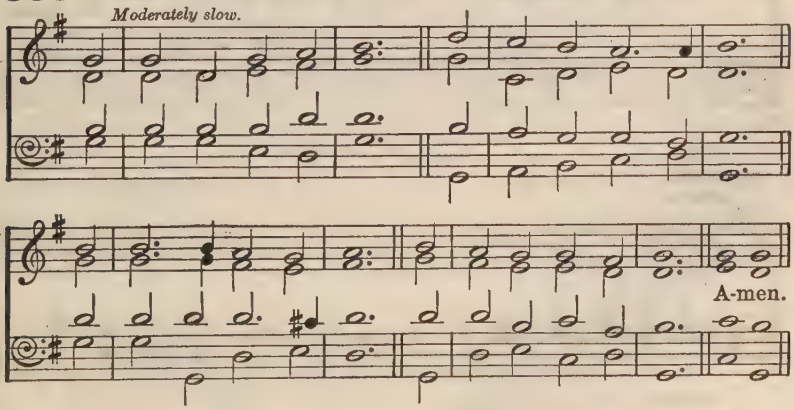
5 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

333 HEART'S DESIRE. 6 6 6 6.

PSALTERIOLUM HARMONICUM, 1642.

Moderately slow.



Or QUAM DILECTA, No. 199.

MY spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest.

2 Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

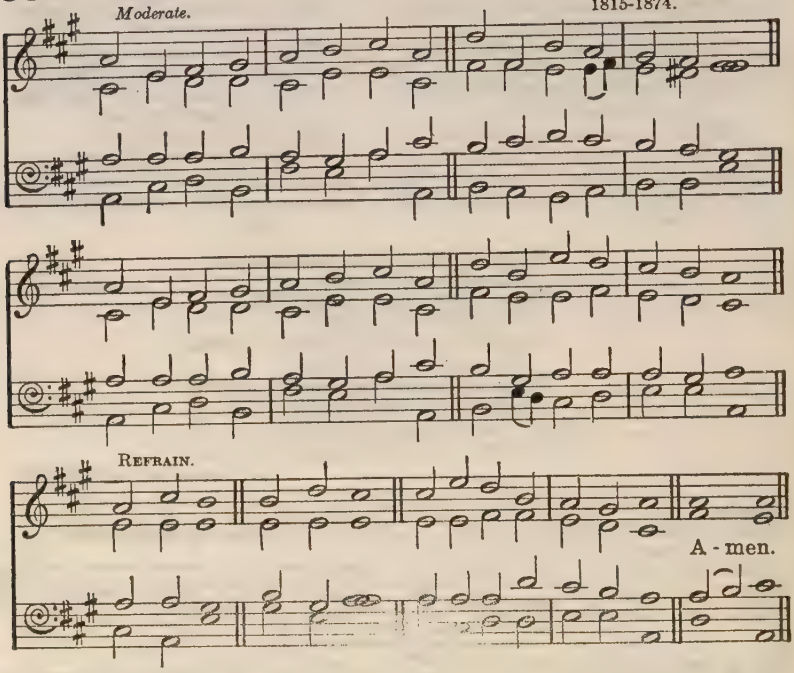
4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessèd love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

JOHN BYROM, 1691-1763.

334 **GROESWEN.** 8 7 8 7, and refrain.

JOHN AMBROSE LLOYD, the elder, 1815-1874.

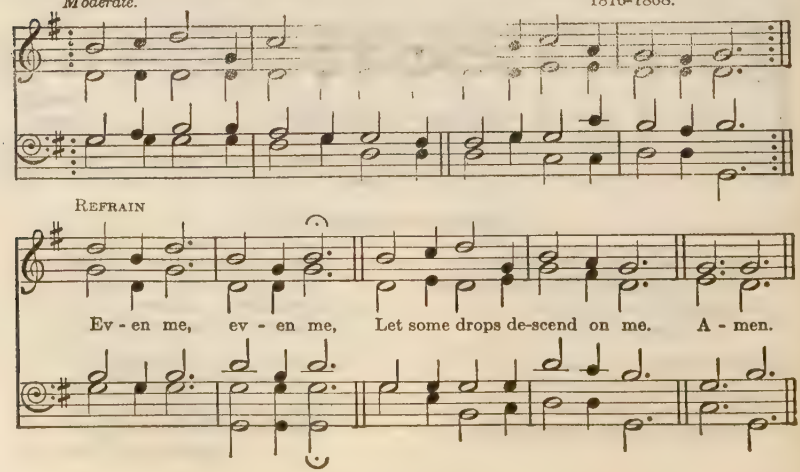
Moderate.



EVEN ME. 8 7 8 7, and refrain.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1816-1868.

Moderate.



LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee,
I am longing for Thy favour;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

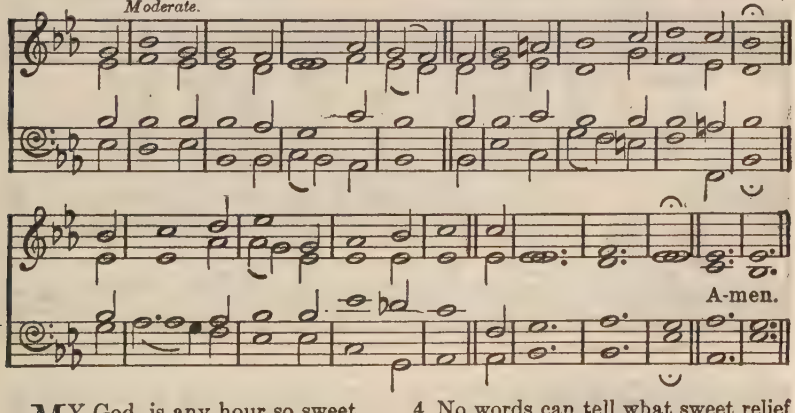
6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1824-1919.

335 MEMORIA. 8 8 8 4.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.

Moderate.



MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave;

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

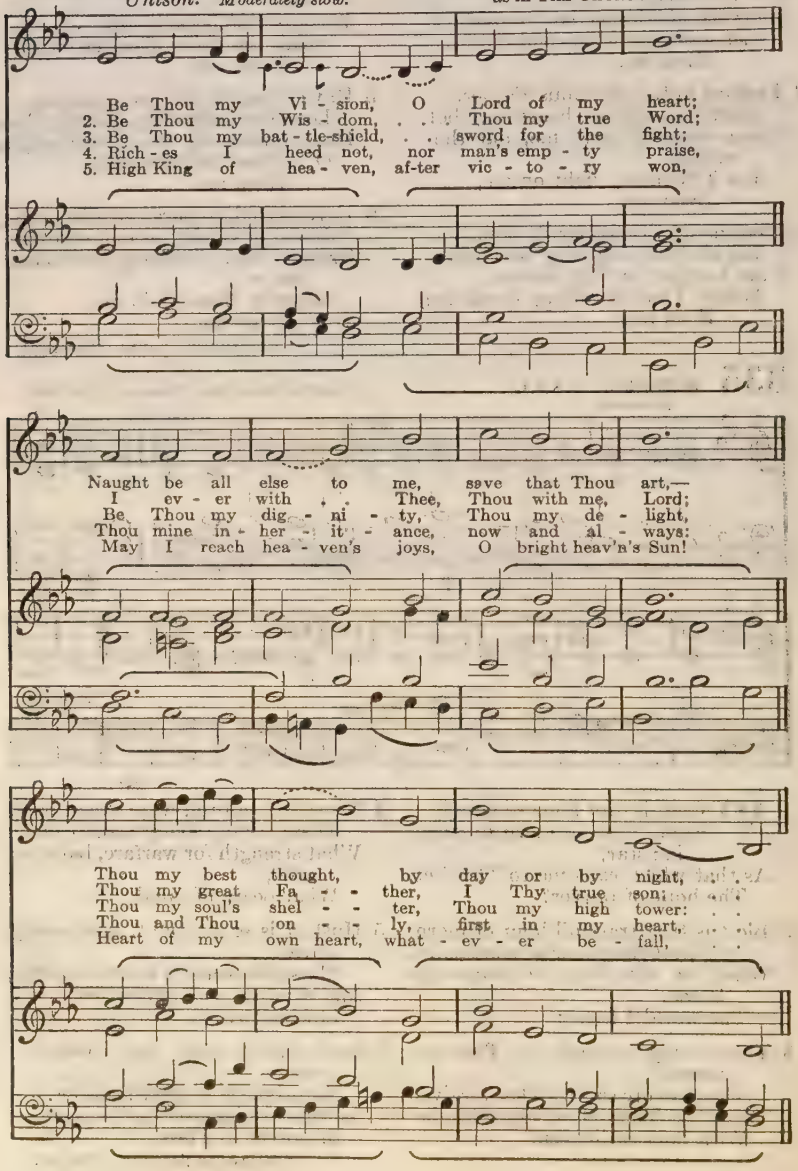
5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

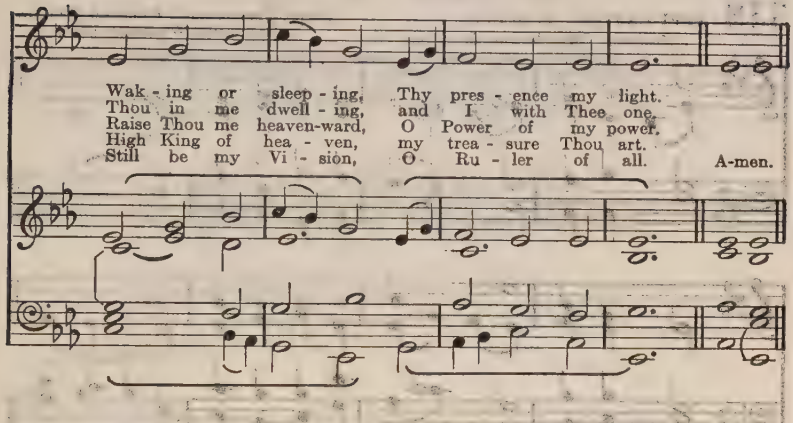
6 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789-1871.

336 SLANE. 10 10 10 10.

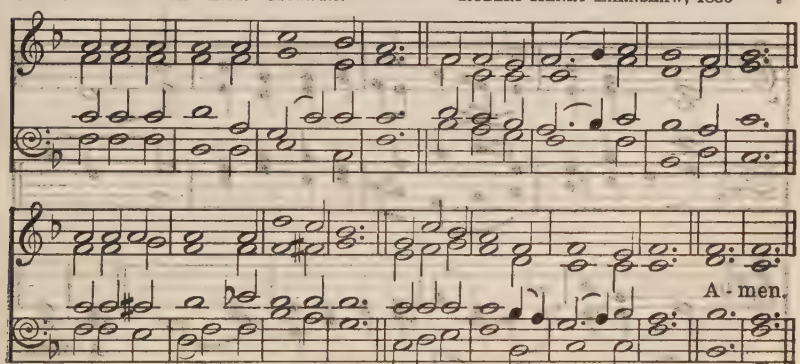
Ancient Irish hymn, *tr.* by MARY BYRNE; versified by ELEANOR HULL. Irish Traditional Melody, as in THE CHURCH HYMNARY, 1927.

Unison. *Moderately slow.*

Be Thou my Vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
2. Be Thou my Wis - dom, . . Thou my true Word;
3. Be Thou my bat - tle-shield, . . sword for the fight;
4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise,
5. High King of hea - ven, af-ter vic - to - ry won,
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art,—
I ev - er with . . Thee, Thou with me, Lord;
Be Thou my dig - ni - ty, Thou my de - light,
Thou mine in - her - it - ance, now and al - ways:
May I reach hea - ven's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Thou my great Fa - - ther, I Thy true son;
Thou my soul's shel - - ter, Thou my high tower:
Thou and Thou on - - ly, first in my heart,
Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,


Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.
Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.
Raise Thou me heaven-ward, O Power of my power.
High King of hea - ven, my trea - sure Thou art.
Still be my Vi - sion, O Ru - ler of all.
A-men.

337 ARIZONA. L.M. *Moderate.*

ROBERT HENRY EARNSHAW, 1856-



LORD, I was blind: I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me.

2 Lord, I was deaf: I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thine uttered words are dear.

3 Lord, I was dumb: I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy Name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

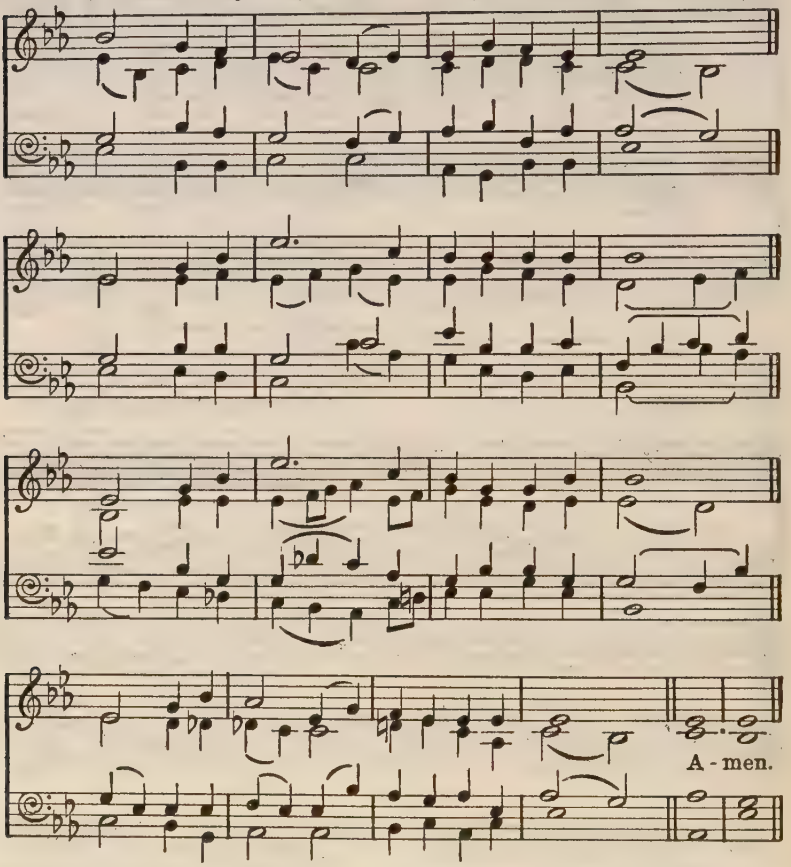
4 Lord, I was dead: I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON, 1833-1899.

338 PEEI CASTLE. 10 10 10 10.

Moderate. May be sung in unison.

MANX FISHERMEN'S EVENING HYMN.
As in SCHOOL WORSHIP, 1926.

By permission of Boosey & Co., Ltd.

HEAR us, O Lord, from heaven Thy dwelling-place:
Like them of old, in vain we toil all night,
Unless with us Thou go, who art the Light;
Come then, O Lord, that we may see Thy face.

2 Thou, Lord, dost rule the raging of the sea,
When loud the storm and furious is the gale:
Strong is Thine arm; our little barques are frail:
Send us Thy help; remember Galilee.

3 Our wives and children we commend to Thee:
For them we plough the land and plough the deep;
For them by day the golden corn we reap,
By night the silver harvest of the sea.

4 We thank Thee, Lord, for sunshine, dew, and rain,
Broadcast from heaven by Thine almighty hand;
Source of all life, unnumbered as the sand,
Bird, beast, and fish, herb, fruit, and golden grain.

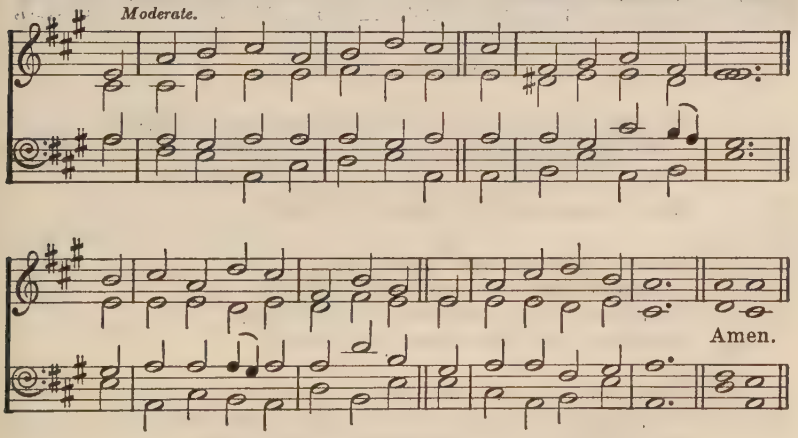
5 O Bread of Life, Thou in Thy word hast said,
Who feeds in faith on Me shall never die!
In mercy hear Thy hungry children's cry,—
Father, give us this day our daily bread!

6 Sow in our hearts the seeds of Thy dear love,
That we may reap contentment, joy, and peace;
And, when at last our earthly labours cease,
Grant us to join Thy harvest home above.

WILLIAM HENRY GILL, 1839-1923.

339 ST. JAMES. C.M.

RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE, ? -1772.



THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

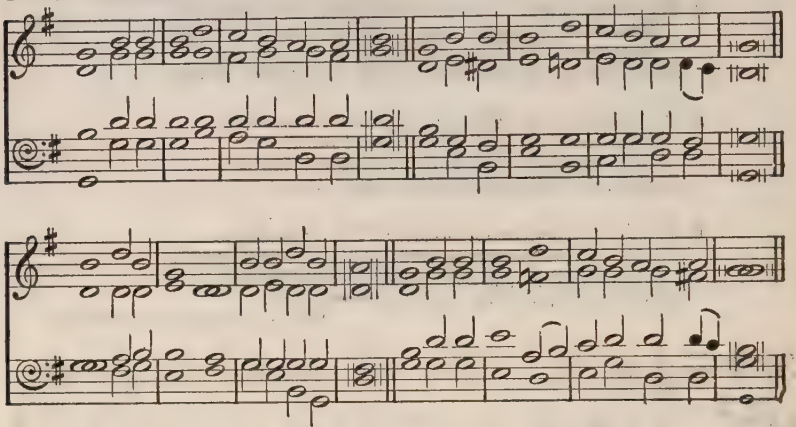
2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1799-1859.

340 FFIGYSBREN. 10 10 10 10. *Moderate.* Welsh Hymn Melody.



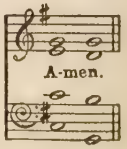
Or MORECAMBE, No. 157.

'LIFT up your hearts!' We lift them, Lord, to Thee;
Here at Thy feet none other may we see;
'Lift up your hearts!' E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

2 Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift up our hearts to-day.

3 Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul!

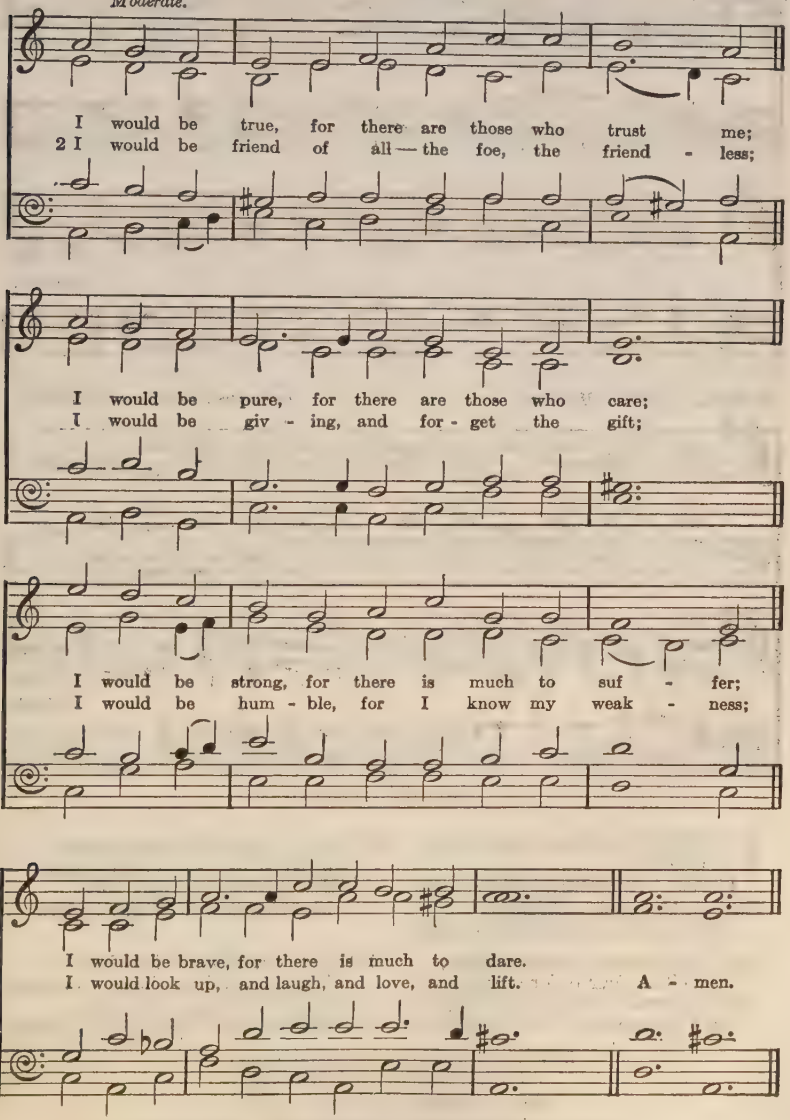
4 Above the storms that vex this lower state,
Pride, jealousy, and envy, rage, and hate,
And cold mistrust, that holds e'en friends apart,
O Lord of Love, lift every brother's heart.

5 Then, as the trumpet call, in after years,
'Lift up your hearts!' rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
'We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!'

HENRY MONTAGUE BUTLER, 1833-1918.

341 INTERCESSOR. 11 10 11 10.

Words by HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER, 1883-1918.
Music by
CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY, 1848-1918.

Moderate.


I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
2 I would be friend of all — the foe, the friend - less;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be giv - ing, and for - get the gift;
I would be strong, for there is much to suf - fer;
I would be hum - ble, for I know my weak - ness;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift. A - men.

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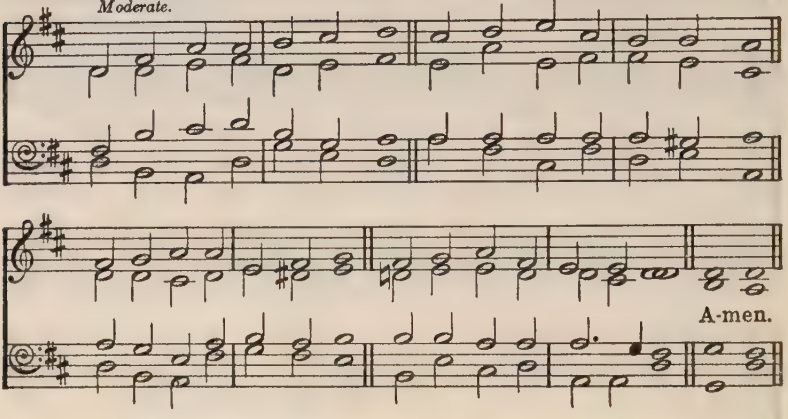
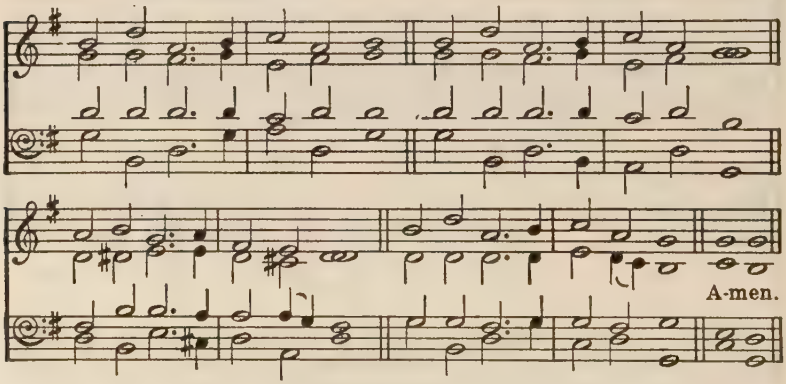
342 LÜBECK. 7 7 7 7. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S GESANGBUCH, 1704.

Moderate.



PLEYEL. 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.* IGNAZ JOSEPH PLEYEL, 1757-1831.



Or MOZART, No. 356.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in Thee may I be found,
Still for Thee my powers employ.

2 Let Thy love my heart inflame;
Keep Thy fear before my sight;
Be Thy praise my highest aim;
Be Thy smile my chief delight.

3 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.

4 Firmly trusting in Thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Emmanuel's ground.

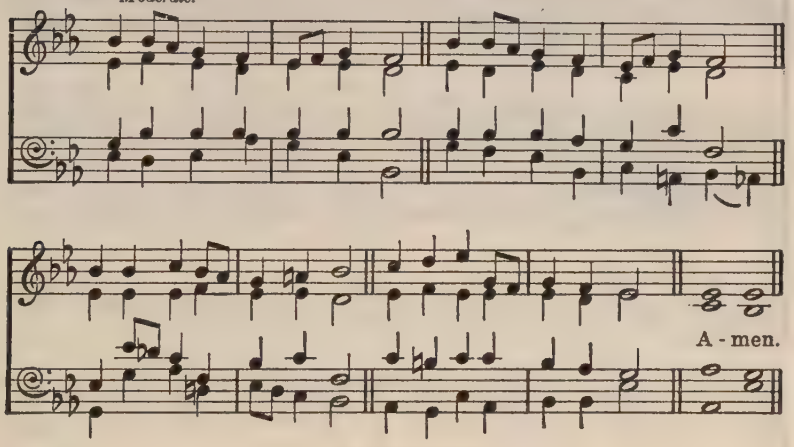
5 Thus, O thus, an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky:
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1779-1853.

343 SAVANNAH. 7777.

JOHN WESLEY'S FOUNDERY COLLECTION, 1742.

Moderate.



Or PLEYEL, opposite.

HOLY Lamb, who Thee confess,
Followers of Thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, 'What shall we do?'

2 Governed by Thy only will,
All Thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all Thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walked below.

3 While Thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to Thy servants here,
Mindful of Thy place above,
All Thy life was prayer and love.

4 Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

5 Early in the temple met,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there.

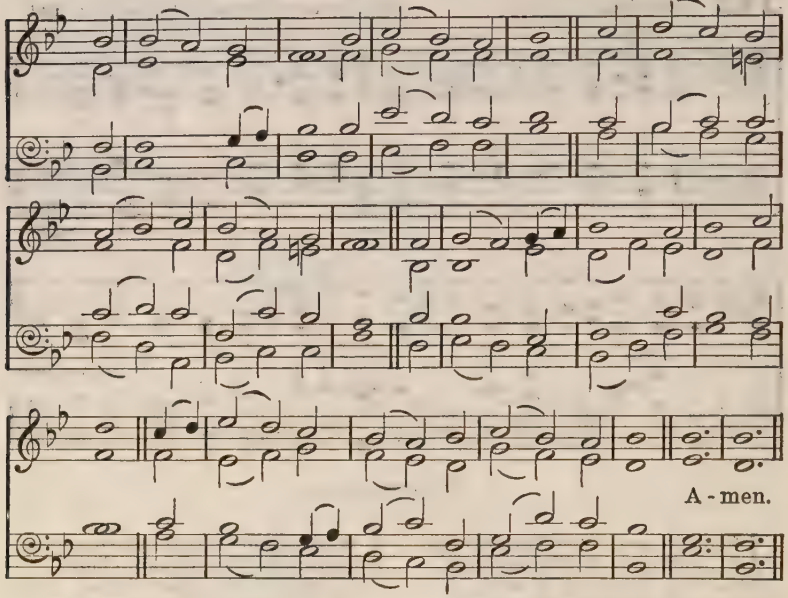
6 There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again,
Power His image to retrieve,
Power, like Thee, our Lord, to live.

7 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;

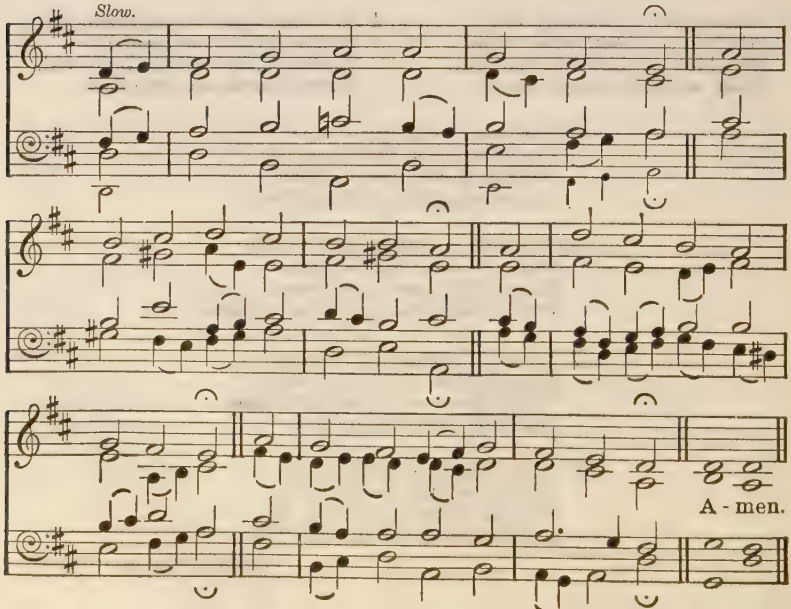
8 Glad to pray and labour on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till, our sufferings ended, we
Bow the head and die like Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

344 **WAREHAM.** L.M. *Moderate.* WILLIAM KNAPP, 1698-1768.



EISENACH. L.M. JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, 1586-1630. From JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750.



O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

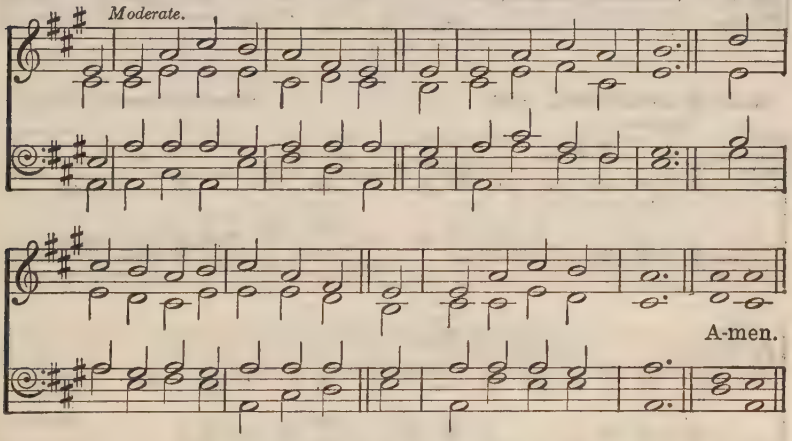
3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

345 EVAN. C.M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.



O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe,

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

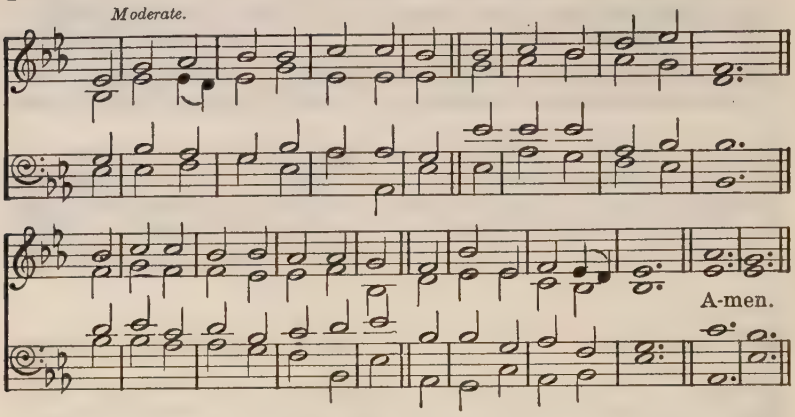
5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste even now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST, 1796-1877.

346 SOLOMON. C.M.

Adapted from GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1685-1759.

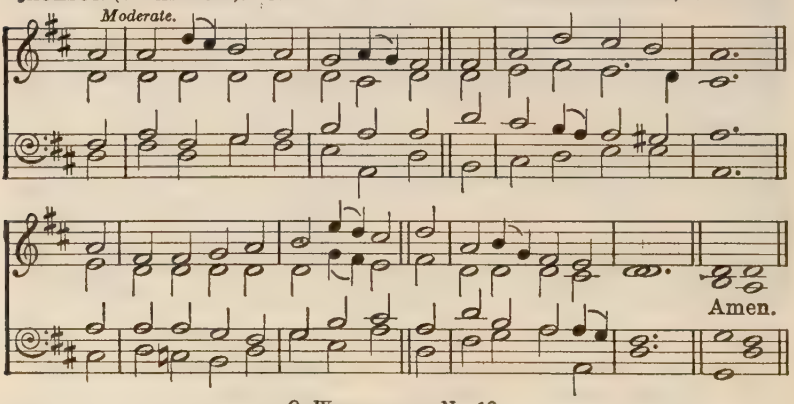
Moderate.



JACKSON (BYZANTIUM). C.M.

THOMAS JACKSON, 1715-1781.

Moderate.



Or WESTMINSTER, No. 18.

FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:

3 Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my belovèd ones.

4 Fill every part of me with praise:
Let all my being speak
Of Thee and of Thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be and weak.

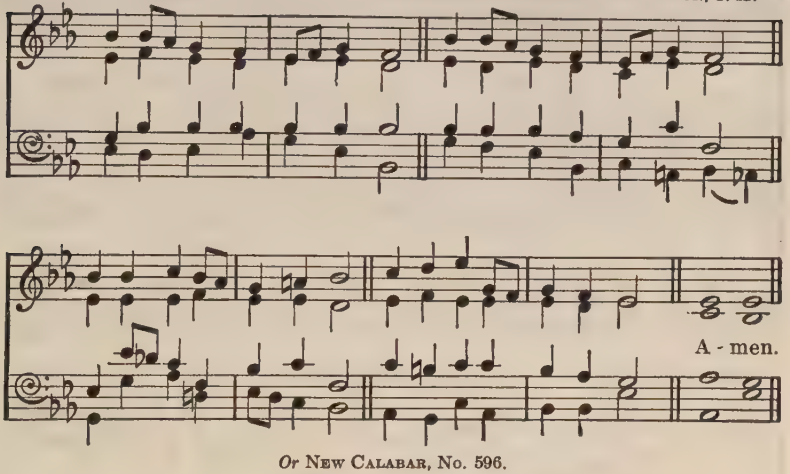
5 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

347 SAVANNAH. 7 7 7 7.

Moderate.

JOHN WESLEY'S FOUNDERY COLLECTION, 1742.



Or NEW CALABAR, No. 596.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

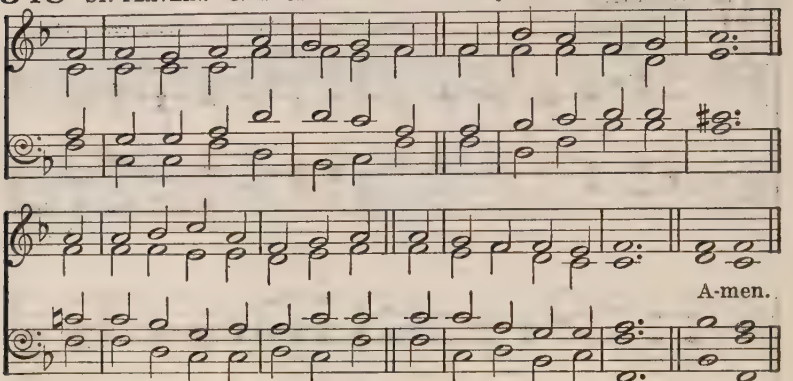
JOHN NEWTON, 1725-1807.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

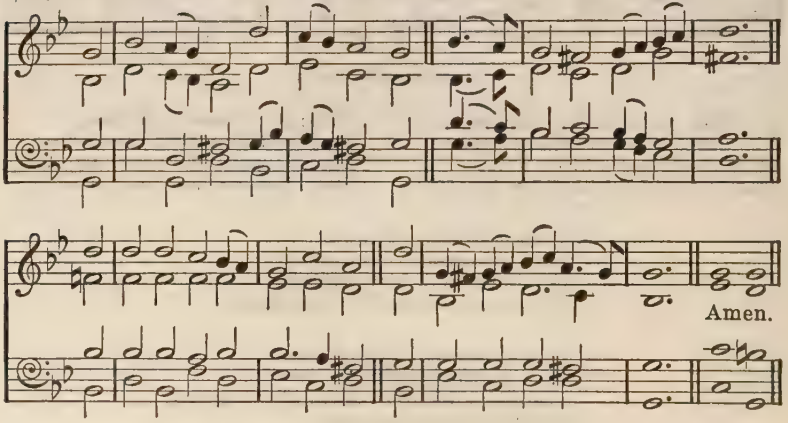
18 My God, how wonderful Thou art.
20 Lord of all being, throned afar.
89 O my Saviour, lifted.
143-162 Hymns of the Holy Spirit.
203 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear.
263-279 Hymns of Penitence and Faith.
286 Dear Lord and Father of mankind.
297 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts.
298 Jesus, the very thought of Thee.
301 O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art.
356 Take my life, and let it be.
383 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.
388 O Master, let me walk with Thee.
436-455 Hymns of Pilgrimage and Guidance.
649 As pants the hart for cooling streams (Ps. 42).
652 After Thy loving-kindness, Lord (Ps. 51).
655 Lord, Thee, my God, I'll early seek (Ps. 63).
679 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way (Ps. 119).
686 Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried (Ps. 130).

348 ST. FLAVIAN. C.M. *Moderate.*

Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



WALSALL. C.M. *Slow.* ANCHORS' CHOICE COLLECTION OF PSALM TUNES, c. 1720.



O LORD and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

2 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And naked to Thy glance
Our secret sins are, in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

3 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

4 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

5 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

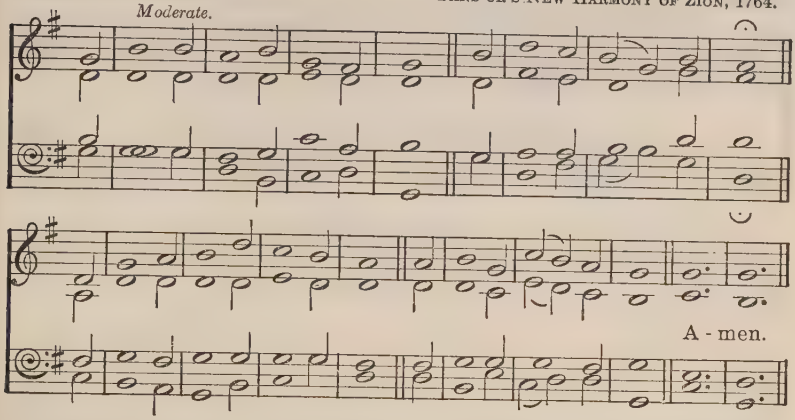
6 We faintly hear; we dimly see;
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892.

349 ST. ANDREW. C.M.

TANS'UR'S NEW HARMONY OF ZION, 1764.

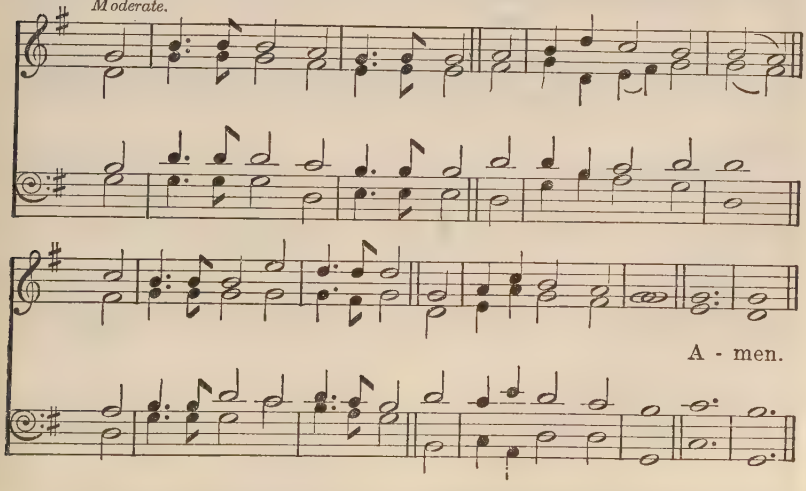
Moderate.



ARLINGTON. C.M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1710-1778.

Moderate.



I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His Cross,
And honour all His laws.

2 Jesus, my Lord! I know His Name;
His Name is all my boast;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with Him remains,
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust
Till the decisive hour.

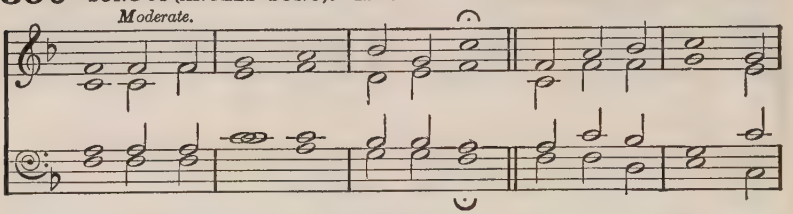
4 Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

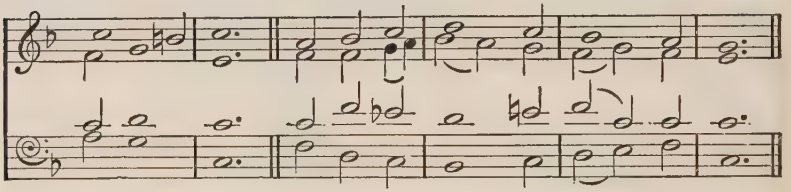
ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748;
as in SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

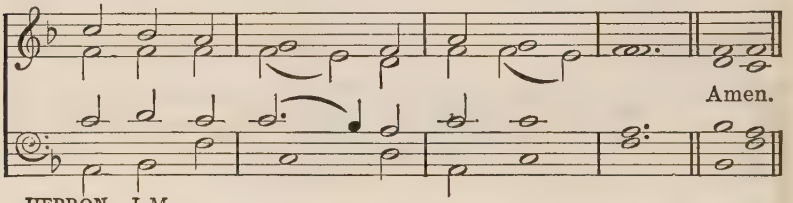
350 SONG 34 (ANGELS' SONG). L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.

Moderate.

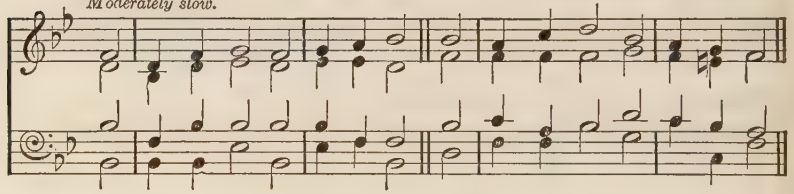
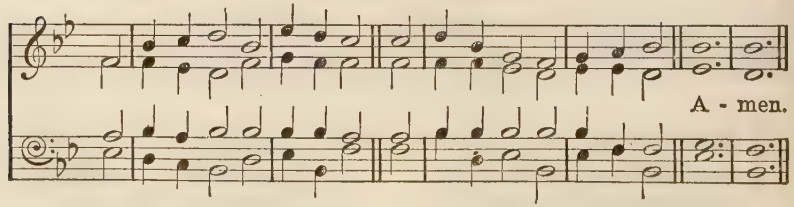






HEBRON. L.M.

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.

Moderately slow.



FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

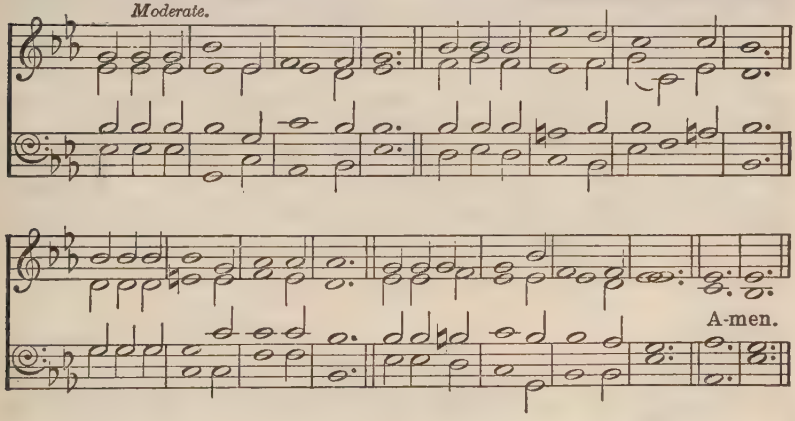
4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

351 ST. CRISPIN. L.M.

GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1816-1893.



HE liveth long who liveth well:
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

2 He liveth long who liveth well:
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

3 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine:
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

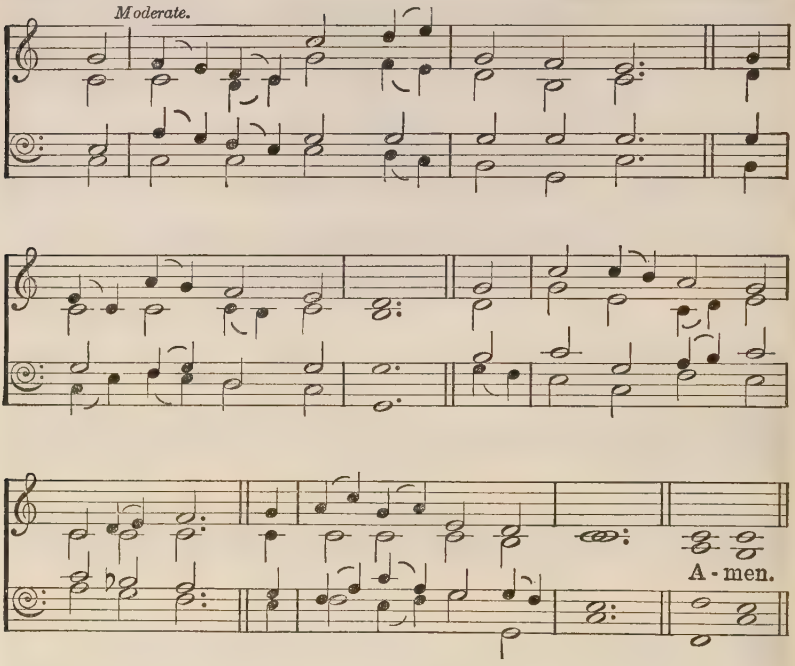
5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

352 UNIVERSITY. C.M.

JOHN RANDALL, 1715-1799

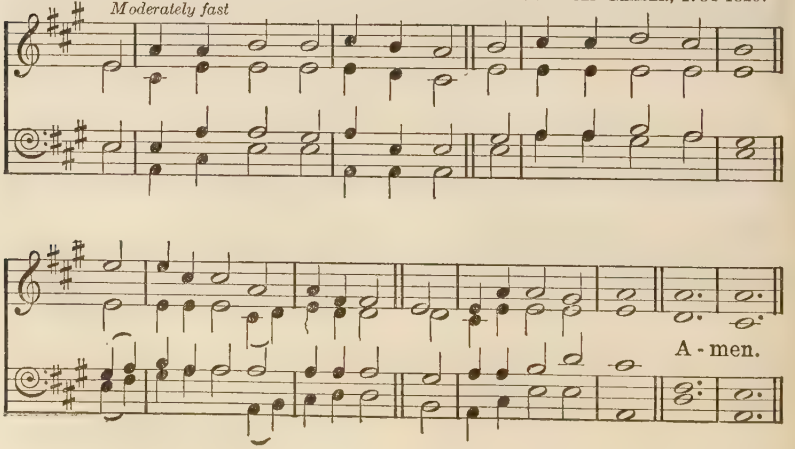
Moderate.



DENFIELD. C.M.

Adapted from
CARL GOTTHILF GLÄSER, 1784-1829.

Moderately fast



LORD, in the fullness of my might,
I would for Thee be strong:
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

3 I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
On the world's errands go,
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

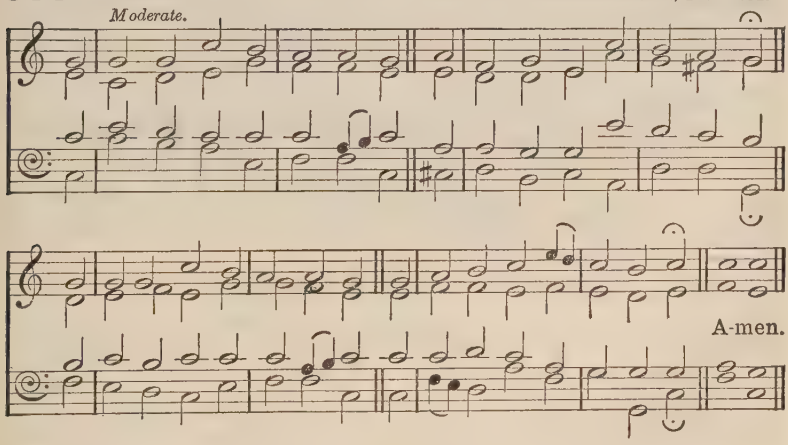
4 O not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

5 O choose me in my golden time:
In my dear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fullness of my heart!

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1819-1906.

353 MAINZER. L.M.

JOSEPH MAINZER, 1801-1851.



Or ST. CRISPIN, No. 351.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee,
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

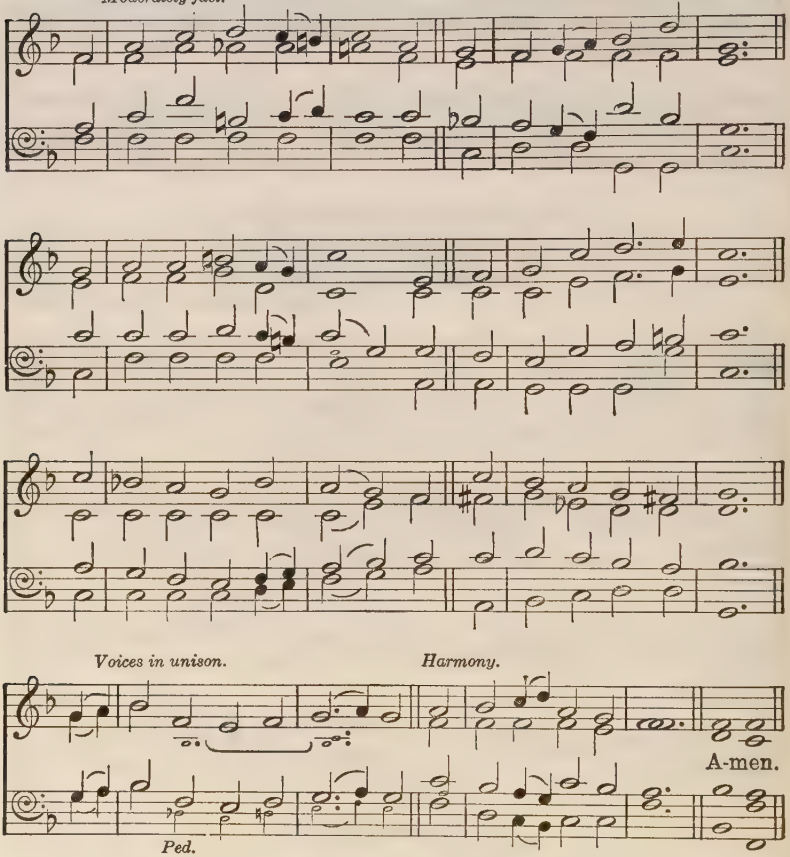
4 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG, c. 1720-1768,
and BENJAMIN FRANCIS, c. 1734-1799.

354 DAY OF REST. 7 6 7 6 D.

JAMES WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 1833-1915.

Moderately fast.



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Or ANGELS' STORY, No. 69.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

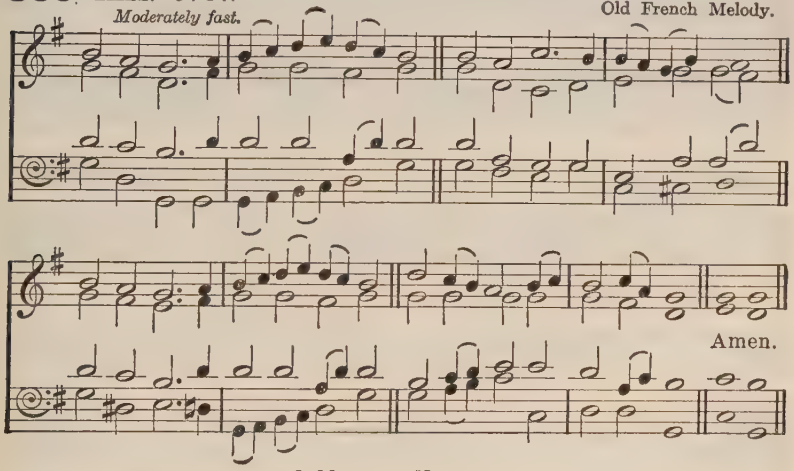
3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

JOHN ERNEST BODE, 1816-1874.

355 LILLE. 8 7 8 7.

Moderately fast. Old French Melody.



Or MARINERS, No. 359.

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee;
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine and only Thine to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it;
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

5 May this solemn consecration
Never once forgotten be;
Let it know no revocation,
Registered, confirmed by Thee.

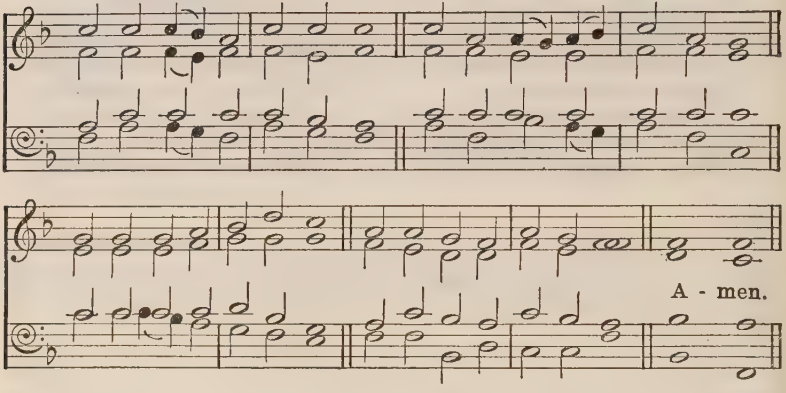
6 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

JOHN BURTON, the younger, 1803-1877.

356 RAVENSWORTH. 7 7 7 7.

Moderately fast.

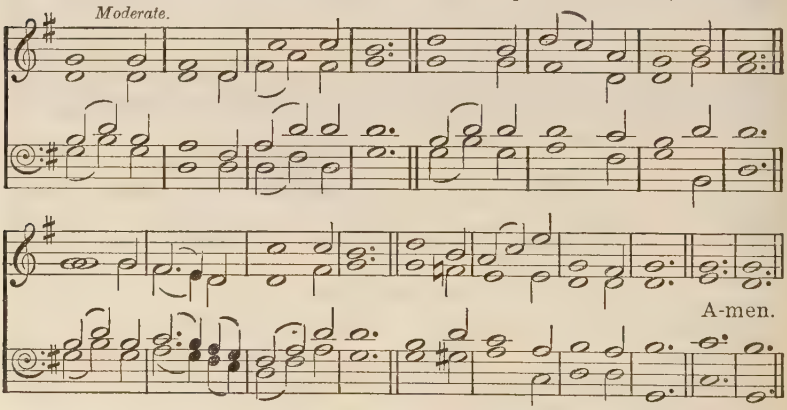
CHARLES FRANCIS AMBROSE LLOYD, 1852-1917.



MOZART. 7 7 7 7.

Moderate.

Adapted from MOZART, 1756-1791.



Or ST. BEES, No. 292.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

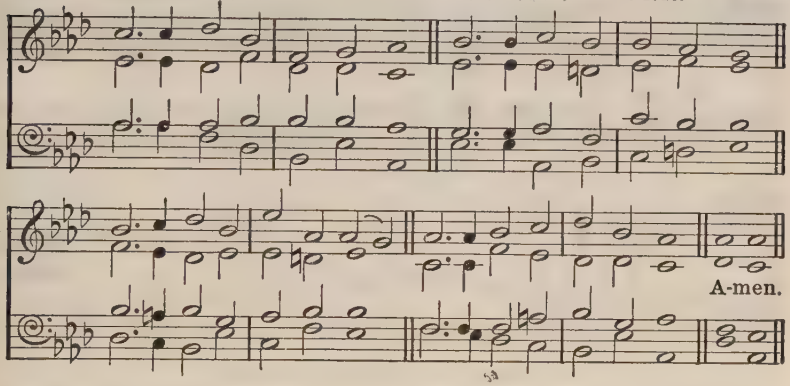
6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.

357 NEWINGTON (MACLAGAN). 7 7 7 7.

Moderate.

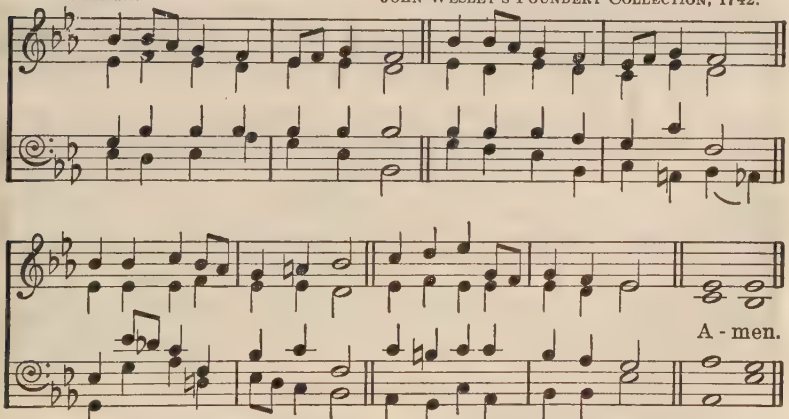
WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, 1826-1910.



SAVANNAH. 7 7 7 7.

Moderate.

JOHN WESLEY'S FOUNDERY COLLECTION, 1742.



THINE for ever! God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

3 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

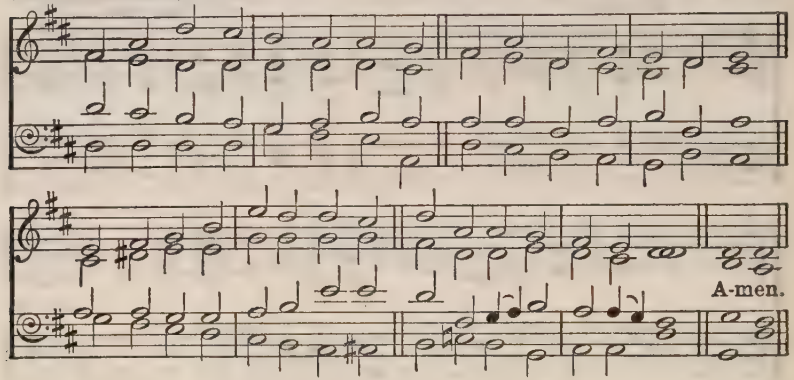
4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Led by Thee from earth to heaven.

MARY FAWLER MAUDE, 1819-1913.

358 ALL FOR JESUS. 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.*

JOHN STAINER, 1840-1901.



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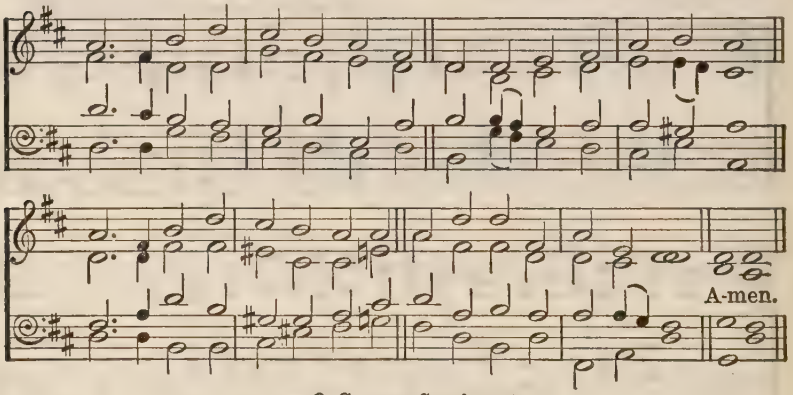
ST. OSWALD. 8 7 8 7. *Moderately fast.*

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



Or GALILEE, Supplement.

JESUS calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me':

2 As, of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

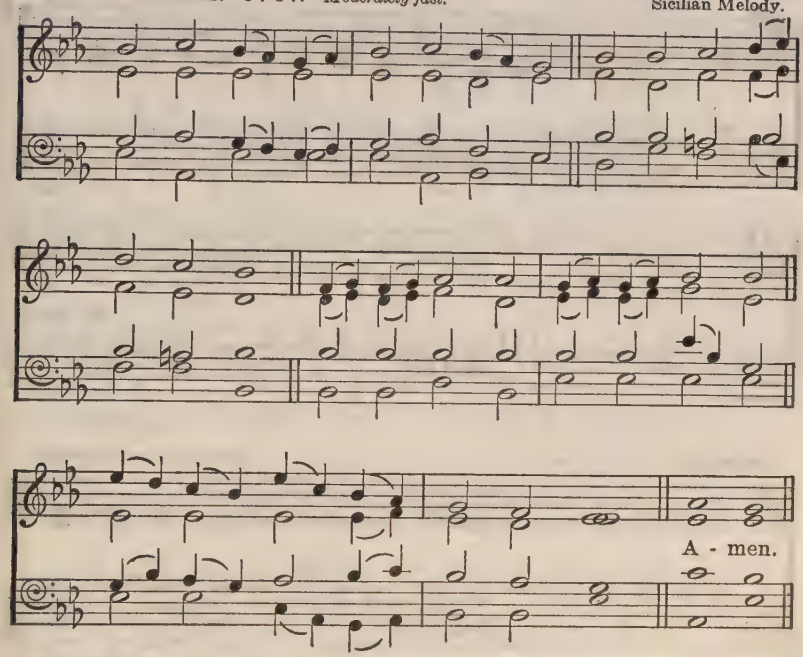
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823-1895.

359 MARINERS. 8 7 8 7. *Moderately fast.*

Sicilian Melody.



JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.

2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

4 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

6 Think what Spirit dwells within thee!
What a Father's smile is thine!
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

7 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

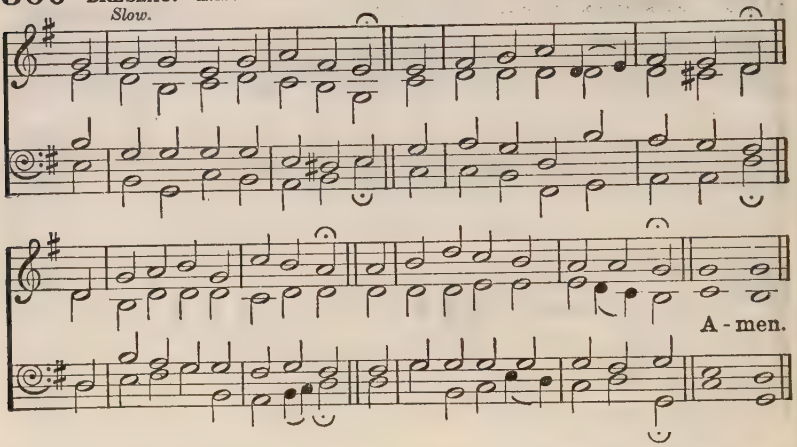
8 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847.

360 BRESLAU. L.M.

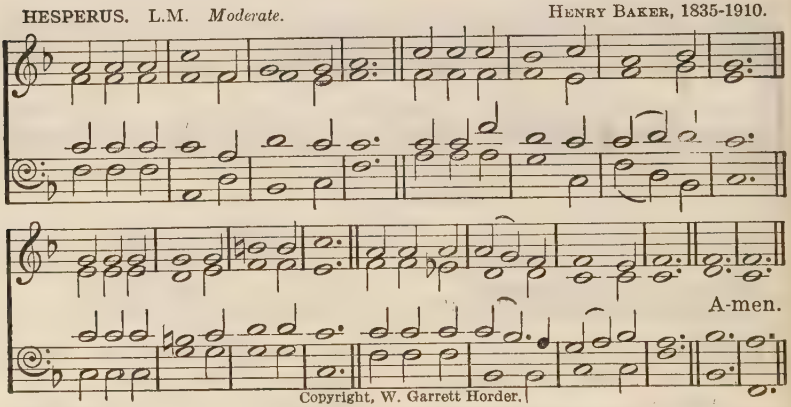
Slow.

As Hymnodus Sacer, Leipsic, 1625.



HESPERUS. L.M. *Moderate.*

Henry Baker, 1835-1910.



Copyright, W. Garrett Horder.

'TAKE up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross, with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.'

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still:
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a Cross, on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

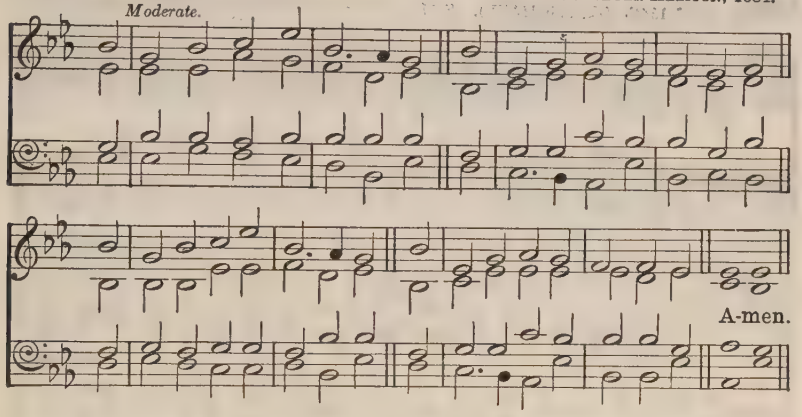
5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles William Everest, 1814-1877.

361 ST. GREGORY. L.M.

KNORR'S NEUER HELICON, 168[illegible].

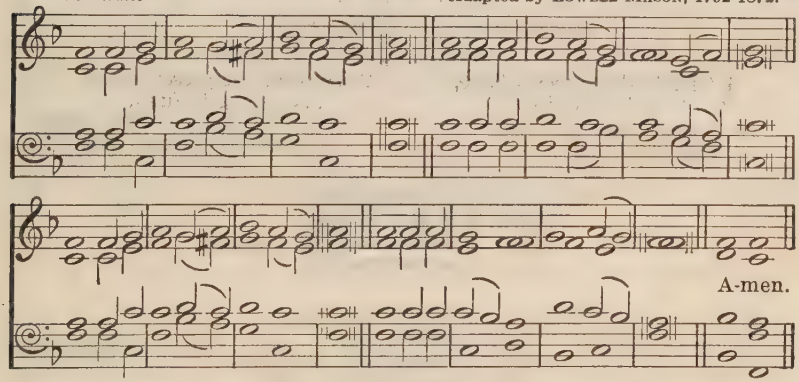
Moderate.



HAMBURG (VOICE DIVINE). L.M.

Moderate.

From a GREGORIAN CHANT,
Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest!
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?

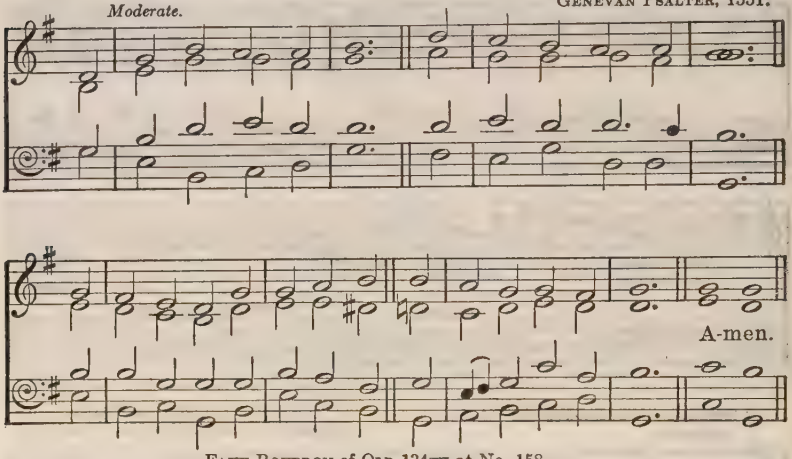
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751.

362 OLD 134th (ST. MICHAEL). S.M.

Adapted from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

Moderate.



FAUX BOURDON of OLD 134TH at No. 158.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
And let me ne'er my trust betray,
But press to realms on high.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

363 OLD 134th (ST. MICHAEL). S.M.

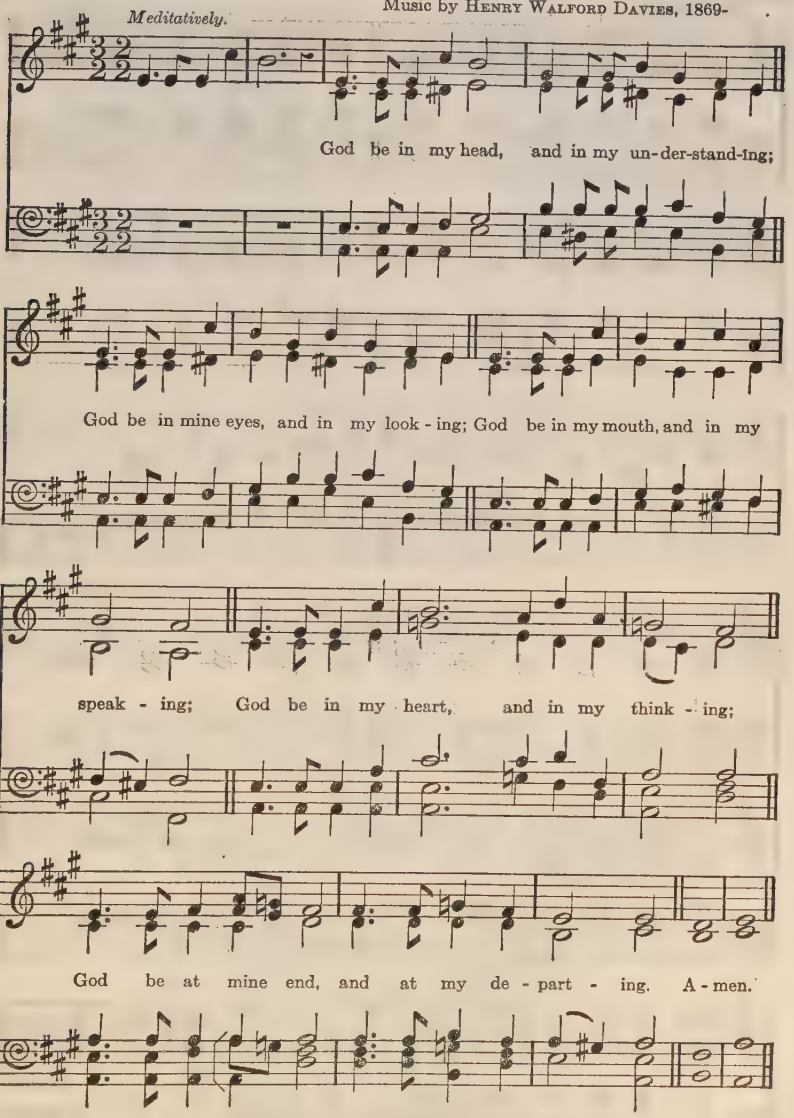
LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to Thee Thy own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

364 GOD BE IN MY HEAD. 12 10 10 10 11.

Words from SARUM PRIMER, 1558.
Music by HENRY WALFORD DAVIES, 1869-


Meditatively.
God be in my head, and in my un-der-stand-ing;
God be in mine eyes, and in my look-ing; God be in my mouth, and in my
speak-ing; God be in my heart, and in my think-ing;
God be at mine end, and at my de-part-ing. A-men.

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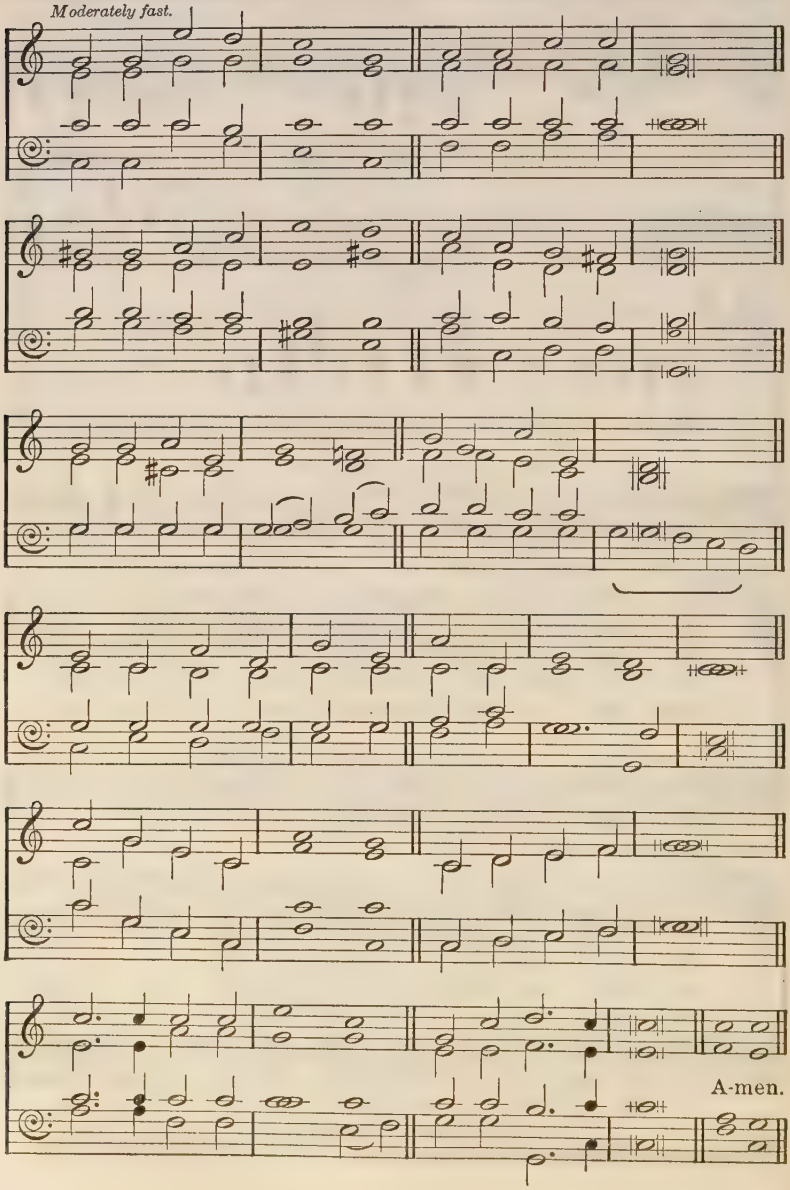
365 ARMAGEDDON. 6 5 6 5 6 5 D. Adapted by JOHN GOSS, 1800-1880.

Moderately fast.



WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

50 As with gladness men of old.
78 Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee.
86 When I survey the wondrous Cross.
97 Never further than Thy Cross.
308 O for a closer walk with God.
344 O Thou who camest from above.

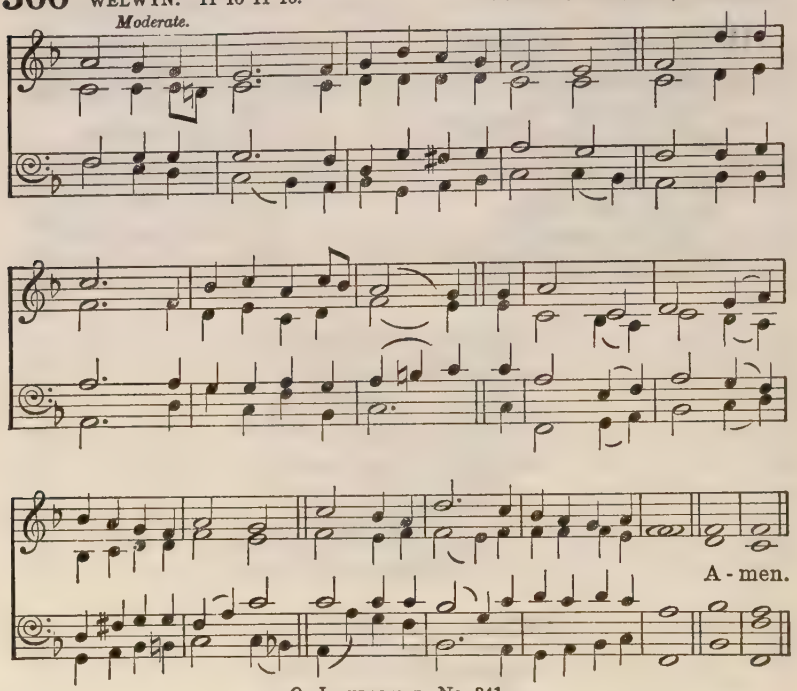
Also Hymns of Fellowship and Service, especially:

379 Jesus, Master, whose I am.
383 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak.
387 Hark, the voice of Jesus crying.
388 O Master, let me walk with Thee.

366 WELWYN. 11 10 11 10.

ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY, 1847-1918.

Moderate.



Or INTERCESSOR, No. 341.

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

2 For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which He deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

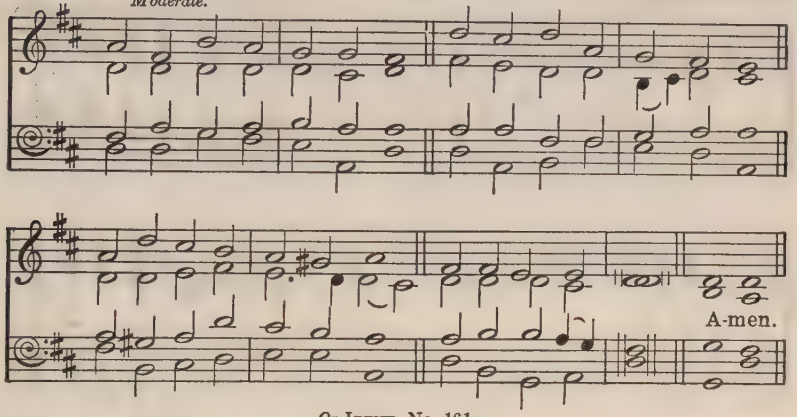
4 Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892.

367 CAPETOWN. 7 7 7 5.

Moderate.

FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804-1876.



Or IRENE, No. 161.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need;
Therefore give me love.

4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong:
Therefore give us love.

5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

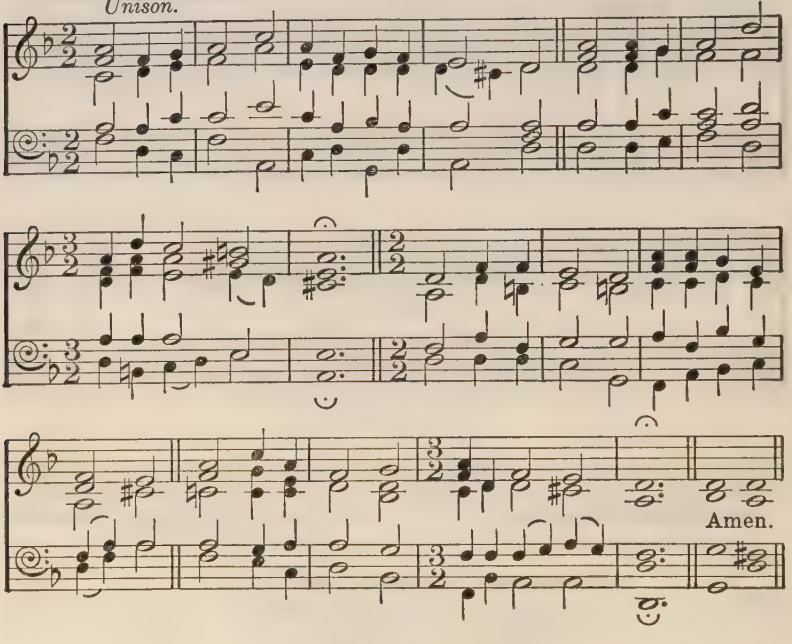
6 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

7 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885.

368 DONNE SECOURS. 11 10 11 10. *Moderate.* GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

Unison.



O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief;

2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;

3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick-bed, and share the children's mirth:

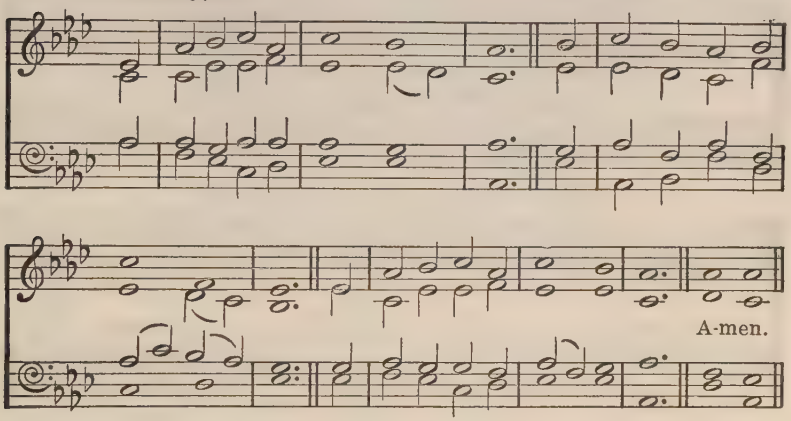
5 Thus, Lord, Thy blessèd saints in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, 'Comfort ye,'—
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

369 ST. LO. 8 8 8.

Moderately fast.

Old Breton Melody, as in SCHOOL WORSHIP, 1926.



FATHER of men, in whom are one
All humankind beneath Thy sun,
Stablish our work in Thee begun.

2 Except the house be built of Thee,
In vain the builder's toil must be:
O strengthen our infirmity!

3 Man lives not for himself alone,
In others' good he finds his own;
Life's worth in fellowship is known.

4 We, friends and comrades on life's way,
Gather within these walls to pray:
Bless Thou our fellowship to-day.

5 O Christ, our Elder Brother, who
By serving man God's will didst do,
Help us to serve our brethren too.

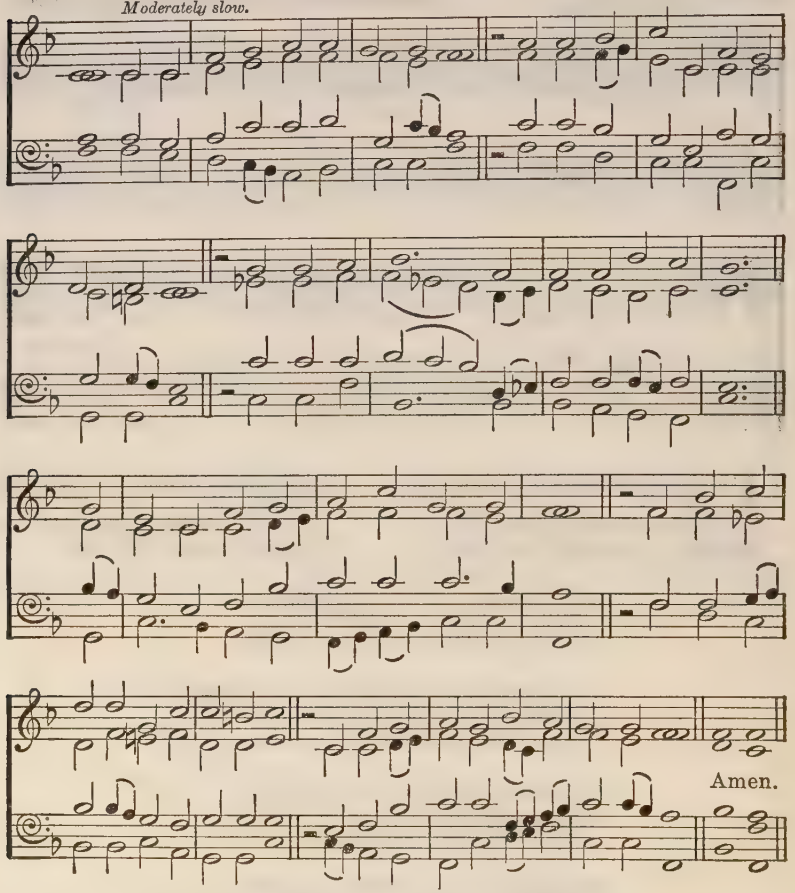
6 Guide us to seek the things above,
The base to shun, the pure approve,
To live by Thy free law of love.

7 In all our work, in all our play,
Be with us, Lord, our Friend, our Stay;
Lead onward to the perfect day:

8 Then may we know, earth's lesson o'er,
With comrades missed or gone before,
Heaven's fellowship for evermore.

HENRY CARY SHUTTLEWORTH, 1850-1900.

370 SONG 1 (GIBBONS). 10 10 10 10 10 10. ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.

Moderately slow.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one;
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

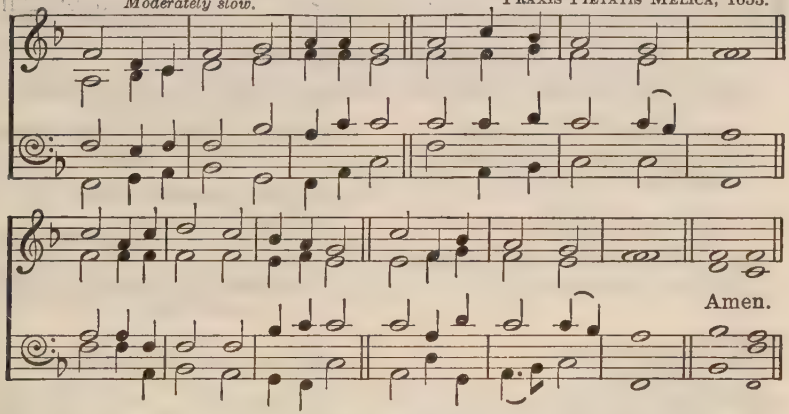
4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine:
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1840-1904.

371 GRÄFENBERG. C.M.

Moderately slow.

JOHANN CRÜGER'S PRAXIS PIETATIS MELICA, 1653.



Or ST. PETER, No. 306.

MEDICAL WORK.

FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;
O pour them from above.

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health and light and peace;

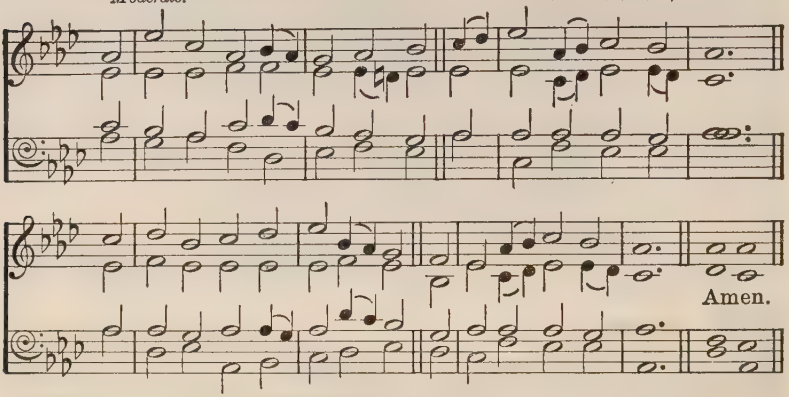
4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875.

372 NEWINGTON (ST. STEPHEN). C.M.

Moderate.

WILLIAM JONES, 1726-1800.



Or ST. STEPHEN (ABRIDGE), No. 156.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord
Who joins us by His grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek His face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which He on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

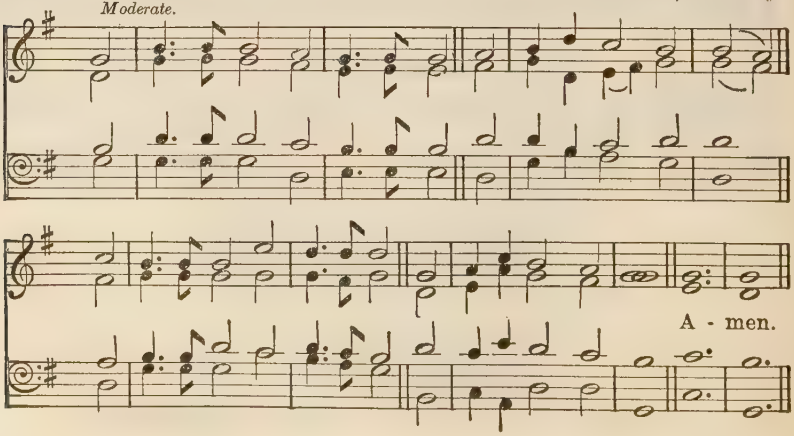
4 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

373 ARLINGTON. C.M.

Moderate.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1710-1778.



JESUS, united by Thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek Thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear,
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

3 Up unto Thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till Thou hast made us free indeed
And spotless here below.

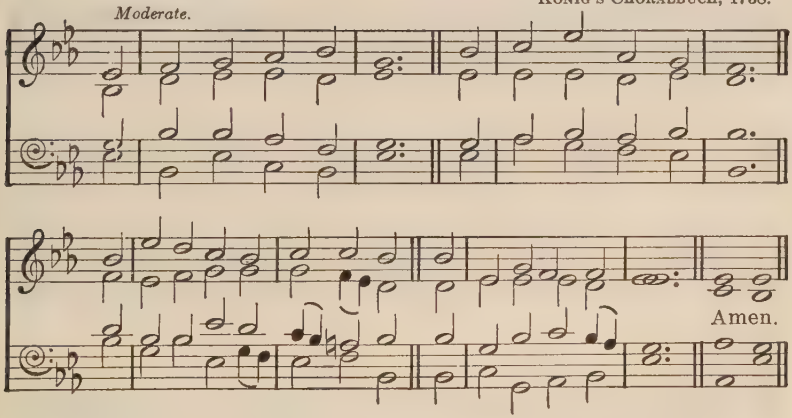
4 Touched by the loadstone of Thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

374 FRANCONIA. S.M.

Moderate.

KÖNIG'S CHORALBUCH, 1738.



WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

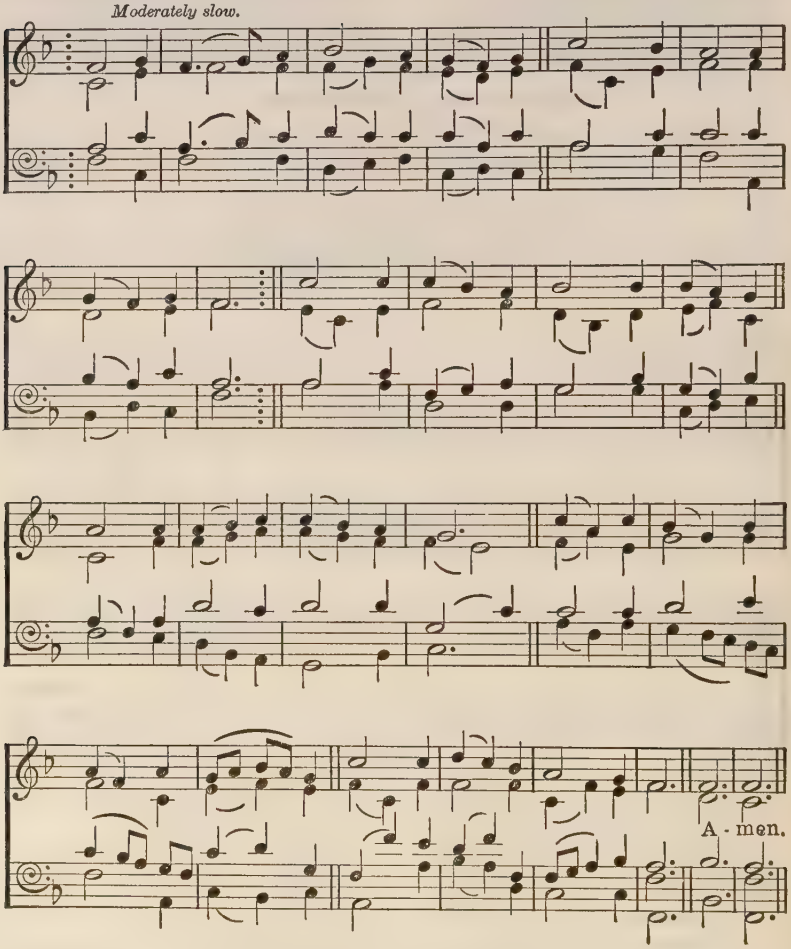
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897.

375 HYFRYDOL. 8 7 8 7 D.

ROWLAND HUGH PRITCHARD, 1811-1887.

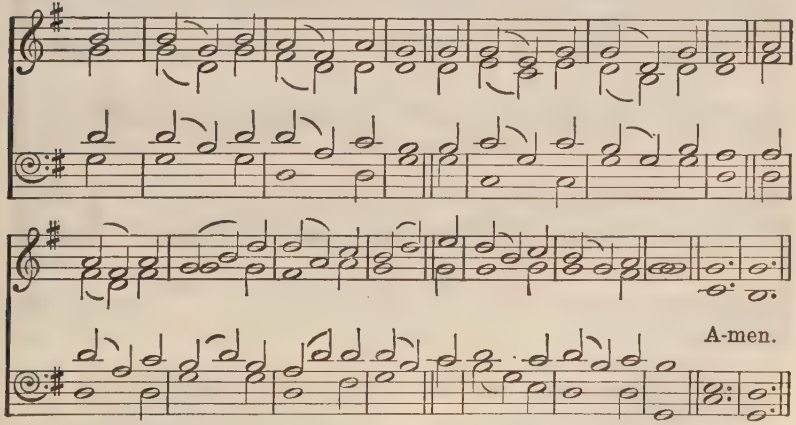
Moderately slow.

JESUS, Thou divine Companion,
By Thy lowly human birth
Thou hast come to join the workers,
Burden-bearers of the earth.
Thou, the Carpenter of Nazareth,
Toiling for Thy daily food,
By Thy patience and Thy courage,
Thou hast taught us toil is good.

2 They who tread the path of labour
Follow where Thy feet have trod;
They who work without complaining
Do the holy will of God.
Thou, the peace that passeth knowledge,
Dwellest in the daily strife;
Thou, the Bread of heaven, art broken
In the sacrament of life.

3 Every task, however simple,
Sets the soul that does it free;
Every deed of love and kindness
Done to man is done to Thee.
Jesus, Thou divine Companion,
Help us all to work our best;
Bless us in our daily labour,
Lead us to our Sabbath rest.

HENRY VAN DYKE, 1852-1933.
Used by permission of the Author.

376 **DENNIS.** S.M. *Moderate.* Adapted from HANS GEORG NÄGELI, 1768-1836.



BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When for awhile we part,
This thought will soothe our pain,
That we shall still be joined in heart
And one day meet again.

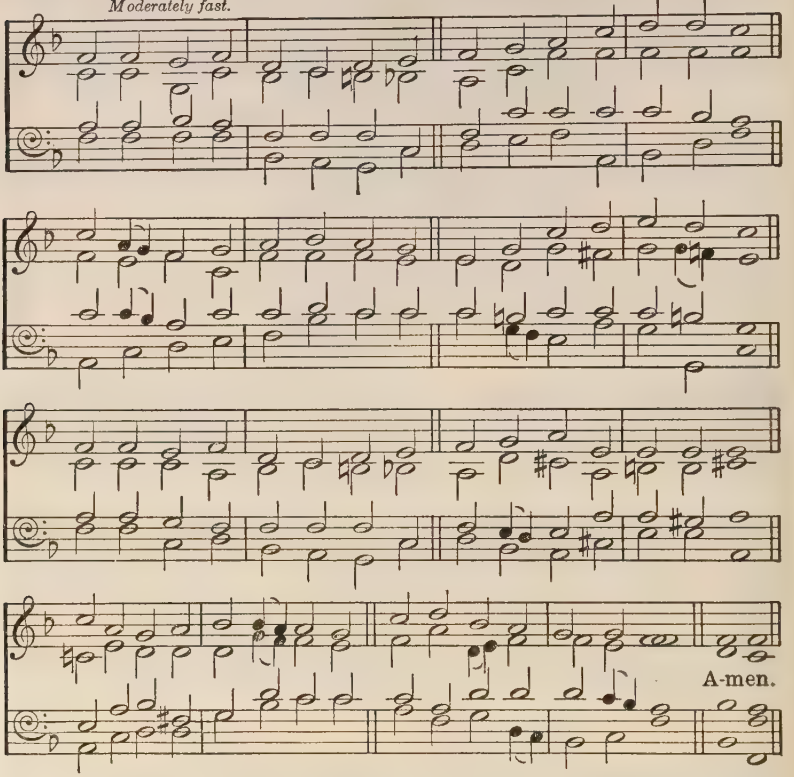
5 One glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day,

6 When from all toil and pain
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1740-1817, and others.

377 ALLELUIA. 8 7 8 7 D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.

Moderately fast.

LORD of light, whose Name outshineth
All the stars and suns of space,
Deign to make us Thy co-workers
In the Kingdom of Thy grace;
Use us to fulfil Thy purpose
In the gift of Christ Thy Son:
Father, as in highest heaven
So on earth Thy will be done.

2 By the toil of lowly workers
In some far outlying field;
By the courage where the radiance
Of the Cross is still revealed;
By the victories of meekness,
Through reproach and suffering won:
Father, as in highest heaven
So on earth Thy will be done.

3 Grant that knowledge, still increasing,
At Thy feet may lowly kneel;
With Thy grace our triumphs hallow,
With Thy charity our zeal;
Lift the nations from the shadows
To the gladness of the sun:
Father, as in highest heaven
So on earth Thy will be done.

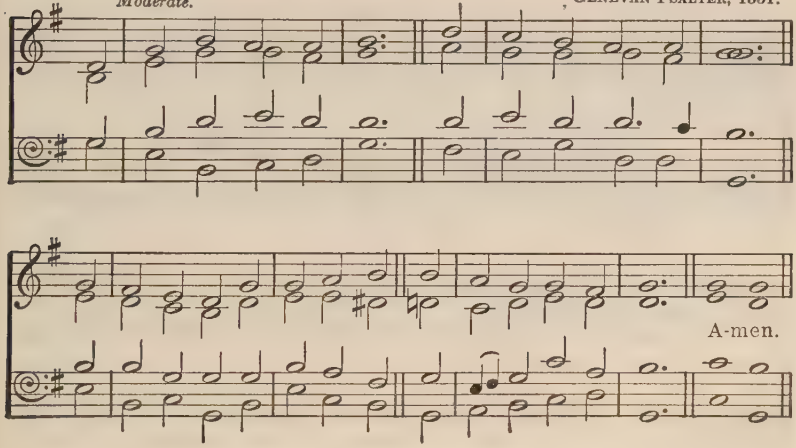
4 By the prayers of faithful watchmen,
Never silent day or night;
By the Cross of Jesus bringing
Peace to men, and healing light;
By the love that passeth knowledge,
Making all Thy children one:
Father, as in highest heaven
So on earth Thy will be done.

HOWELL ELVET LEWIS, 1860-

378 OLD 134th (ST. MICHAEL). S.M.

Moderate.

Adapted from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.



FAUX BOURDON setting at No. 158.
Or ST. ETHELWALD, No. 404.

RISE up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things;
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
To serve the King of kings.

2 Rise up, O men of God!
His Kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood,
And end the night of wrong.

3 Rise up, O men of God!
The Church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up and make her great.

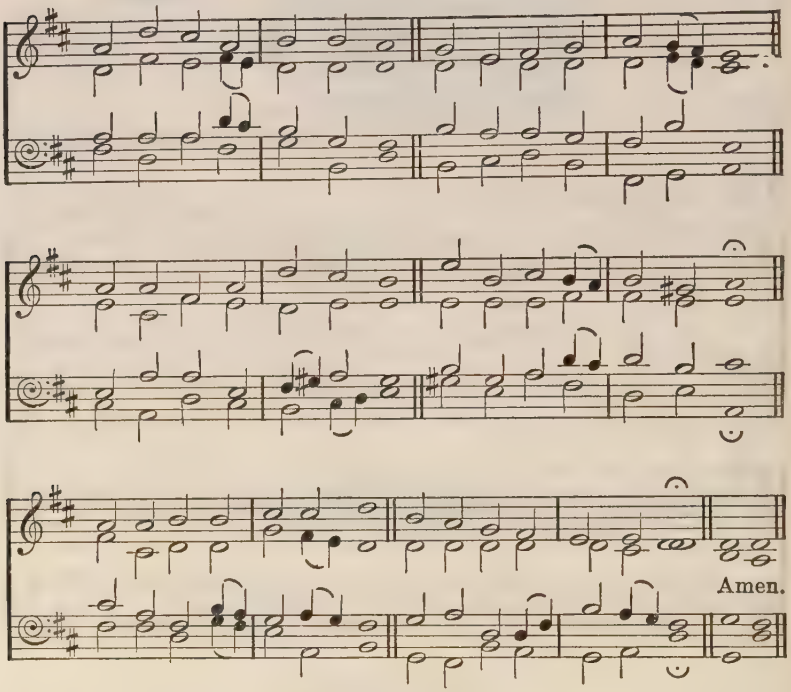
4 Lift high the Cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, 1867-

379 HEATHLANDS. 777777.

Moderate.

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



Or DIX, No. 15.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now, Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer:
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

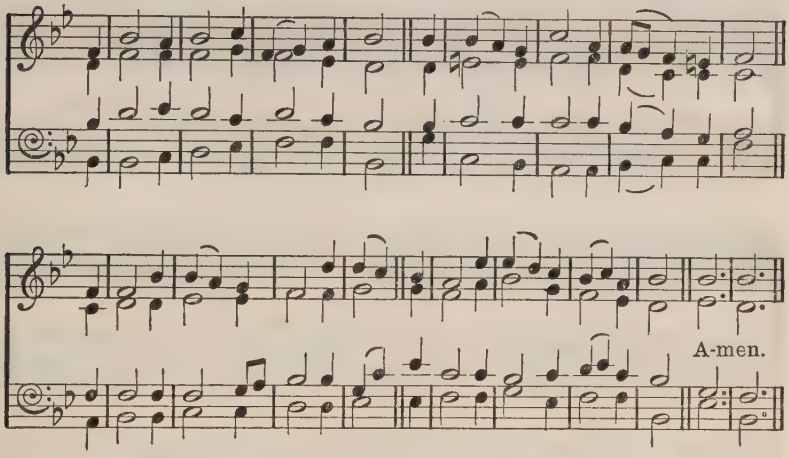
4 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Jesus, let me always be
In Thy service glad and free.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.

380 WALTON. L.M.

Moderate.

WILLIAM GARDINER'S SACRED MELODIES, 1815.



WHERE cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds, dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

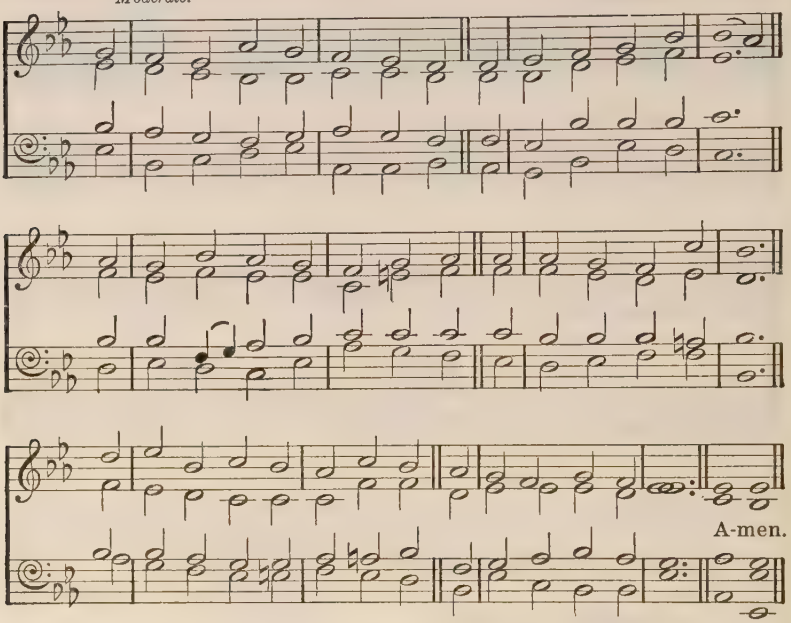
6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1850-1935.

381 ST. SILAS. 8 6 8 6 8 6.

Moderate.

J. LANCASTER.



Or MORWELLHAM, opposite.

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come;
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some;
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

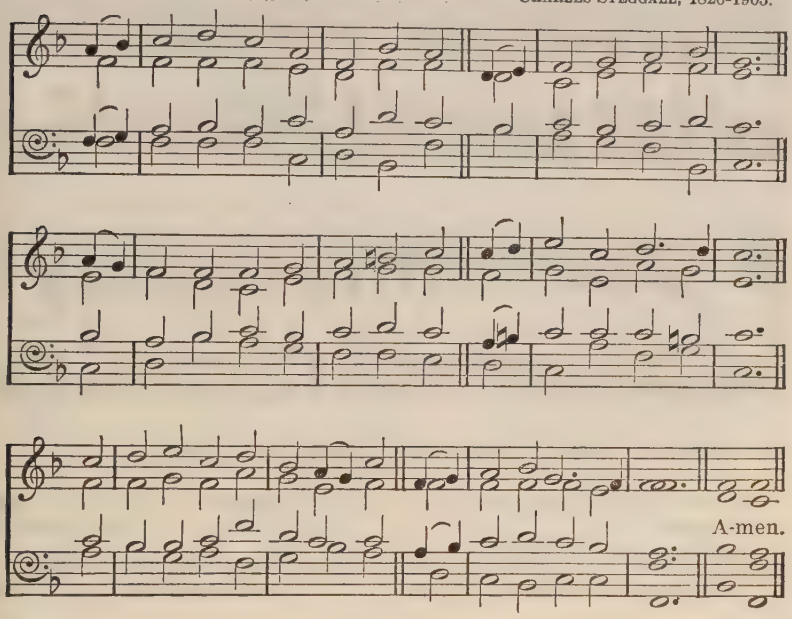
4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1818-1871.

382 MORWELLHAM. 8 6 8 6 8 6.

Moderate.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1826-1905.



Or ST. SILAS, opposite.

O HOLY city, seen of John,
Where Christ, the Lamb, doth reign,
Within whose foursquare walls shall come
No night, nor need, nor pain,
And where the tears are wiped from eyes
That shall not weep again!

2 Hark, how from men whose lives are held
More cheap than merchandise,
From women struggling sore for bread,
From little children's cries,
There swells the sobbing human plaint
That bids Thy walls arise!

3 O shame to us who rest content
While lust and greed for gain
In street and shop and tenement
Wring gold from human pain,
And bitter lips in blind despair
Cry—'Christ hath died in vain!'

4 Give us, O God, the strength to build
The city that hath stood
Too long a dream, whose laws are love,
Whose ways are brotherhood,
And where the sun that shineth is
God's grace for human good.

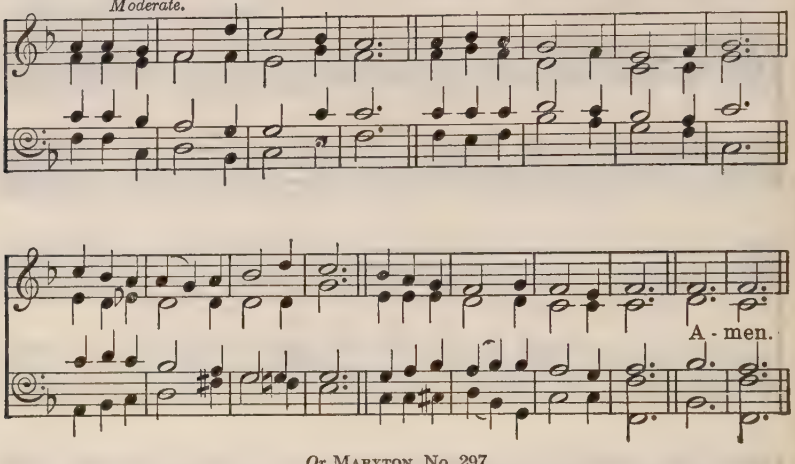
5 Already in the mind of God
That city riseth fair,—
Lo, how its splendour challenges
The souls that greatly dare,
Yea, bids us seize the whole of life
And build its glory there.

WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE, 1882-

383 WINSCOTT. L.M.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876

Moderate.



Or MARYTON, No. 297.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

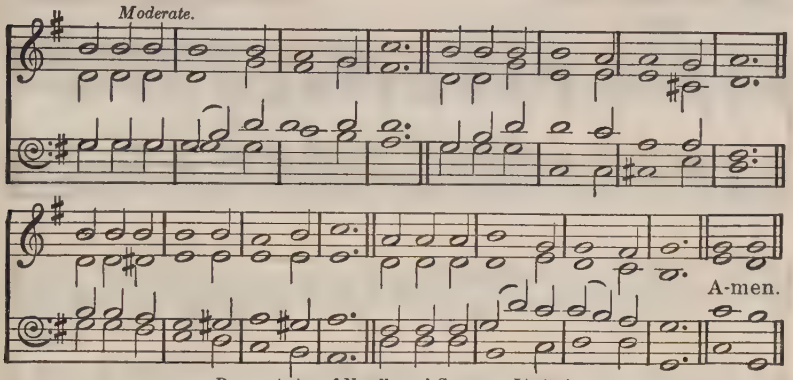
7 O use me, Lord, use even me
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.

384 PENTECOST. L.M.

WILLIAM BOYD, 1847-1928.

Moderate.



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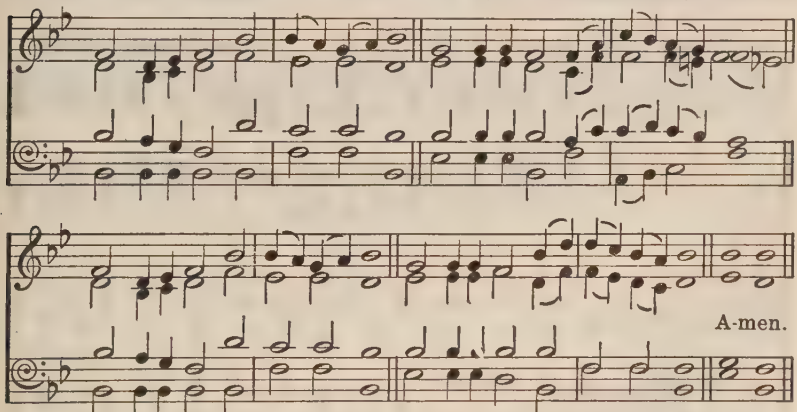
ERNAN. L.M. *Moderate.*

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



GO, labour on: spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

3 Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

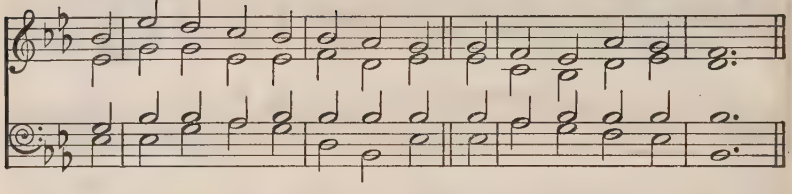
5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold, I come!'

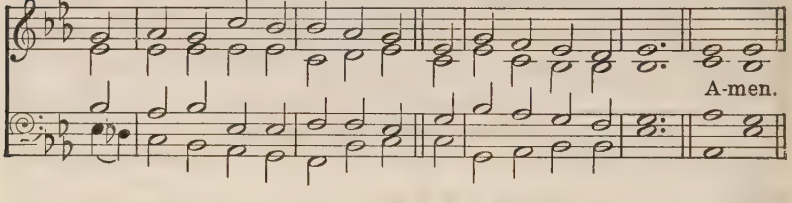
HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

385 ST. PETER. C.M.

Moderate.

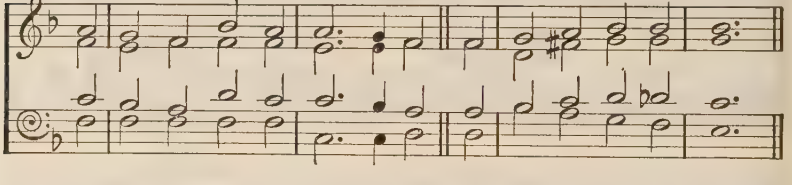
ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1799-1877.

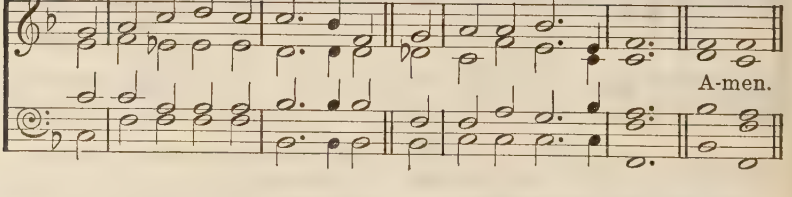




DALEHURST. C.M. *Moderate*

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1842-1879.





FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.

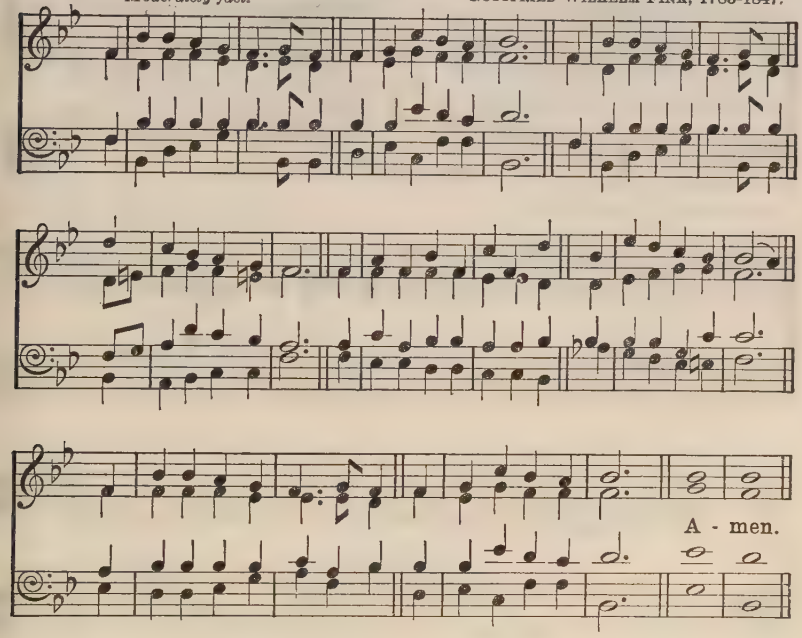
4 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751, and others.

386 BETHLEHEM. D.C.M.

Moderately fast.

GOTTFRIED WILHELM FINK, 1783-1847.



O LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life might be,
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee;
If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side!

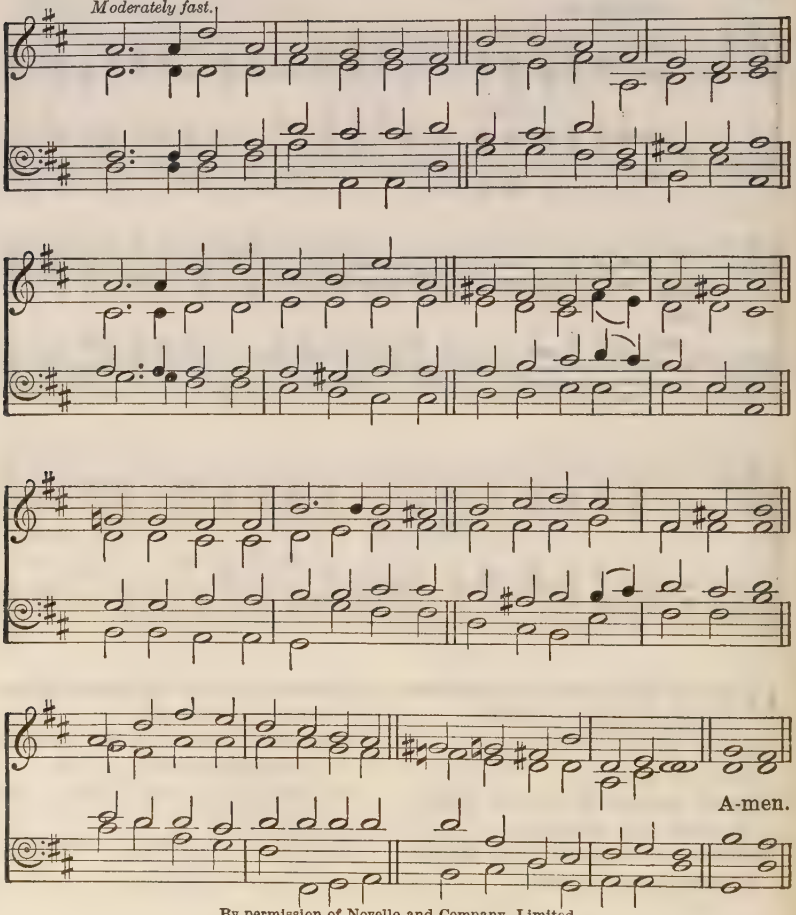
2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin;
And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.

3 Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy book enrols:
O speed Thy work, victorious King,
And give Thy workers might,
That through the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light.

ELLA SOPHIA ARMITAGE, 1841-1931.

387 LUX EOI. 8 7 8 7 D.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

Moderately fast.

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Or HYFRYDOL, No. 330.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying—
'Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?'
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
'Here am I; send me, send me'?

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgement's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

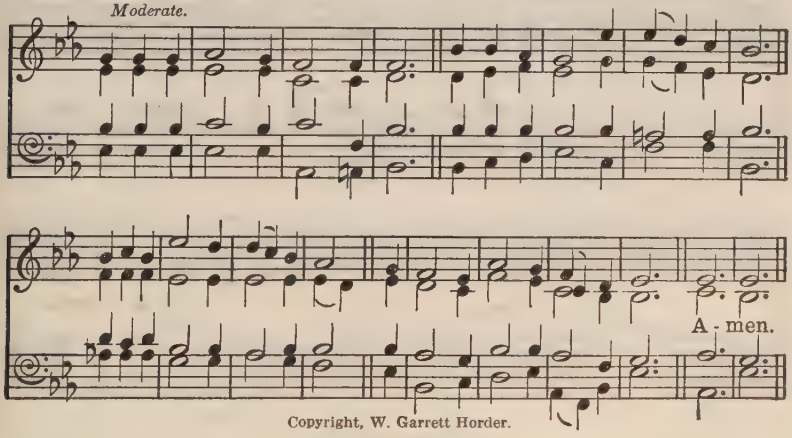
4 Let none hear you idly saying,
'There is nothing I can do,'
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
'Here am I; send me, send me.'

DANIEL MARCH, 1816-1909.

388 MARYTON. L.M.

HENRY PERCY SMITH, 1825-1898.

Moderate.



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O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

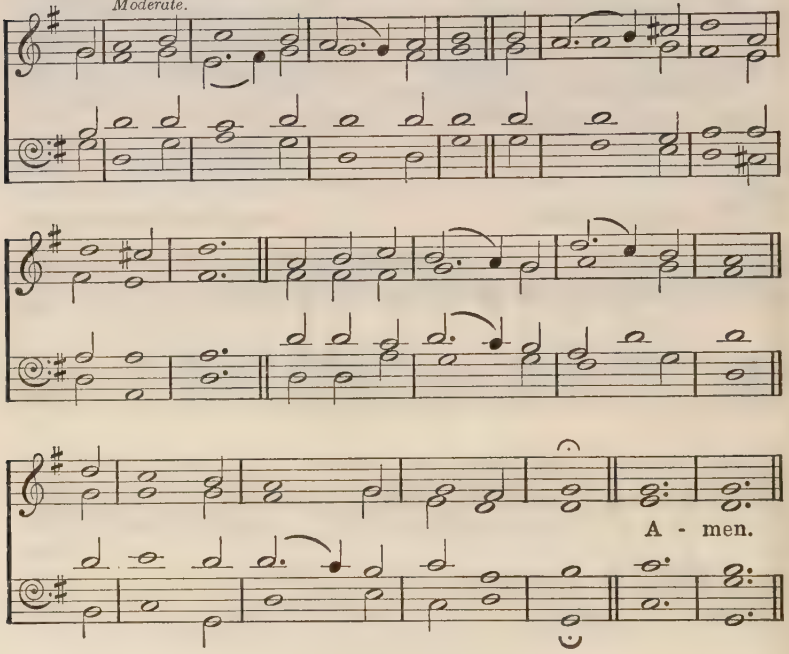
4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1836-1918.

389 LEIGHTON. L.M.

Moderate.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON, c. 1614.
Reset by HARRY ELLIS WOOLDRIDGE, 1845-1917.



Or WALTON, No. 8.

ALMIGHTY Father, who dost give
The gift of life to all who live,
Look down on all earth's sin and strife,
And lift us to a nobler life.

2 Lift up our hearts, O King of kings,
To brighter hopes and kindlier things,
To visions of a larger good,
And holier dreams of brotherhood.

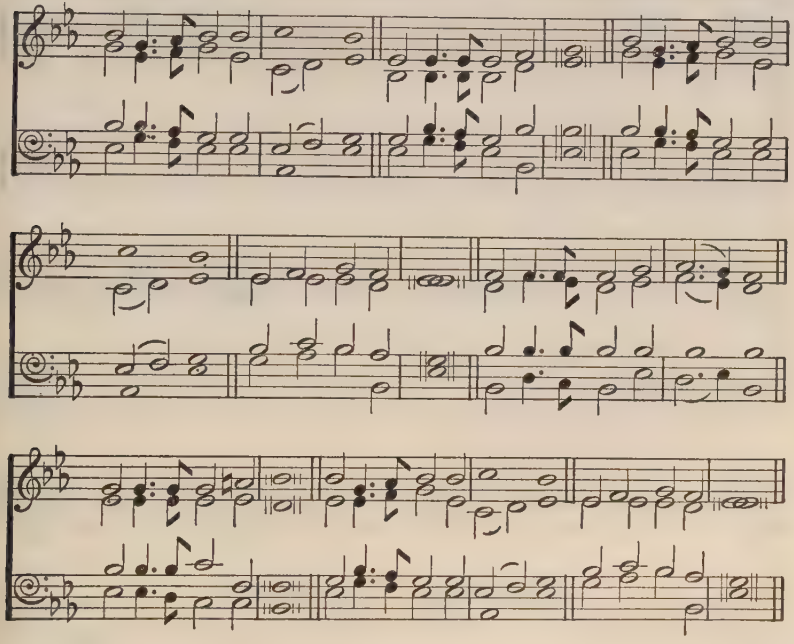
3 Thy world is weary of its pain,
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honour, falsely strong,
And all its ancient deeds of wrong.

4 Hear Thou the prayer Thy servants pray,
Uprising from all lands to-day,
And o'er the vanquished powers of sin
O bring Thy great salvation in.

JOHN HOWARD BERTRAM MASTERMAN, 1867-1933.

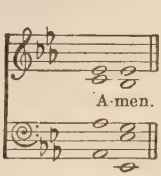
390 DILIGENCE. 7 6 7 5 D. *Moderate.*

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.

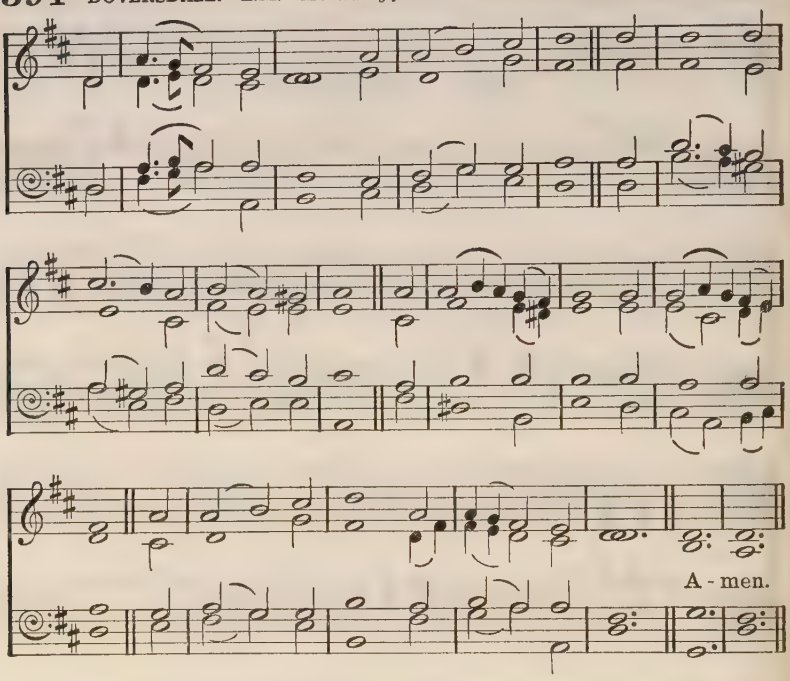


WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give to each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Adapted from ANNA LOUISA COGHILL, 1836-1907.

391 DOVERSDALE. L.M. *Moderately fast.* SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767-1822.



O LIFE that makest all things new—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men—
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again:

2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the light are one:

3 One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God:

4 The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The life that maketh all things new!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819-1892.

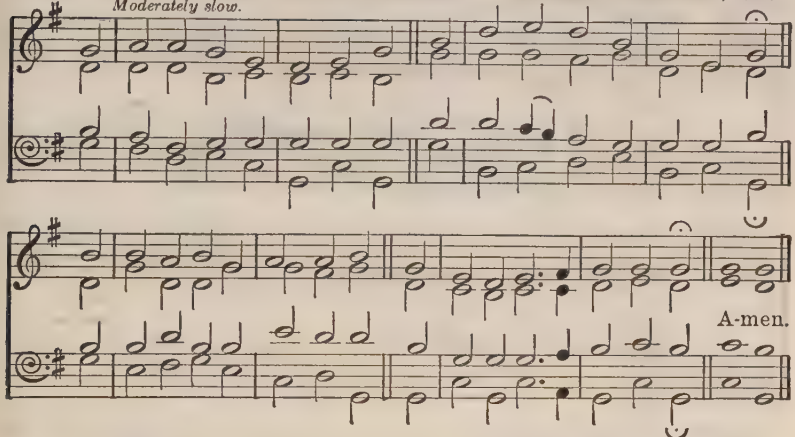
AND THE FOLLOWING:

76 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.
141 Ye servants of the Lord.
318 Together, Lord, we come to Thee.
356 Take my life, and let it be.
365 Who is on the Lord's side.
402 Lead on, O King Eternal.
407 Soldiers of the Cross, arise.
411 O God of truth, whose living word.
499 Rescue the perishing.
506 Listen, the Master beseecheth.

392 SOLDAU. L.M.

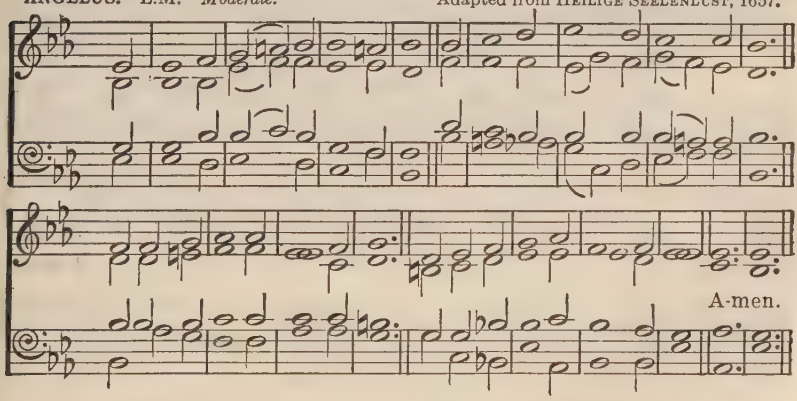
Moderately slow.

WITTENBERG GESANGBUCH, 1524.



ANGELUS. L.M. *Moderate.*

Adapted from HEILIGE SEELENLUST, 1657.



THOU gracious God, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

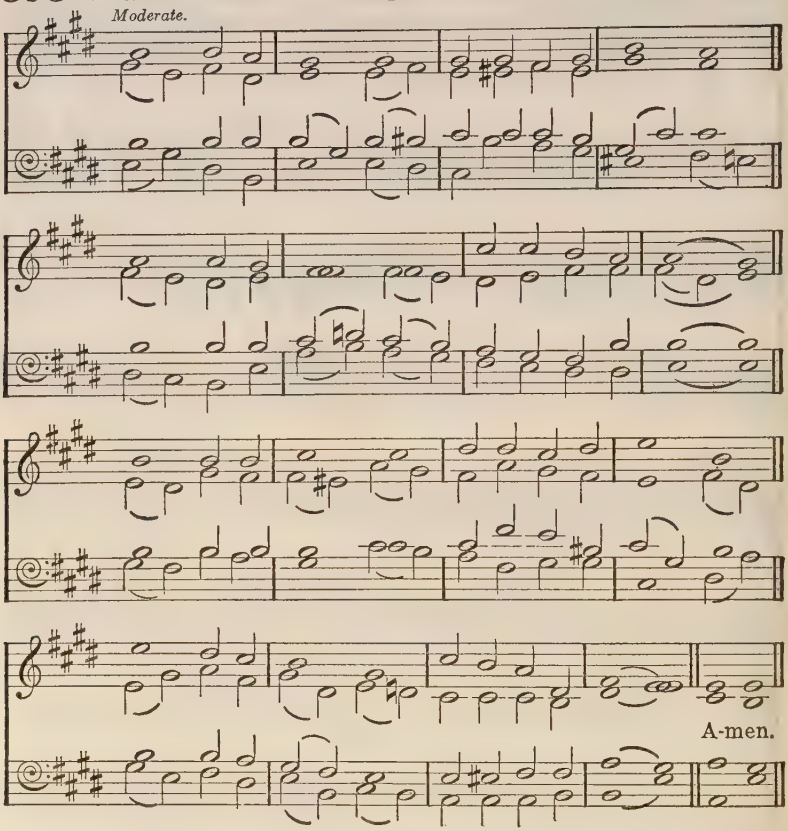
3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres;

5 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809-1894.

393 **POLAND.** 11 10 11 10. Polish Melody; Arranged by WILLIAM HENRY HEWLETT, 1873-1940.



Or WELWYN, No. 366.

O HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race;
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured place:

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun.

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care.

4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.

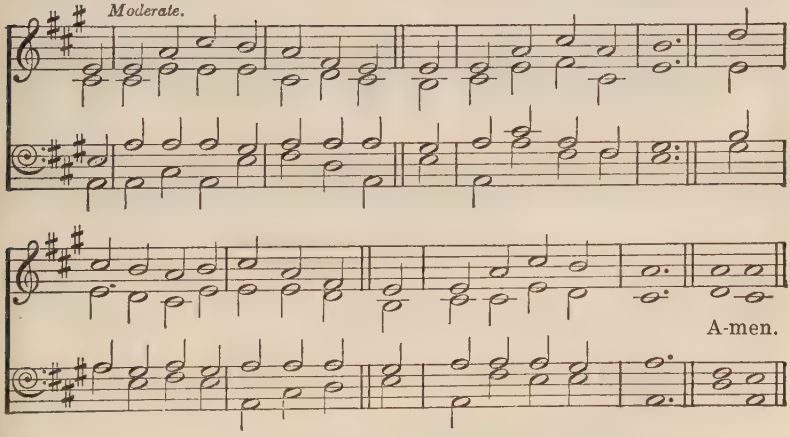
5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free;
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee:

6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love.

CARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, 1801-1859.
Adapted from Tr. by
SARAH BORTHWICK FINDLATER, 1823-1907.

394 EVAN. C.M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.



HAPPY the home when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
When one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' Name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

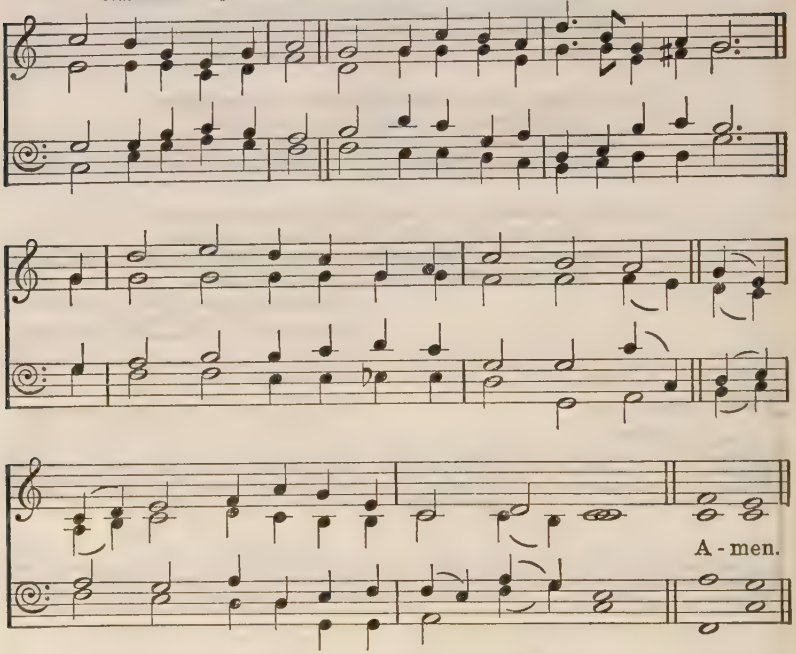
3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord, let us in our homes agree
This blessèd peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

HENRY WARE, the younger, 1794-1843.

395 PRO NOSTRIS LIBERIS. 6 10 10 10. JOHN MORGAN LLOYD, 1880-

Somewhat slowly.



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FATHER, our children keep;
We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing
O keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them birth.

2 Father, draw nearer us;
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;
O clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

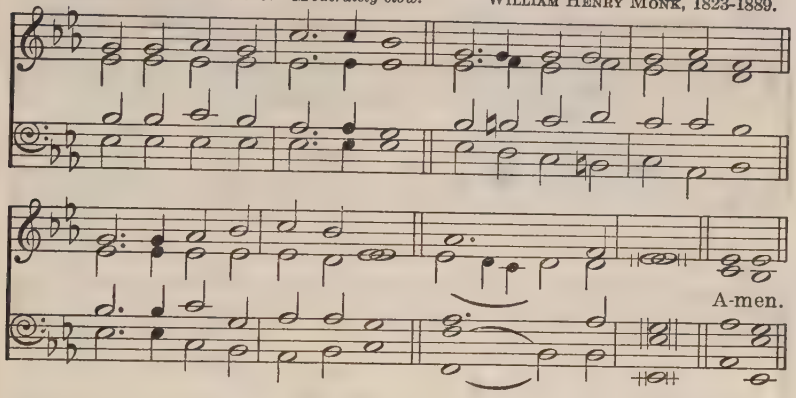
3 Them in Thy chambers hide;
O hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

4 O keep them undefiled,
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin,
That, clothed in white, through the bright city-gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

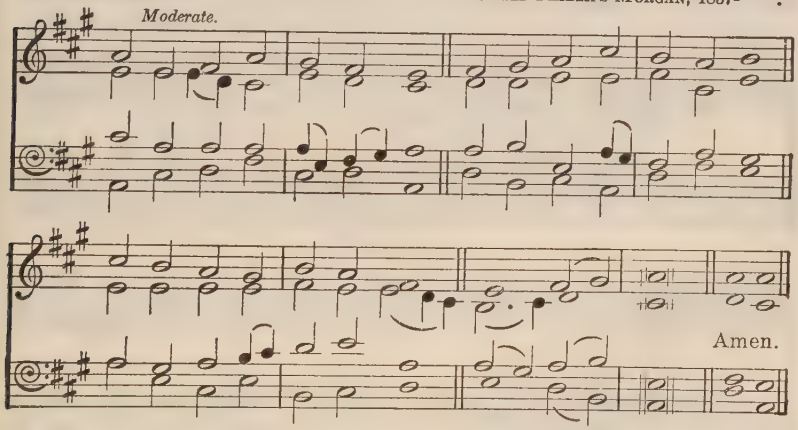
396 VIGILATE. 7 7 7 3. *Moderately slow.*

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.



ST. APOLLOS. 7 7 7 3.

ALFRED PHILLIPS MORGAN, 1857-



CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

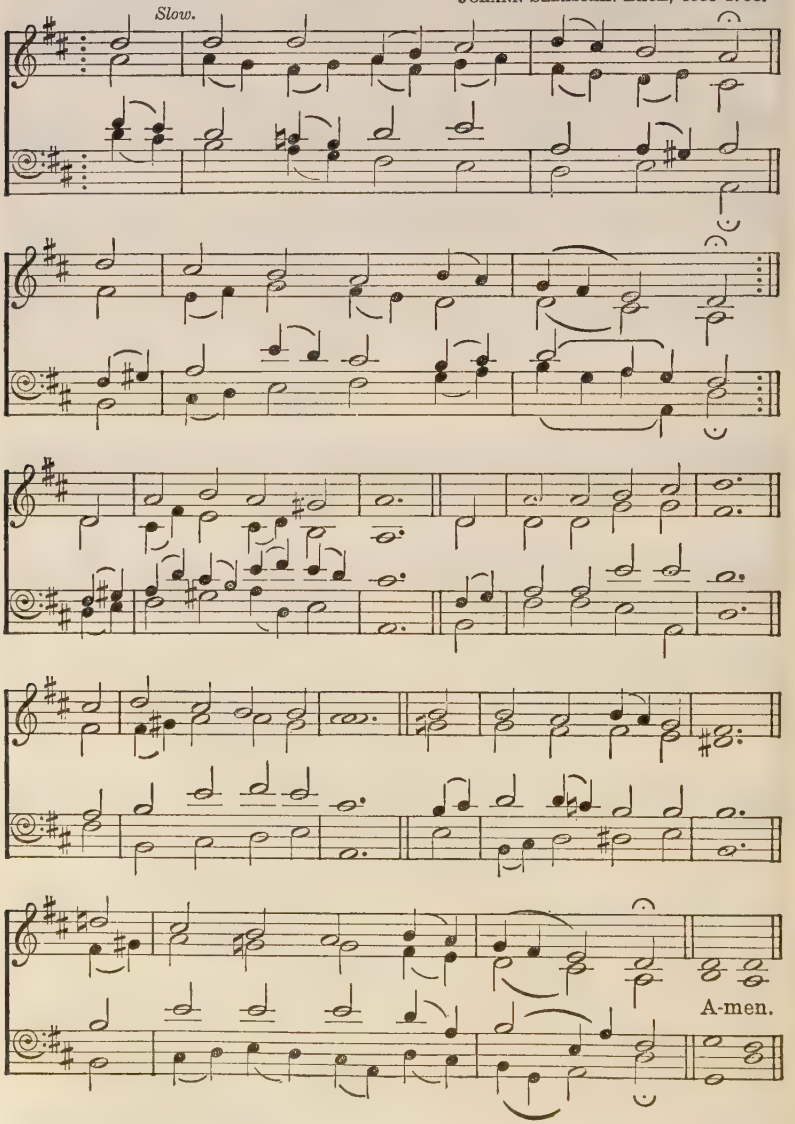
5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
'Watch and pray.'

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789-1871.

397 EIN FESTE BURG. 8 7 8 7 6 6 6 6 7.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546.
Arranged by
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750.



A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

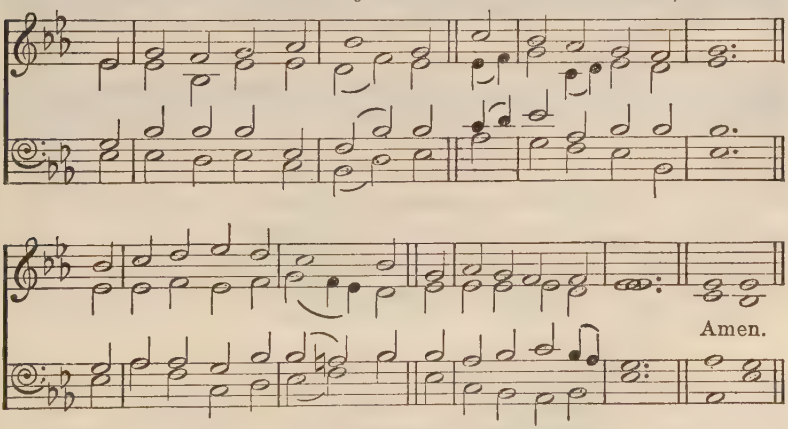
3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all;
The city of God remaineth.

Founded on Psalm xlvi.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546.
Tr. THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881.

398 **BREMEN.** 7 6 7 6. *Moderately slow.* MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1560-1616.



Or MORLAIX (KNECHT), No. 443.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

3 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.

4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

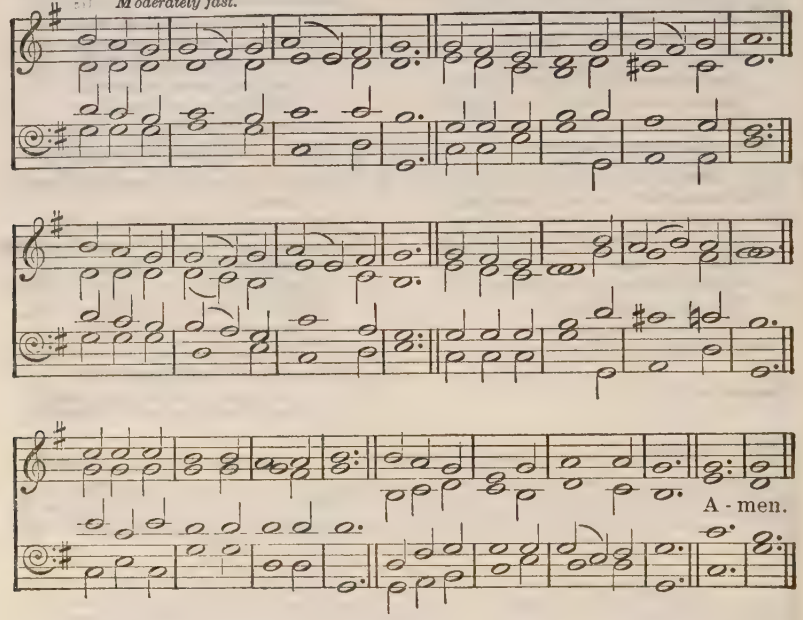
Founded on Psalm xxvii.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

399 ST. CATHERINE. 8 8 8 8 8 8.

HENRI FREDERICK HEMY, 1818-1888.
Adapted by JAMES GEORGE WALTON, 1821-1905.

Moderately fast.



FAITH of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

2 Faith of our fathers! God's great power
Shall soon all nations win for thee;
And through the truth that comes from God
Mankind shall then be truly free.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

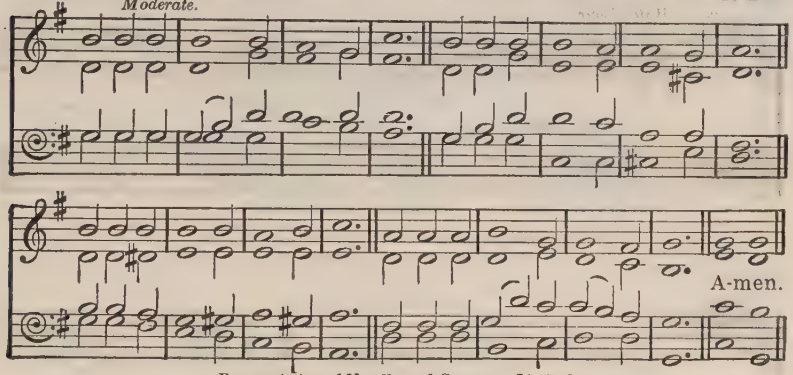
3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814-1863.

400 PENTECOST. L.M.

WILLIAM BOYD, 1847-1928.

Moderate.



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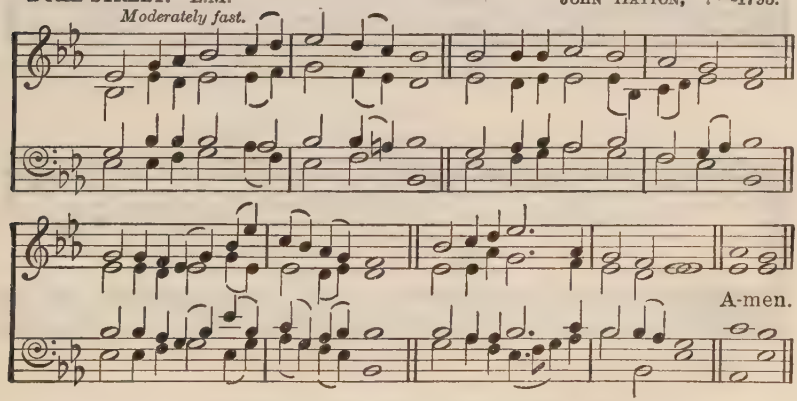
DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON, ? -1793.

Moderately fast.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon) at No. 688.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face.
Life with its path before us lies,
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

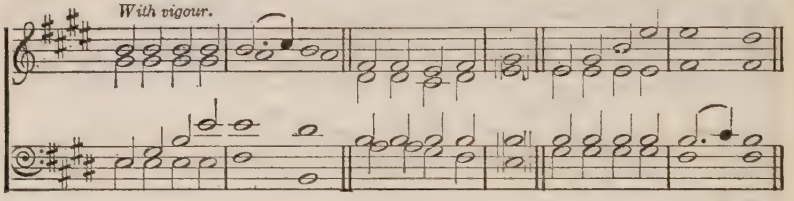
4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

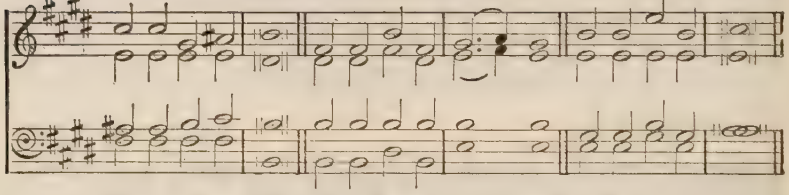
JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811-1875.

401 ST. GERTRUDE. 6 5 6 5 6 5 D.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.

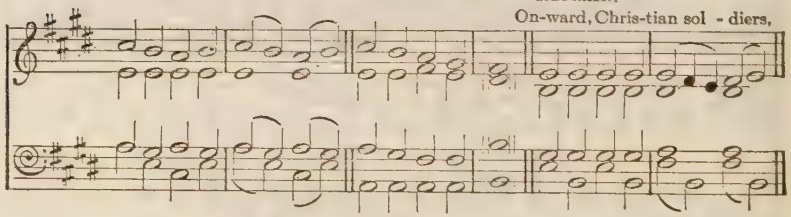
With vigour.





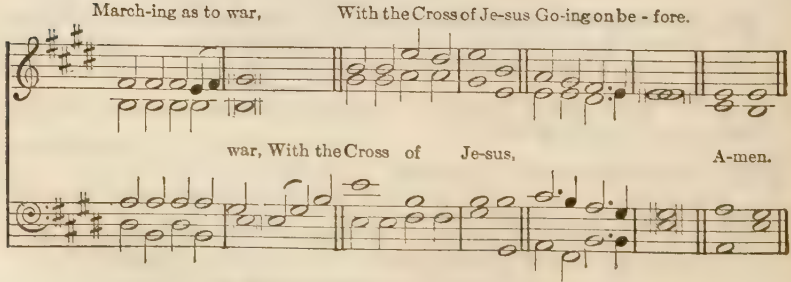
REFRAIN.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers,



March-ing as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be - fore.

war, With the Cross of Je-sus, A-men.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

ONWARD! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See! His banners go.

Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's legions flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song:
'Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!'
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

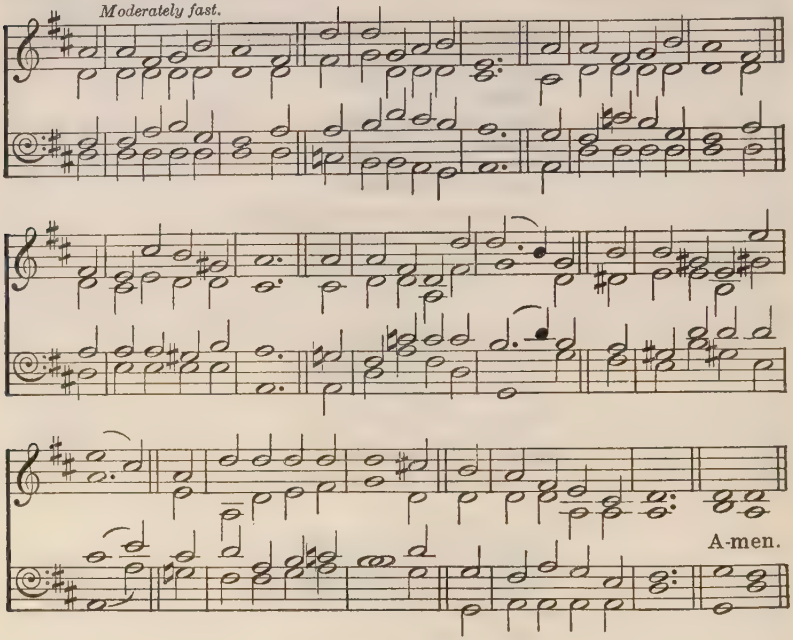
SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834-1924.

By permission of A. W. Ridley and Company.

402 LANCASHIRE. 7 6 7 6 D.

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.

Moderately fast.



Or MORNING LIGHT, No. 405.

LEAD on, O King Eternal:
The day of march has come;
Henceforth in fields of conquest
Thy tents shall be our home:
Through days of preparation
Thy grace has made us strong;
And now, O King Eternal,
We lift our battle-song.

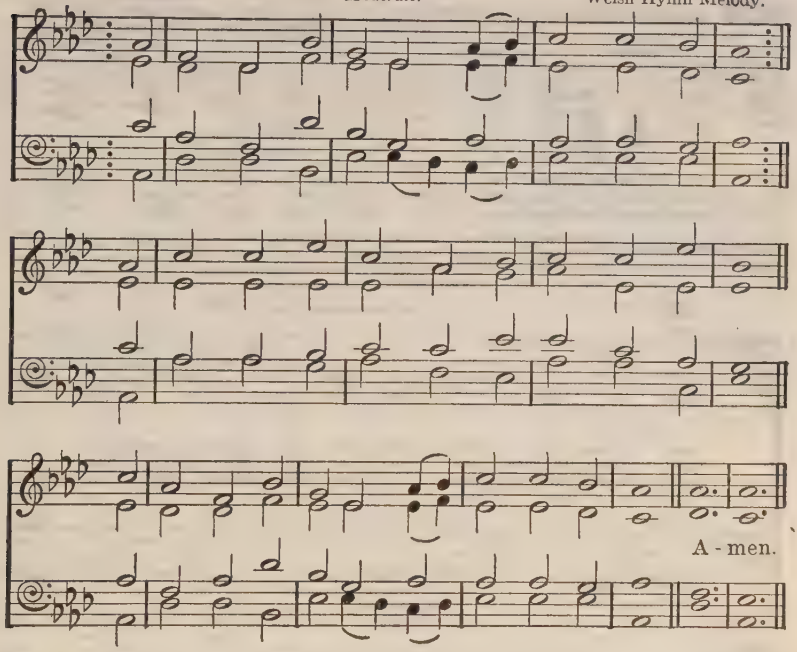
2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly Kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal:
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears:
Thy Cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

ERNEST WARBURTON SHURTLEFF, 1862-1917.

403 ST. DENIO. 11 11 11 11. *Moderate.*

Welsh Hymn Melody.



Or ADESTE FIDELES (adapted), No. 47.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
To you who to Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 'Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous omnipotent hand.

3 'When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

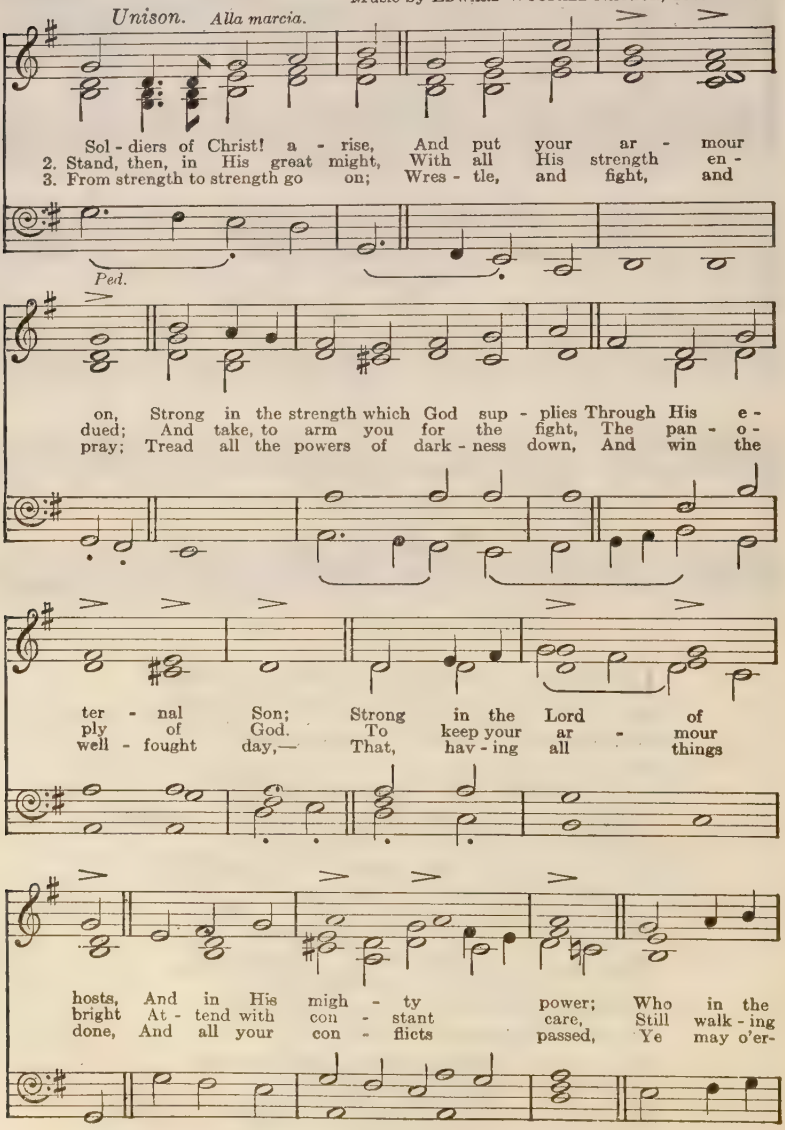
4 'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flames shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

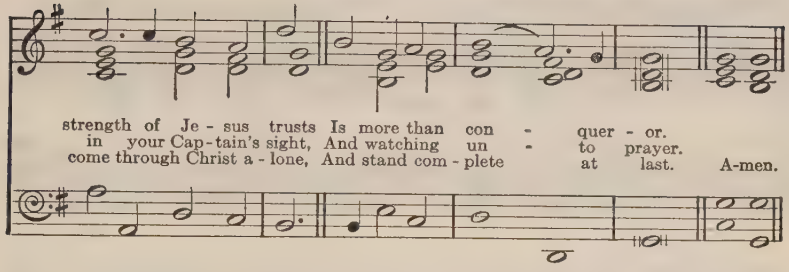
5 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not—I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!'

'K' in RIPPON'S SELECTION, 1787.

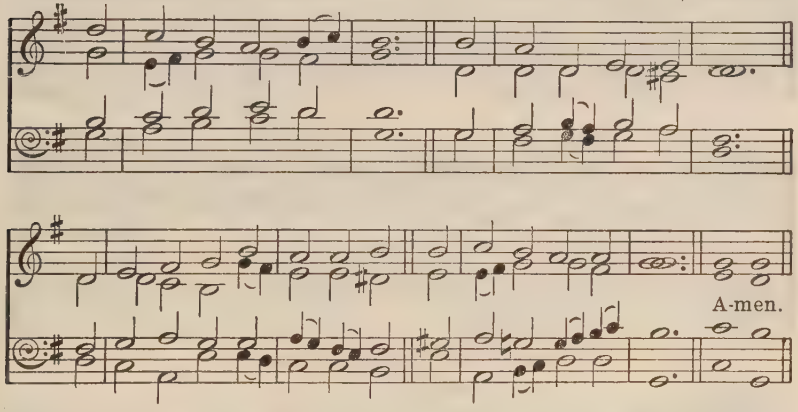
404 FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH. D.S.M.

Words by CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.
Music by EDWARD WOODALL NAYLOR, 1867- .


Unison. Alla marcia.
Sol - diers of Christ! a - rise, And put your ar - mour
2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en -
3. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle, and fight, and
Ped.
on, Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Through His e -
dued; And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o -
pray; Tread all the powers of dark - ness down, And win the
ter - nal Son; Strong in the Lord of
ply of God. To keep your ar - mour
well - fought day,— That, hav - ing all things
hosts, And in His migh - ty power; Who in the
bright At - tend with con - stant care, Still walk - ing
done, And all your con - flicts passed, Ye may o'er-


strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
in your Cap-tain's sight, And watching un - to prayer.
come through Christ a - lone, And stand com - plete at last. A-men.

ST. ETHELWALD. S.M. *Moderate.* WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.



SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

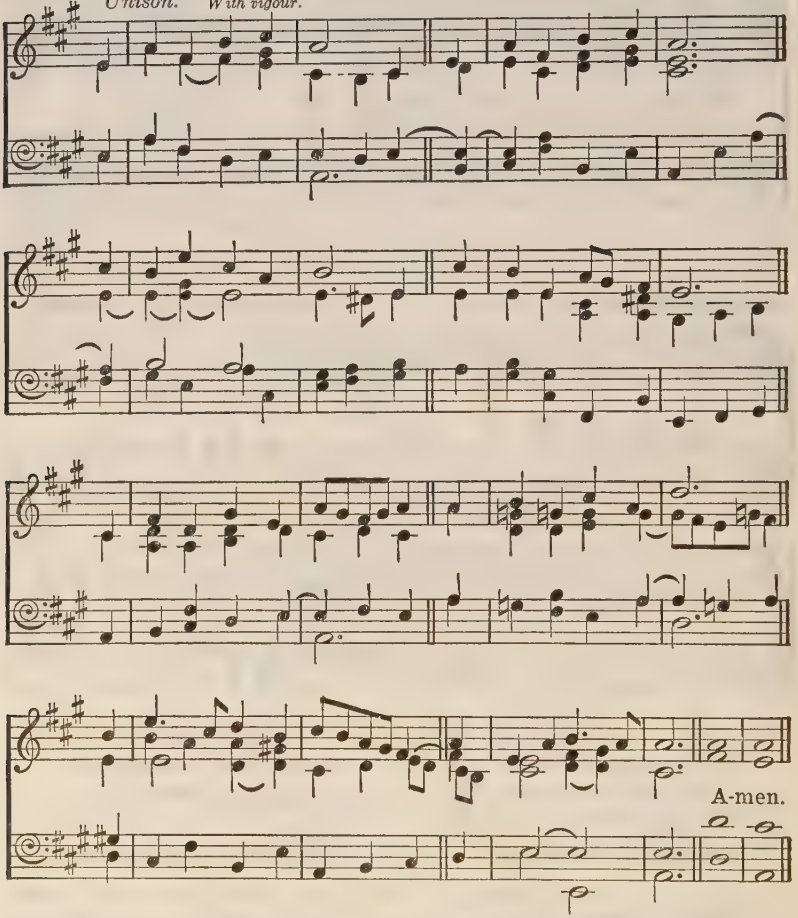
5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day,—

6 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

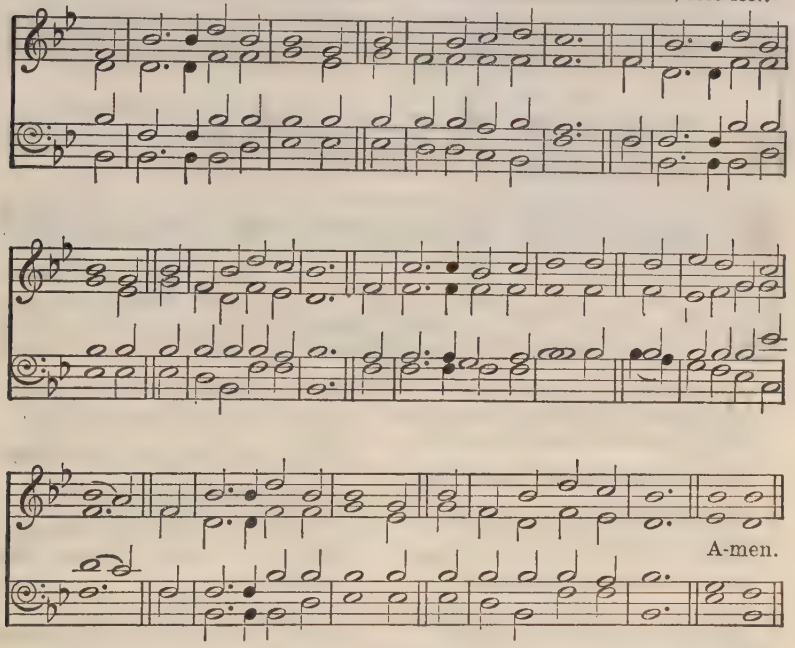
405 MILES ANIMOSUS. 7 6 7 6 D.

GEOFFREY TURTON SHAW, 1879-

Unison. *With vigour.*

STAND up! stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross!
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
From victory to victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

MORNING LIGHT. 7 6 7 6 D. *Moderate.* GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1803-1887.



3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

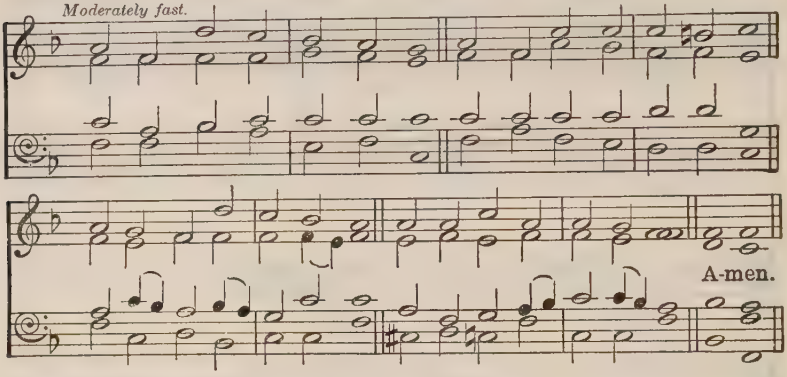
4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1818-1888.

406 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7 7 7 7.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.

Moderately fast.



OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, though worn with strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

3 Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

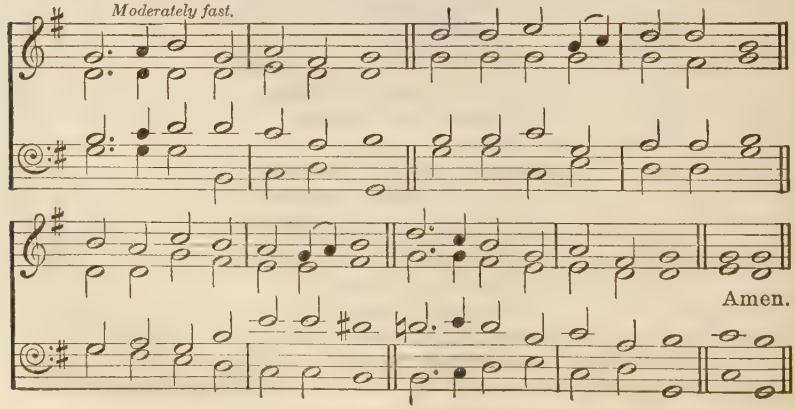
6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1785-1806, and others.

407 ORIENTIS PARTIBUS. 7 7 7 7.

Mediaeval French Melody.

Moderately fast.



Or UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, above.

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

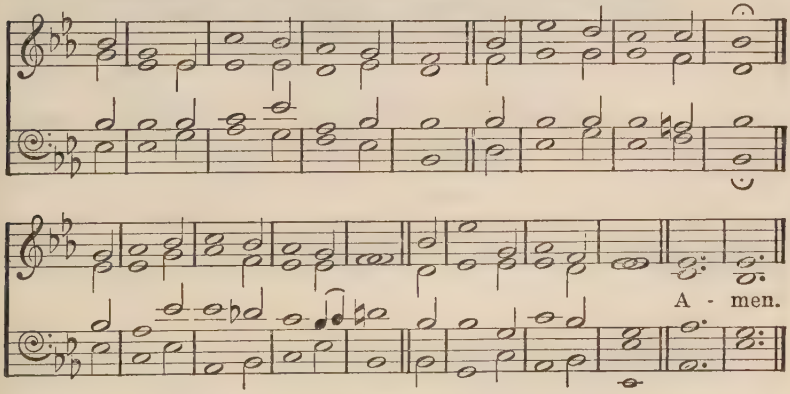
6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the Kingdom of the Lord.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897.

408 BEDFORD. C.M. *Moderately slow.*

WILLIAM WEALE, c. 1690-1727.



Or IRISH, No. 138.

WORKMAN of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

3 Then learn to scorn the praise of man,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

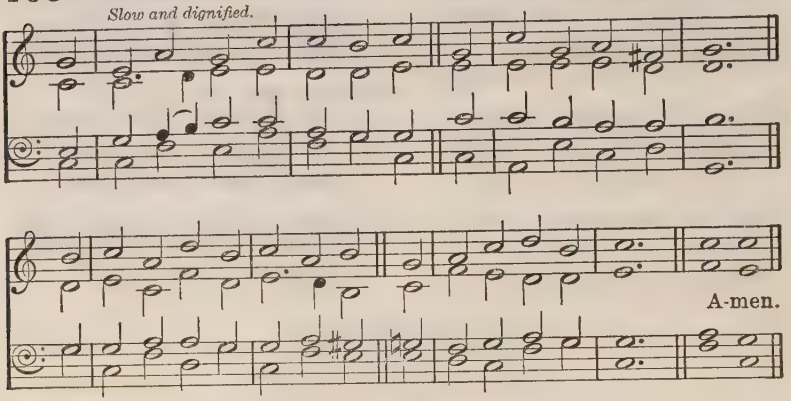
4 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814-1863.

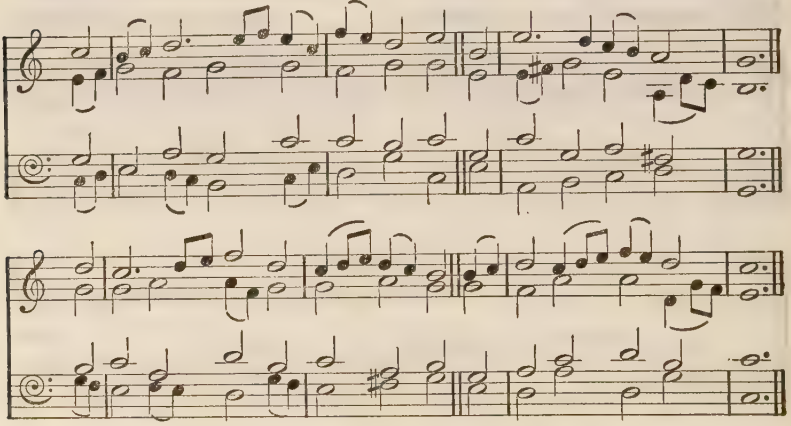
409 ST. ANNE. C.M.

Ascribed to WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727.

Slow and dignified.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

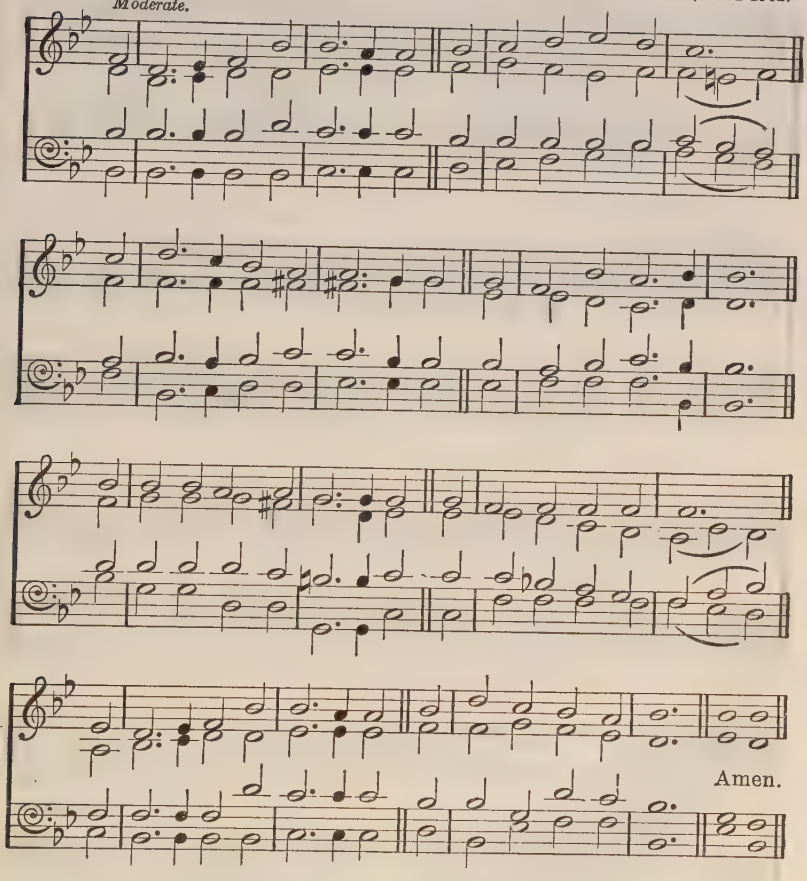
3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;

4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

ALL SAINTS NEW. D.C.M.

Moderate.

HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, 1824-1902.



5 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:

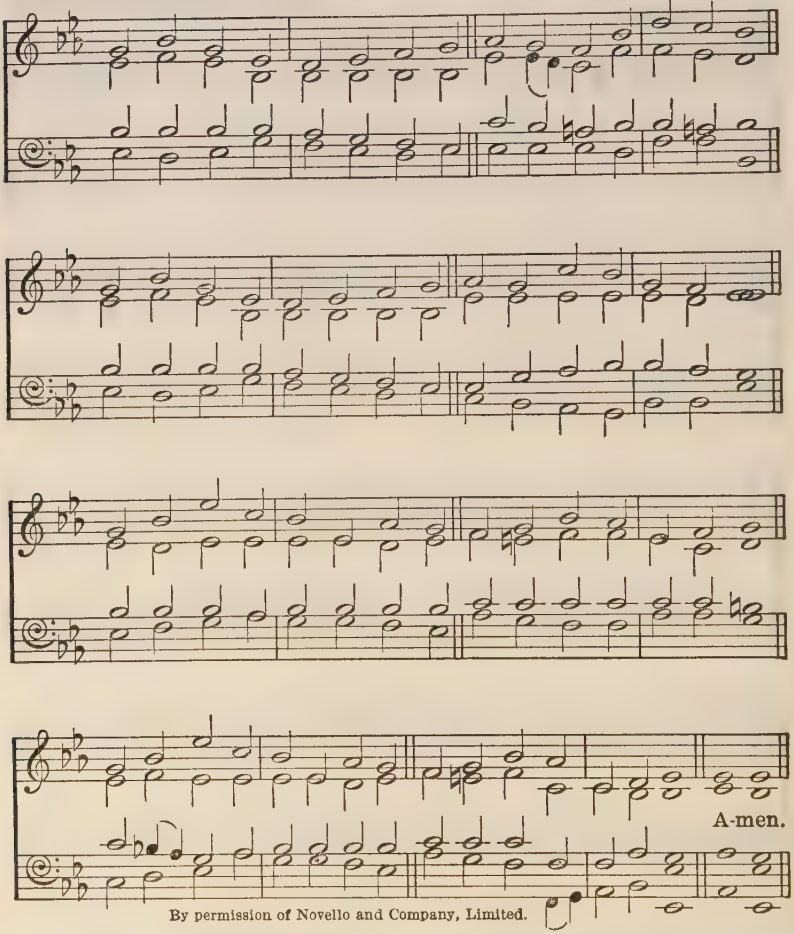
6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

7 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:

8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826.

410 DEERHURST. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.*

JAMES LANGRAN, 1835-1909.

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ONCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight;
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

3 By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, Thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the Cross that turns not back.
New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

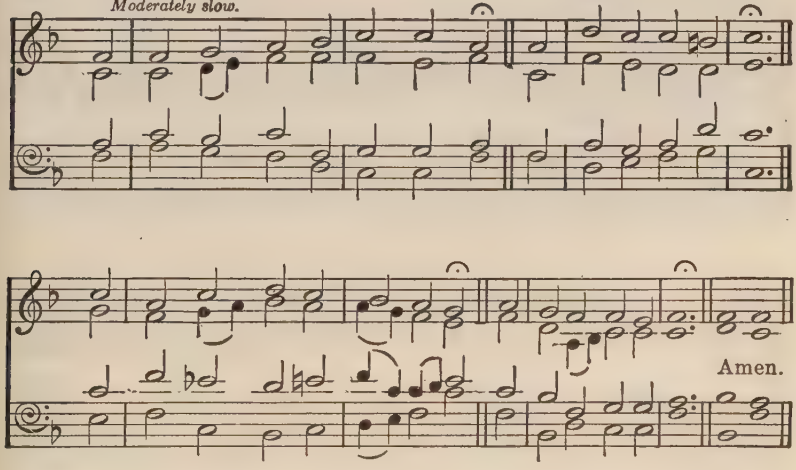
4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1819-1891.

411 DUNFERMLINE. C.M

Moderately slow.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



O GOD of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 We fight for truth, we fight for God,—
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth
Must first be true within.

4 Then, God of truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

5 Still smite, still burn, till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

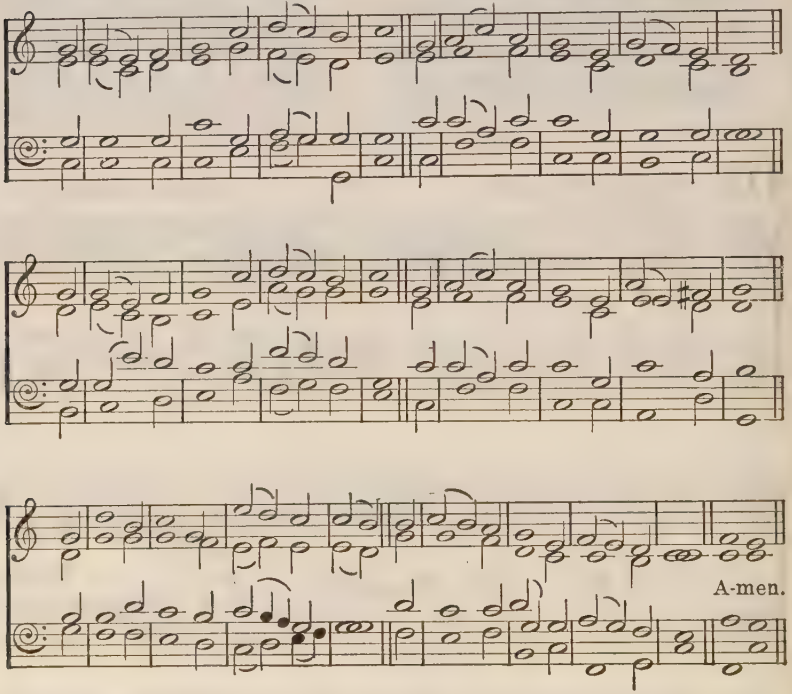
6 Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1823-1896.

412 ST. PETERSBURG. 888888.

Moderate.

DMITRI STEPANOVITCH BORTNIANSKI, 1752-1825.



From the revised Church Hymnary: by permission of the Oxford University Press.

O LORD of Hosts, who didst upraise
Strong captains to defend the right,
In darker years and sterner days,
And armedst Israel for the fight:
Thou madest Joshua true and strong,
And David framed the battle-song.

2 And must we battle yet? Must we,
Who bear the tender Name divine,
Still barter life for victory,—
Still glory in the crimson sign?
The Crucified between us stands,
And lifts on high His wounded hands.

3 Lord, we are weak and wilful yet,
The fault is in our clouded eyes;
But Thou, through anguish and regret,
Dost make Thy faithless children wise;
Through wrong, through hate, Thou dost approve
The far-off victories of love.

4 And so from out the heart of strife,
Diviner echoes peal and thrill;
The scorned delights, the lavished life,
The pain that serves a nation's will;
Thy comfort stills the mourner's cries,
And love is crowned by sacrifice.

5 As rains that weep the clouds away,
As winds that leave a calm in heaven,
So let the slayer cease to slay;—
The passion healed, the wrath forgiven,
Draw nearer, bid the tumult cease,
Redeemer, Saviour, Prince of Peace!

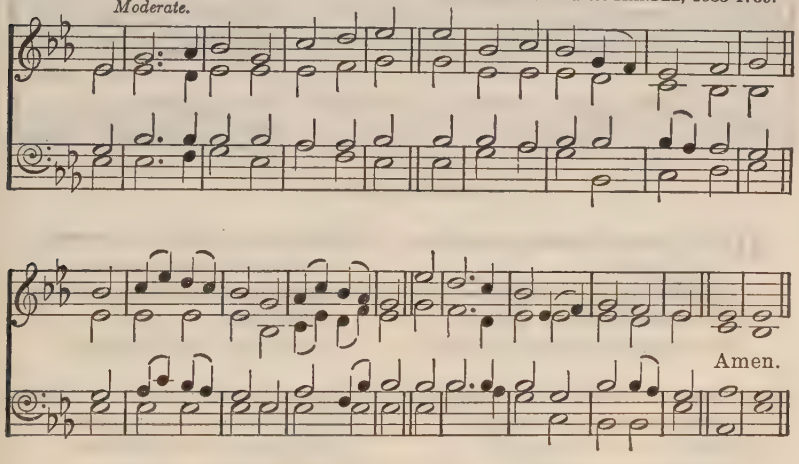
ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, 1862-1925.

By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

413 SAMSON. L.M.

Moderate.

Adapted from
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1685-1759.



Or WAREHAM, No. 122.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race!
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, Thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run!

4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

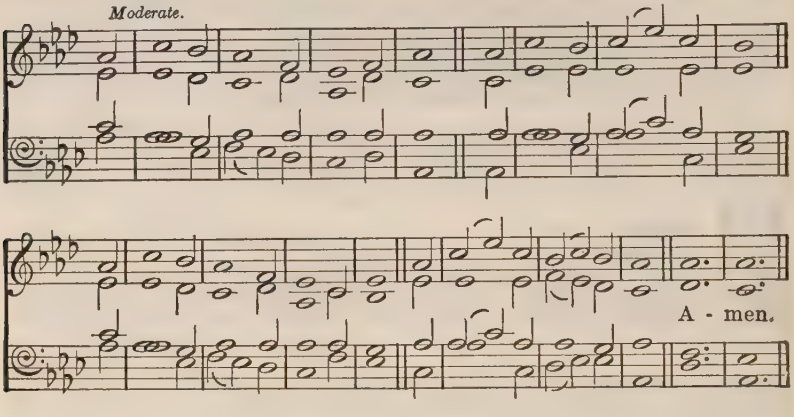
5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

414 BALLERMA. C.M.

Adapted by Robert Simpson, 1790-1832.

Moderate.



Or St. Magnus, opposite.

HAST thou not known, hast thou not heard
That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him
Who formed the earth and sky?

2 Art thou afraid His power shall fail
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of His hands.

4 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

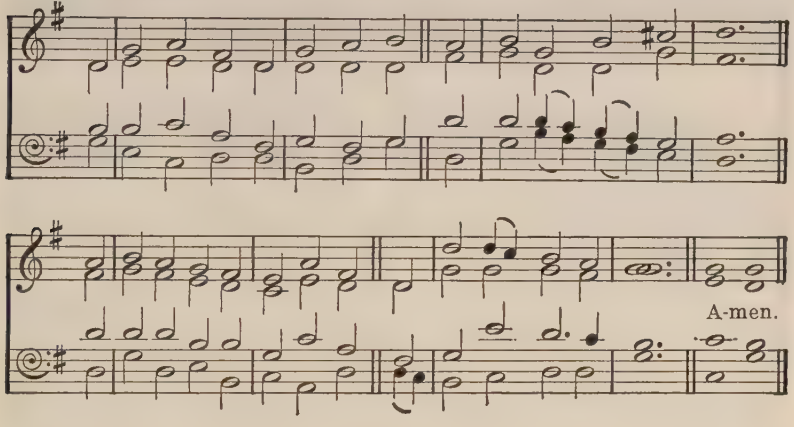
5 Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

6 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine,
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

7 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar—
Their wings are faith and love—
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.
As in Scottish Paraphrases, 1781.

415 ST. MAGNUS. C.M. *Moderately slow.* JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.



LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our Friend,
And who can prove a foe?

2 The Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave:
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

3 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and His love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heaven above?

4 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;
Through Him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.

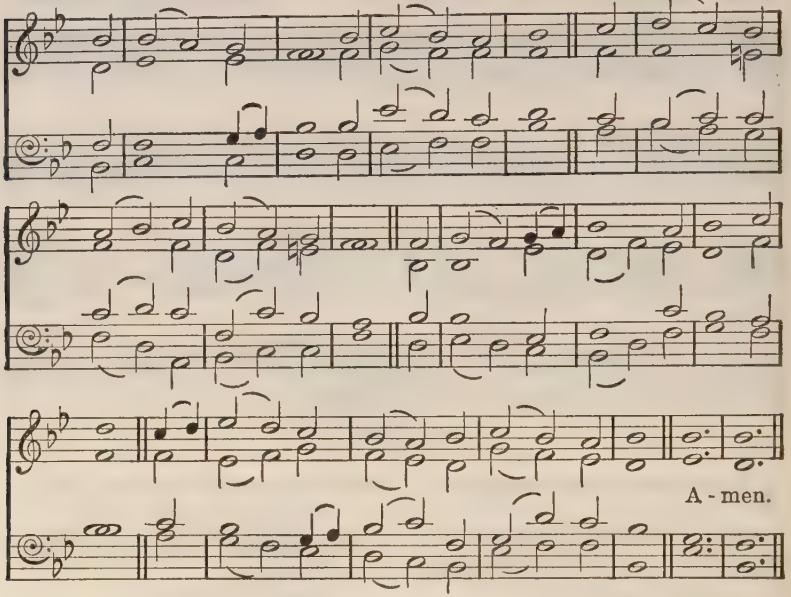
5 Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway
Can e'er efface us from His heart,
Or make His love decay.

6 Each future period that will bless
As it has blessed the past;
He loved us from the first of time,
He loves us to the last.

ANON. and JOHN LOGAN, 1748-1788.
As in SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

416 WAREHAM. L.M. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1698-1768.



Or SAMSON, No. 413.

CREATION'S Lord, we give Thee thanks
That this Thy world is incomplete;
That battle calls our marshalled ranks;
That work awaits our hands and feet;

2 That Thou hast not yet finished man:
That we are in the making still,
As friends who share the Maker's plan,
As sons who know the Father's will.

3 Beyond the present sin and shame,
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight,
We see the beckoning vision flame,
The blessèd Kingdom of the Right.

4 What though the Kingdom long delay,
And still with haughty foes must cope?
It gives us that for which to pray,
A field for toil and faith and hope.

5 Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar,—
The will to win it makes us free.

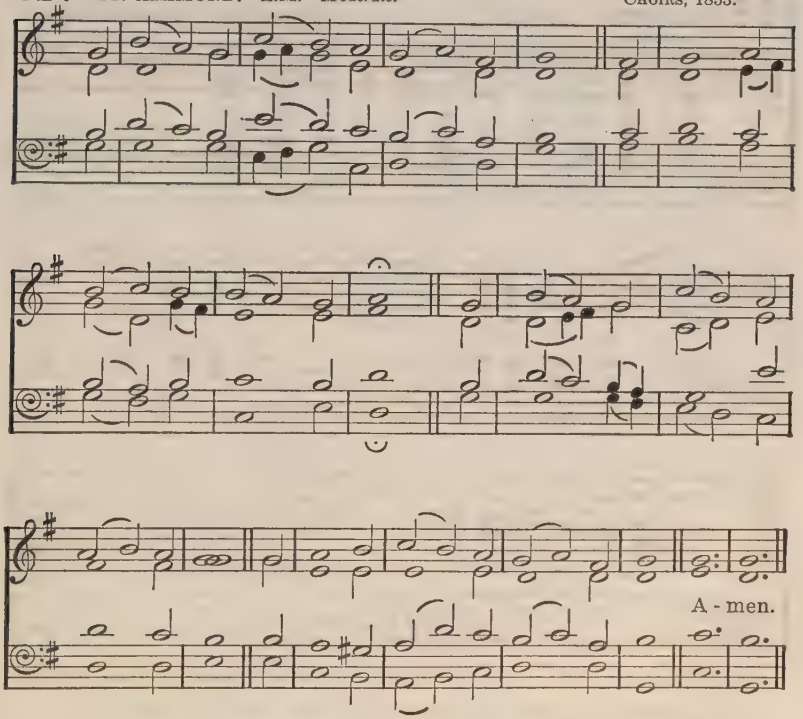
WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, 1858-1917.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

165 Lord of our life and God of our salvation.
174 For all the saints.
179 Give me the wings of faith to rise.
180 How bright these glorious spirits shine.
181 For those we love within the veil.
260 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass.
265 Lord Jesus, think on me.
365 Who is on the Lord's side.
435 Come, ye disconsolate.
634 O God, my strength and fortitude (Ps. 18).
640 The Lord's my light (Ps. 27).
651 God is our refuge and our strength (Ps. 46).
683 Now Israel may say (Ps. 124).

417 ST. ALKMUND. L.M. *Moderate.*

EASY MUSIC FOR CHURCH CHOIRS, 1853.



Or ST. ALBAN, No. 318.

ETERNAL Beam of Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above;

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast;
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Speak to my warring passions, 'Peace!'
Say to my trembling heart, 'Be still!'
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

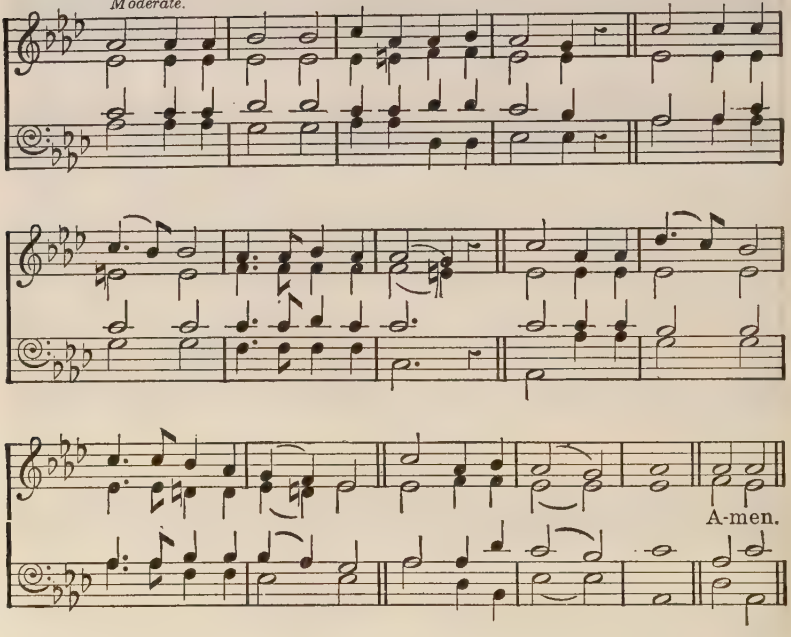
5 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

418 FLEMMING. 11 10 11 6.

FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, 1778-1813.

Moderate.



STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath His chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone, who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

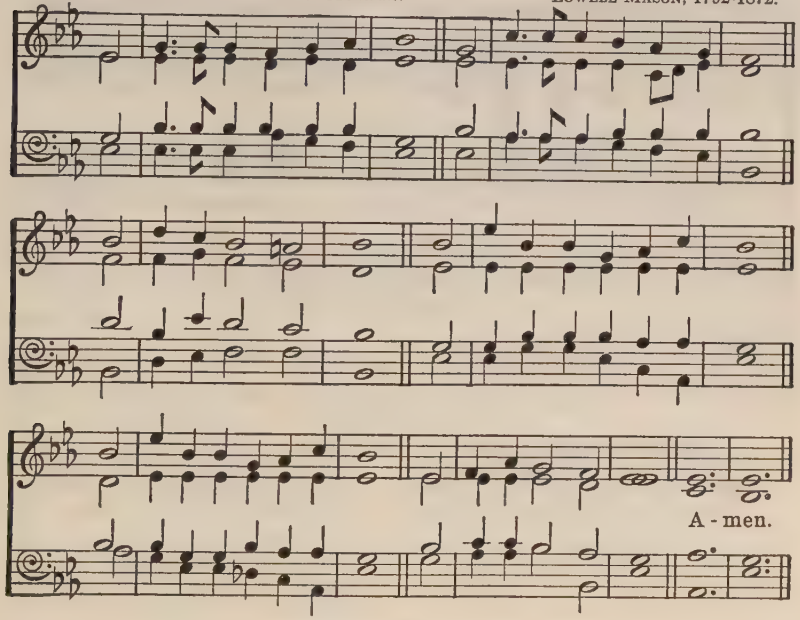
3 Choose for us, God; nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou hast designed:
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH, 1812-1871.

419 MERIBAH. 8 8 6 8 8 6. *Moderate.*

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



Or ALLGÜTIGER, MEIN PREISGESANG, No. 301.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best;

2 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear, in that we fear.

3 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach;
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

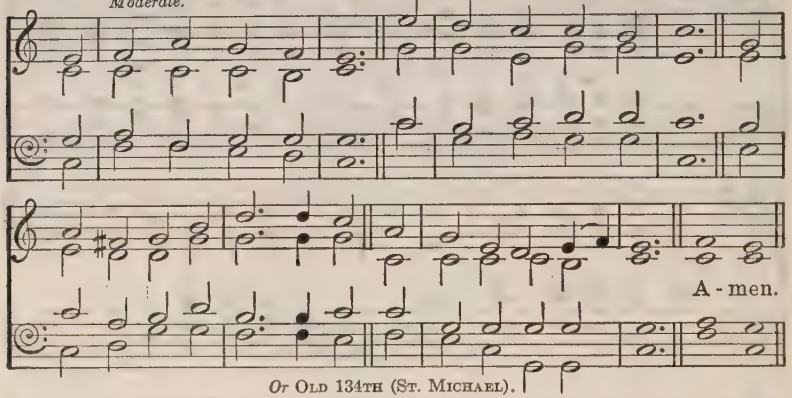
4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace.

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1808-1836.

420 ST. GEORGE (ST. OLAVE). S.M.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.

Moderate.



Or OLD 134TH (ST. MICHAEL).

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause, His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

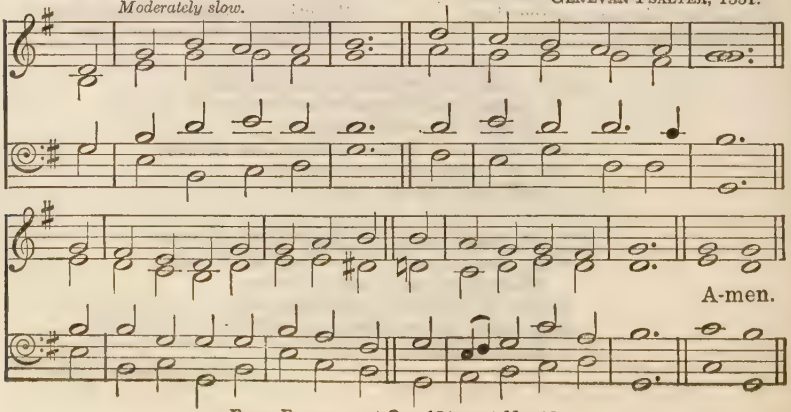
5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607-1676. *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

421 OLD 134th (ST. MICHAEL). S.M.

Adapted from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

Moderately slow.



FAUX BOURDON of OLD 134TH at No. 158.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand!

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

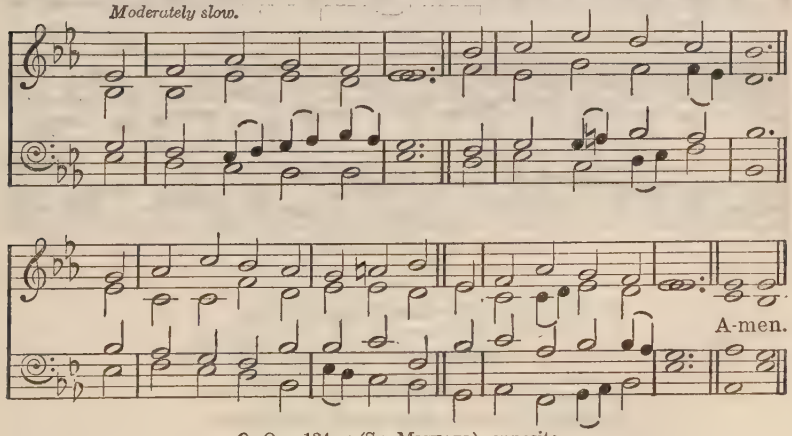
5 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607-1676.
Tr. JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

422 POTSDAM. S.M.

Adapted from JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750.

Moderately slow.



Or OLD 134TH (ST. MICHAEL), opposite.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,—
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;

4 A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

5 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:

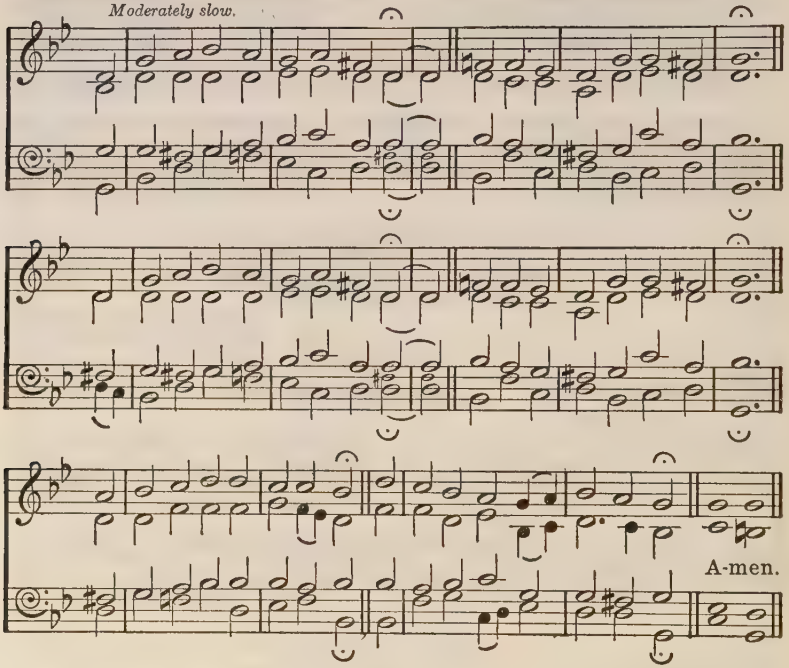
6 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

423 NEUMARK. 9 8 9 8 8 8.

GEORG NEUMARK, 1621-1681.

Moderately slow.



IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

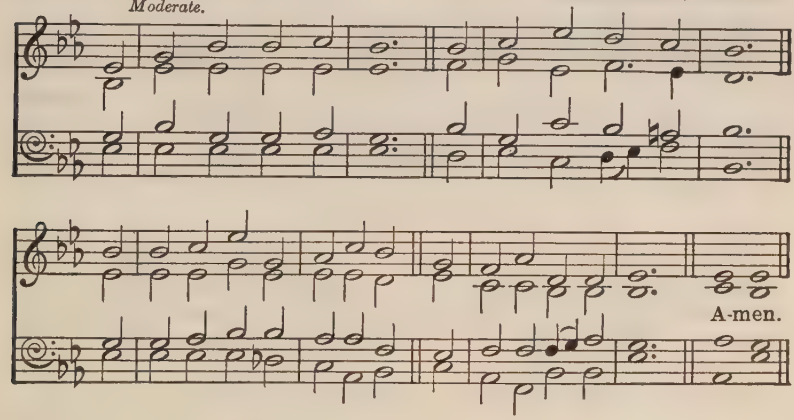
4 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

GEORG NEUMARK, 1621-1681.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-1878.

424 HOLYROOD. S.M.

Moderate.

JAMES WATSON, 1816-1880.



MY times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand:
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

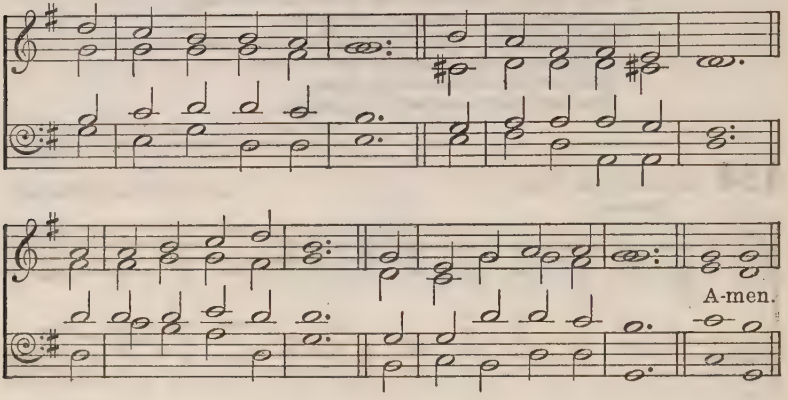
4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand:
I'll always trust in Thee;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

WILLIAM FREEMAN LLOYD, 1791-1853.

425 ST. CECILIA. 6 6 6 6. *Moderate.*

LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1836-1883.



Or QUAM DILECTA, No. 199.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

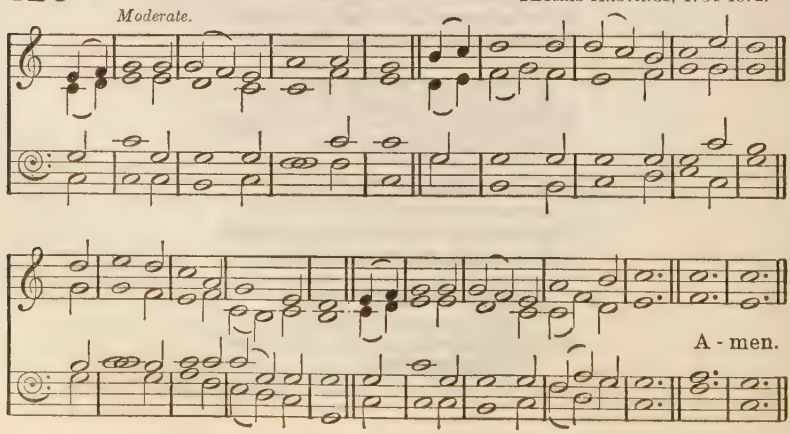
6 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

426 RETREAT. L.M.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872.

Moderate.



FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,
The blood-besprinkled mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

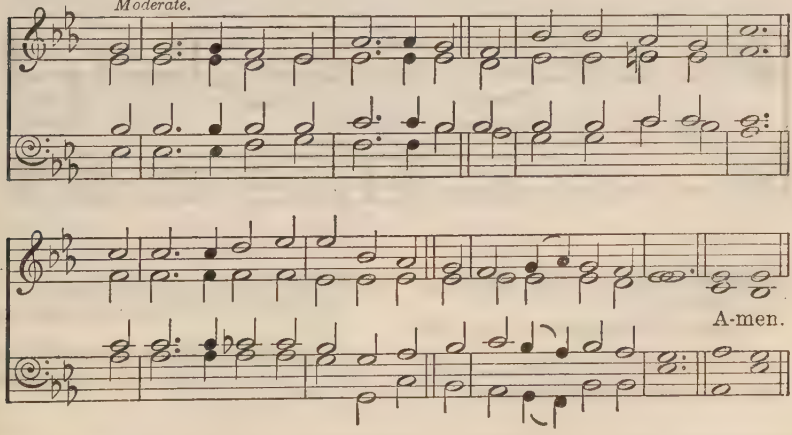
5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL, 1799-1865.

427 GREEN HILL. C.M.

ALBERT LISTER PEACE, 1844-1912.

Moderate.



Or ST. BERNARD, No. 299.

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

2 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

3 And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

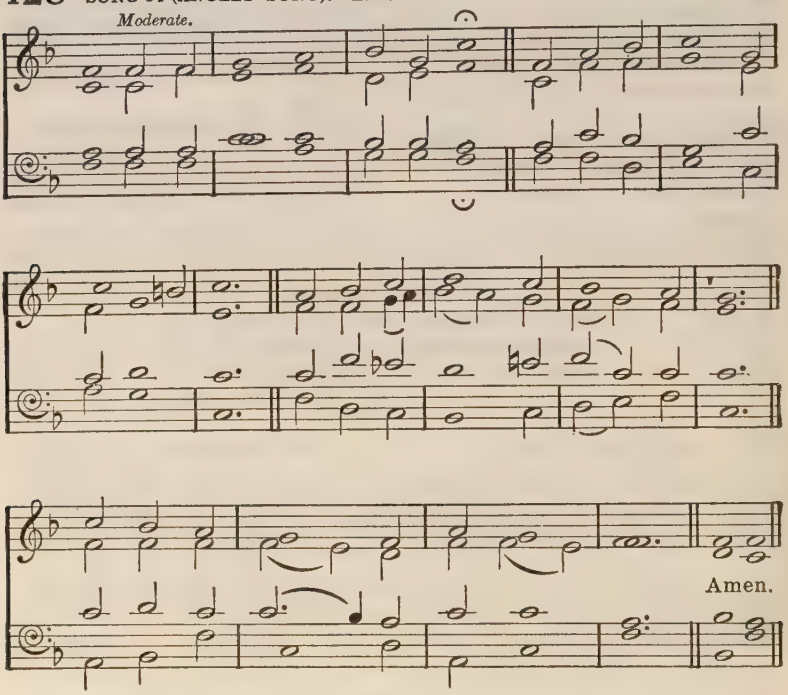
4 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892

428 SONG 34 (ANGELS' SONG). L.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.

Moderate.



STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how:
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

4 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

5 We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

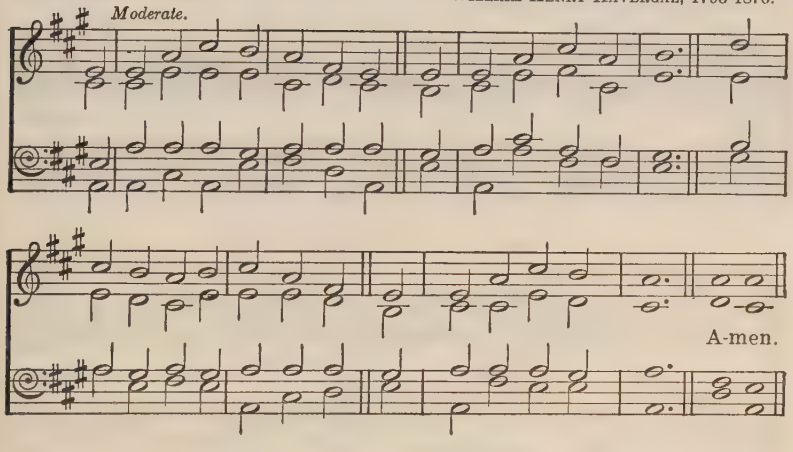
7 But vaster: we are fools and slight,
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892.

429 EVAN. C.M.

Moderate.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.



LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be!

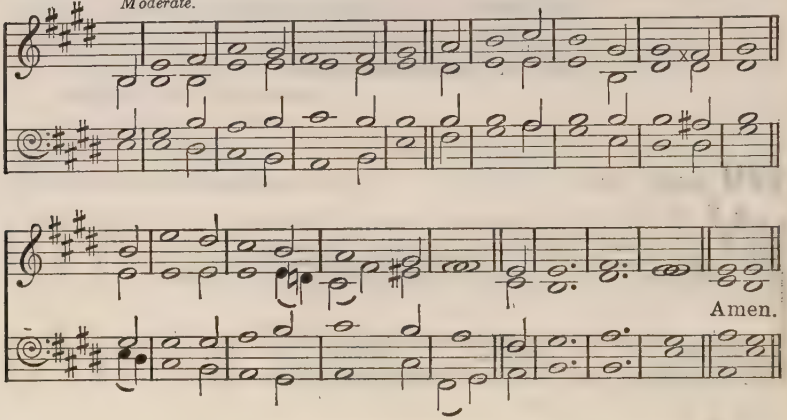
5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1615-1691.

430 WIMBLEDON. 8 8 8 4.

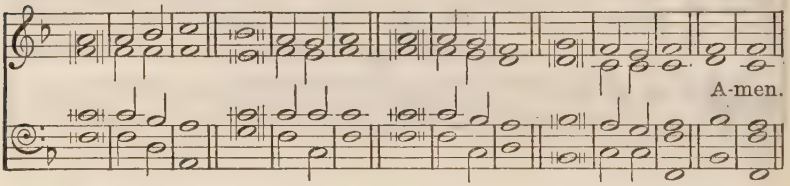
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.

Moderate.



CHANT (TROYTE, No. 1).

ARTHUR HENRY DYKE TROYTE, 1811-1857.



MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.'

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
'Thy will be done.'

5 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
'Thy will be done.'

6 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

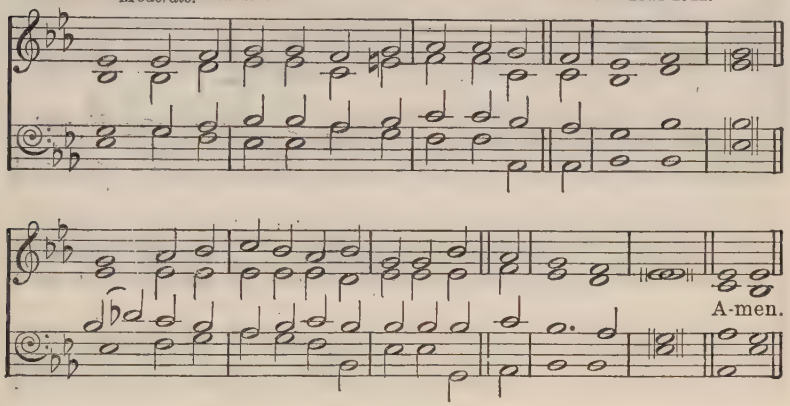
8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789-1871.

431 SUBMISSION. 10 4 10 4.

Moderate.

ALBERT LISTER PEACE, 1844-1912.



Or TROYTE'S CHANT, No. 1, opposite.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

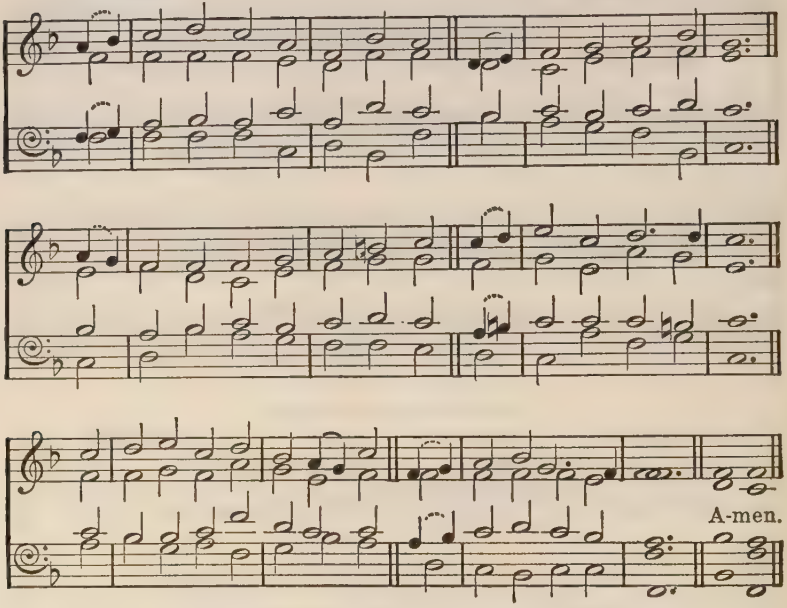
6 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1825-1864.

432 MORWELLHAM. Irregular.

Moderate

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1826-1905.



FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

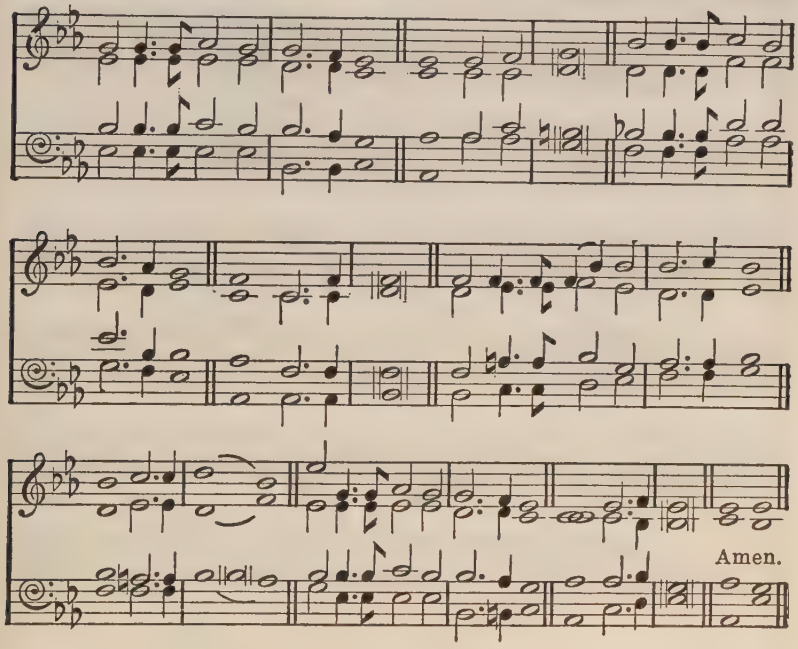
3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, c. 1820-1910.

433 VINCENT. 8 4 8 4 D. *Moderate.* HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, 1834-1907.



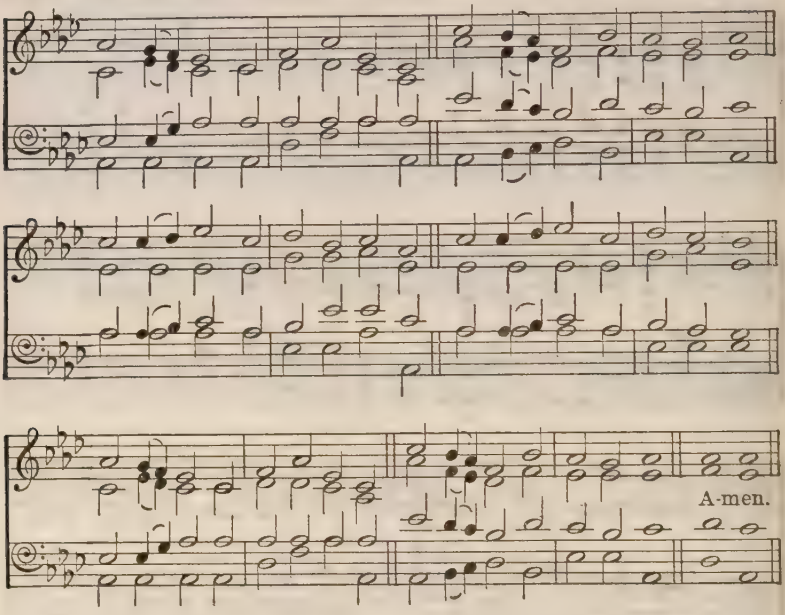
LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.
Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

2 Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

3 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.
Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

S. M. X., 1880.

434 DISMISSAL. 8 7 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.* WILLIAM LETTON VINER, 1790-1867.



SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine: do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep from ill; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus!
Hear, O hear us, when we pray!

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

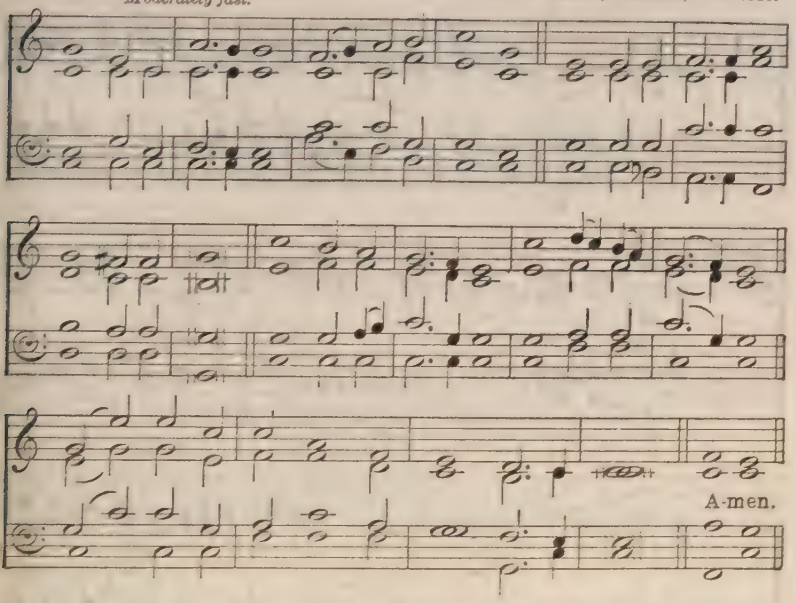
4 Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP'S HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG, 1836.

435 CONSOLATION. 11 10 11 10.

Moderately fast.

SAMUEL WEBBE, the elder, 1740-1816.



COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE, 1779-1852, and THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

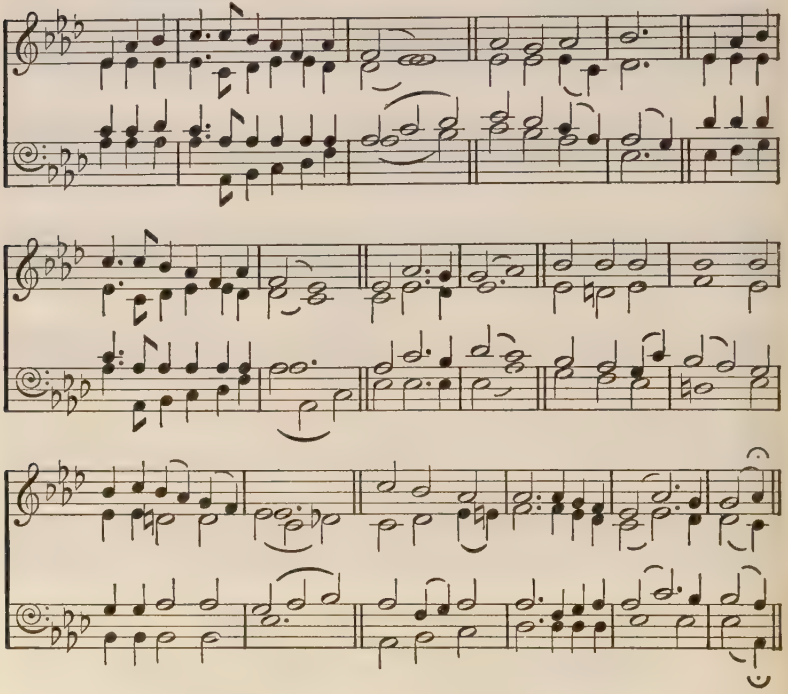
13 God is love; His mercy brightens.
40 God moves in a mysterious way.
24 O Love Divine! that stoop'st to share.
27 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light.
84 Thou hidden Source of calm repose.
85 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world.
86 Dear Lord and Father of mankind.
11 O Love that wilt not let me go.
46 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.
14 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard
15 Let Christian faith and hope dispel.

436 Lead, kindly Light.
437 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace.
438 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.
441 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.
483 He leadeth me, O blessed thought.
493 I need Thee every hour.
497 O safe to the Rock that is higher than I.
643 Through all the changing scenes (Ps. 34)
680 I to the hills will lift mine (Ps. 121).
681 Unto the hills around do I (Ps. 121).
684 They in the Lord that firmly (Ps. 125).

436 LUX BENIGNA. 10 4 10 4 10 10.

Moderately slow.

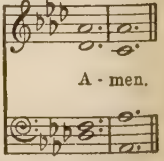
JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

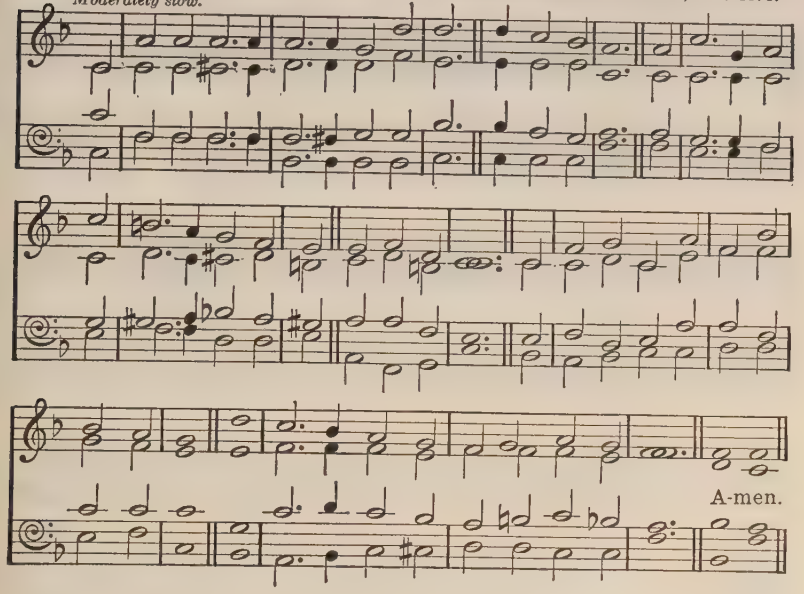


JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890.

PATMOS. 10 4 10 4 10 10.

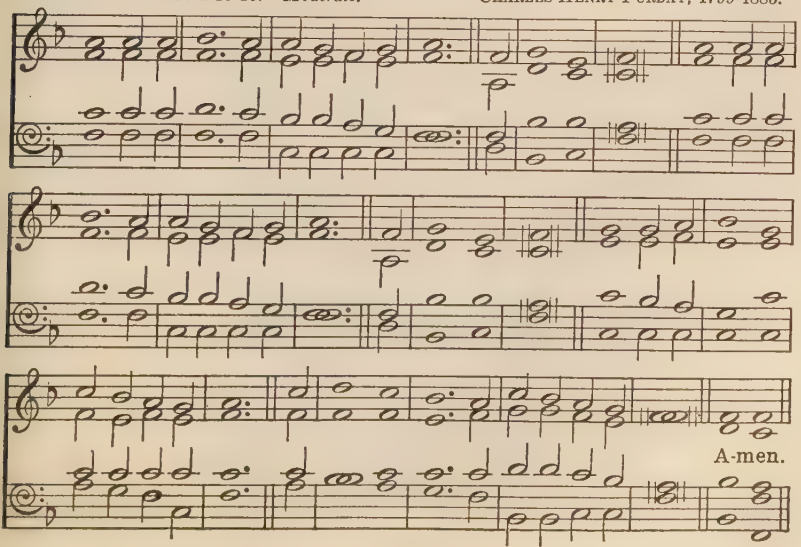
Moderately slow.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



SANDON. 10 4 10 4 10 10. *Moderate.*

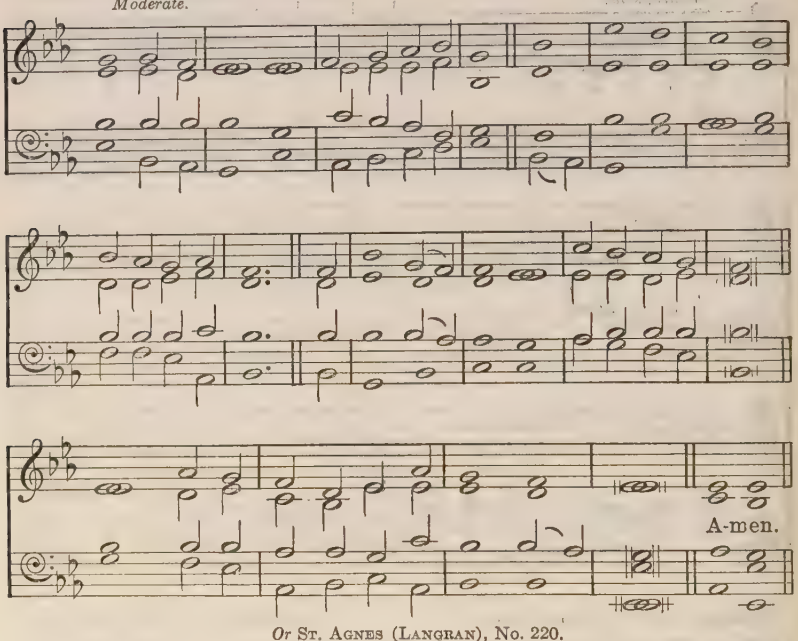
CHARLES HENRY PURDAY, 1799-1885.



437 ELLINGHAM. 10 10 10 10.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.

Moderate.



Or ST. AGNES (LANGRAN), No. 220.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darkening night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

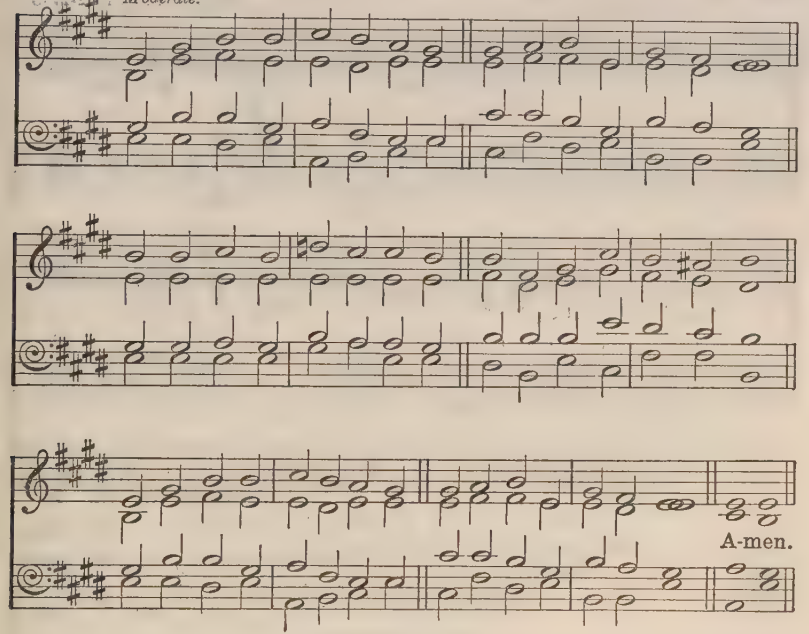
4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the pathway be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH, 1812-1871.

438 MANNHEIM. 8 7 8 7 8 7.

Adapted from FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804-1876.

Moderate.



Or TANTUM ERGO, No. 515.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

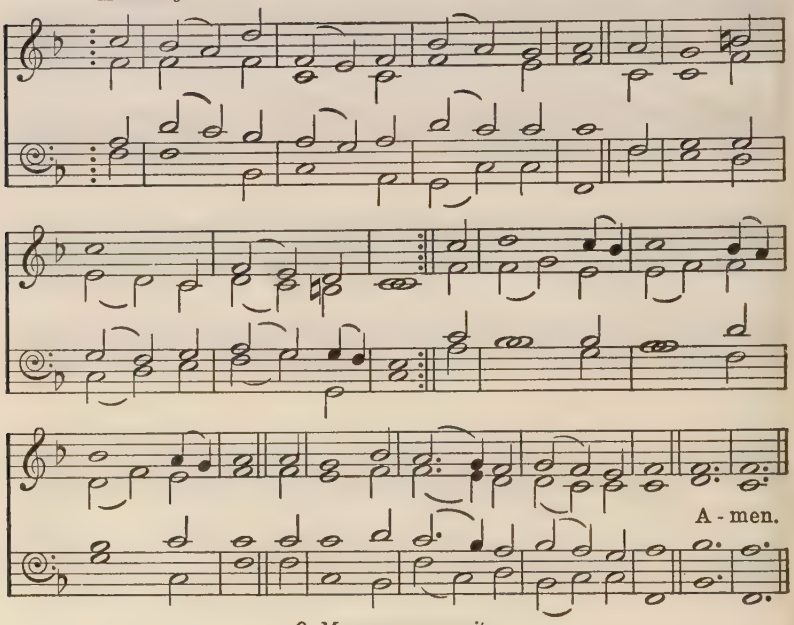
3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1791-1867.

439 SURREY (CAREY'S) 8 8 8 8 8 8.

Moderately slow.

HENRY CAREY, 1692-1743.



Or MIDDLESEX, opposite.

LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all who travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

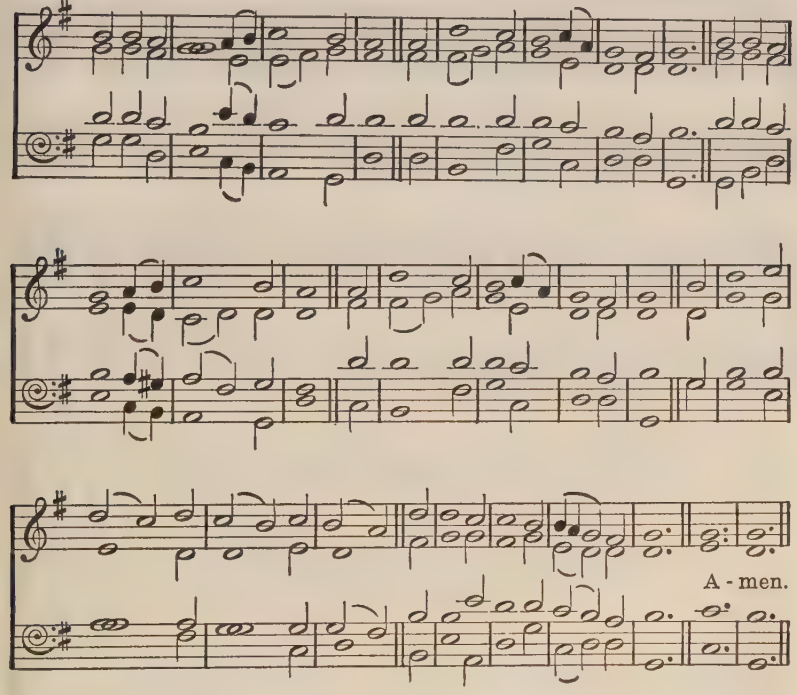
3 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven,
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

4 Raised by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

440 MIDDLESEX. 8 8 8 8 8 8. *Moderately fast.*

Composer unknown.



Or OLD 23RD, No. 272.

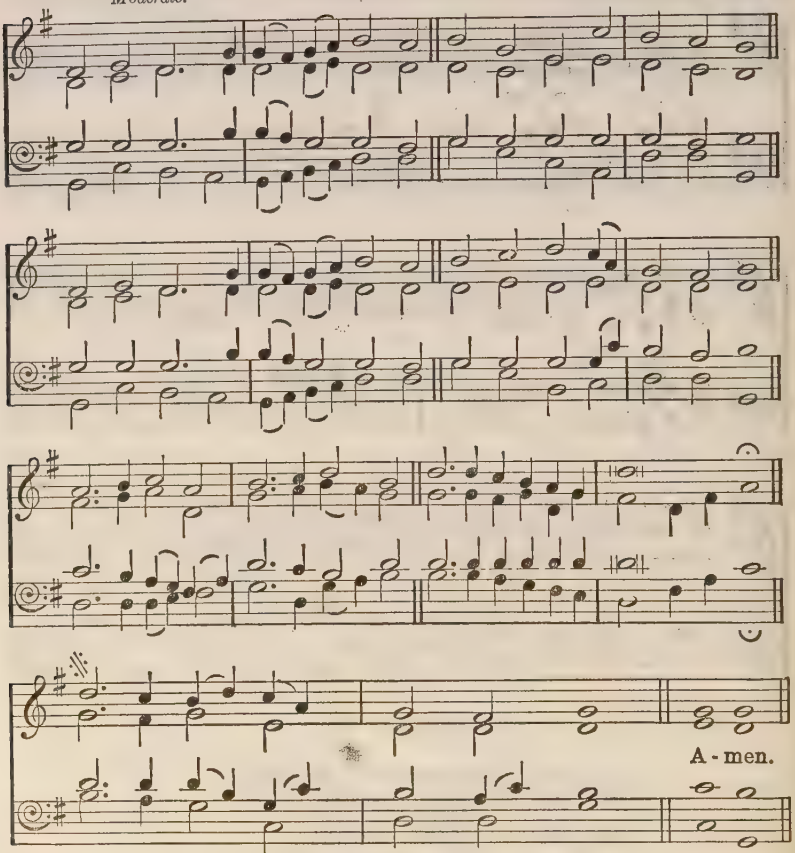
CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love:
Our strength, Thy grace; our rule, Thy Word;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.

2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

441 CWM RHONDDA. 8 7 8 7 8 7, and repeat.

Moderate.

Welsh Hymn Melody.
JOHN HUGHES, 1873-1932.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow,
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

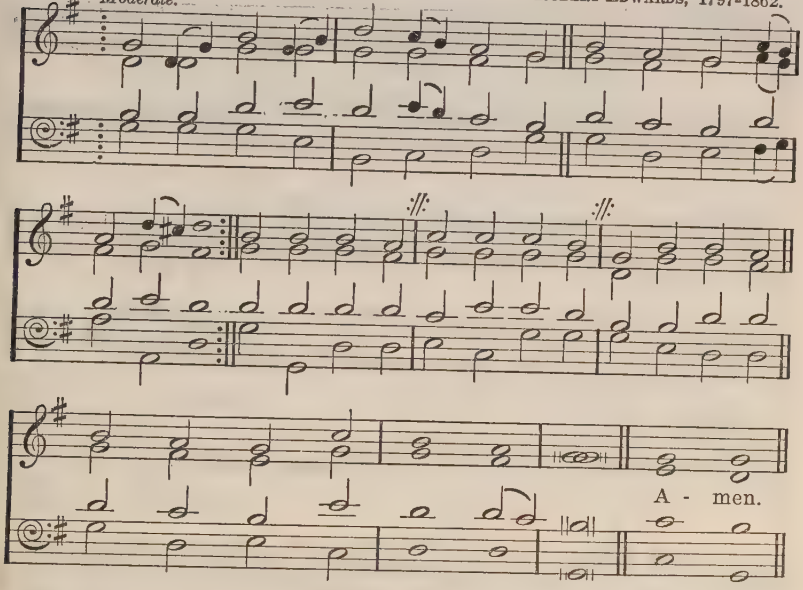
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1717-1791.
Translated from the Welsh by the Author
and PETER WILLIAMS, 1722-1796.

CAERSALEM. 8 7 8 7 4 7, and repeat.

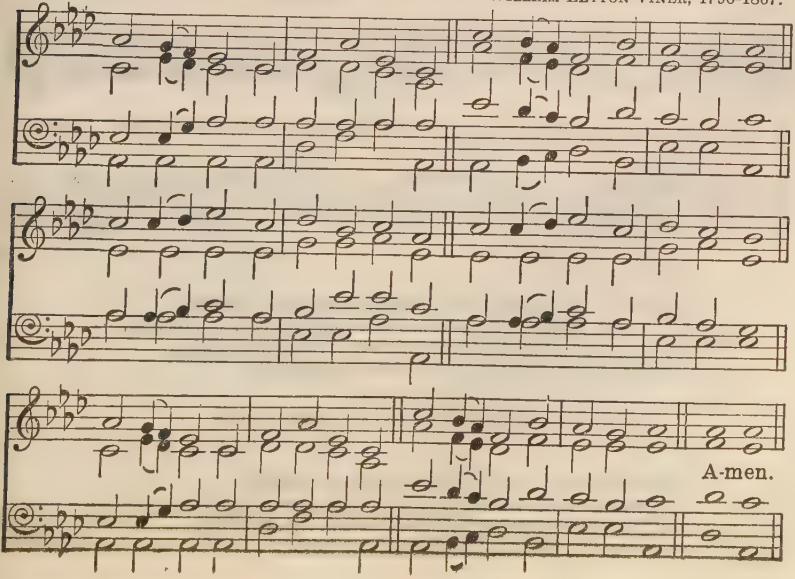
Welsh Hymn Melody.
ROBERT EDWARDS, 1797-1862.

Moderate.

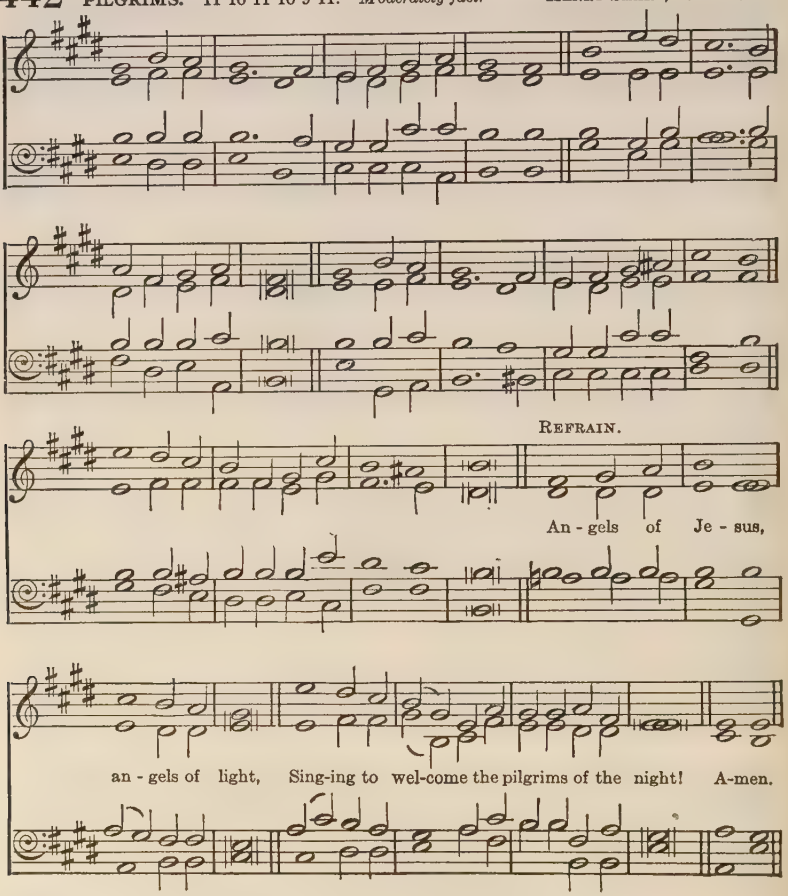


DISMISSAL. 8 7 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM LETTON VINER, 1790-1867.



442 PILGRIMS. 11 10 11 10 9 11. *Moderately fast.* HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come':
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

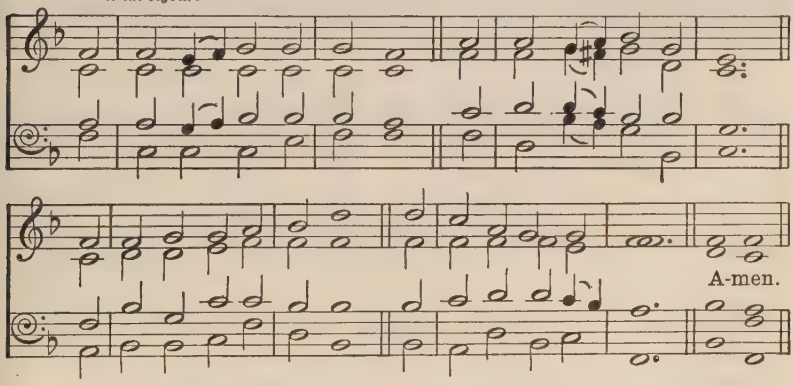
5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814-1863.

443 MORLAIX (KNECHT). 7 6 7 6.

With vigour.

JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT, 1752-1817.



O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

5 What are they but the heralds
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

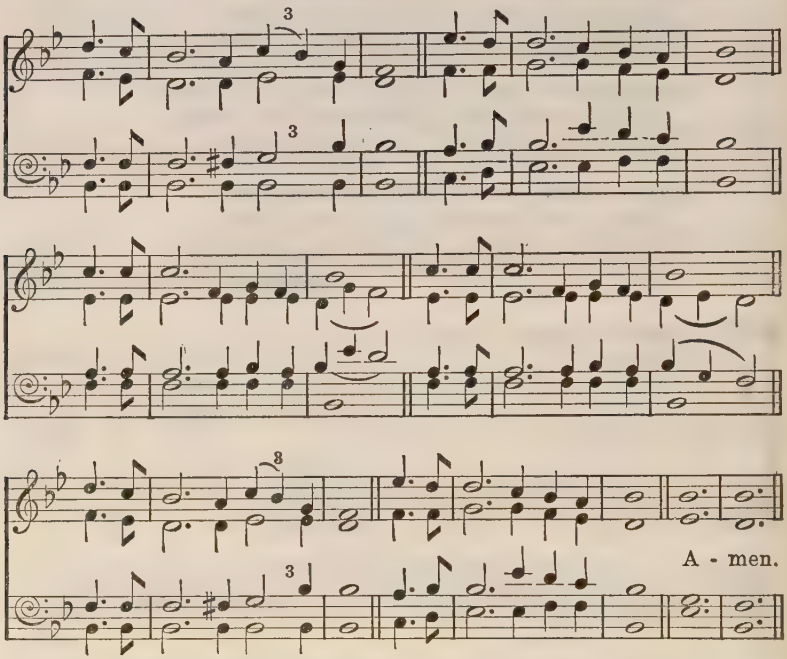
7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866,
after JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM, 9th century.

444 PILOT. 7 7 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.*

JOHN EDGAR GOULD, 1822-1875.



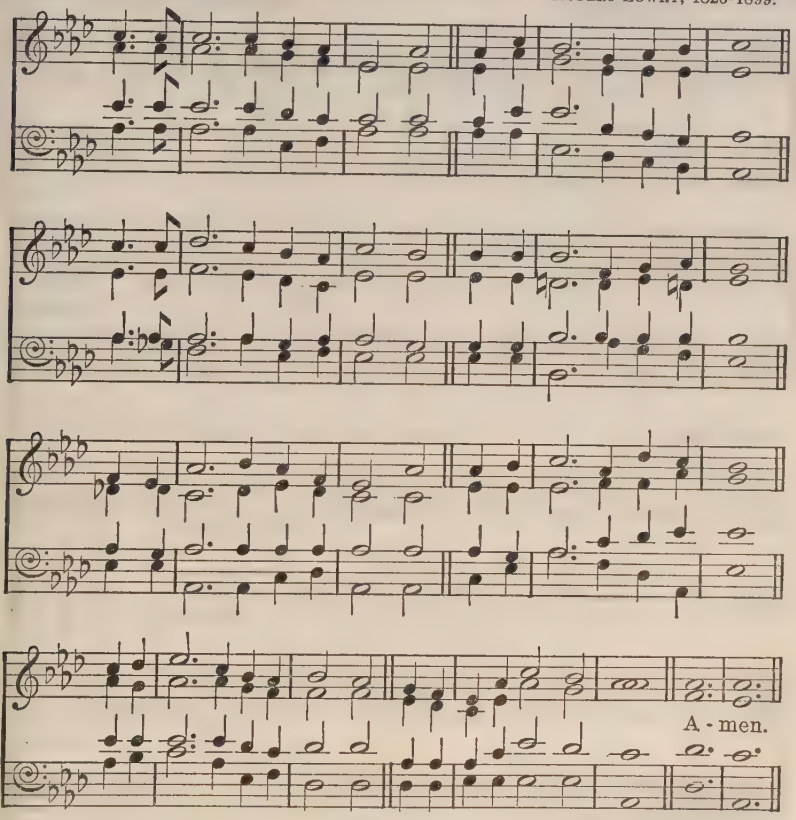
JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them 'Be still.'
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,—
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not, I will pilot thee.'

EDWARD HOPPER, 1818-1888.

445 ALL THE WAY. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.*

ROBERT LOWRY, 1826-1899.

ALL the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy
Who through life has been my Guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell—
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living Bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see!

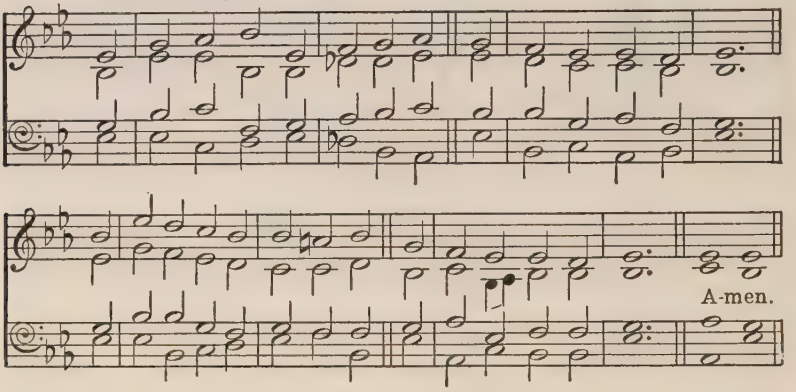
3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
O the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above:
When my spirit, clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages,
'Jesus led me all the way!'

FRANCES JANE CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE, 1823-1915.

446 FRENCH (DUNDEE). C.M.

Slow and dignified.

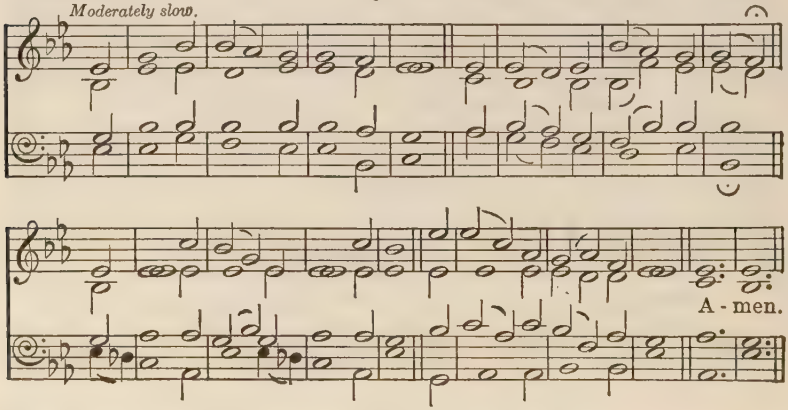
Scottish Psalter, 1615.
Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



SALZBURG. C.M.

Moderately slow.

Adapted from Johann Michael Haydn, 1737-1806.



O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

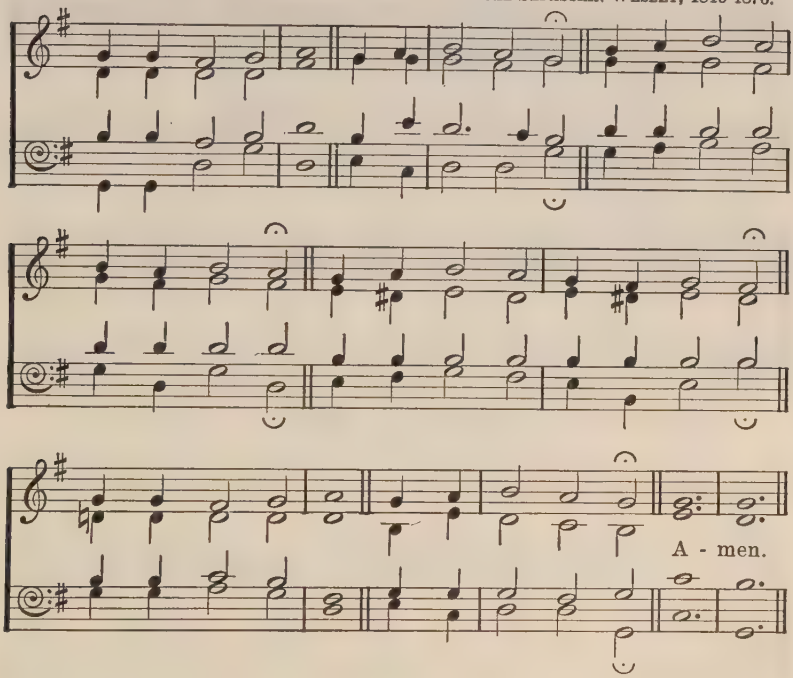
5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751,
as in Scottish Paraphrases, 1781.

447 SEELENBRÄUTIGAM. 5 5 8 8 5 5.

Moderately slow.

ADAM DRESE, 1620-1701.
Harmonized by
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

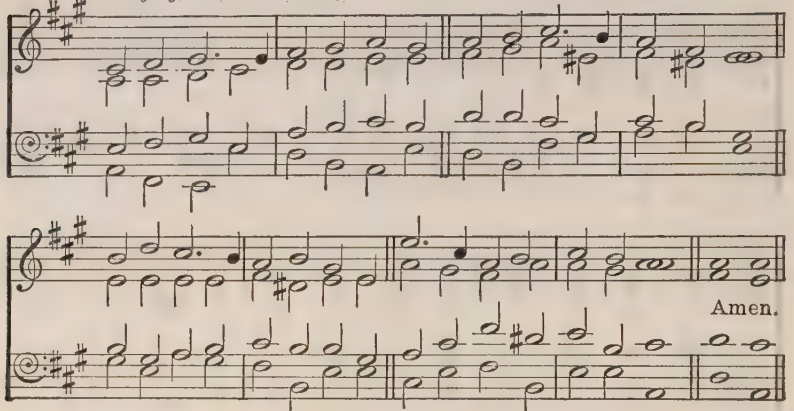
4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF, 1700-1760.
TR. JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK, 1813-1897.

448 MARCHING. 8 7 8 7.

Brightly.

MARTIN SHAW, 1876-



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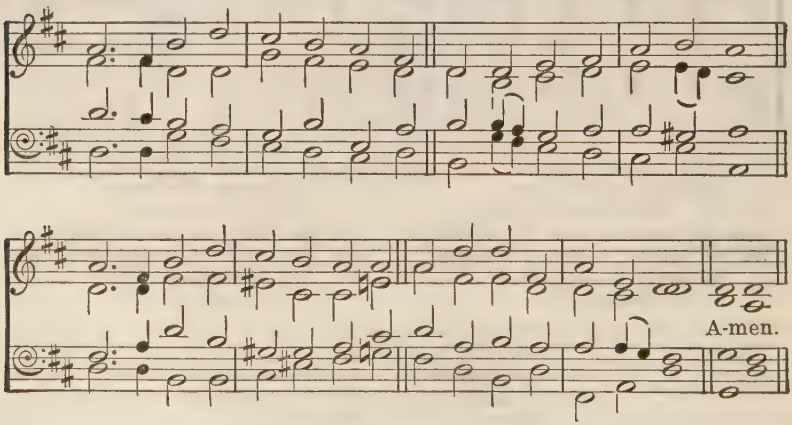
ST. OSWALD. 8 7 8 7. *Brightly.*

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

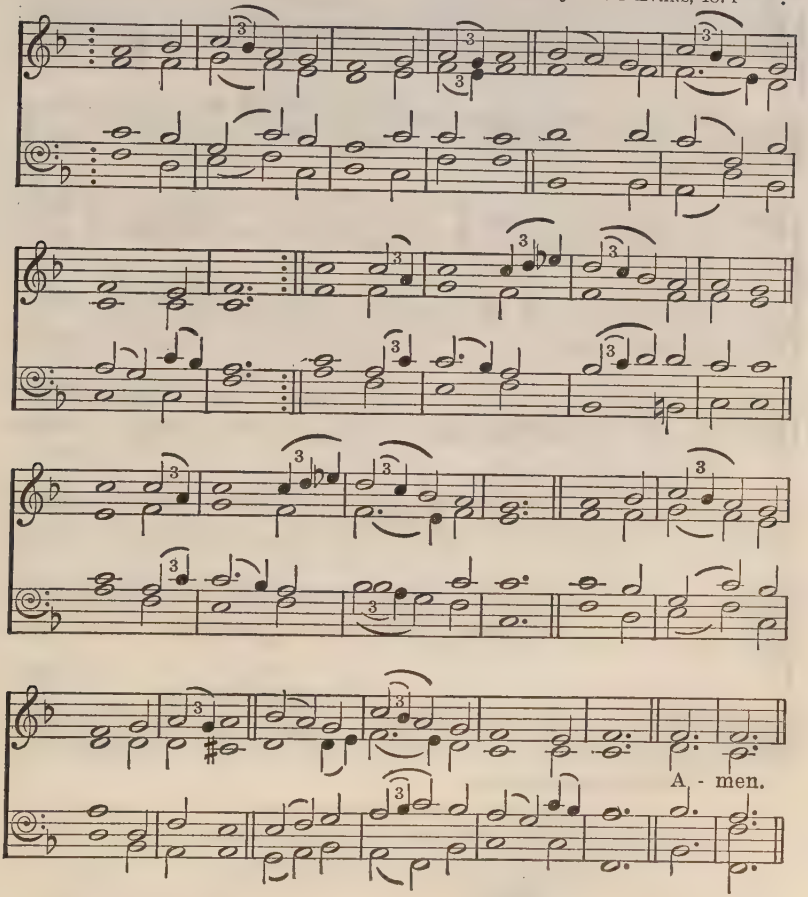


THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us, through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night;

GWALIA. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.*

Welsh Hymn Melody.
Harmonized by DAVID EVANS, 1874-



3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

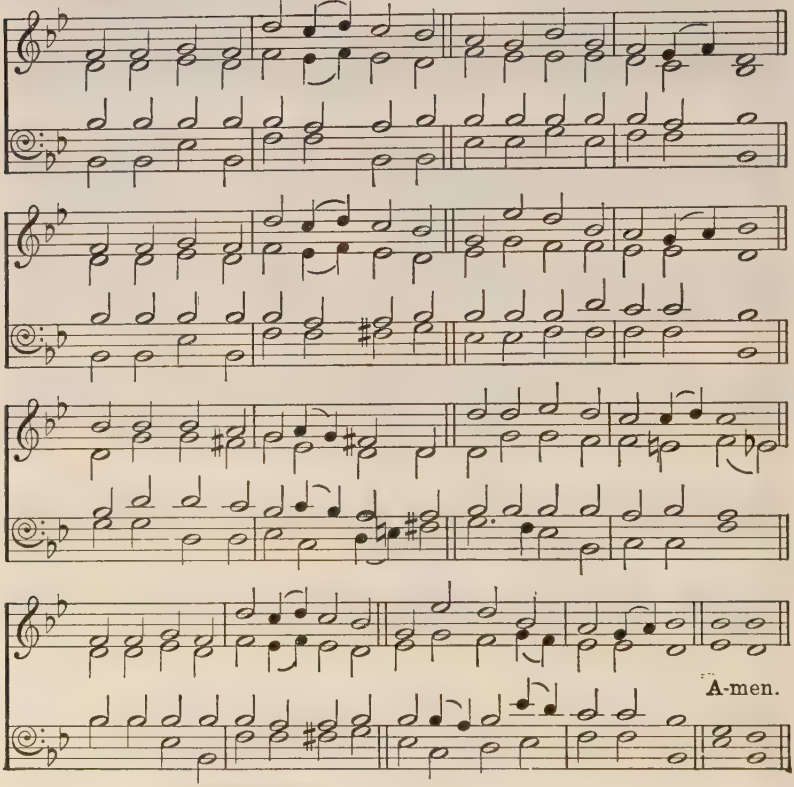
5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;

6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

From the Danish of
BERNHARDT SEVERIN INGEMANN, 1789-1862;
Tr. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834-1924.

By permission of A. W. Ridley and Company.

449 BEECHER. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.*

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1815-1882.

FOR PIONEER SERVICE

O'ER the trackless ocean guided
By Thy hand our fathers came;
They, O Lord, in Thee confided,
Loved Thy day, revered Thy Name;
Nor would we, their faith despising,
False to their devotion be,
But, on wings of prayer arising,
Lift our contrite hearts to Thee.

2 In the new land, wild and lonely,
Rude the homes which they upraised,
There they sought unto Thee only,
There Thy love and mercy praised;
In our fairer habitations,
May their zeal in us increase,
While Thy gracious consolations
Prove our everlasting peace.

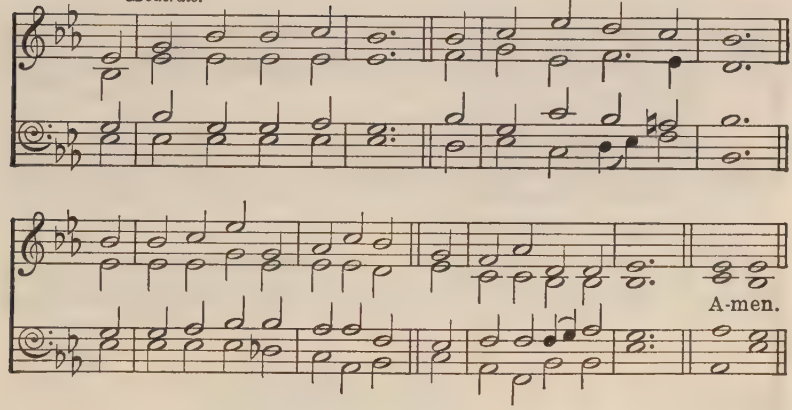
3 Destined for their fathers' places,
Age on age until the end,
Keep, O keep, our children's faces
Turned to Thee, our changeless Friend;
And may all who boon of heaven
Now or evermore shall crave,
Know on earth Thy blessing given,
Glory find beyond the grave.

WILLIAM HENRY ADAMS, 1864-1932.

450 HOLYROOD. S.M.

Moderate.

JAMES WATSON, 1816-1880.



THOU say'st, 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me':
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

2 But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see,
Thy blessèd face one moment's space;
Then might we follow Thee.

3 Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow Thee?

4 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

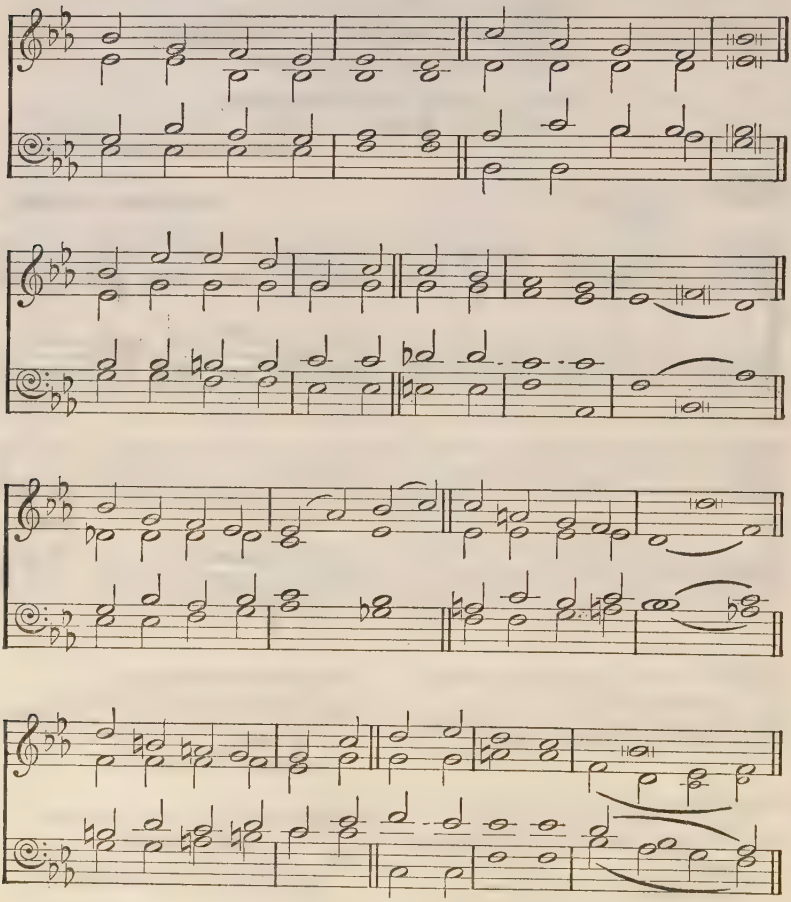
5 Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true;
Can we not follow Thee?

6 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:—
Go, Lord: we follow Thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1824-1897.

451 SUMUS TIBI. 6 5 6 5 D, and refrain. HENRY ELLIOT BUTTON, 1861-1925.

Moderately fast.



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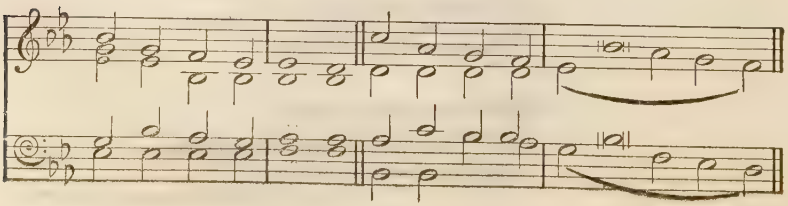
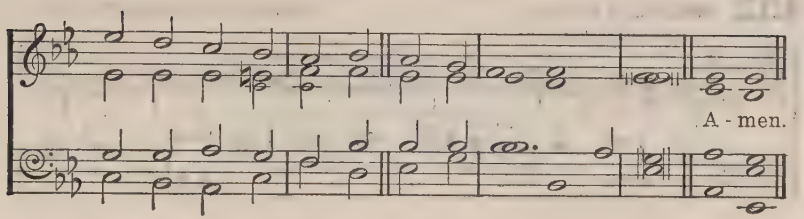


Pilgrimage, Protection, and Guidance



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Or ARMAGEDDON, No. 365.

'FORWARD!' be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching forward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

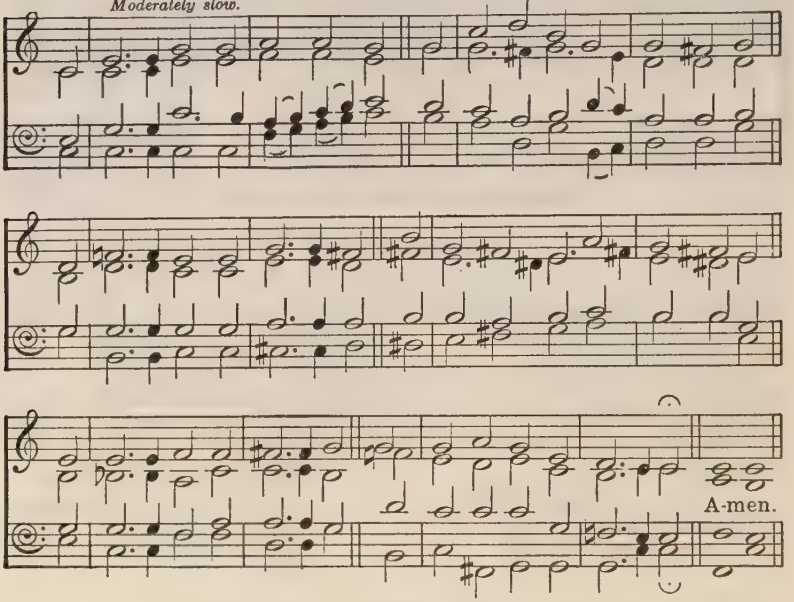
3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

4 To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise,
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

HENRY ALFORD, 1810-1871.

452 MELITA. 8 8 8 8 8 8. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

Moderately slow.



FOR TRAVELLERS BY SEA.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace:
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1825-1878.

453 MELITA. 8 8 8 8 8 8. *Moderate.* JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876

FOR TRAVELLERS BY AIR.

O THOU within whose sure control
The surging planets onward roll,
Whose everlasting arms embrace
The sons of every clime and race:
Hear Thou, O Lord, a nation's prayer
For these Thy children of the air!

2 Thou at the impulse of whose will
A troubled Galilee grew still,
Thy chart and compass shall provide
Deliverance from storm and tide:
Hear Thou, O Lord, a nation's prayer
For these Thy rangers of the air!

3 Across the ocean, dread and deep,
Above the forest's lonely sweep,
Or when through serried clouds they rise
And hidden are from mortal eyes;
Hear Thou, O Lord, a nation's prayer
For Thy crusaders of the air!

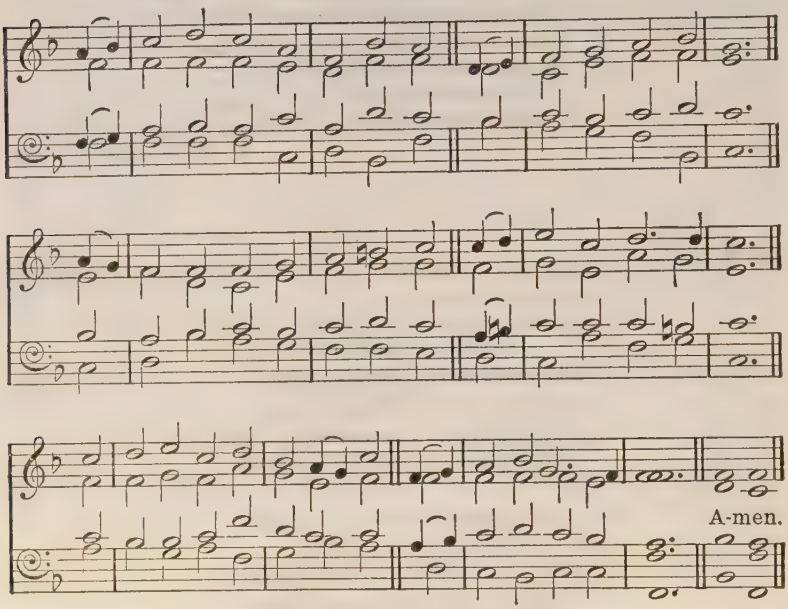
4 Uphold their shining argosies
Upon the vast ethereal seas;
Encompass Thou their valiant wings
In all their brave adventurings:
Hear Thou, O Lord, a nation's prayer
For these Thy children of the air!

KATHRYN MUNRO, 1928.

454 MORWELLHAM. 8 6 8 6 8 6.

Moderate.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1826-1905.



FOR TRAVELLERS BY AIR.

FOR them whose ways are in the height,
Lord, hear our anxious prayer!
Keep Thou them in the hour of flight
In Thine unsleeping care;
Their Pilot be by day, by night
Through the uncharted air.

2 In cloud and storm be Thou their Friend,—
O hear our urgent cry!
By Thy strong arm their lives defend
In perils of the sky;
From journey's start to journey's end
Be Thou, good Lord, near by.

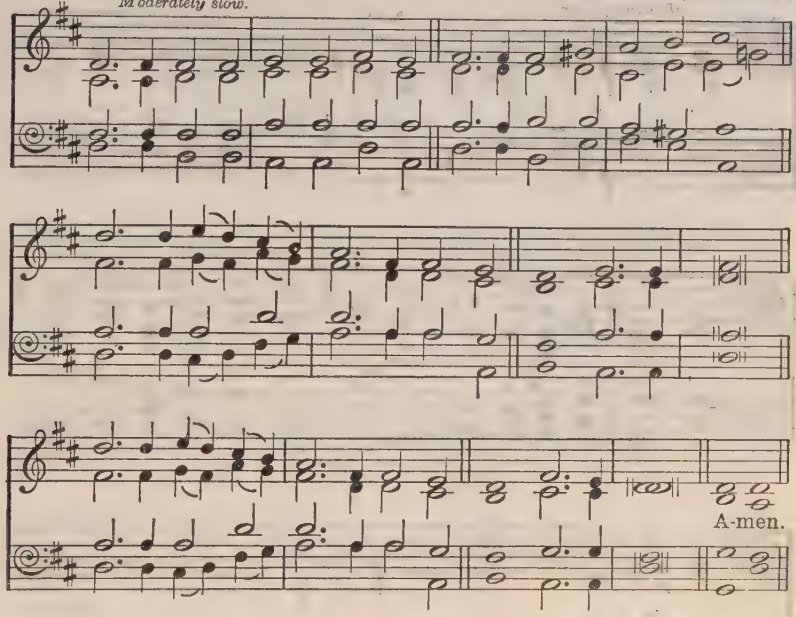
3 By them bid fellowship increase,—
O God in heaven, hear!—
And speed the hour when wars shall cease
And love shall cast out fear;
Anoint them heralds of Thy peace
To all men far and near!

RICHARD ROBERTS, 1874-

455 LIGHT OF LIFE. 8 7 8 4, and repeat.

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.

Moderately slow.



STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

JANE CROSS SIMPSON, 1811-1886.

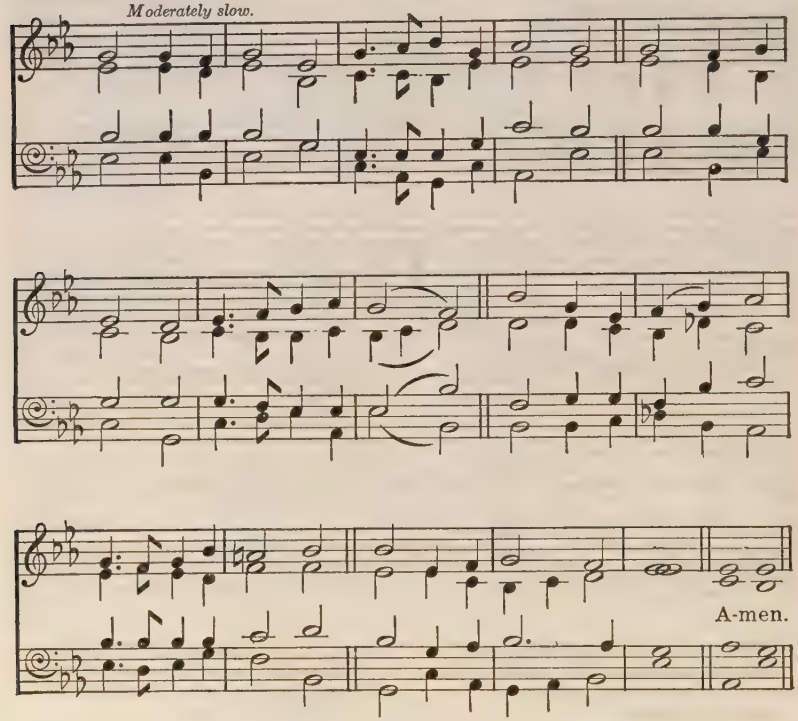
AND THE FOLLOWING:

25 The God of Abraham praise.
33 God is the refuge of His saints.
280 The King of love my Shepherd is.
287 Sometimes a light surprises.
398 God is my strong salvation.
425 Thy way, not mine, O Lord.
427 I know not what the future hath.
483 He leadeth me, O blessed thought.
596 Father, lead me day by day.
634 O God, my strength and fortitude (Ps. 18).
637 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want (Ps. 23).
643 Through all the changing scenes of life (Ps. 34).
662 O God, our help in ages past (Ps. 90).
663 O with Thy tender mercies, Lord (Ps. 90).
680 I to the hills will lift mine eyes (Ps. 121).
681 Unto the hills around do I lift up (Ps. 121).
684 They in the Lord that firmly trust (Ps. 125).

456 ROUEN. 11 10 11 6. *May be sung in unison.*

Rouen Church Melody.

Moderately slow.



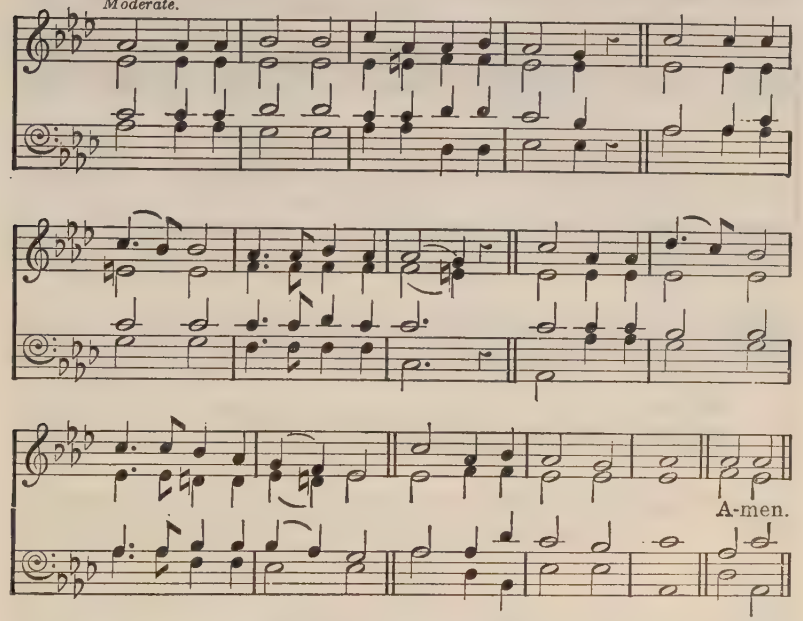
WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds, from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

FLEMMING. 11 10 11 6. FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, 1778-1813.

Moderate.



4 I have but Thee, my Father; let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—

6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

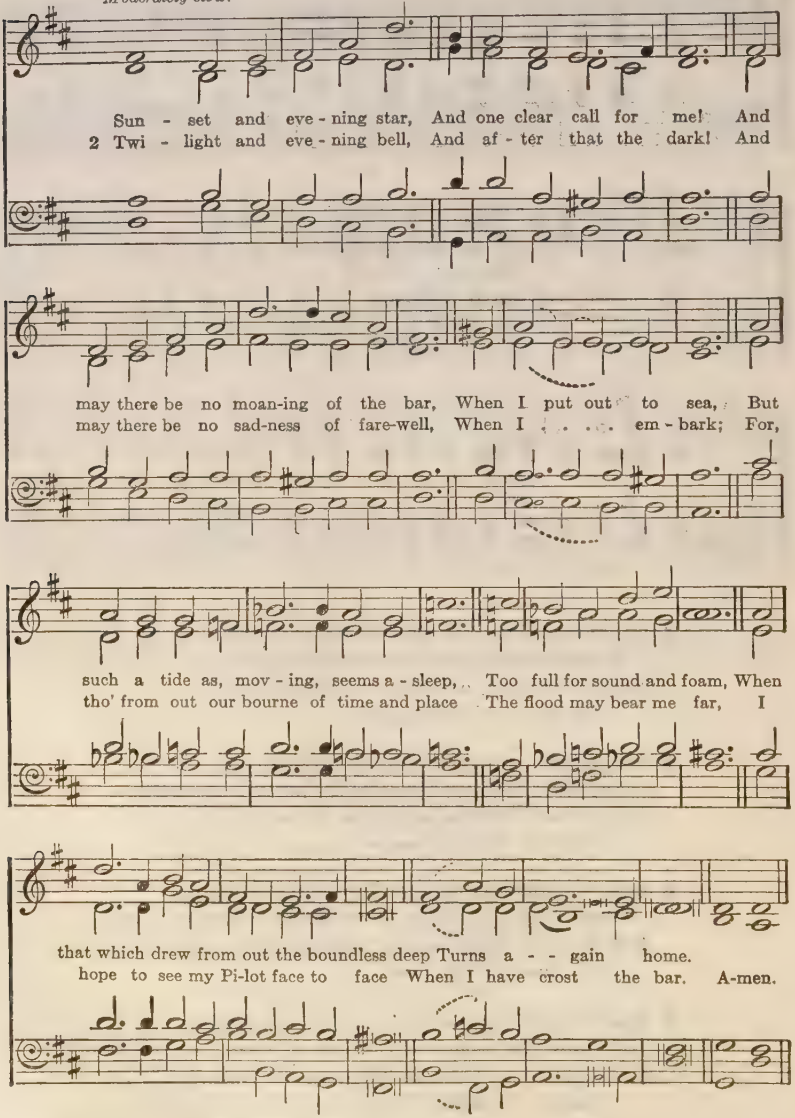
7 There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892.

457 FRESHWATER. Irregular.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892.
Music by
CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY, 1848-1918.

Moderately slow.


Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And
2 Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And af - ter that the dark! And
may there be no moan-ing of the bar, When I put out to sea, But
may there be no sad-ness of fare-well, When I em - bark; For,
such a tide as, mov - ing, seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When
tho' from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far, I
that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - - gain home.
hope to see my Pi-lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A-men.

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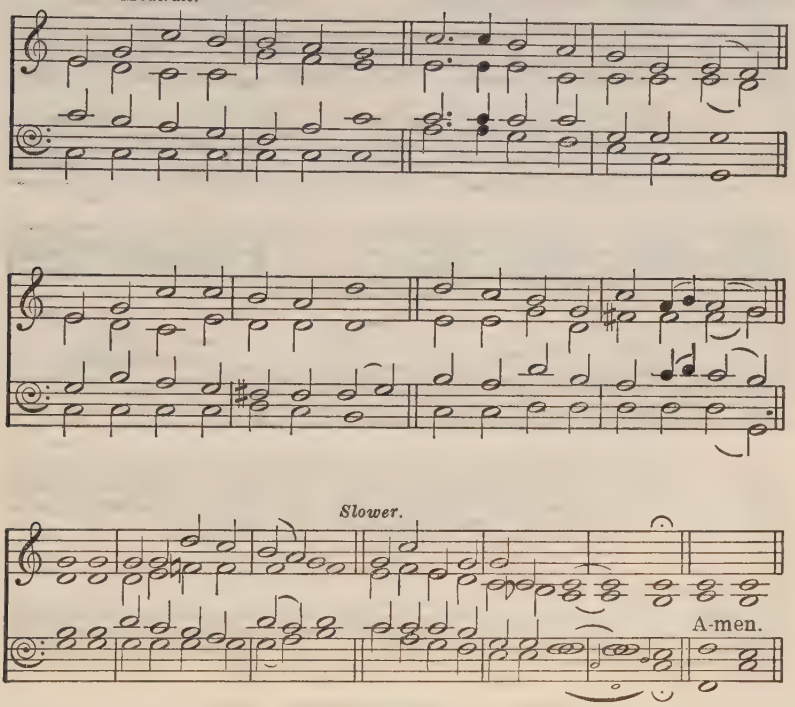
458 REQUIESCAT. 777788.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

Moderate.



NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

3 There the penitents that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

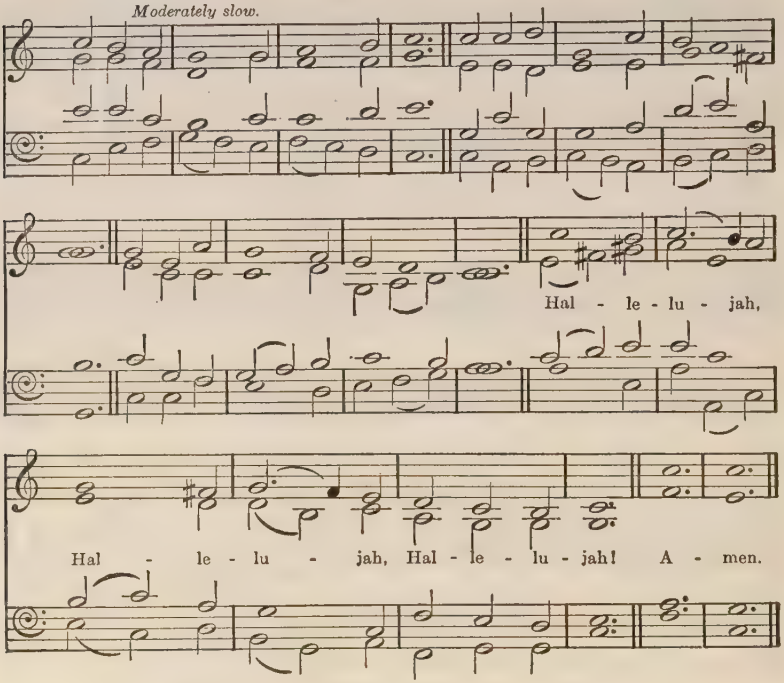
5 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the Resurrection day.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

459 VULPIUS. 8 8 8, and Hallelujahs.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1560-1616.
Arranged by
ERNEST MACMILLAN, 1893-

Moderately slow.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon), No. 109.
Or VICTORY, No. 109.

O LORD of life, where'er they be,
Safe in Thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
Hallelujah!

2 All souls are Thine, and, here or there,
They rest within Thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.
Hallelujah!

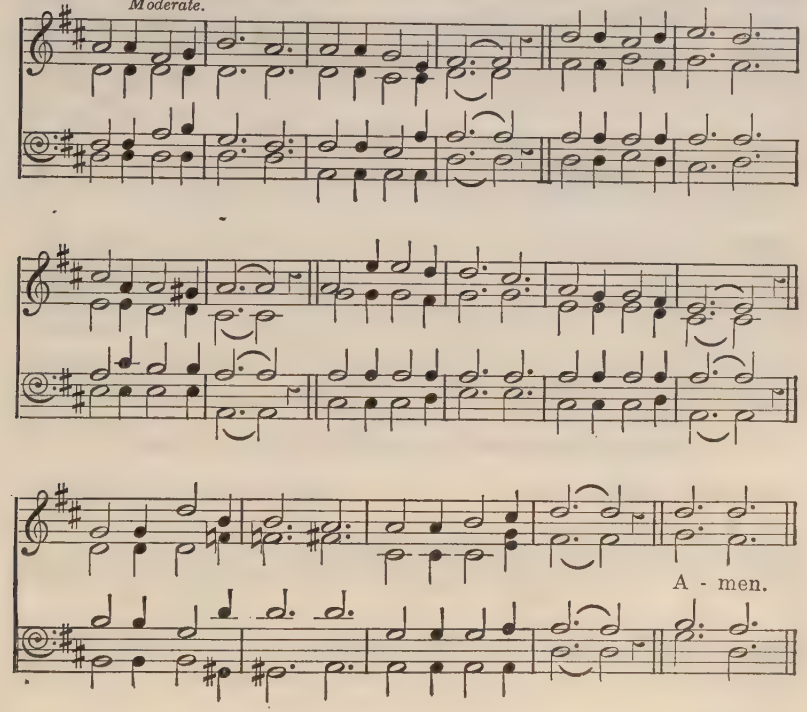
3 Thy word is true, Thy ways are just;
Above the requiem, 'Dust to dust,'
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust,
Hallelujah!

4 O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed;
Living or dying, they are blest.
Hallelujah!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1840-1929.

460 ST. JOHN DAMASCENE. 6 5 6 5 D. Elizabeth Raymond Barker, 1829-1916.

Moderate.



THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God,—
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight,
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

2 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground,
He who, like the martyrs,
Says 'I will be crowned,'
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,—
He shall win salvation
With the blest above.

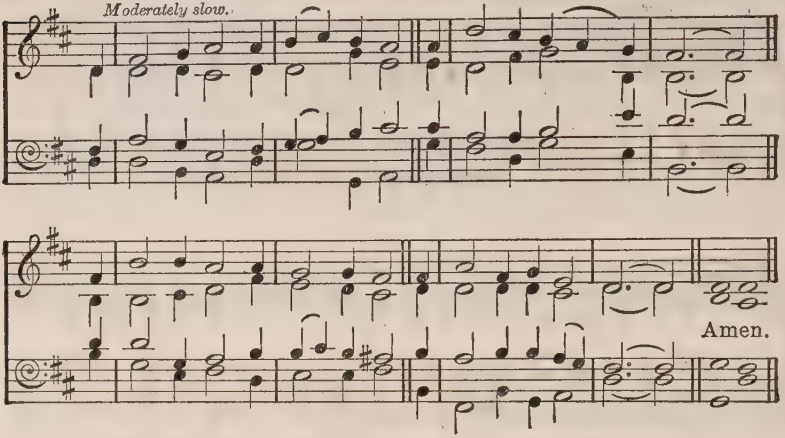
3 While I do my duty
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side.
Tell who will the story
Of our now distress,
O the future glory,
O the loveliness!

John of Damascus, c. 750.
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1818-1866.

461 THIS ENDRIS NYGHT. C.M.

Old English Carol, c. 15th century.

Moderately slow.



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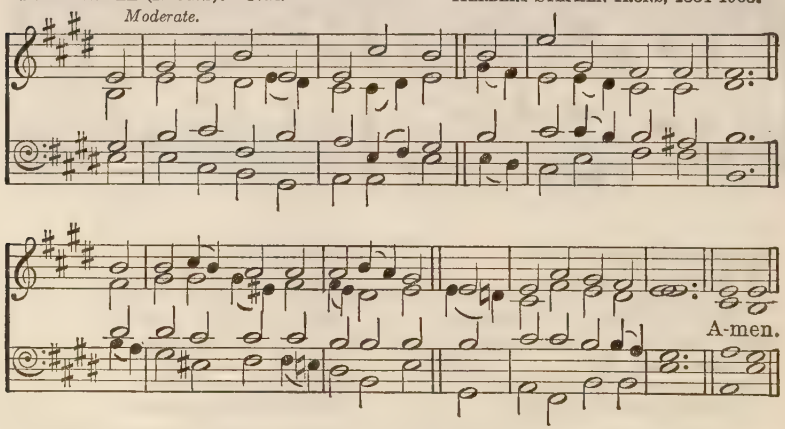
SOUTHWELL (IRONS). C.M.

HERBERT STEPHEN IRONS, 1834-1905.

Moderate.



JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.

4 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

5 But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

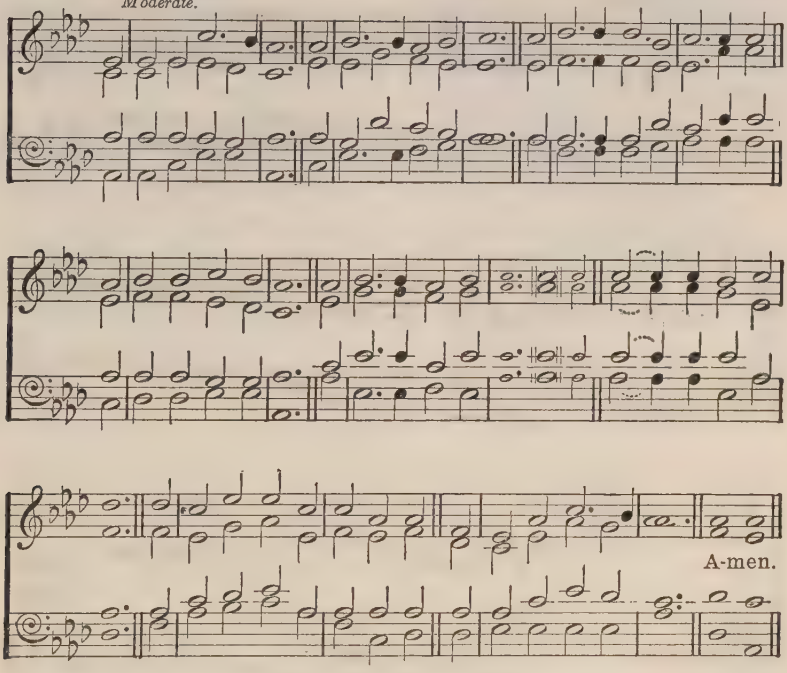
6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

F. B. P., c. 1580. Based on St. Augustine.

462 MONTGOMERY. D.S.M.

Moderate.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY, 1819-1858.



Small notes and ties for verse 2.

FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

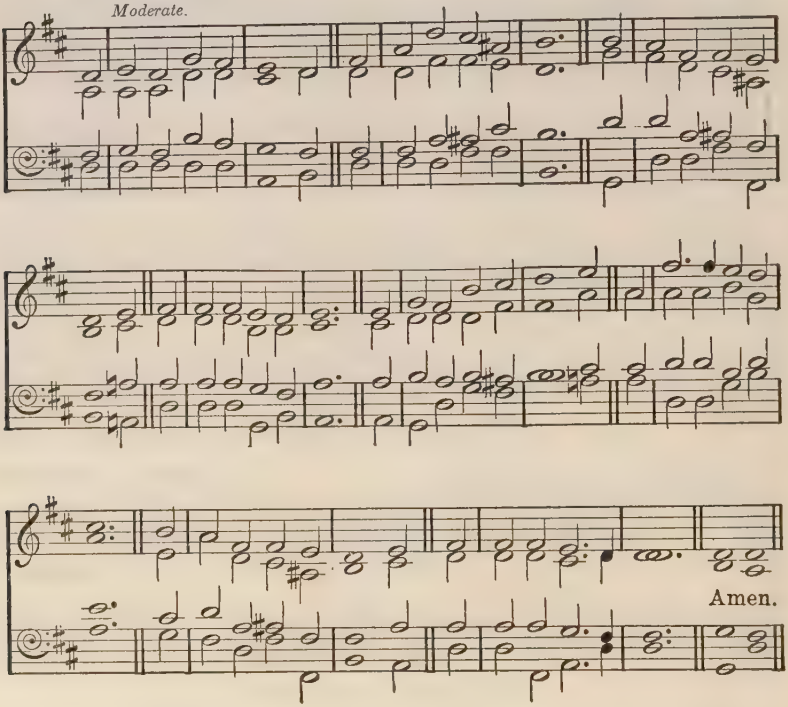
4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771-1854.

463 EWING. 7 6 7 6 D.

ALEXANDER EWING, 1830-1895.

Moderate.



THE FIRST PART.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

2 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

3 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!
The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

THE SECOND PART.

5 JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest:
I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

6 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

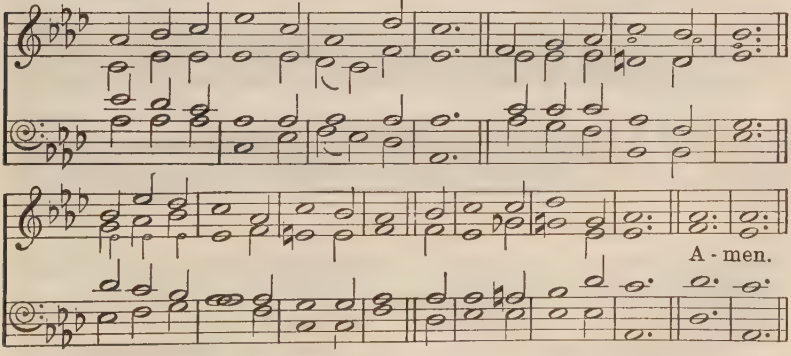
7 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

8 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12th century.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.

464 BEATITUDO. C.M. *Moderate.*

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

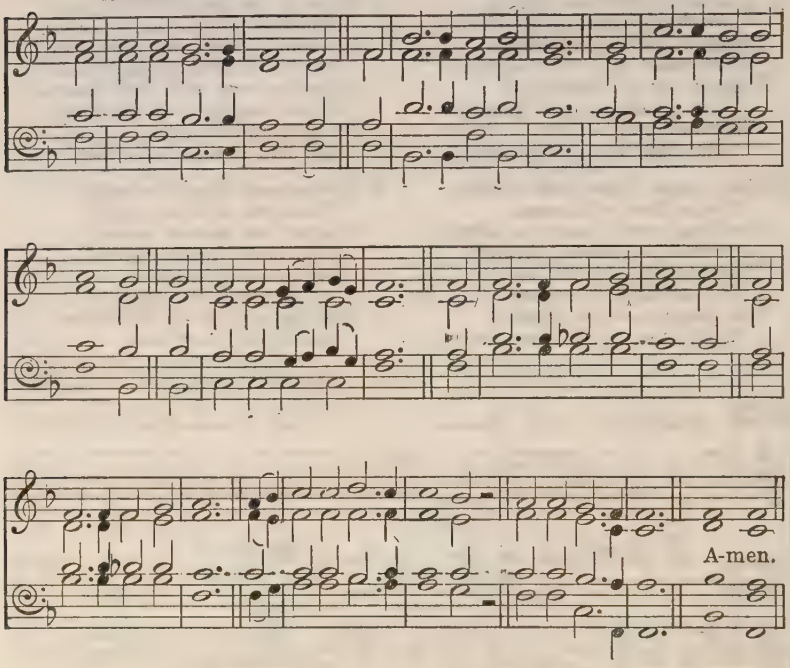
6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

465 RUTHERFORD. 76767675.

Moderate.

Adapted from
CHRÉTIEN URHAN, 1790-1845.



THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgement
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

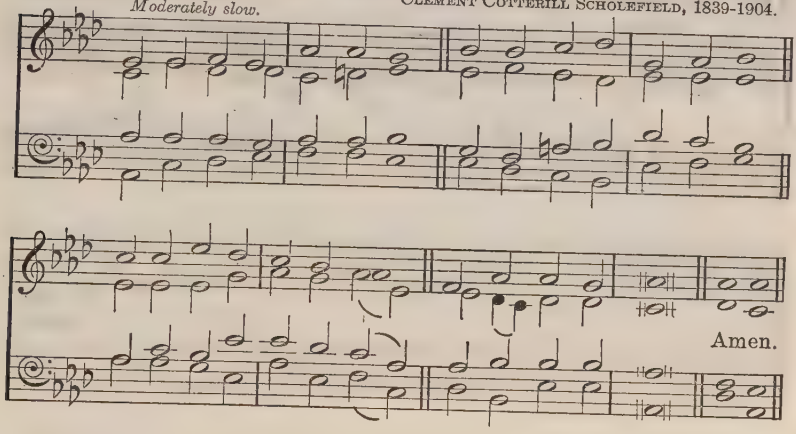
4 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Emmanuel's land.

ANNE ROSS COUSIN, 1824-1906.

466 IRENE. 7 7 7 5.

Moderately slow.

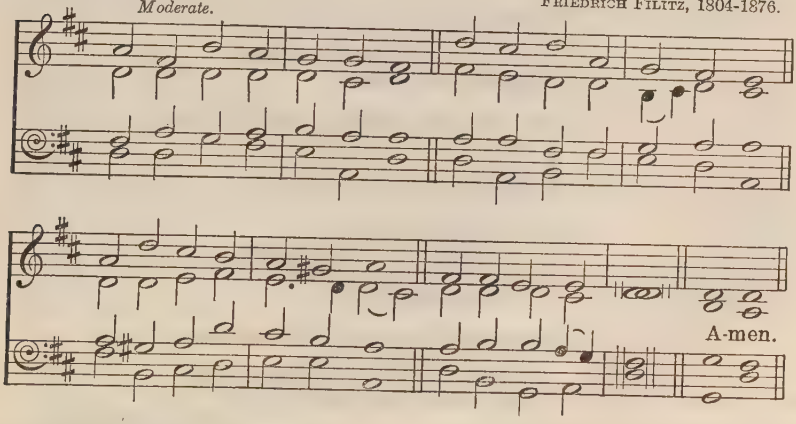
CLEMENT COTTERILL SCHOLEFIELD, 1839-1904.



CAPETOWN. 7 7 7 5.

Moderate.

FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804-1876.



WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
'Peace for evermore.'

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,
Life for evermore.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

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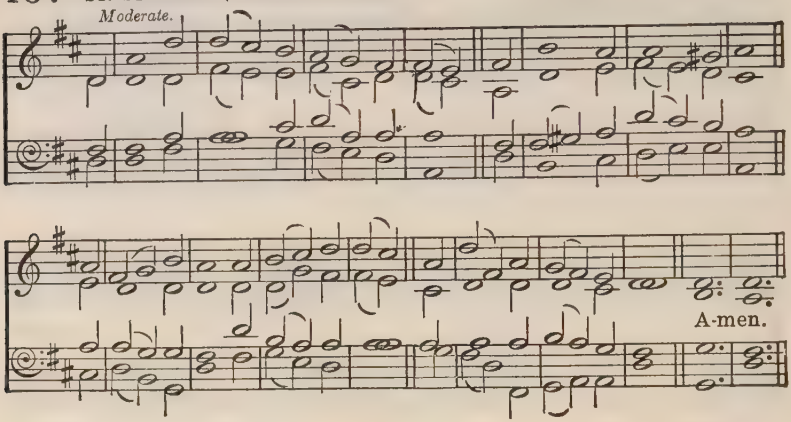
467 ST. STEPHEN (ABRIDGE). C.M.

ISAAC SMITH, c. 1735-1800.



BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

2 When from the dead He raised His Son
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading in the skies.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here;
But Christ shall call us home.

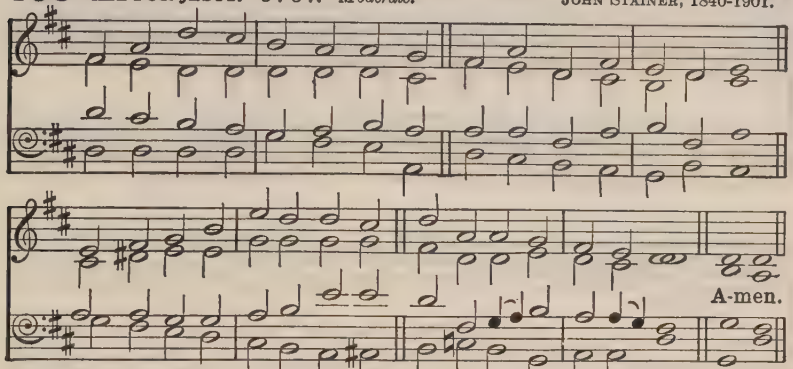
ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.
As in SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

141 Ye servants of the Lord.
173 O what their joy and their glory must be.
174 For all the saints who from their labours rest.
175 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
176 Come, let us join our friends above.
177 Hark! the sound of holy voices.
178 We cannot think of them as dead.
179 Give me the wings of faith to rise.
180 How bright these glorious spirits shine.
181 For those we love within the veil
302 When this passing world is done.
550 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.
614 When He cometh.
615 Around the throne of God in heaven.

468 ALL FOR JESUS. 8 7 8 7. *Moderate.*

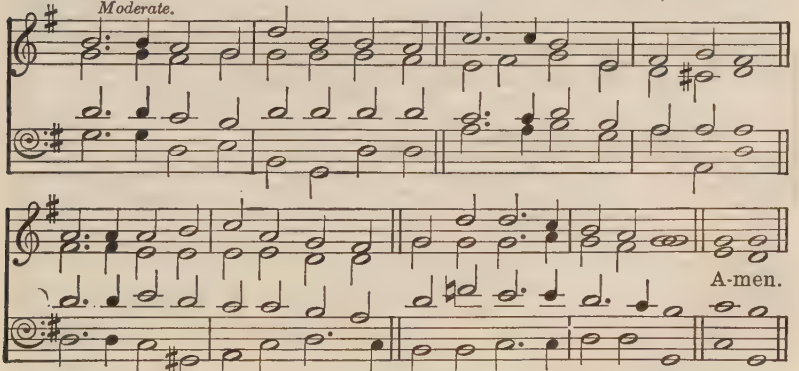
JOHN STAINER, 1840-1901.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

ST. MABYN. 8 7 8 7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1830-1926.



From the revised Church Hymnary: by permission of the Oxford University Press.

Or STUTTGART, No. 13.

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

3 There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

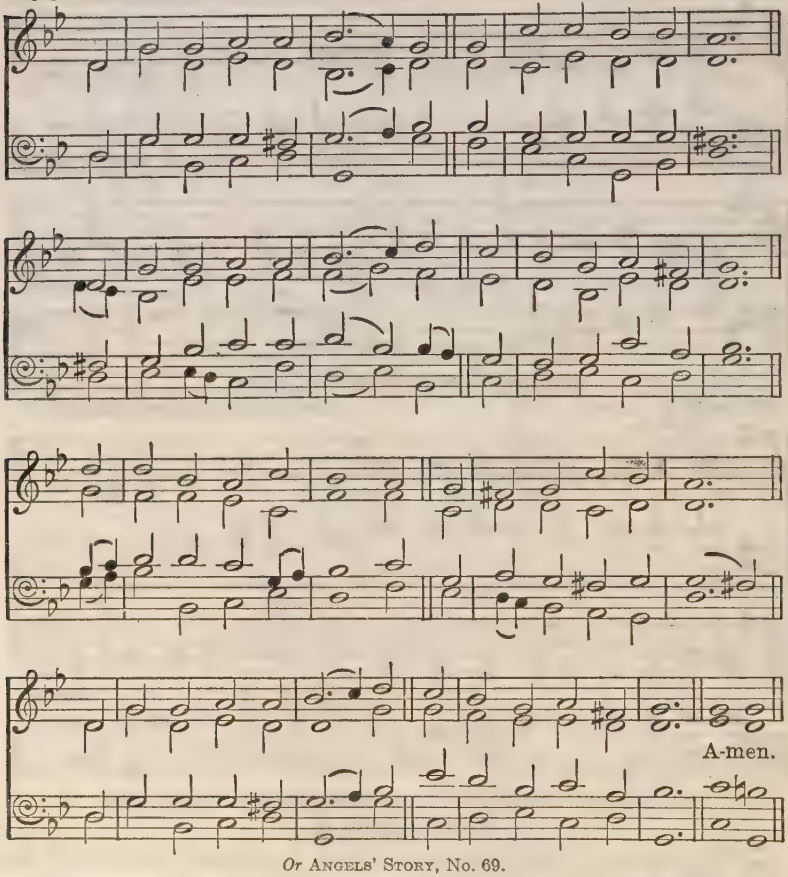
4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

6 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind.
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814-1863.

469 LLANGLOFFAN. 7 6 7 6 D. *Moderate.*

Welsh Hymn Melody.
Evans's Hymnau a Thonau, 1865.

Or Angels' Story, No. 69.

O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And, lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

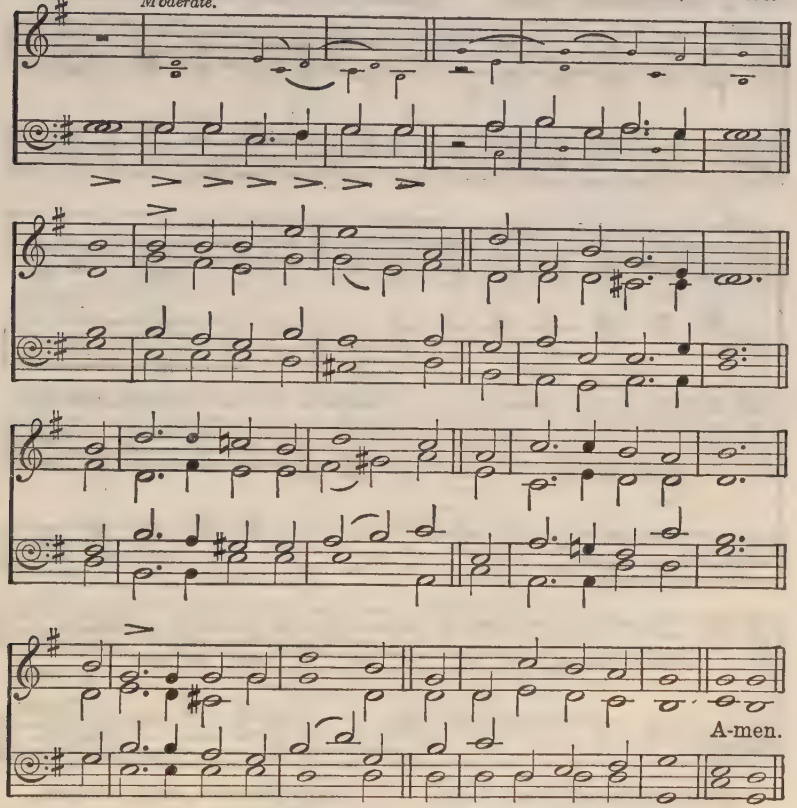
3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

William Walsham How, 1823-1897.

470 COME UNTO ME. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderate.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.



Or LLANGLOFFAN, opposite.

'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

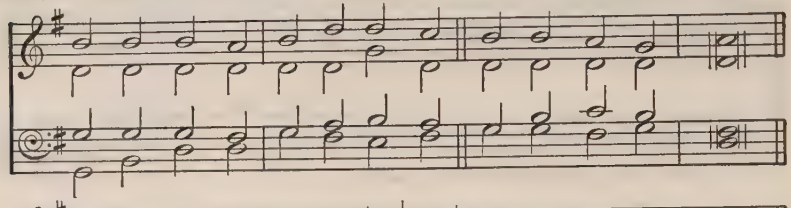
3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

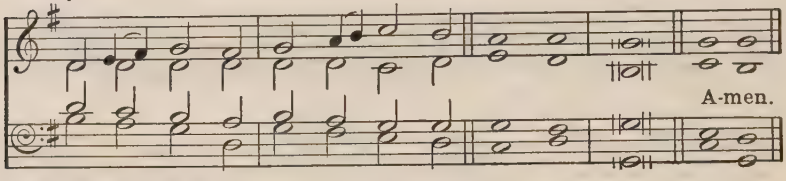
4 'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1837-1898.

471 STEPHANOS. 8 5 8 3.

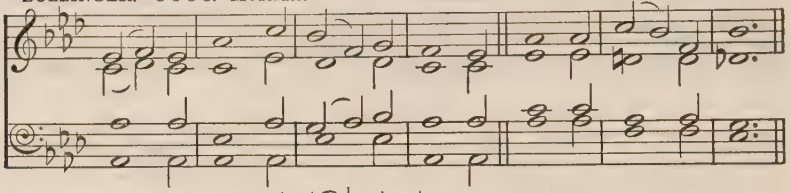
HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821-1877.
Harmonized by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.

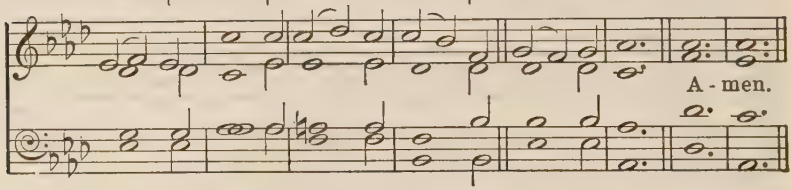




BULLINGER. 8 5 8 3. *Moderate.*

ETHELBERT WILLIAM BULLINGER, 1837-1913.





ART thou weary, heavy-laden,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and, coming,
Be at rest.'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side!

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear!

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!

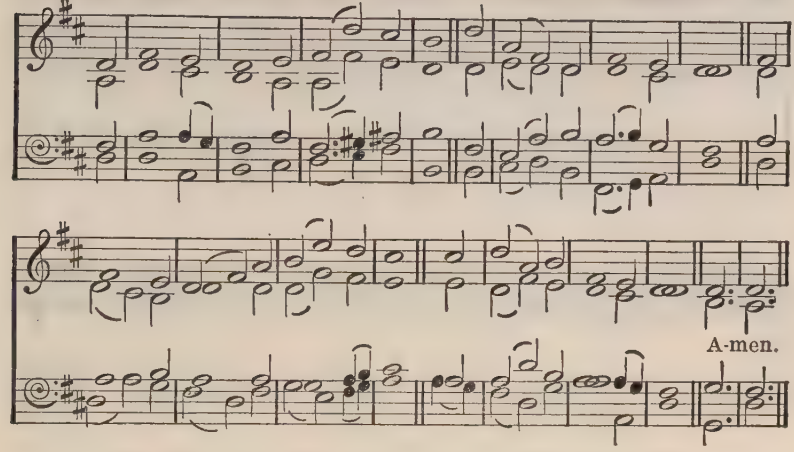
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs
Answer, Yes!

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.
Based on ST. STEPHEN OF MAR SABA, 8th cent.

472 STRACATHRO. C.M. *Moderate.*

CHARLES HUTCHESON, 1792-1860.



From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

Or SPOHR, No. 649.

HO! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow:
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air?

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give:
Incline your ear, and come to Me;
The soul that hears shall live.

4 Seek ye the Lord, while yet His ear
Is open to your call;
While offered mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall.

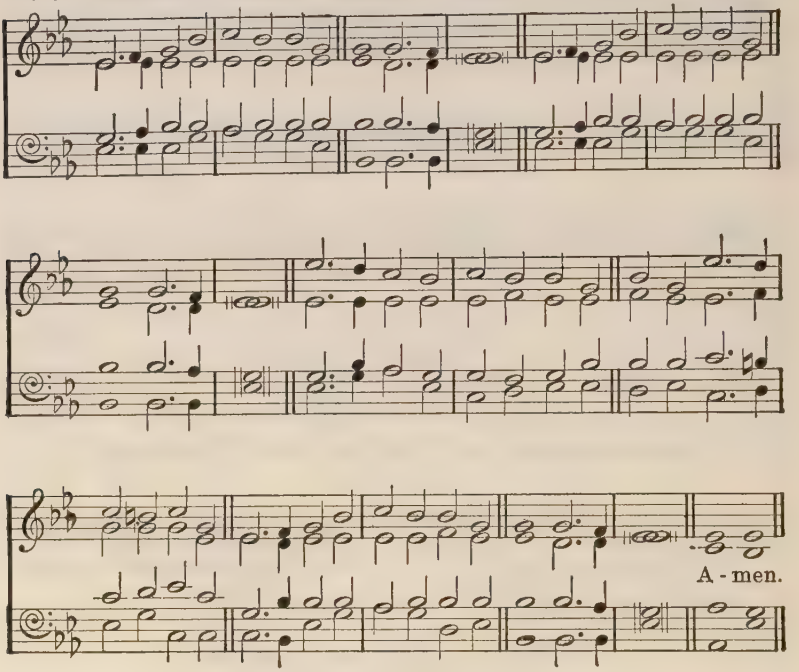
5 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego;
And God, when they to Him return,
Returning grace will show.

6 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
'For,' hear the voice divine!
'My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are Mine:

7 'But far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
As far My thoughts, as far My ways,
Your ways and thoughts transcend.'

SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

473 CARITAS. 8 4 8 4 8 8 8 4. *Moderate.* RICHARD WILLIAM BEATY, 1799-1883.



Or WYNNSTAY, No. 547.

ONE is kind above all others;
O how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's;
O how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave thee,
One day kind, the next day grieve thee,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive thee;
O how He loves!

2 Blessèd Jesus! wouldst thou know Him?
O how He loves!
Give thine heart, thine all unto Him;
O how He loves!
Is it sin that pains or grieves thee,
Unbelief or trials seize thee?
Jesus can from all release thee;
O how He loves!

3 Love this Friend: He longs to save thee;
O how He loves!
All through life He will not leave thee;
O how He loves!
Think no more of friendships hollow;
Take His easy yoke and follow;
Jesus carries all thy sorrow;
O how He loves!

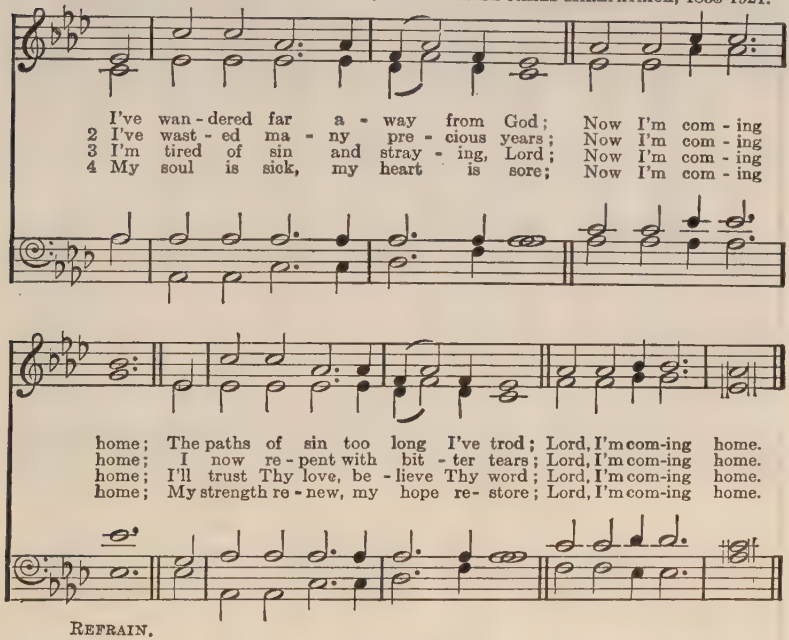
4 All thy sins shall be forgiven;
O how He loves!
Backward shall thy foes be driven;
O how He loves!
Best of blessings He'll provide thee;
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee;
Safe to glory He will guide thee;
O how He loves!

MARIANNE NUNN, 1778-1847.

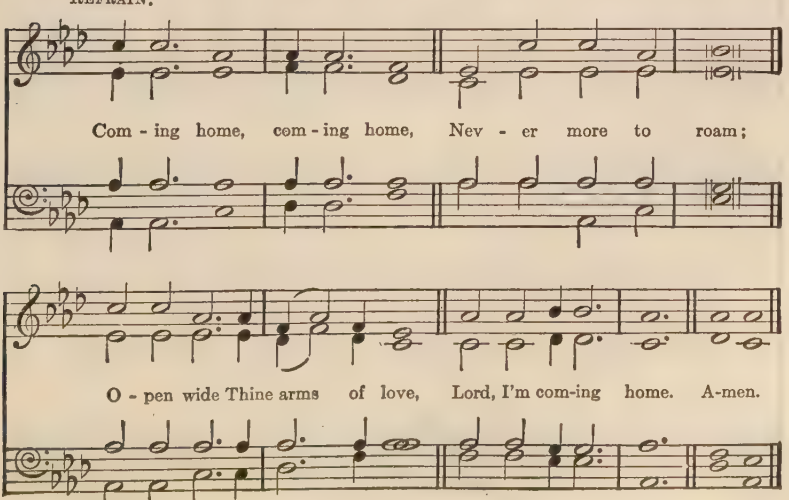
474 COMING HOME. 8 5 8 5, and refrain.

Moderately slow.

Words and Music by
WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1838-1921.


I've wan - dered far a - way from God; Now I'm com - ing
2 I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years; Now I'm com - ing
3 I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord; Now I'm com - ing
4 My soul is sick, my heart is sore; Now I'm com - ing
home; The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
home; I now re - pent with bit - ter tears; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
home; I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
home; My strength re - new, my hope re- store; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

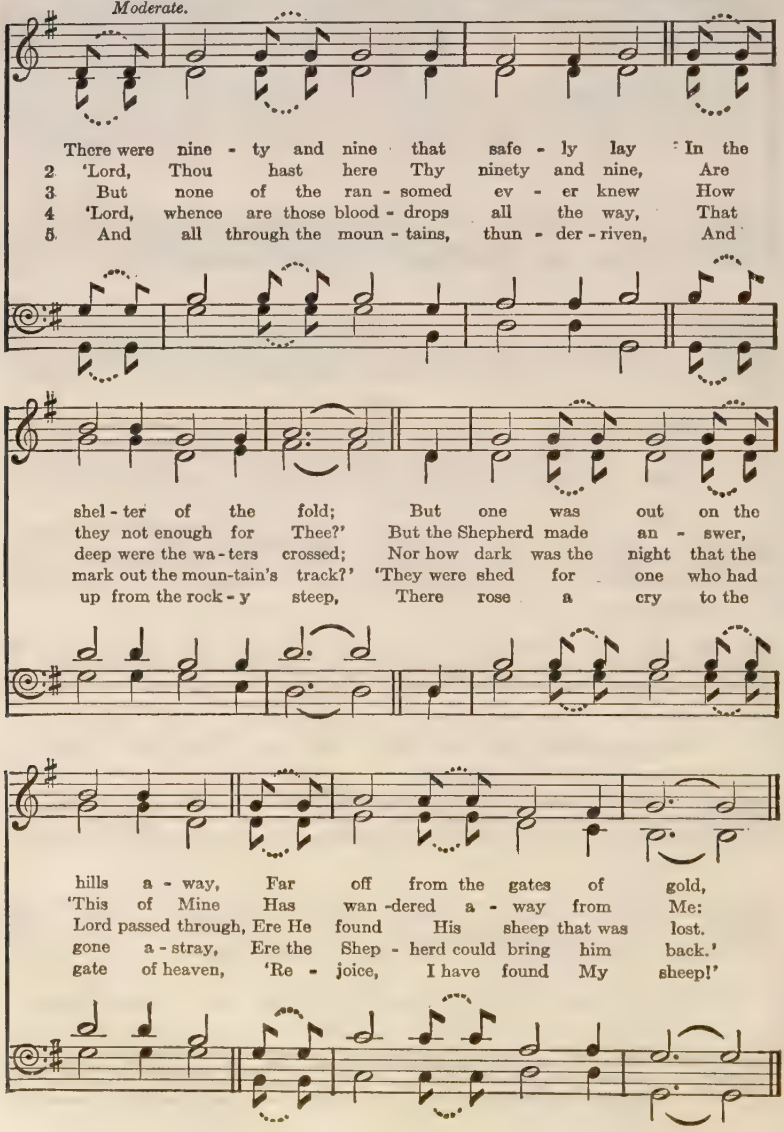
REFRAIN.



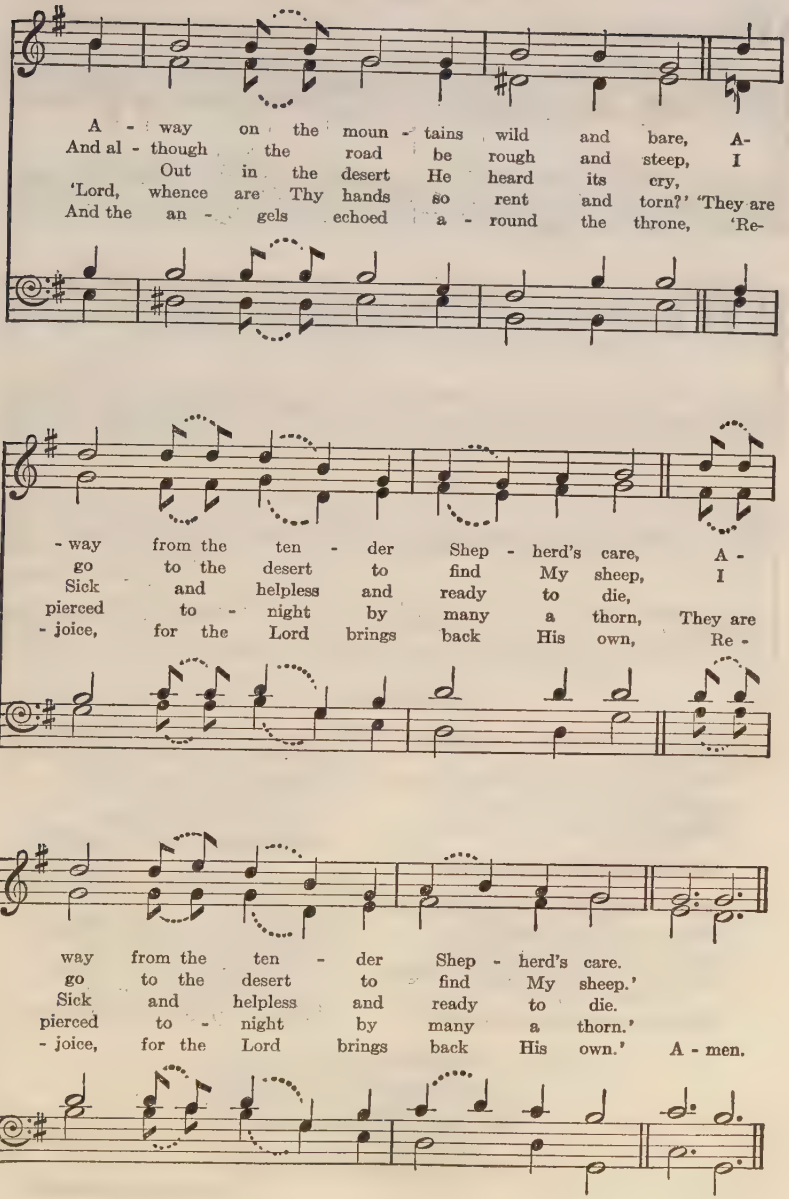
475 THE NINETY AND NINE. Irregular.

Words by
ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE, 1830-1869.
Melody by
IRA DAVID SANKEY, 1840-1908.

Moderate.


There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the
2 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine, Are
3 But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How
4 'Lord, whence are those blood - drops all the way, That
5 And all through the moun - tains, thun - der - riven, And
shel - ter of the fold; But one was out on the
they not enough for Thee?' But the Shepherd made an - swer,
deep were the wa - ters crossed; Nor how dark was the night that the
mark out the moun-tain's track?' 'They were shed for one who had
up from the rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the
hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold,
'This of Mine Has wan -dered a - way from Me:
Lord passed through, Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
gone a - stray, Ere the Shep - herd could bring him back.'
gate of heaven, 'Re - joice, I have found My sheep!'

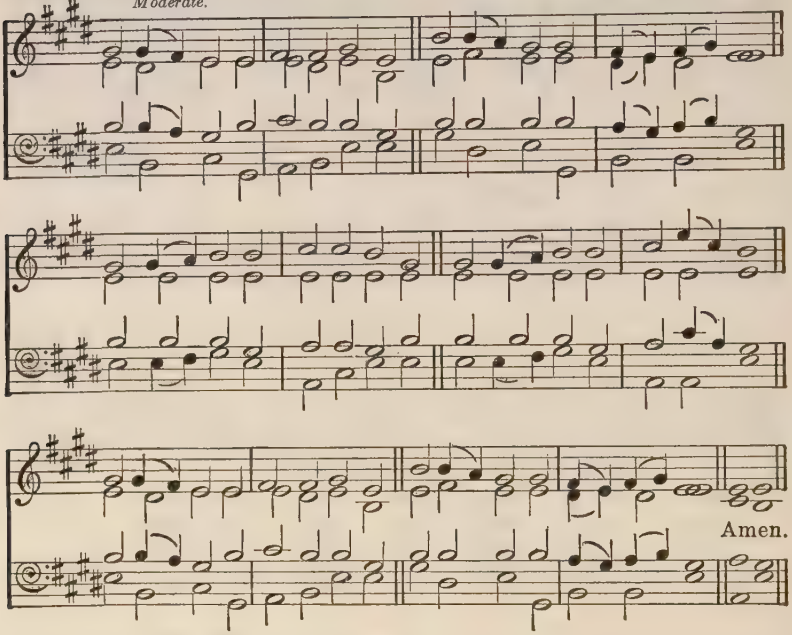
The Gospel Call


A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A-
And al - though the road be rough and steep, I
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?' 'They are
And the an - gels echoed a - round the throne, 'Re-
- way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care, A -
go to the desert to find My sheep, I
Sick and helpless and ready to die,
pierced to - night by many a thorn, They are
- joice, for the Lord brings back His own, Re -
way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
go to the desert to find My sheep.'
Sick and helpless and ready to die.
pierced to - night by many a thorn.'
- joice, for the Lord brings back His own.' A - men.

476 ROUSSEAU. 8 7 8 7 8 7.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1712-1778.

Moderate.



Or CAERSALEM, No. 441.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

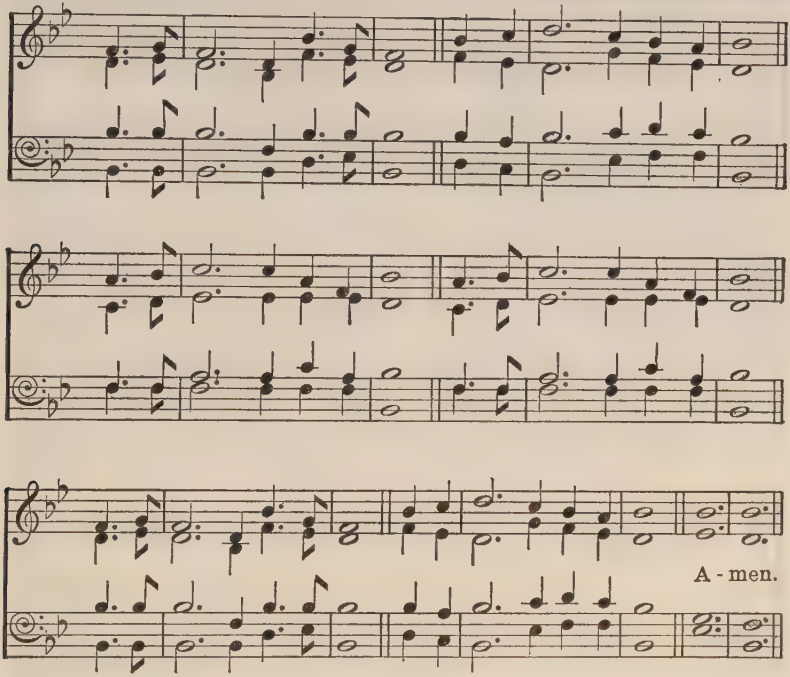
4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

JOSEPH HART, 1712-1768.

477 TOPLADY. 7 7 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.*

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872.



SINNERS Jesus will receive:
Tell this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall;
This can bring them back again:
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

2 Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O'er the mountains bleak and cold;
Jesus such a watch doth keep
O'er the lost ones of His fold,
Seeking them o'er moor and fen:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Sick and sorrowful and blind,
I with all my sins draw nigh;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I;
Speak that word of love again:
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

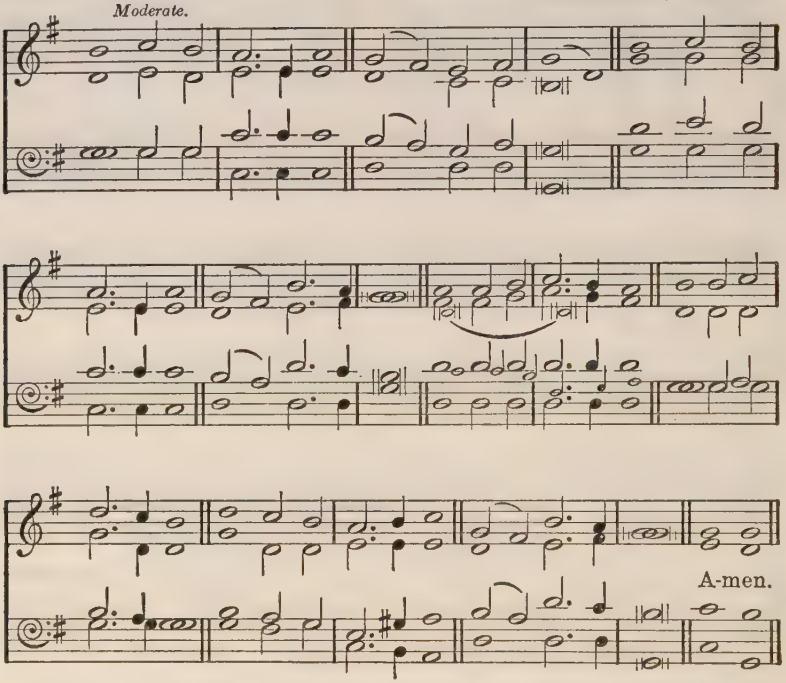
4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin;
Openeth to me heaven again;
With Him I may enter in.
Death hath no more sting nor pain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

ERDMANN NEUMEISTER, 1671-1756.
Tr. EMMA FRANCES BEVAN, 1827-1909.

478 CONSECRATION. 6 4 6 4 6 6 6 4.

ROBERT LOWRY, 1826-1899.

Moderate.



SAVIOUR, Thy dying love
Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold,
Dear Lord, from Thee:
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfil its vow,
Some offering bring Thee now,
Something for Thee.

2 O'er the blest mercy seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

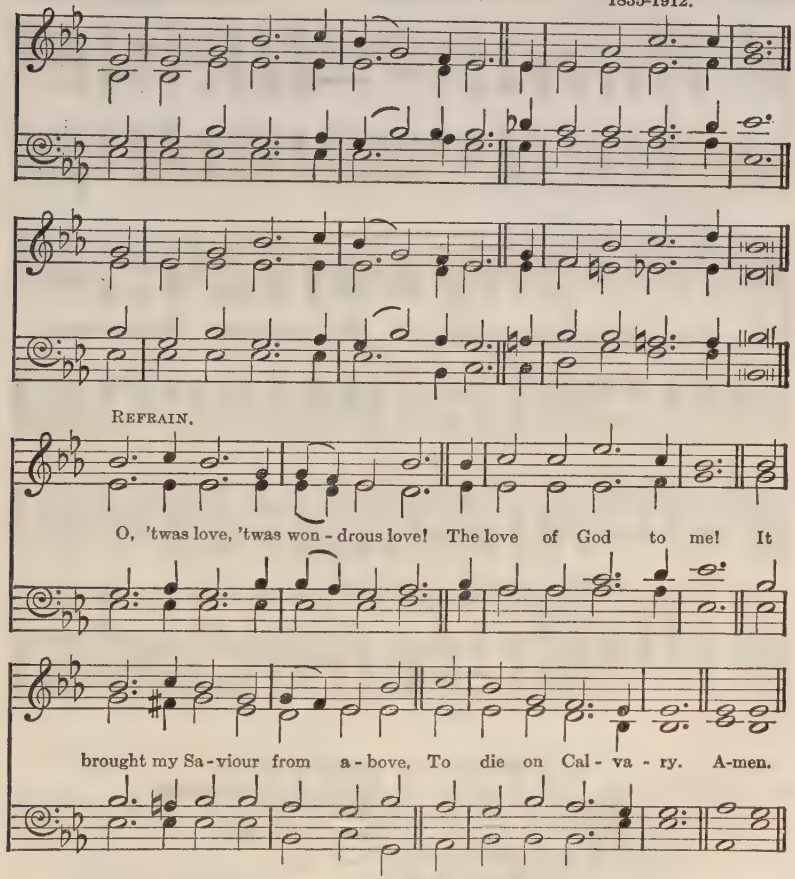
4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee;
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

SYLVANUS DRYDEN PHELPS, 1816-1895.

479 WONDROUS LOVE. C.M. and refrain.

Moderate.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS FISCHER, 1835-1912.



GOD loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 Even now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through His blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blessèd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven.

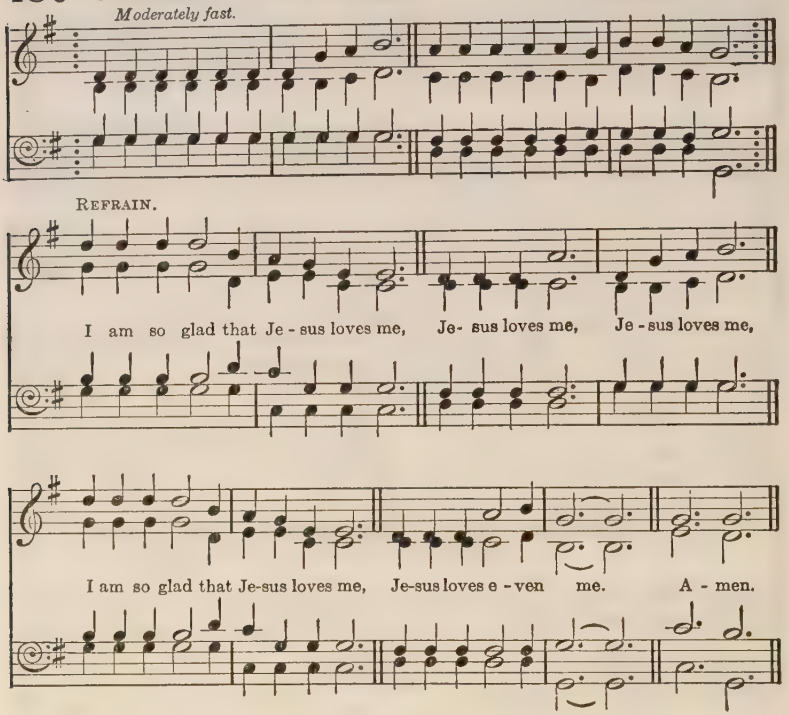
5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord, our King.

MARTHA STOCKTON, 1821-1885.

480 GLADNESS. 10 10 10 10, and refrain.

PHILIP BLISS, 1838-1876.

Moderately fast.


REFRAIN.
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je- sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e - ven me. A - men.

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given:
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

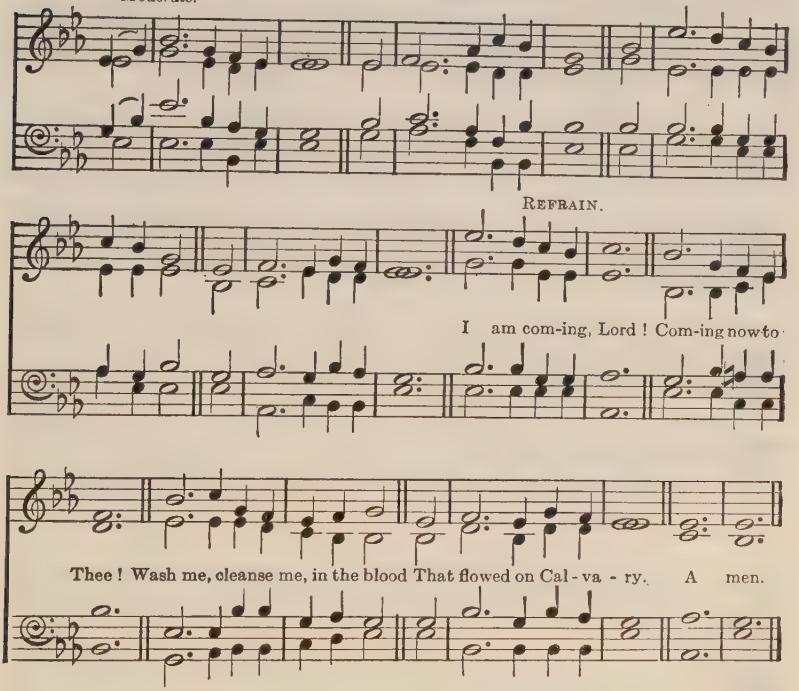
3 O if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
'O what a wonder that Jesus loves me.'

Ascribed to
EMILY SULLIVAN OAKEY, 1829-1883.

481 WELCOME VOICE. S.M. and refrain.

Moderate.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1828-1872.



I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse
Till spotless all and pure.

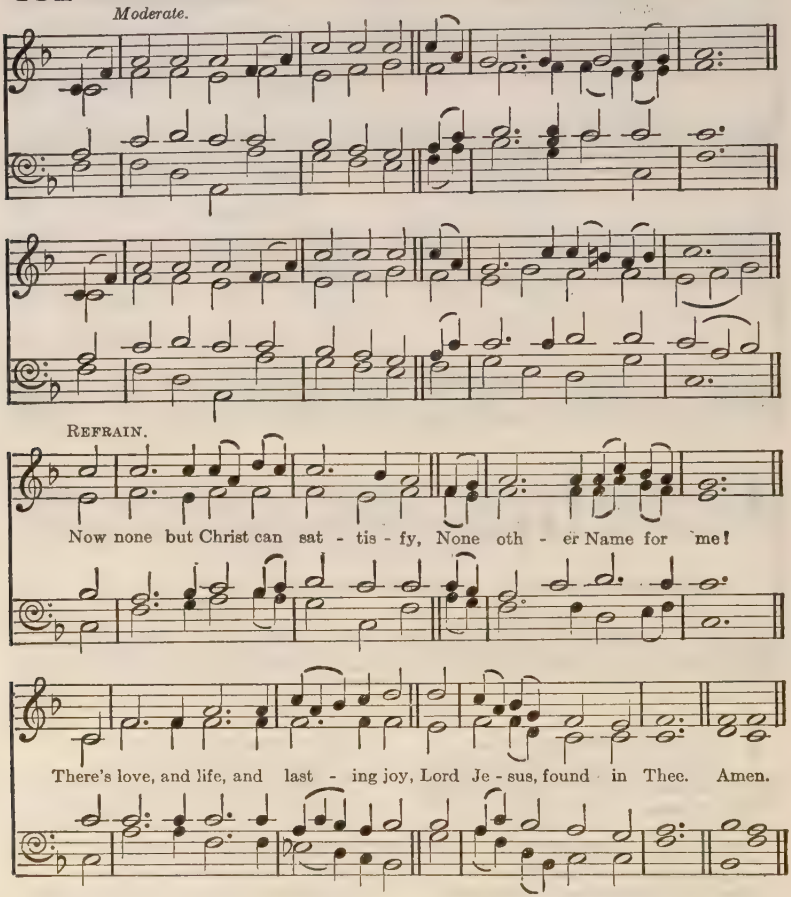
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1828-1872.

482 NONE BUT CHRIST. C.M. and refrain. JAMES MCGRANAHAN, 1840-1907.

Moderate.
REFRAIN.
Now none but Christ can sat - tis - fy, None oth - er Name for me!
There's love, and life, and last - ing joy, Lord Je - sus, found in Thee. Amen.

O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.

Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other Name for me!
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

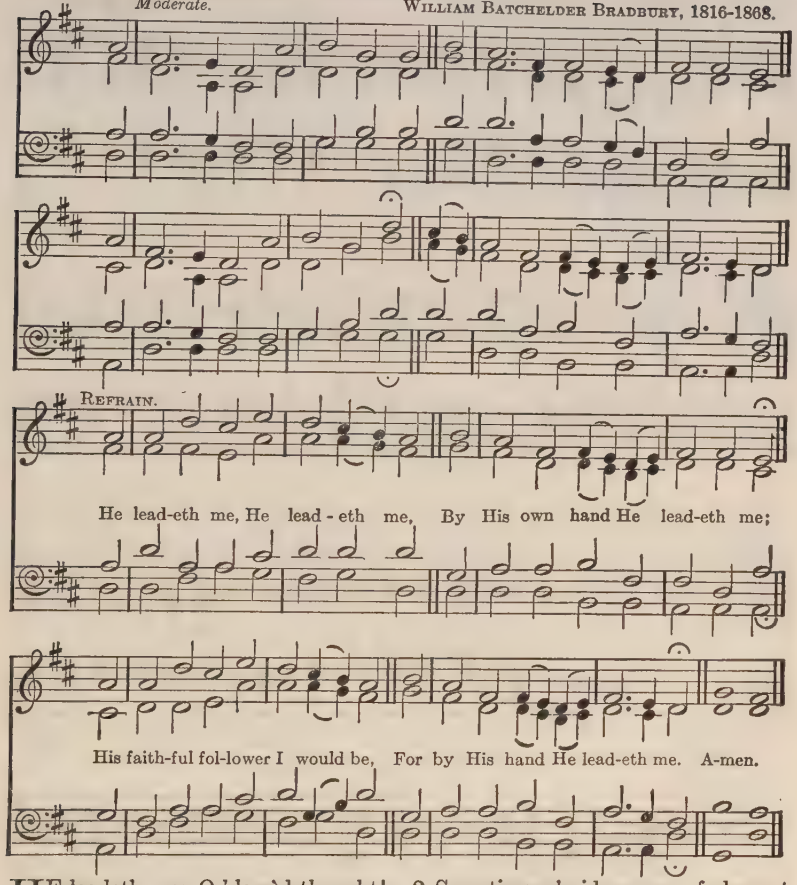
2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But, while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah, the waters failed:
Even as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.

Authorship unknown.

483 HE LEADETH ME. L.M. and refrain.

Moderate. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1816-1868.

REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

HE leadeth me: O blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

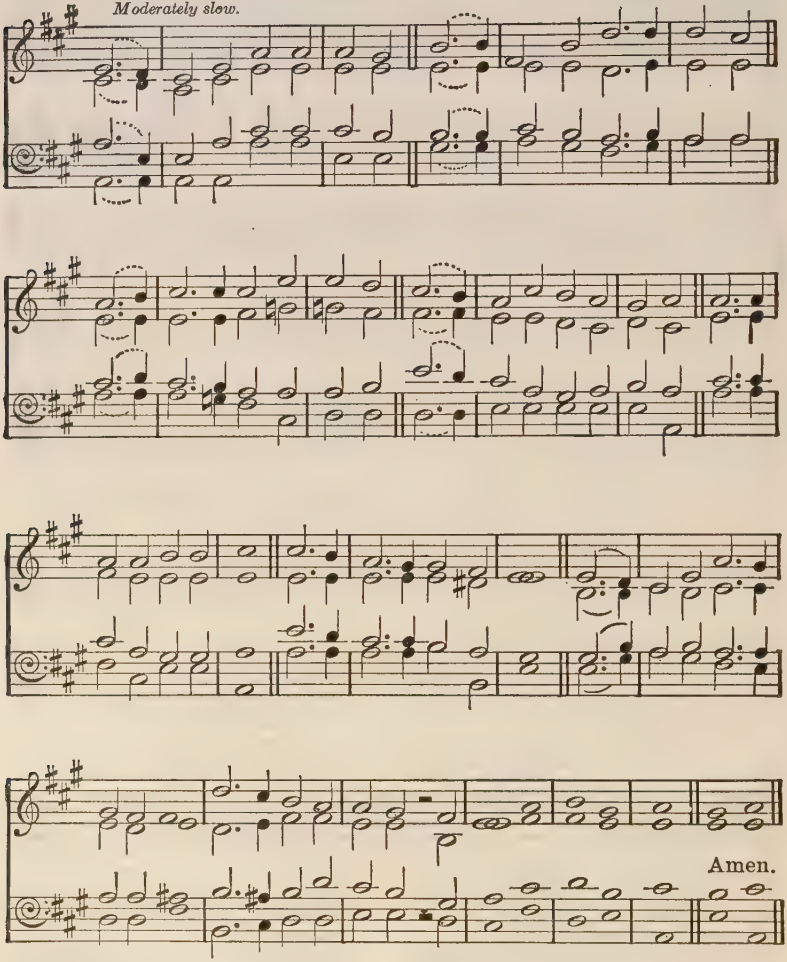
4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the victory's won,
Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

JOSEPH HENRY GILMORE, 1834-1918.
Lines 3 and 4 of refrain added.

484 SHEPHERD TRUE. Irregular.

Origin unknown.

Moderately slow.



I WAS wandering and weary
When my Saviour came unto me;
For the ways of sin grew dreary
And the world had ceased to woo me:
And I thought I heard Him say
As He came along His way—
'O foolish souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.'

2 At first I would not hearken
And put off till to-morrow;
But life began to darken
And I was sick with sorrow;
And I thought I heard Him say
As He came along His way—
'O foolish souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.'

3 At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me;
And I thought I heard Him say
As He came along His way—
'O foolish souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.'

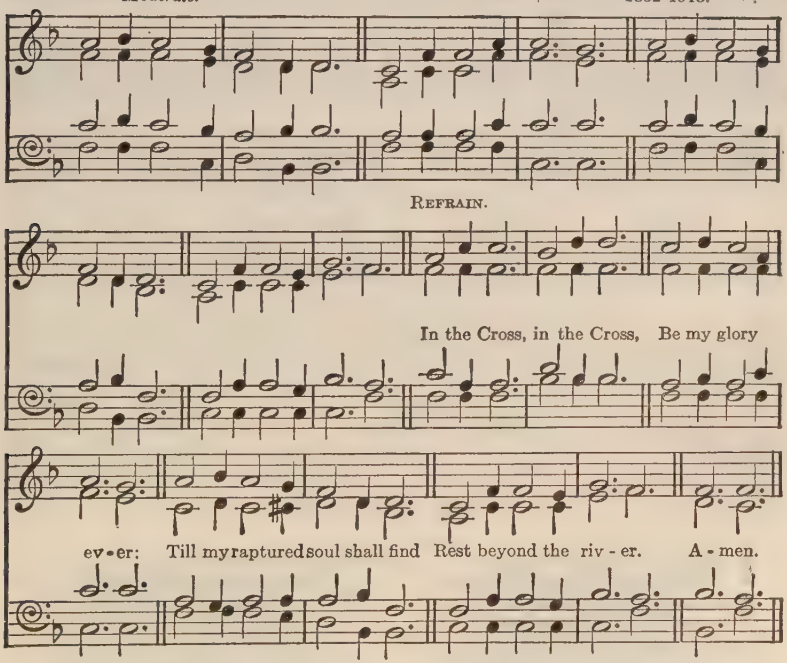
4 I thought His love would weaken
As more and more He knew me;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me;
And I ever hear Him say
As He goes along His way—
'O foolish souls, come near Me,
My sheep should never fear Me;
I am the Shepherd true.'

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814-1863.

485 NEAR THE CROSS. 7 6 7 6, and refrain.

Moderate.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1832-1915.



JESUS, keep me near the Cross;
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadow o'er me.

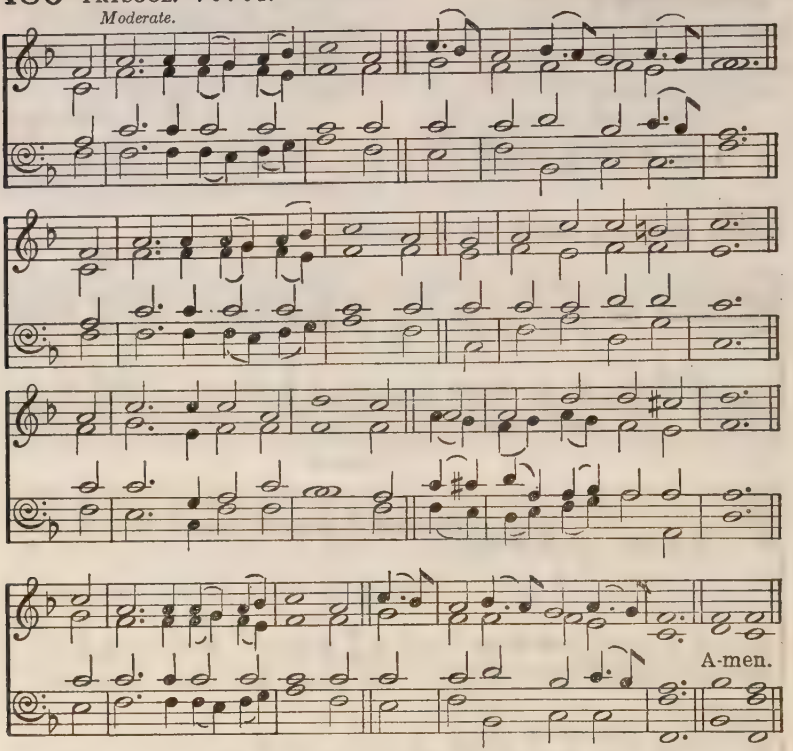
4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

FRANCES JANE CROSBY, 1823-1915.

486 PRYSGOL. 7 6 7 6 D.

W. OWEN, 1814-1893.

Moderate.



Or ANGELS' STORY, opposite.

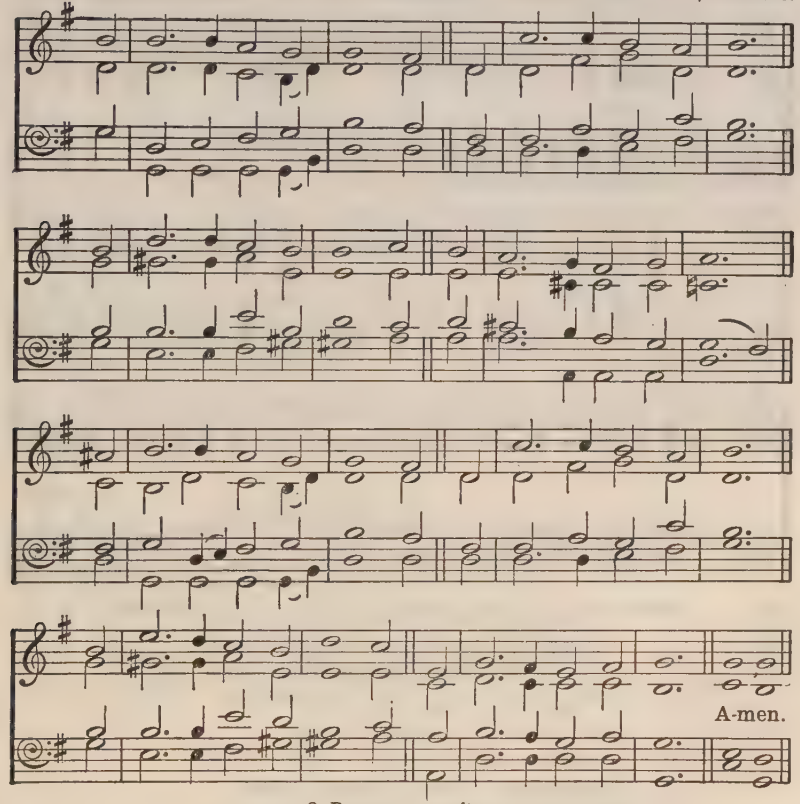
I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens, and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be, like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889.

487 ANGELS' STORY. 7 6 7 6 D. *Moderately fast.* ARTHUR HENRY MANN, 1850-1929.

Or PRYSGOL, opposite.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

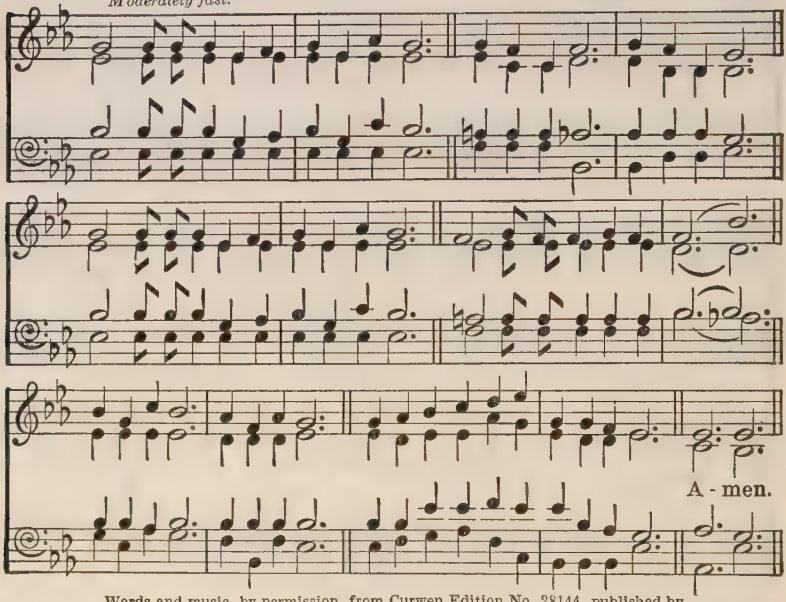
3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow
And seated on Thy throne;
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1829-1904.

488 WONDERFUL LOVE. 10 8 10 7 8 10.

ADAM WATSON, 1845-1912.

Moderately fast.



Words and music, by permission, from Curwen Edition No. 28144, published by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., 24 Berners Street, London, W. 1.

COME, let us sing of a wonderful love,
Tender and true, tender and true;
Out of the heart of the Father above,
Streaming to me and to you:
Wonderful love, wonderful love
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

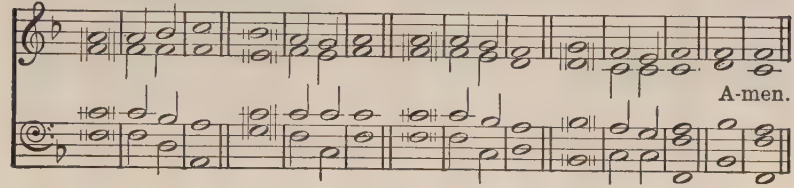
2 Jesus the Saviour this gospel to tell
Joyfully came, joyfully came—
Came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell,
Sharing their sorrow and shame:
Seeking the lost, seeking the lost;
Saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

3 Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet;
Why do they roam? why do they roam?
Love only waits to forgive and forget;
Home, weary wanderers, home!
Wonderful love, wonderful love
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

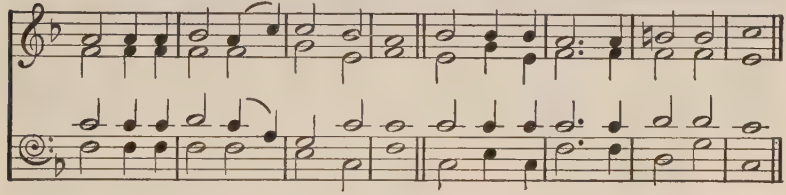
4 Come to my heart, O thou wonderful Love!
Come and abide, come and abide;
Lifting my life till it rises above
Envy and falsehood and pride:
Seeking to be, seeking to be
Lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

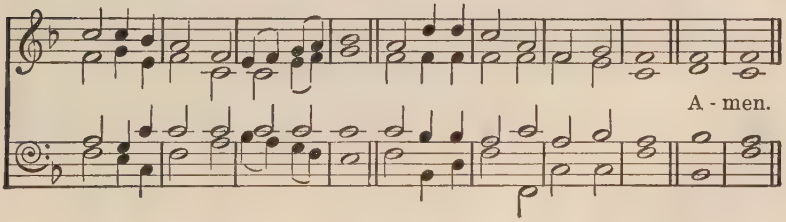
ROBERT WALMSLEY, 1831-1905.

489 CHANT (TROYTE, No. 1). ARTHUR HENRY DYKE TROYTE, 1811-1857.



FEDERAL STREET. L.M. *Moderate.* HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1800-1885.





Or EDEN, No. 275.

BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a Guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom He condescends to dwell.

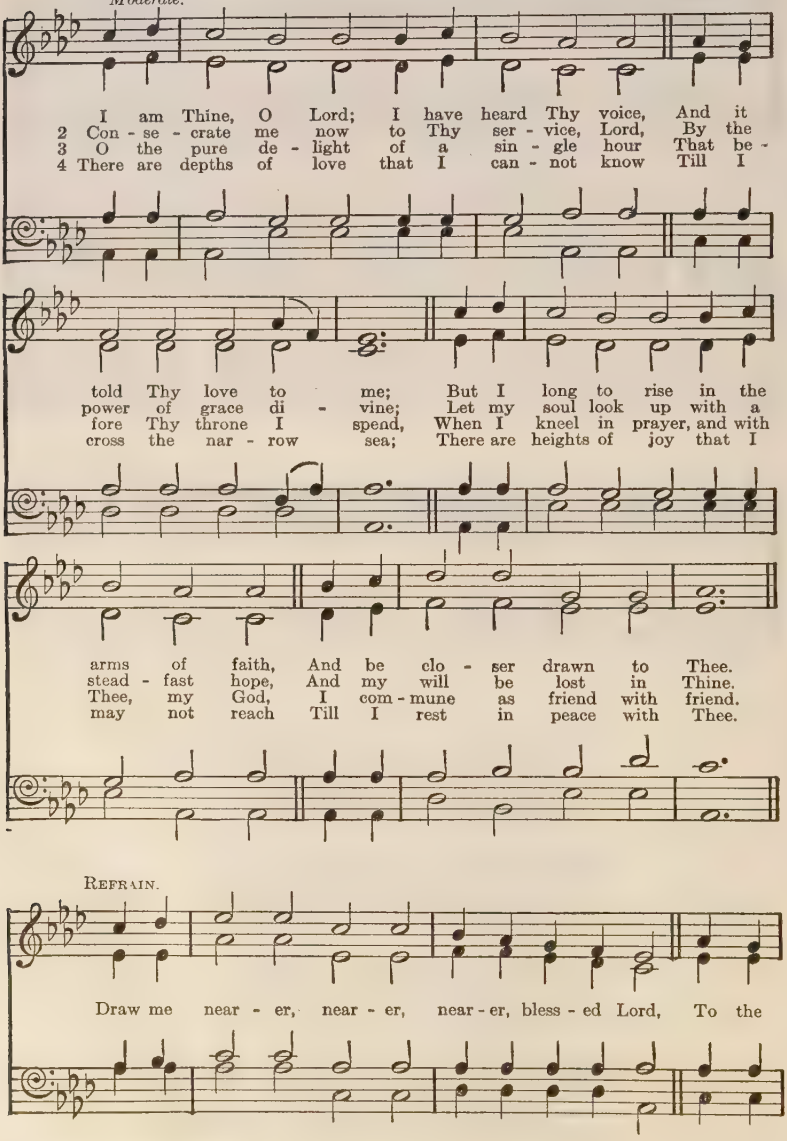
4 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase:
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

JOSEPH GRIGG, c. 1720-1768.

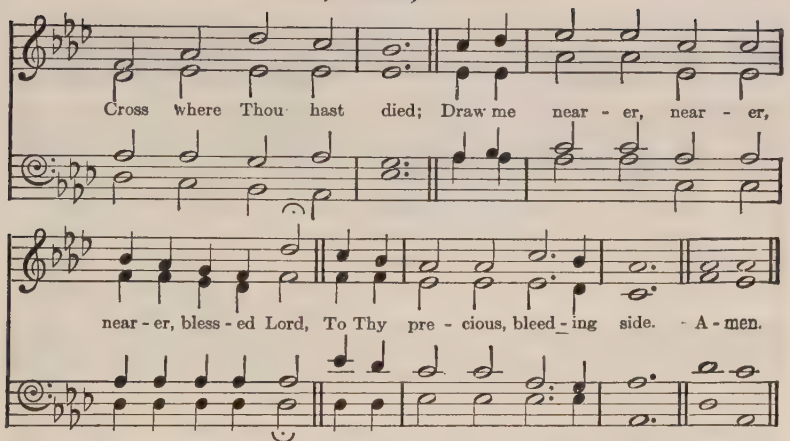
490 I AM THINE. 10 7 10 7, and refrain.

Words by
FRANCES JANE CROSBY, 1823-1915.
Melody by
WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1832-1916.

Moderate.

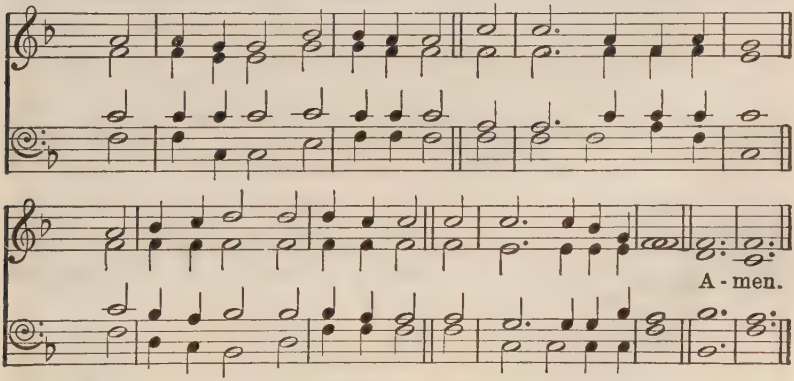

I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it
2 Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the
3 O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be -
4 There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I
told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
power of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with
cross the nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I
arms of faith, And be clo - ser drawn to Thee.
stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
Thee, my God, I com - mune as friend with friend.
may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.



491 REMEMBER ME. C.M. *Moderate.*

ASA HULL, 1869.



Or EVAN, No. 219.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

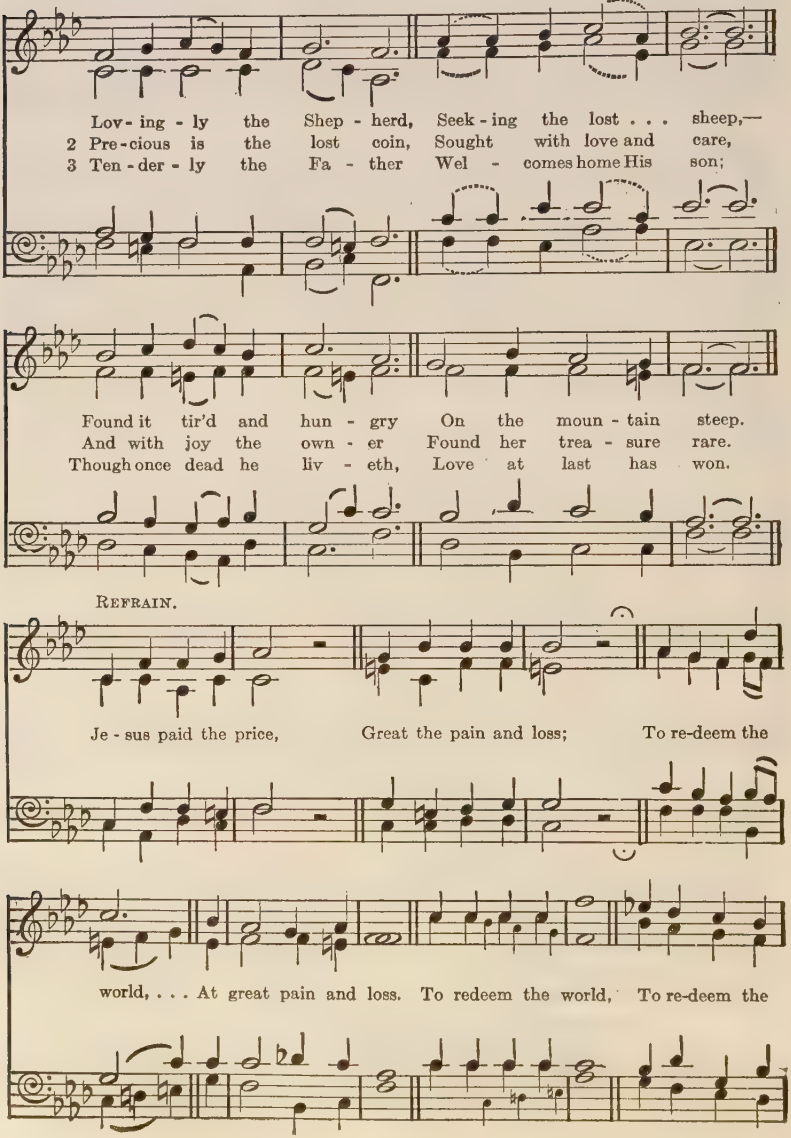
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

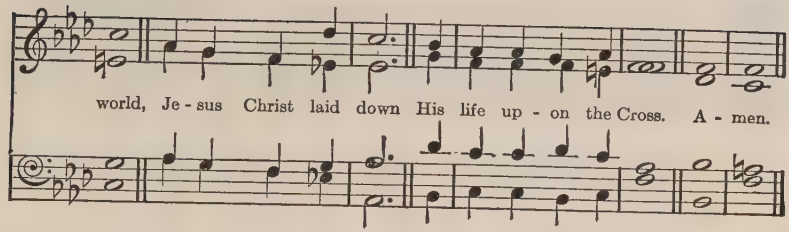
5 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

492 **SHEPHERD CARE.** 6 5 6 5, and refrain.

Moderately slow.

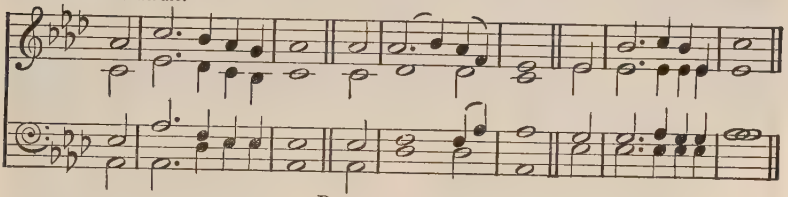
From the Ukrainian,
Tr. ROBERT GEORGE KATSUNOFF, 1887-
Ukrainian Melody, arranged by
WILLIAM HENRY HEWLETT, 1873-1940.

Lov - ing - ly the Shep - herd, Seek - ing the lost . . . sheep,—
2 Pre - cious is the lost coin, Sought with love and care,
3 Ten - der - ly the Fa - ther Wel - comes home His son;
Found it tir'd and hun - gry On the moun - tain steep.
And with joy the own - er Found her trea - sure rare.
Though once dead he liv - eth, Love at last has won.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus paid the price, Great the pain and loss; To re-deem the
world, . . . At great pain and loss. To redeem the world, To re-deem the



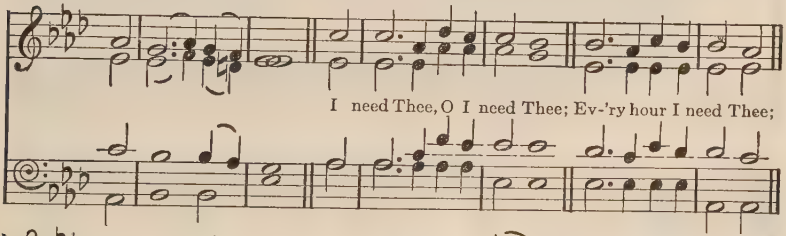
493 DEPENDENCE. 6 4 6 4, and refrain.

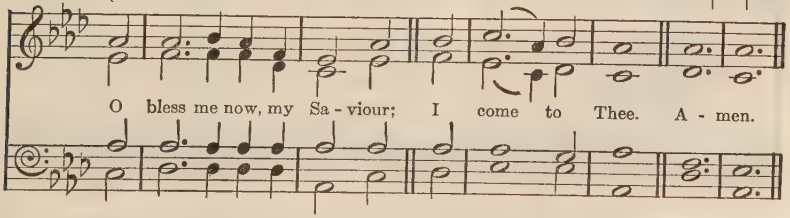
Moderate.

ROBERT LOWRY, 1826-1899.



REFRAIN.





I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice but Thine
Can peace afford.

I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour;
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

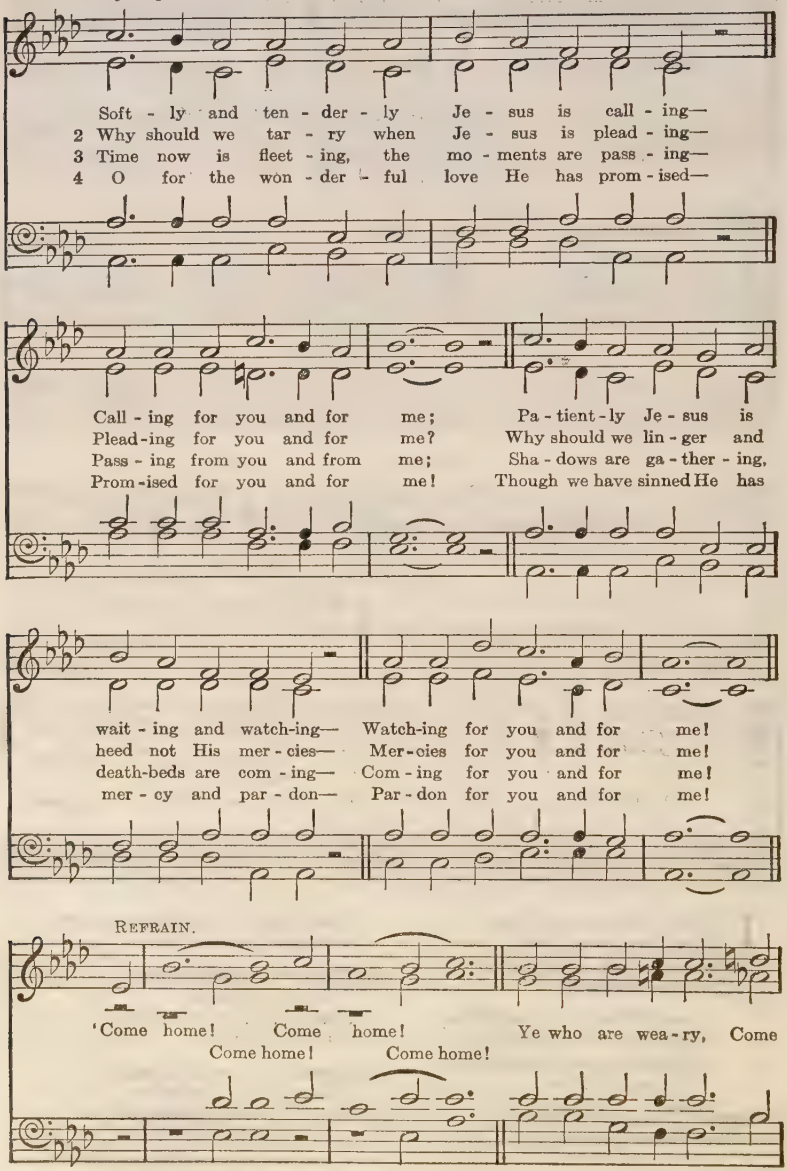
3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

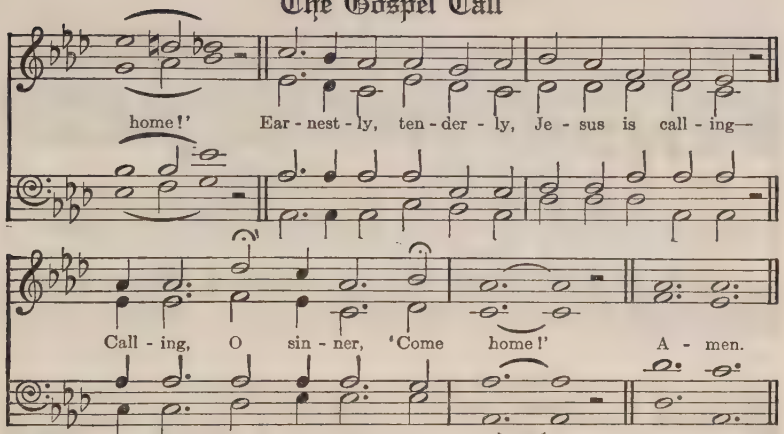
4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS, 1835-1918.
Refrain added.

494 FOR YOU AND FOR ME. 11 7 11 7, and refrain.

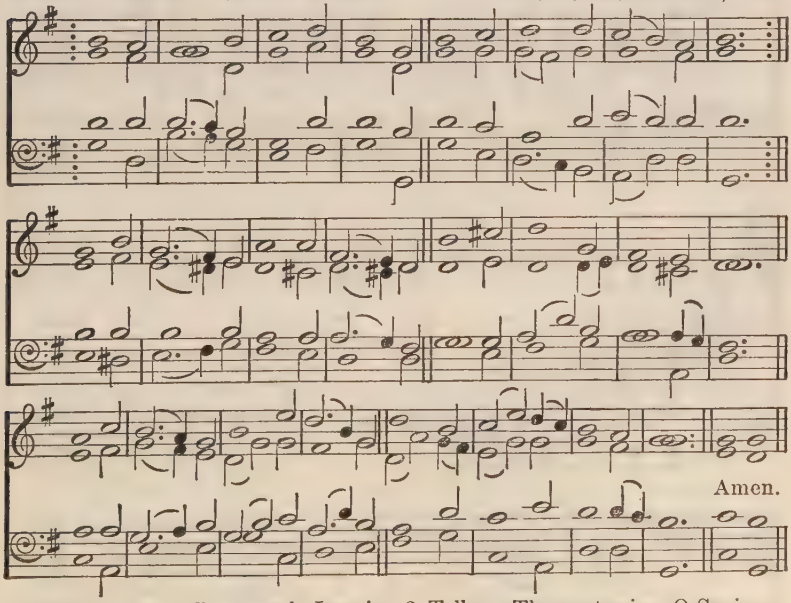
Words and music by
WILLIAM J. THOMPSON.
1847-1909.

Quietly.

Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing—
2 Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing—
3 Time now is fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing—
4 O for the won - der - ful love He has prom - ised—
Call - ing for you and for me; Pa - tient - ly Je - sus is
Plead - ing for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and
Pass - ing from you and from me; Sha - dows are ga - ther - ing,
Prom - ised for you and for me! Though we have sinned He has
wait - ing and watch-ing— Watch-ing for you and for me!
heed not His mer - cies— Mer - cies for you and for me!
death-beds are com - ing— Com - ing for you and for me!
mer - cy and par - don— Par - don for you and for me!
REFRAIN.
'Come home! Come home! Ye who are wea - ry, Come
Come home! Come home!



495 LLANGAN. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderate.*

Welsh Melody, 1859,
as in the CHURCH HYMNARY, 1927.



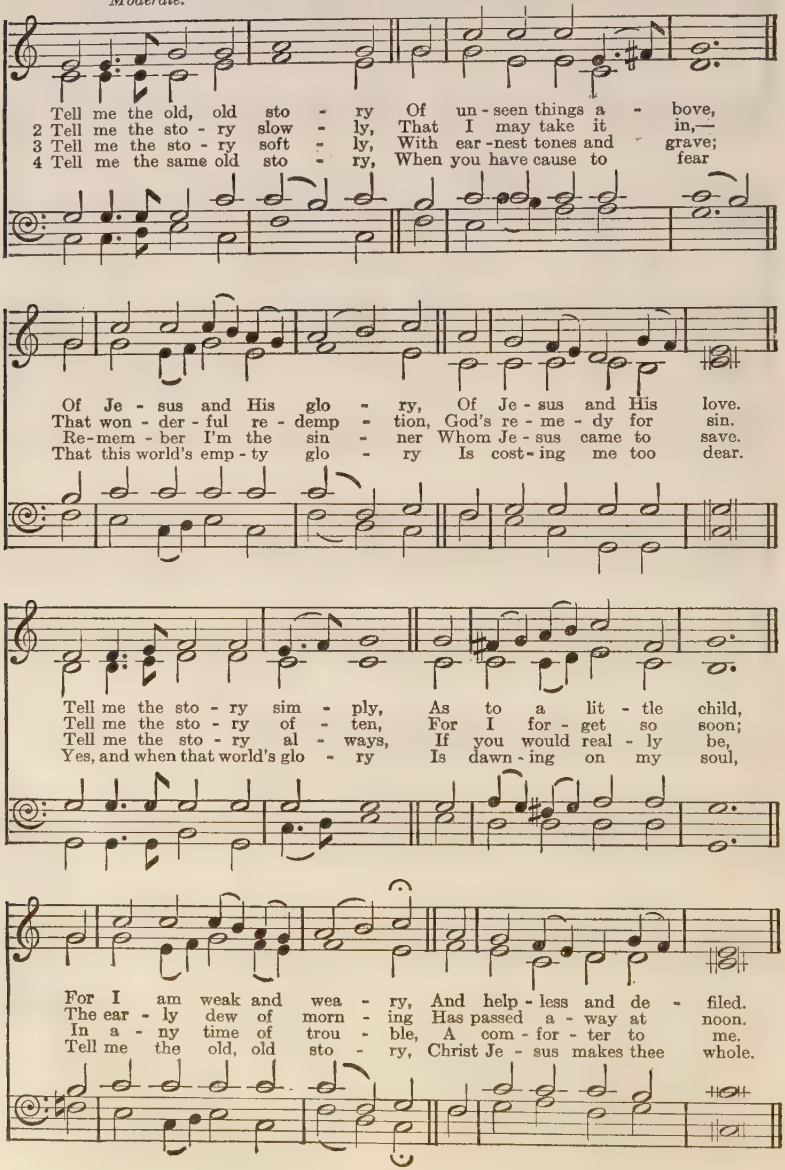
SPEAK, I pray Thee, gentle Jesus!
O, how passing sweet Thy words,
Breathing o'er my troubled spirit
Peace which never earth affords.
All the world's distracting voices,
All the enticing tones of ill,
At Thy accents mild, melodious,
Are subdued, and all is still.

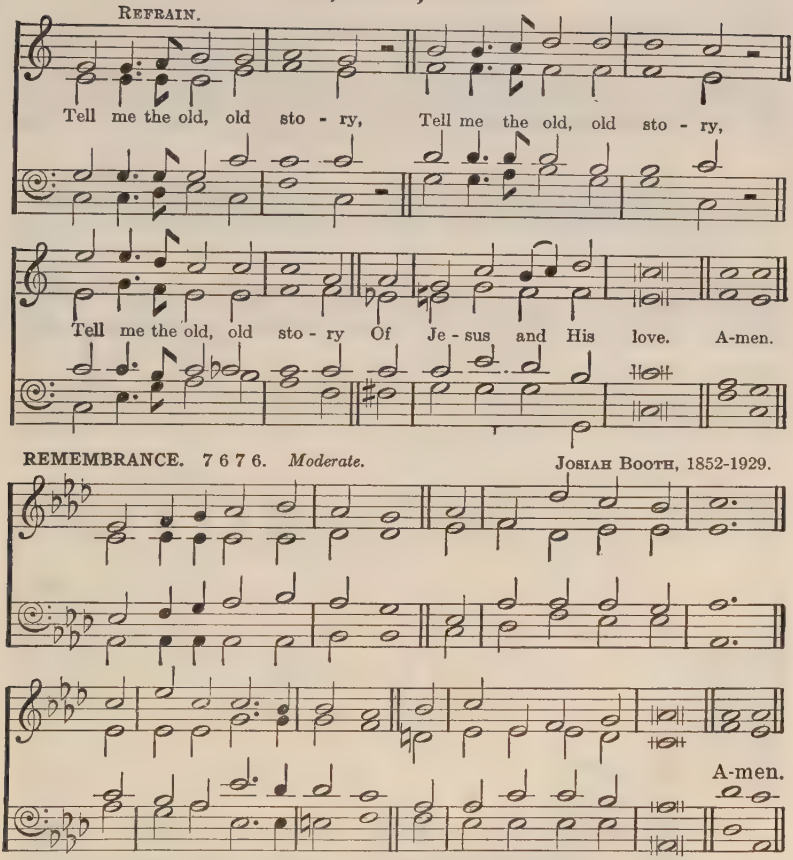
2 Tell me Thou art mine, O Saviour,
Grant me an assurance clear;
Banish all my dark misgivings,
Still my doubting, calm my fear.
O, my soul within me yearneth
Now to hear Thy voice divine;
So shall grief be gone for ever,
And despair no more be mine.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1717-1791. *Tr.* RICHARD MORRIS LEWIS, 1849-1918.

496 EVANGEL. 7 6 7 6 D. and refrain.

Words by CATHERINE HANKEY, 1834-1911.
Melody by
WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1832-1916.

Moderate.

Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2 Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in,—
3 Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave;
4 Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's re - me - dy for sin.
Re - mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save.
That this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear.
Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
Tell me the sto - ry of - ten, For I for - get so soon;
Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,
Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
The ear - ly dew of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com - for - ter to me.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Christ Je - sus makes thee whole.

The Gospel Call

REFRAIN.
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A-men.
REMEMBRANCE. 7 6 7 6. Moderate.
JOSIAH BOOTH, 1852-1929.
A-men.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

3 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

4 Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

5 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

6 Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

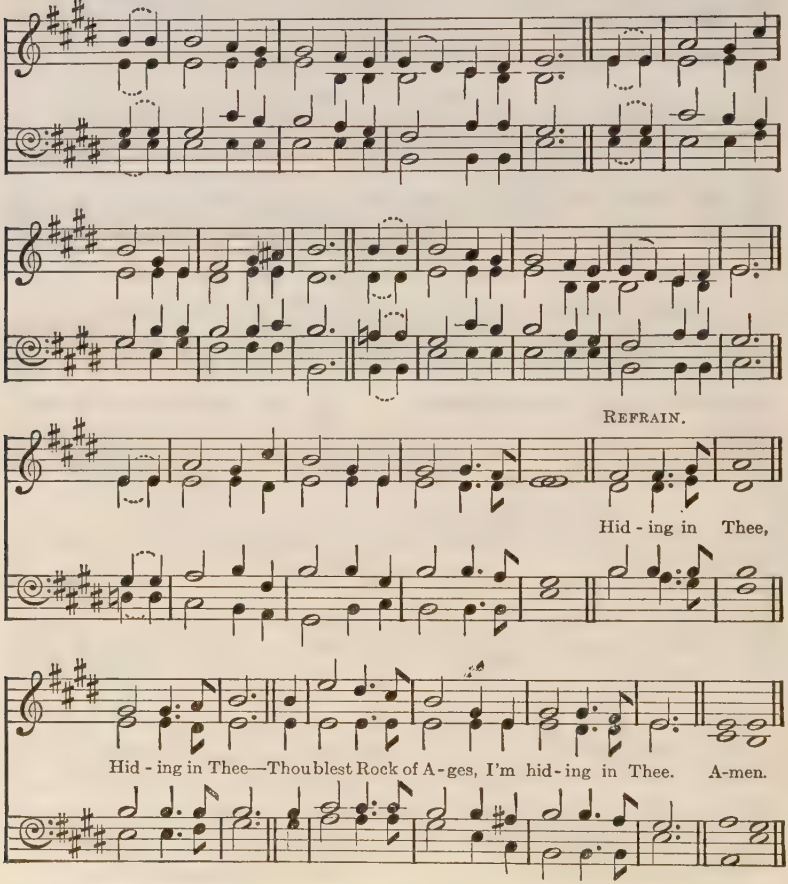
7 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

8 Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'

CATHERINE HANKEY, 1834-1911.

497 HIDING IN THEE. 11 11 11 11, and refrain.

Moderately fast.

IRA DAVID SANKEY, 1840-1908.

O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee.
Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,—
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee.

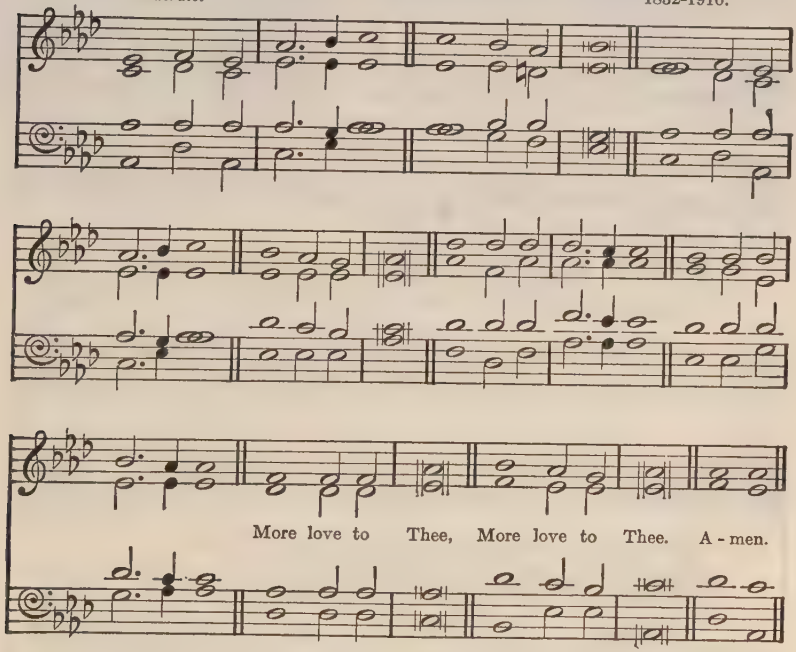
2 In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power,
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often when trials like sea-billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul!

WILLIAM ORCUTT CUSHING, 1823-1903.

498 MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6 4 6 4 6 6 4, and repeat. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1832-1916.

Moderate.



MORE love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee!
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

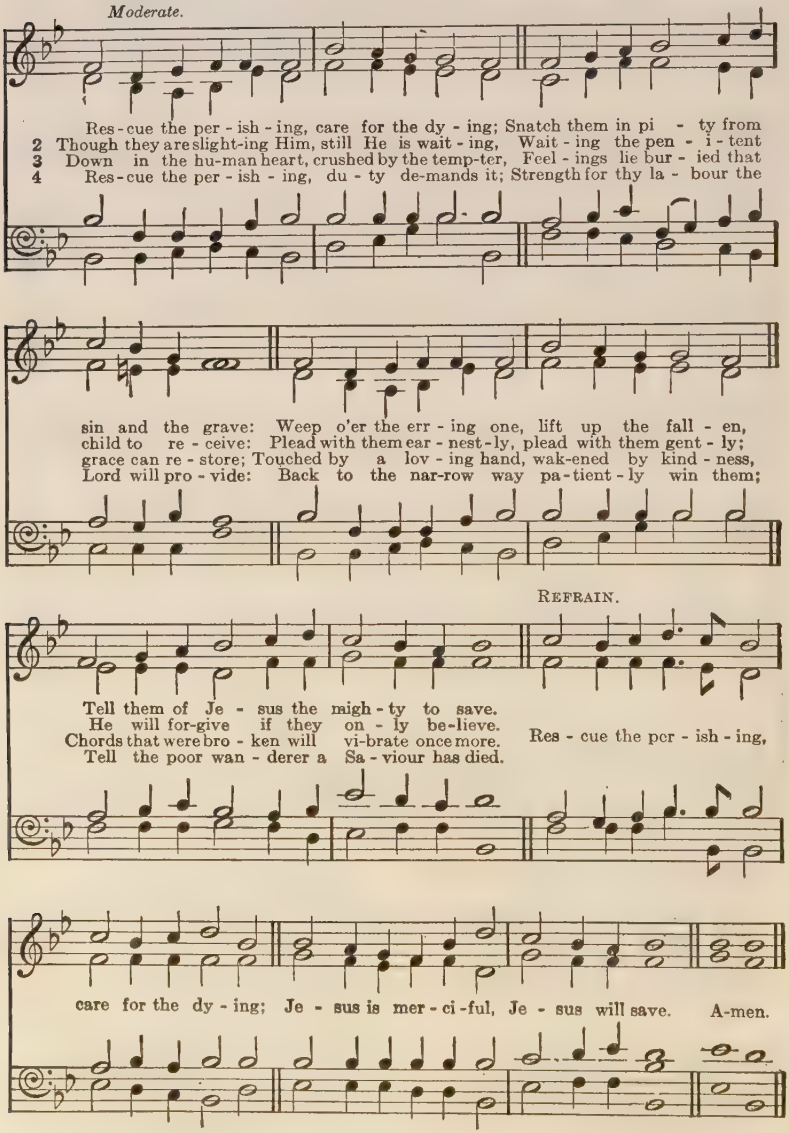
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1818-1878.

Words by Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne, 1823-1915.
Melody by
William Howard Doane, 1832-1916.

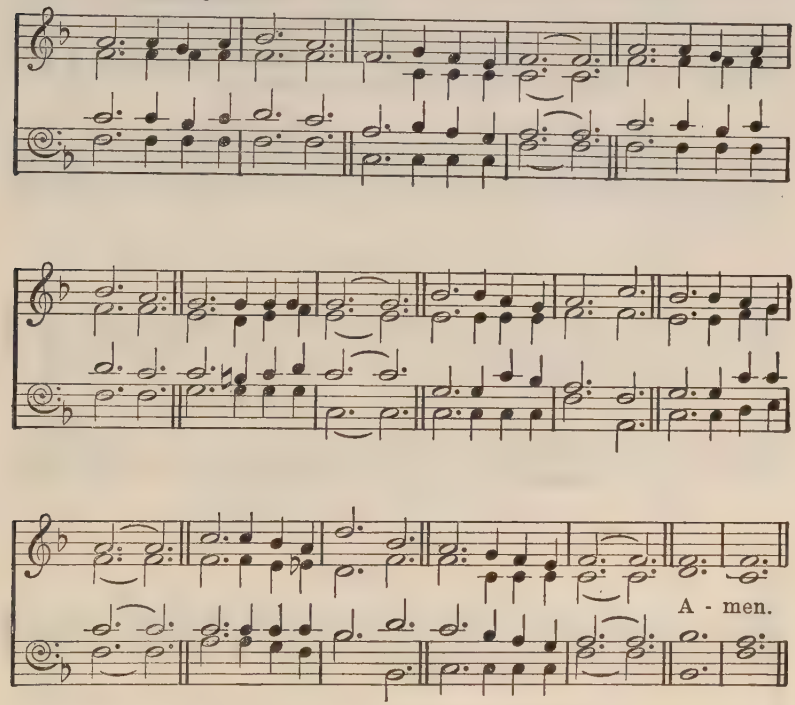
499 RESCUE. 11 10 11 10, and refrain.

Moderate.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing, care for the dy - ing; Snatch them in pi - ty from
2 Though they are slight-ing Him, still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3 Down in the hu-man heart, crushed by the temp-ter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4 Res - cue the per - ish - ing, du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bour the
sin and the grave: Weep o'er the err - ing one, lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive: Plead with them ear - nest-ly, plead with them gent - ly;
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing hand, wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar-row way pa-tient - ly win them;
REFRAIN.
Tell them of Je - sus the migh - ty to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan - derer a Sa - viour has died.
Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-men.

500 TAKE TIME TO BE HOLY. 6 5 6 5 D.

Moderately slow.

GEORGE COLES STEBBINS, 1846-



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TAKE time to be holy,
Speak oft with thy Lord;
Abide in Him always,
And feed on His Word;
Make friends of God's children,
Help those who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing
His blessing to seek.

2 Take time to be holy,
The world rushes on;
Spend much time in secret
With Jesus alone;
By looking to Jesus,
Like Him thou shalt be;
Thy friends in thy conduct
His likeness shall see.

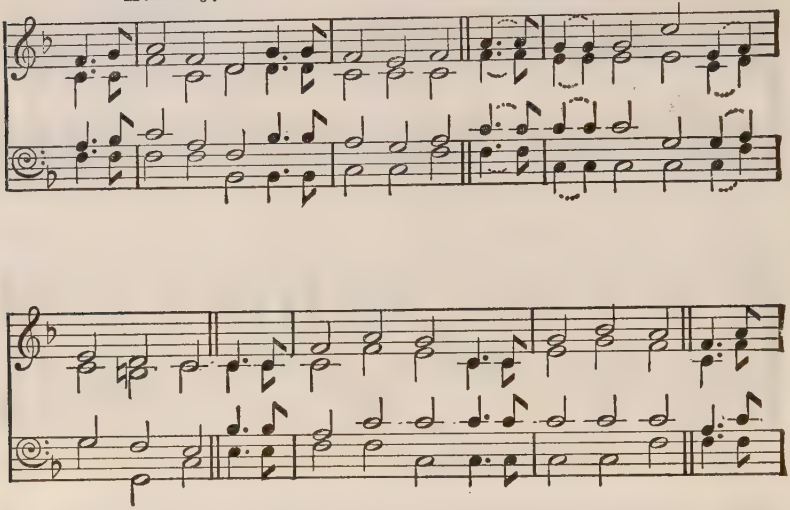
3 Take time to be holy,
Let Him be thy Guide,
And run not before Him,
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow,
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in His Word.

4 Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive
Beneath His control;
Thus led by His Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

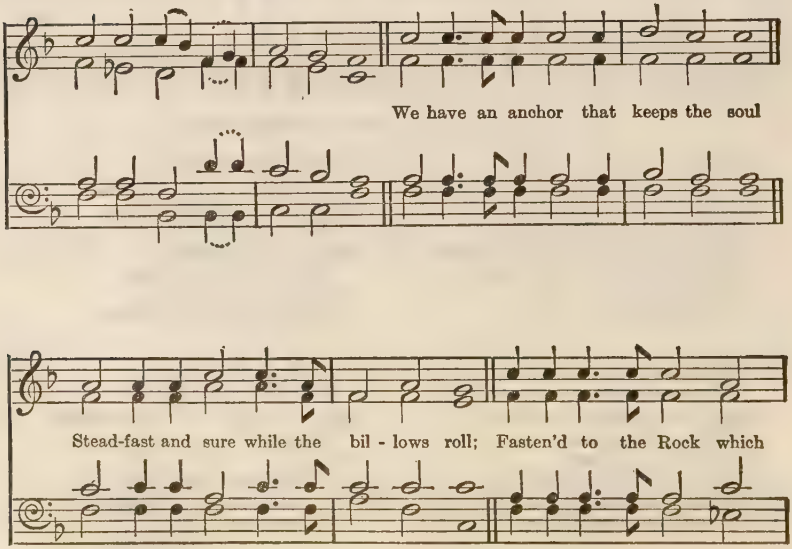
W. D. LONGSTAFF.

501 WILL YOUR ANCHOR HOLD. Irregular.

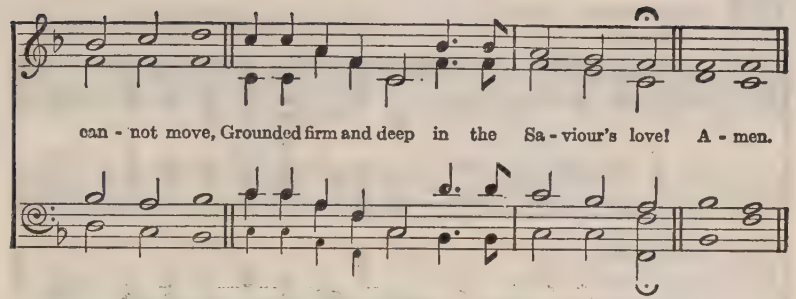
Moderately fast. WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1838-1921.



REFRAIN.



The Gospel Call



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WILL your anchor hold in the storms of life?
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife;
When the strong tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift or firm remain?

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

2 It will surely hold in the straits of fear,
When the breakers tell that the reef is near;
Though the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.

3 It will surely hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
On the rising tide it can never fail
While our hopes abide within the veil.

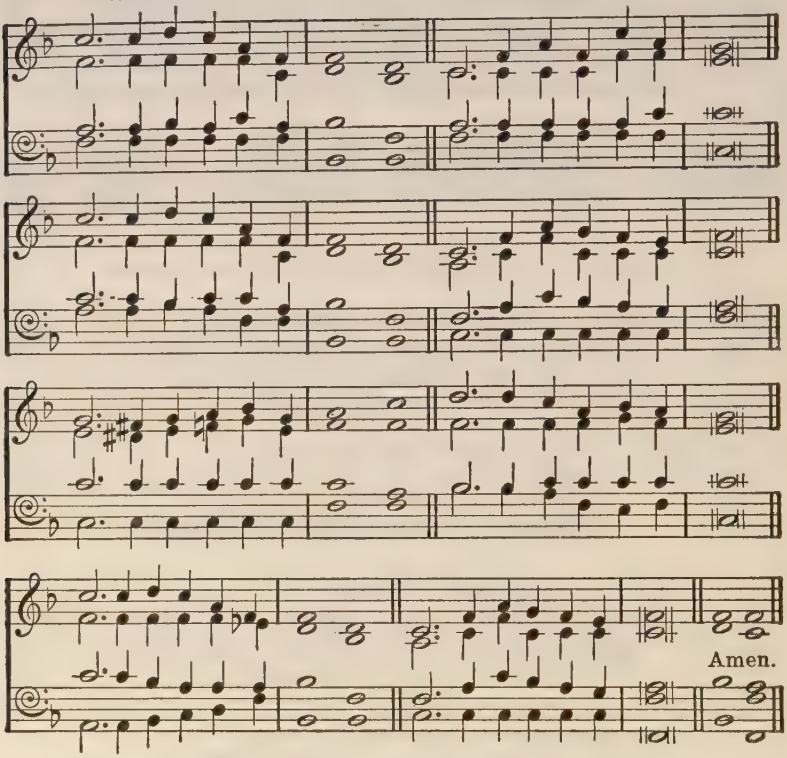
4 When our eyes behold, through the gathering night,
The city of gold, our harbour bright,
We shall anchor fast by the heavenly shore,
With the storms all past for evermore.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love!

PRISCILLA JANE OWENS, 1829-c. 1899.

502 FRIENDSHIP. 8 7 8 7 D.

Moderate.

Melody by
CHARLES CROZAT CONVERSE, 1832-1918.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

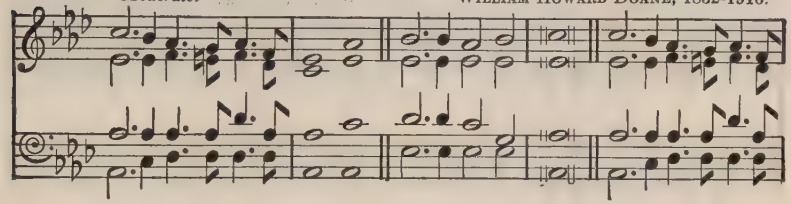
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

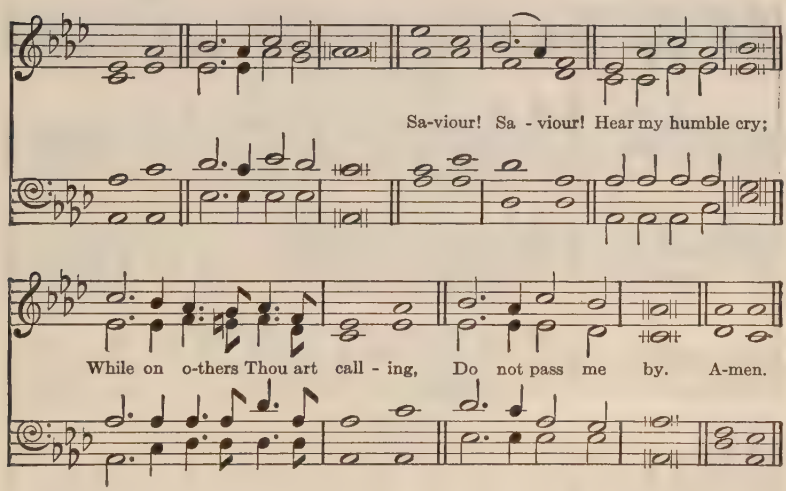
JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1820-1886.

503 PASS ME NOT. 8 5 8 5, and refrain.

Moderate. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1832-1916.



REFRAIN.



PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Saviour! Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

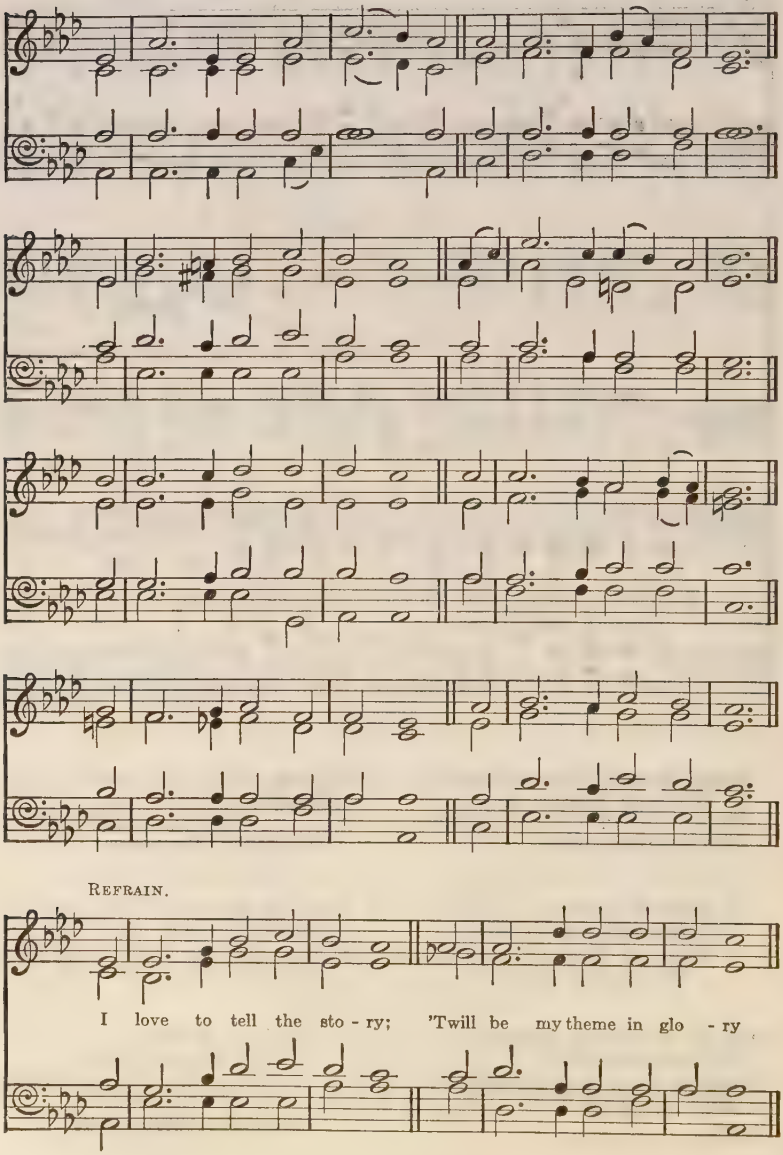
Saviour! Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

FRANCES JANE CROSBY, 1823-1915.

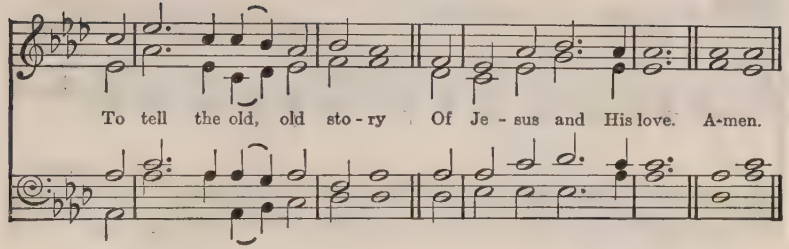
504 HANKEY. 7 6 7 6 D. and refrain.

Moderate.

WILLIAM GUSTAVUS FISCHER, 1835-1912.



The Gospel Call



I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

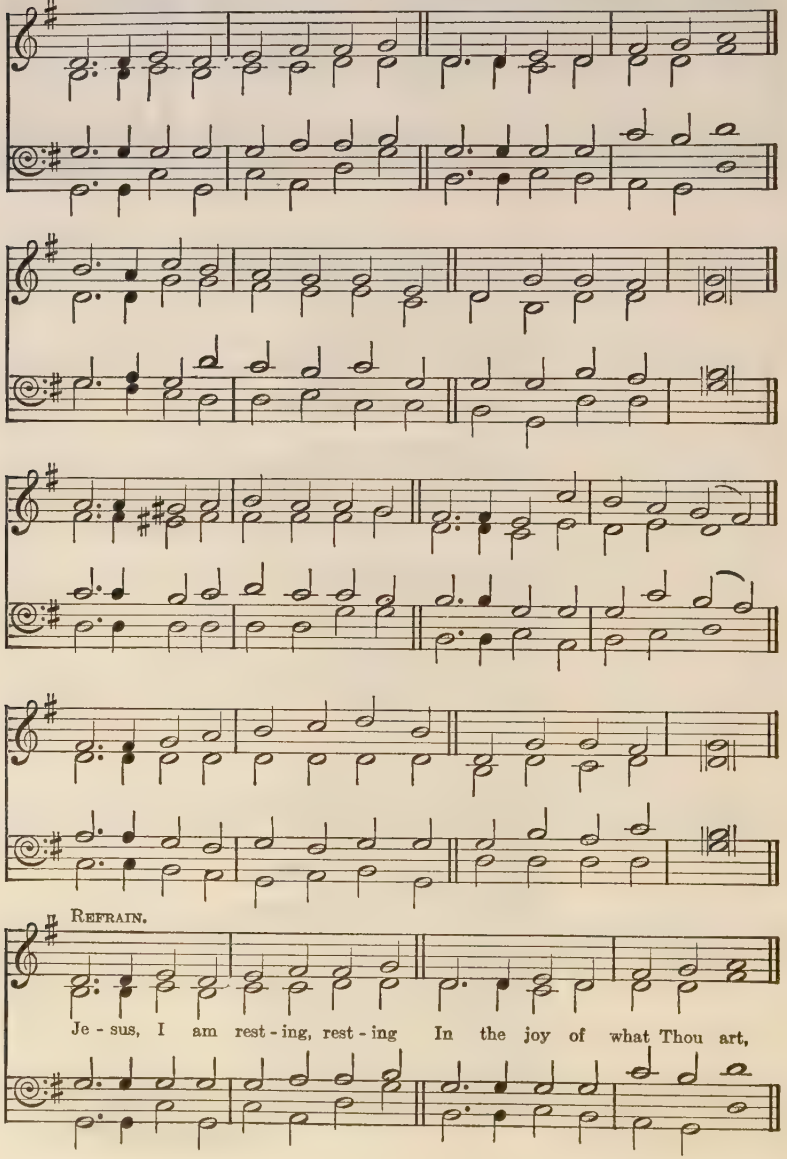
I love to tell the story;
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

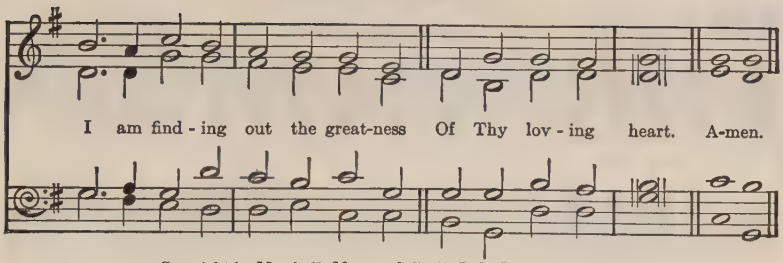
2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me:
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story,
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.

CATHERINE HANKEY, 1834-1911.

505 RESTING. 8 7 8 5 D. and refrain. JAMES MOUNTAIN, 1844-
Moderate. HYMNS OF CONSECRATION AND FAITH.

The Gospel Call



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JESUS, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.
Here I gaze and gaze upon Thee,
As Thy beauty fills my soul,
For by Thy transforming image,
Thou hast made me whole.

Jesus, I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.

2 O how great Thy loving-kindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea;
O how marvellous Thy goodness
Lavished all on me—
Yes, I rest in Thee, Belovèd,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Know Thy certainty of promise
And have made it mine.

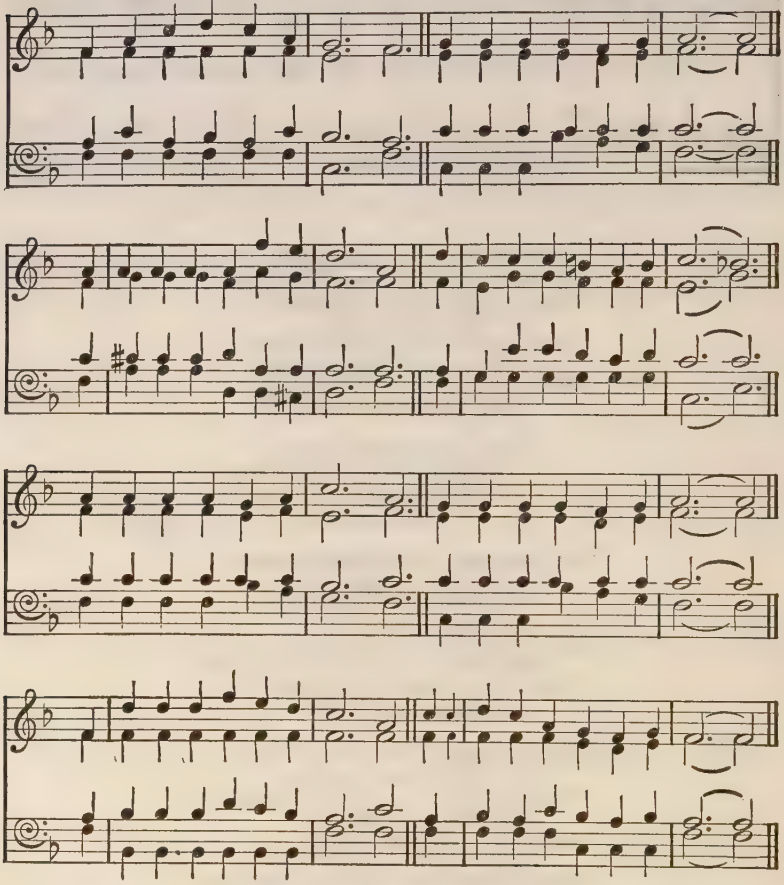
3 Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as Thou art,
And Thy love, so pure, so changeless,
Satisfies my heart,
Satisfies its deepest longing,
Meets, supplies my every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings:
Thine is love indeed.

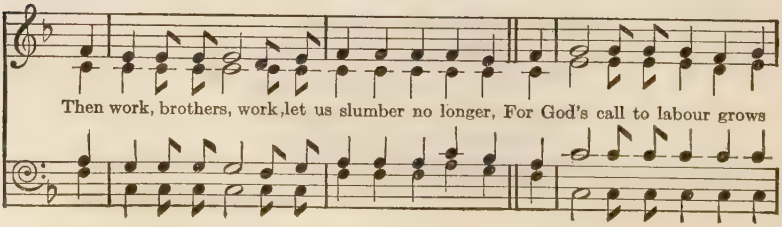
4 Ever lift Thy face upon me
As I work and wait for Thee;
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Though earth's shadows flee.
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Let Thy glory e'er shine on me,
Fill me with Thy grace.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT, 1876.

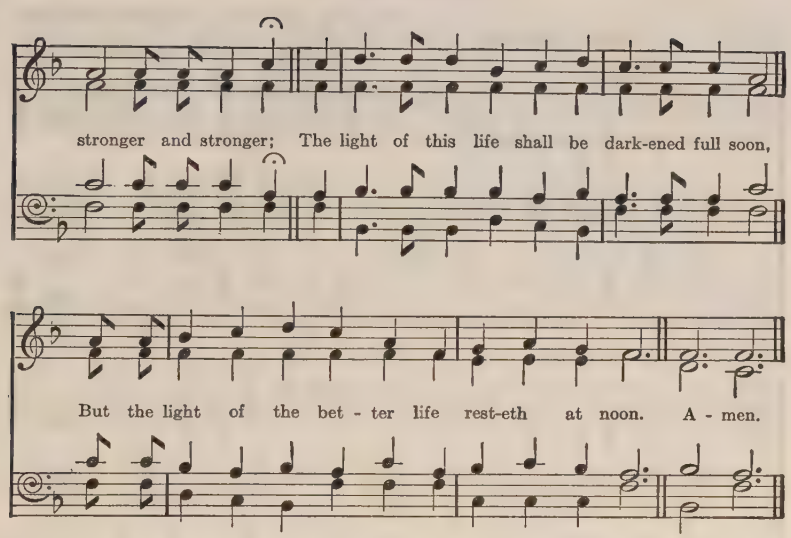
506 PILGRIM'S MISSION. 8 7 9 8 D. and refrain.

Moderately fast.

Melody by
PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1834-1875.

REFRAIN.



The Gospel Call


stronger and stronger; The light of this life shall be dark-ened full soon,
But the light of the bet - ter life rest-eth at noon. A - men.

LISTEN! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfullest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vinedressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

Then work, brothers, work, let us
slumber no longer,
For God's call to labour grows stronger
and stronger;
The light of this life shall be darkened
full soon,
But the light of the better life resteth
at noon.

2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go, pour in the oil and the wine.

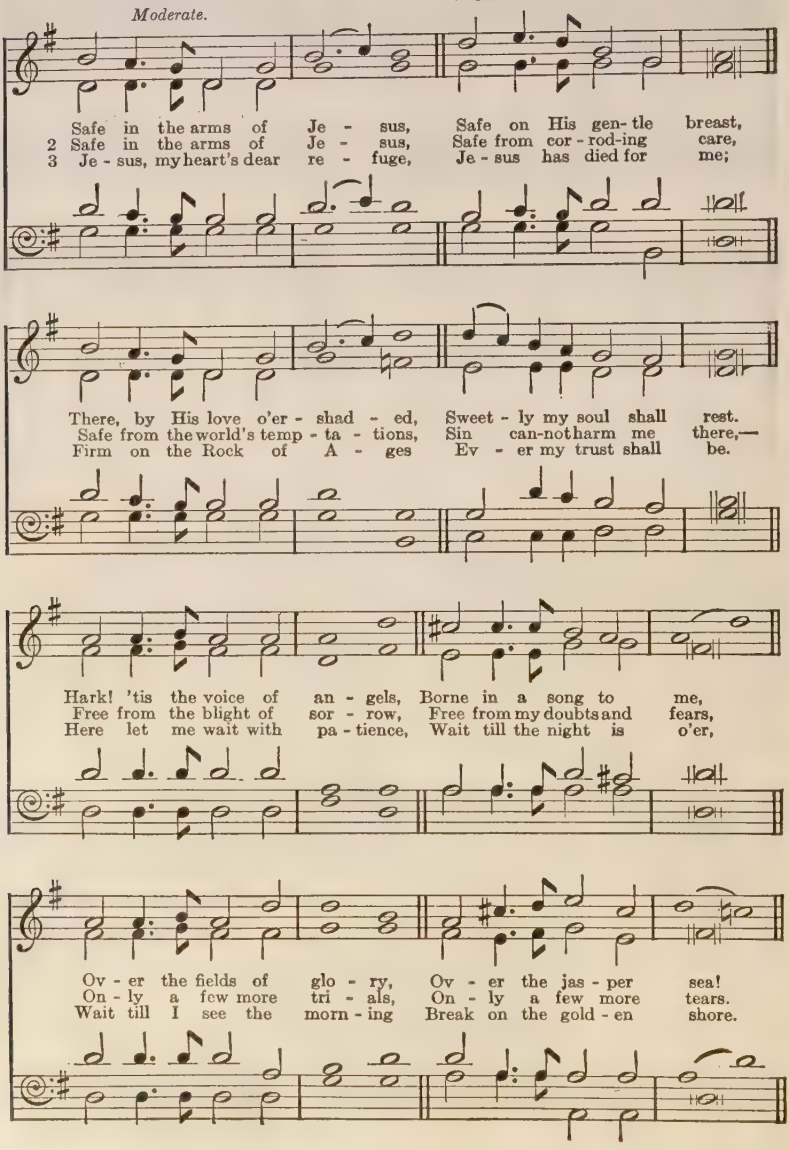
3 Work for the good that is nighest,
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world may defeat you,
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.

4 Offer thy life on the altar,
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth?
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.

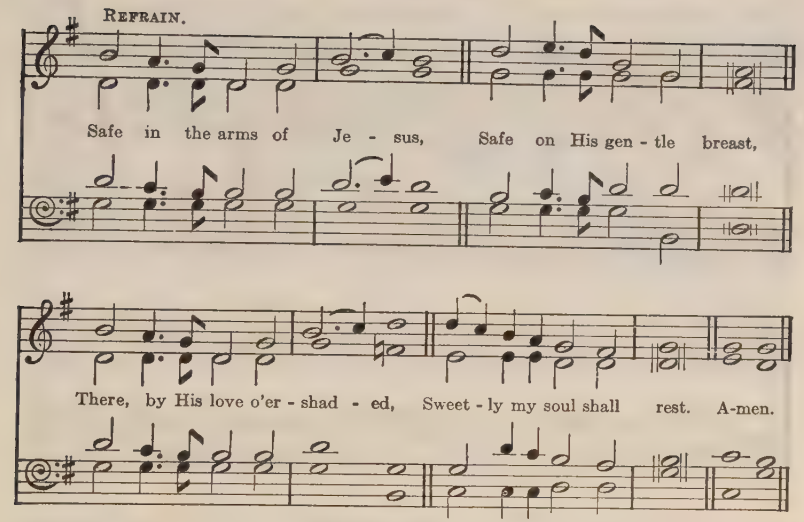
WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, 1824-1881.

507 THE HEART'S REFUGE. 7 6 7 6 D. and refrain.

Words by FRANCES JANE CROSBY, 1823-1915.
Music by WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1832-1916.

Moderate.

Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen- tle breast,
2 Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod-ing care,
3 Je - sus, my heart's dear re - fuge, Je - sus has died for me;
There, by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there,—
Firm on the Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears,
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er,
Ov - er the fields of glo - ry, Ov - er the jas - per sea!
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

The Gospel Call



Hymns of the Gospel Call and its Acceptance are to be found in abundance throughout the Hymnary, many of the great hymns of the Church being essentially of this nature.

The hymns comprising this section are to be regarded, therefore, as a continuation of hymns on this subject contained elsewhere in the book.

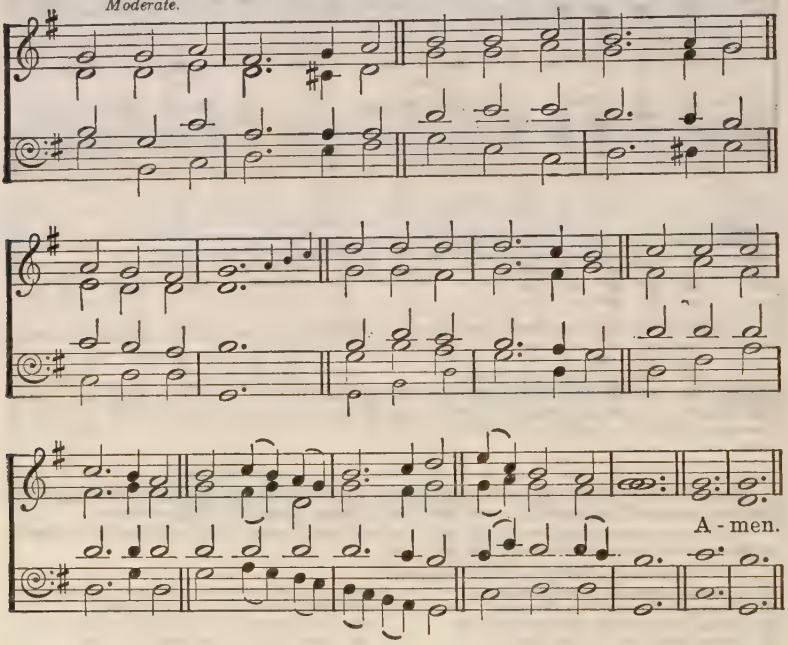
The following is a partial list of such hymns:

41 O for a thousand tongues to sing.
68 Thou didst leave Thy throne.
86 When I survey the wondrous Cross.
87 There is a green hill far away.
89 O my Saviour, lifted.
91 My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet.
96 My song is love unknown.
97 Never further than Thy Cross.
98 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.
100 In the Cross of Christ I glory.
101 Alas, and did my Saviour bleed.
102 We sing the praise of Him who died.
121 One there is, above all others.
128 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend.
148 Breathe on me, Breath of God.
154 Holy Spirit, Truth divine.
156 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
161 Come to our poor nature's night.
263 My faith looks up to Thee.
264 Weary of wandering from my God.
266 Jesus, Lover of my soul.
267 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
268 Weary of earth and laden with my sin.
269 Come, let us to the Lord our God.
270 Just as I am, without one plea.
271 I heard the voice of Jesus say.
274 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.
276 And can it be that I should gain.
277 Lord, Thy mercy now entreating.
278 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness.
292 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.
294 O Saviour, I have nought to plead.
296 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me.
297 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts.
298 Jesus, the very thought of Thee.
301 O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art.
306 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.
308 O for a closer walk with God.
309 O for a heart to praise my God.
310 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat.
320 O Lamb of God, still keep me.
323 O the bitter shame and sorrow.
330 Love Divine, all loves excelling.
334 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.
342 Christ, of all my hopes the ground.
349 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord.
354 O Jesus, I have promised.
356 Take my life, and let it be.
357 Thine for ever, God of love.
358 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult.
359 Jesus, I my cross have taken.
360 'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said.
361 O happy day, that fixed my choice.
365 Who is on the Lord's side.
379 Jesus, Master, whose I am.
388 O Master, let me walk with Thee.
444 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.
445 All the way my Saviour leads me.

508 NATIONAL ANTHEM. 6 6 4 6 6 6 4.

Source unknown, 18th century.
Probably adapted from an earlier source.

Moderate.



GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen:
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen.

2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign:
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

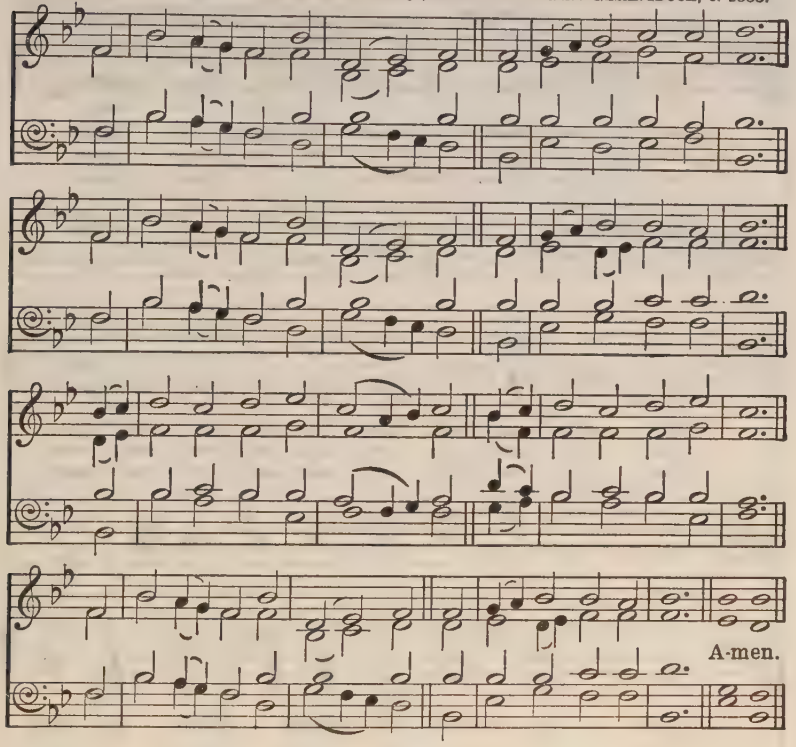
Author unknown, 18th century.

509 NATIONAL ANTHEM. 6 6 4 6 6 6 4.

OUR loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and Thee
For evermore.

ROBERT MURRAY, 1832-1909.

510 ELLACOMBE. 7 6 7 6 D. *Moderately fast.* MAINZ GESANGBUCH, c. 1833.



Or MORNING LIGHT, No. 262.

FROM ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey Thy sovereign word;
Our prairies and our mountains,
Forest and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains
To Thee shall tribute yield.

2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand,
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

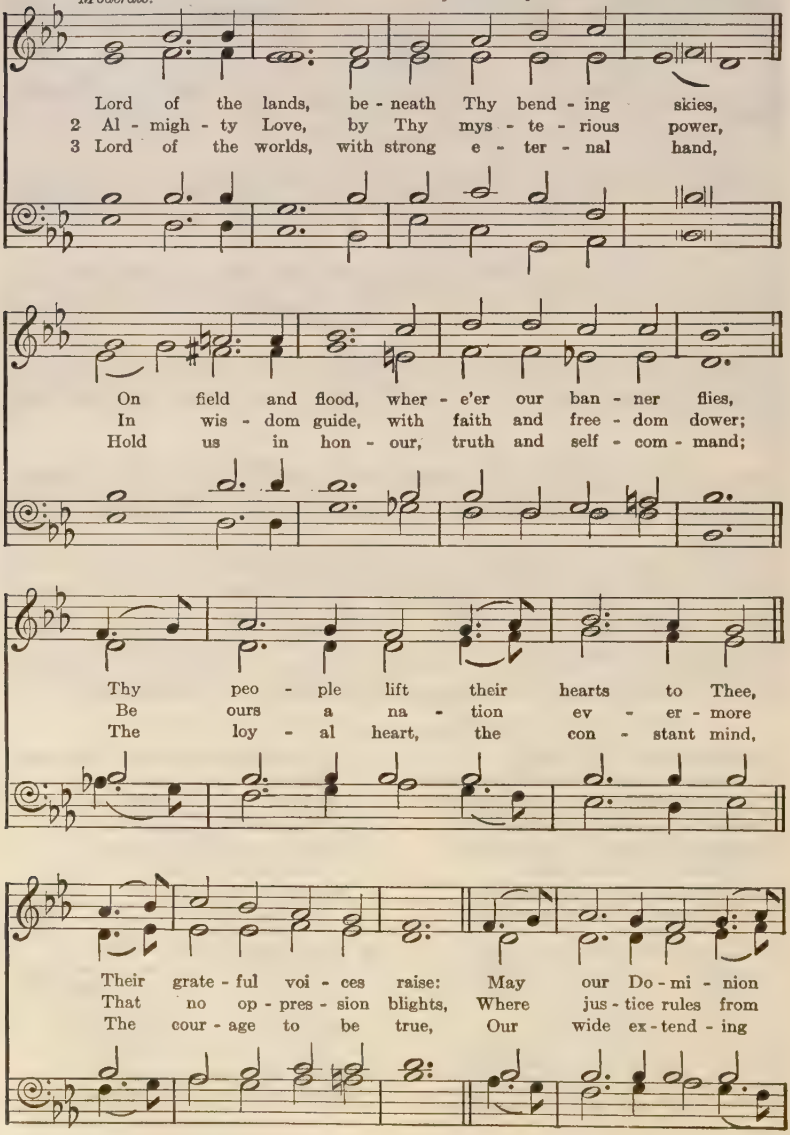
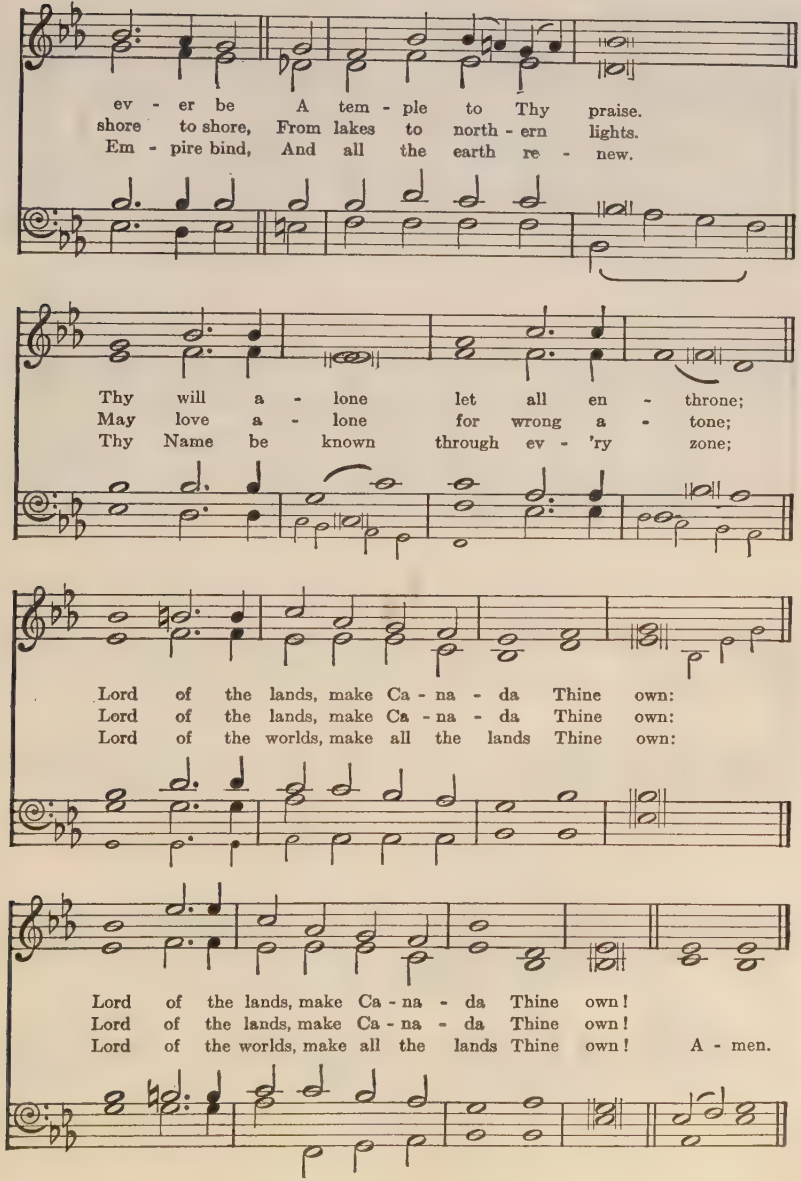
3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in loving-kindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day,
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go,
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show,
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

ROBERT MURRAY, 1832-1909.

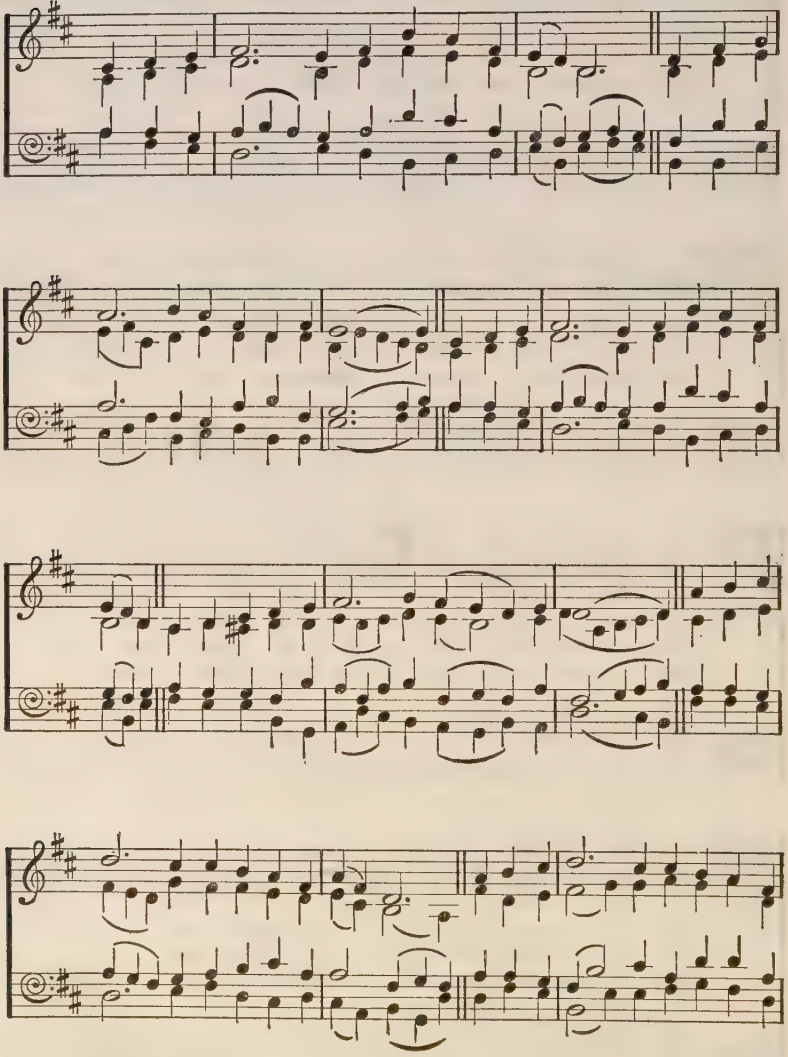
511 O CANADA. 10 10 8 6 8 6 8 10, and repeat.

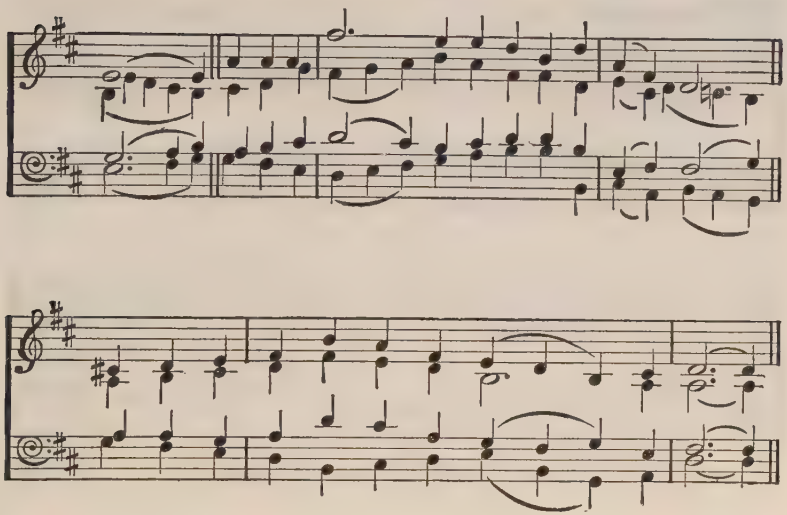
Words by
ALBERT DURRANT WATSON, 1859-1926.
Melody by CALIXA LAVALLEE, 1842-1891.
Harmony edited by W. S. DINGMAN, 1858-

Moderate.

Lord of the lands, be - neath Thy bend - ing skies,
2 Al - migh - ty Love, by Thy mys - te - rious power,
3 Lord of the worlds, with strong e - ter - nal hand,
On field and flood, wher - e'er our ban - ner flies,
In wis - dom guide, with faith and free - dom dower;
Hold us in hon - our, truth and self - com - mand;
Thy peo - ple lift their hearts to Thee,
Be ours a na - tion ev - er - more
The loy - al heart, the con - stant mind,
Their grate - ful voi - ces raise: May our Do - mi - nion
That no op - pres - sion blights, Where jus - tice rules from
The cour - age to be true, Our wide ex - tend - ing

ev - er be A tem - ple to Thy praise.
shore to shore, From lakes to north - ern lights.
Em - pire bind, And all the earth re - new.
Thy will a - lone let all en - throne;
May love a - lone for wrong a - tone;
Thy Name be known through ev - 'ry zone;
Lord of the lands, make Ca - na - da Thine own:
Lord of the lands, make Ca - na - da Thine own:
Lord of the worlds, make all the lands Thine own:
Lord of the lands, make Ca - na - da Thine own!
Lord of the lands, make Ca - na - da Thine own!
Lord of the worlds, make all the lands Thine own! A - men.

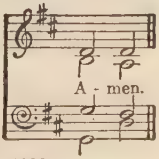
512 IRISH MELODY. 11 10 11 10 D.

Unison. *Moderately fast.* Air from County Derry.



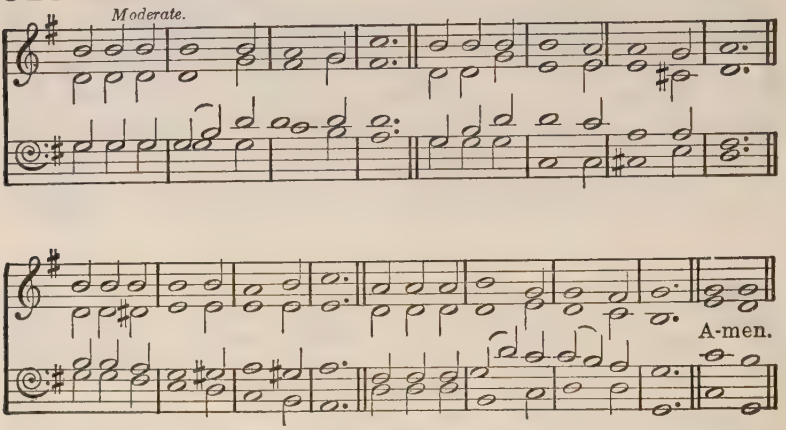


MY own dear land, where'er my footsteps wander,
Ever to thee my heart still turns again;
To thee my love grows ever fonder, fonder,
Till in its might it is akin to pain.
Ever to thee I'm bound by love and duty;
No dearer land to me in all the earth;
By all sweet ties of home and love and beauty,
To thee I cleave, dear land that gave me birth.

2 Yet I look on, beyond earth's limitation,
To where a home of rarer vision gleams,
Fairer than earth's most wonderful creation
Bathed in the light of heaven's own morning beams.
There we shall meet, from every clime and nation,
There we shall meet in answer to the call,
There we shall meet in joyous consecration,
Sons of one Father, brothers one and all.

JOHN OXENHAM, 1908.

513 PENTECOST. L.M.

WILLIAM BOYD, 1847-1928.



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Or ARIZONA, No. 20.

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

2 Father in heaven, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

3 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

4 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

5 Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for Judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

6 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to succour man's distress.

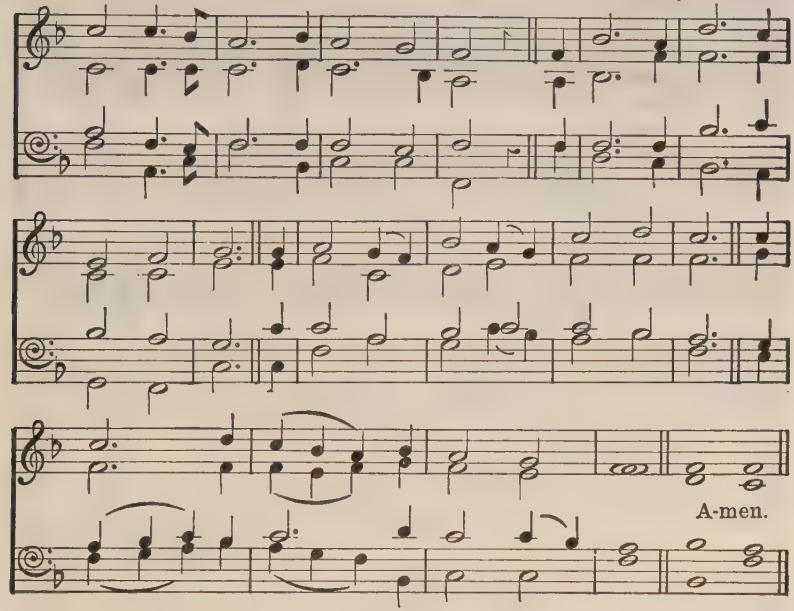
7 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

8 *Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,*
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1865-1936.

514 SIMEON. L.M. *Moderate.*

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767-1822.



Or OMBERSLEY, No. 20.

THESE things shall be: a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

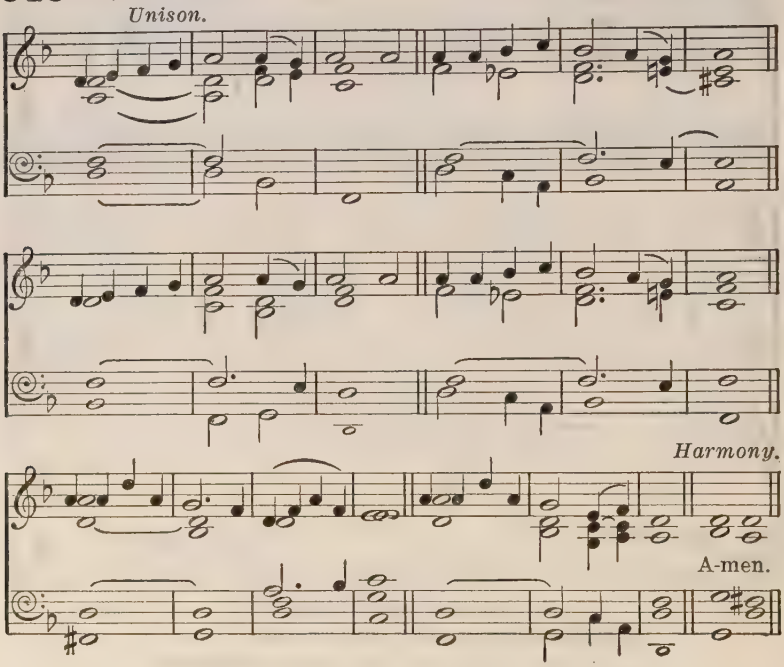
4 Man shall love man, with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

6 There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1840-1893.

515 PICARDY. 8 7 8 7 8 7. *Slow.* French Traditional Carol.



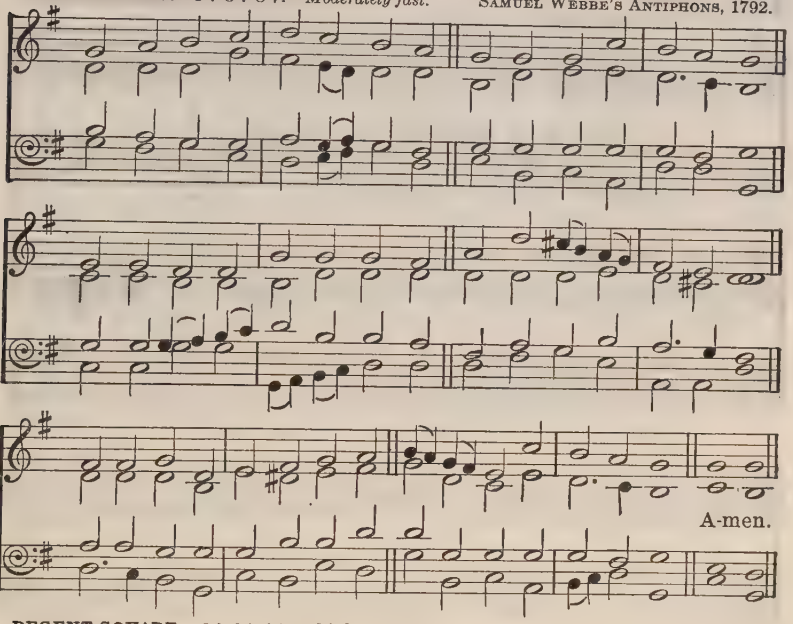
JUDGE Eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With Thy living fire of judgement
Purge this land of bitter things;
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of Thy wings.

2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release;
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

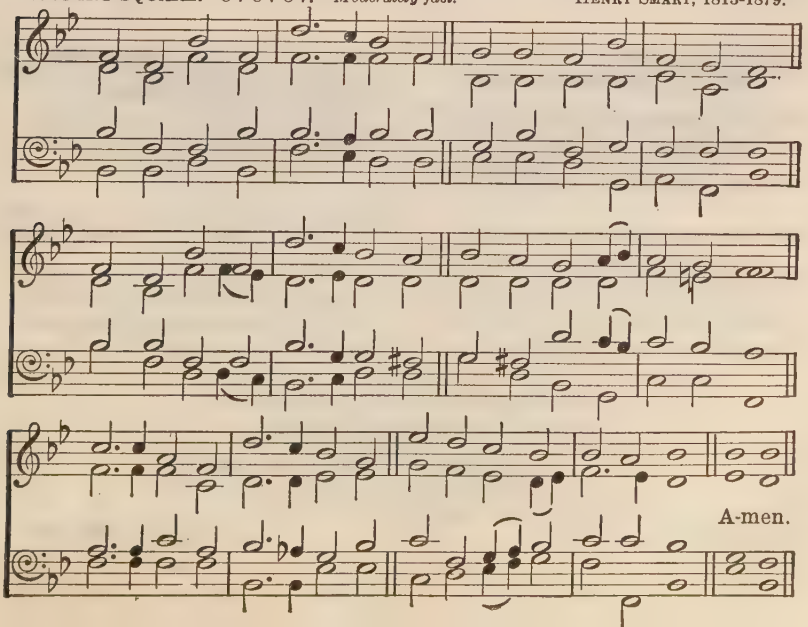
3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavour;
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of Thy word;
Cleanse the body of this Empire
Through the glory of the Lord.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, 1847-1918.

TANTUM ERGO. 8 7 8 7 8 7. *Moderately fast.* Melody from SAMUEL WEBBE'S ANTIPHONS, 1792.



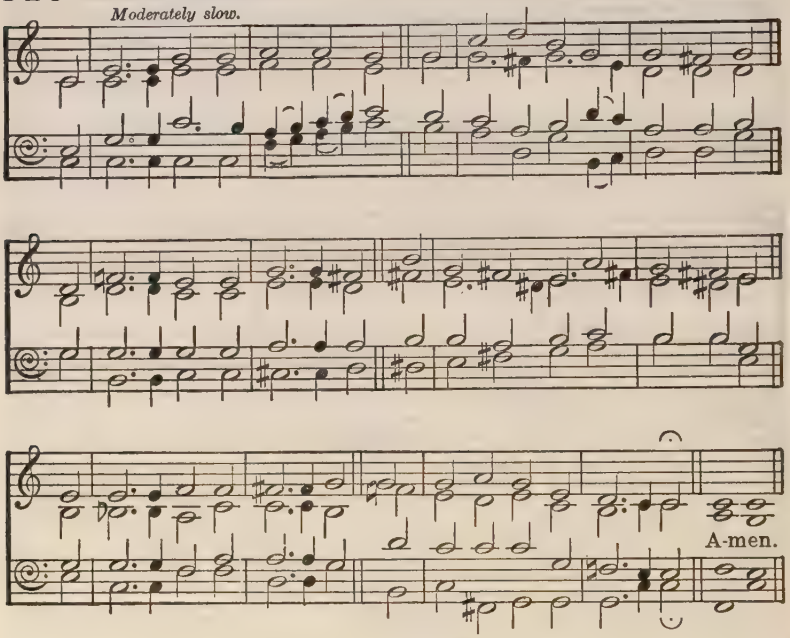
REGENT SQUARE. 8 7 8 7 8 7. *Moderately fast.* HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.



516 MELITA. 8 8 8 8 8 8.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823-1876.

Moderately slow.



GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

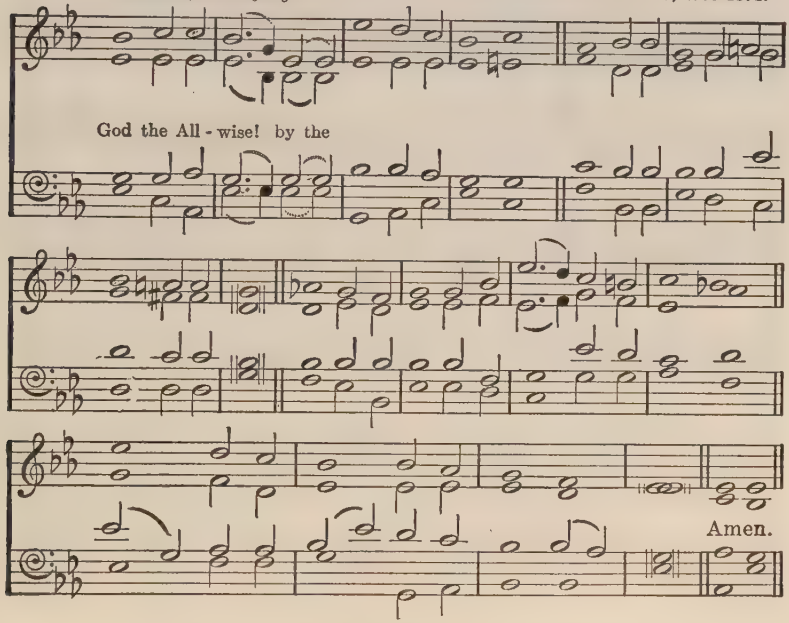
4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1865-1936.

517 RUSSIAN HYMN. 11 10 11 9.

Moderate, with dignity. ALEXIS FEODOROVITCH LVOV, 1799-1871.



GOD the Omnipotent! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword:
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Meekness and mercy, and slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

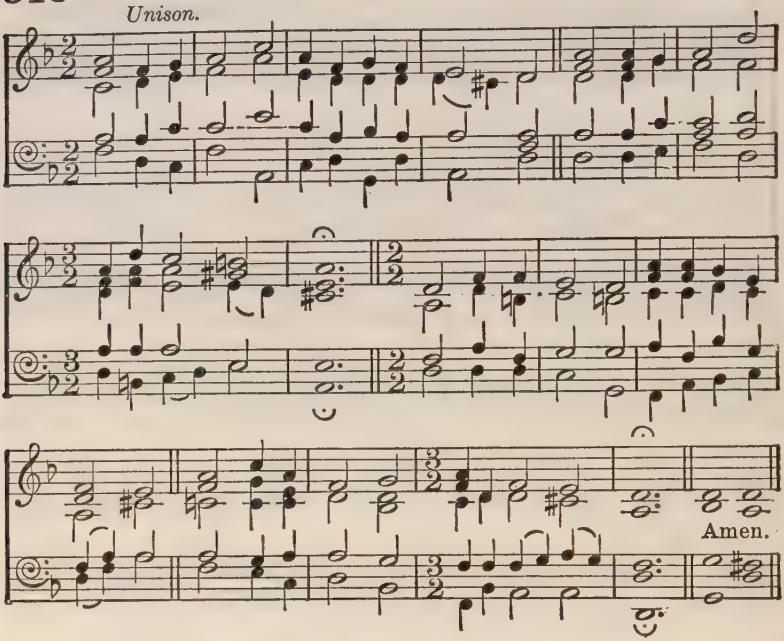
4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

5 So shall Thy children, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, 1808-1872,
and JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

518 DONNE SECOURS. 11 10 11 10. *Moderate.* GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

Unison.



THE Queen, O God, her heart to Thee upraiseth;
With her the nation bows before Thy face:
With high thanksgiving Thee Thy glad Church praiseth,
Our strength Thy Spirit, our trust and hope Thy grace.

2 Unto great honour, glory undeservèd,
Hast Thou exalted us, and drawn Thee nigh:
Nor, from Thy judgements, when our feet had swervèd,
Didst Thou forsake, nor leave us, Lord most high.

3 In Thee our fathers trusted and were savèd,
In Thee destroyèd thrones of tyrants proud:
From ancient bondage freed the poor enslavèd;
To sow Thy truth poured out their saintly blood.

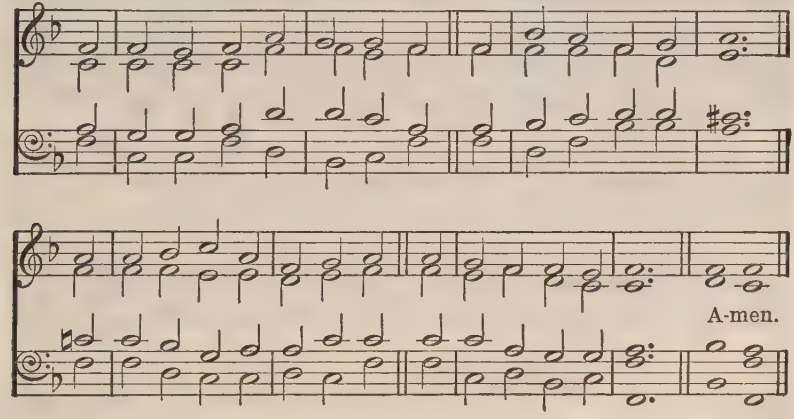
4 Us now, we pray, O God, in anger scorn not,
Nor to vainglorying leave, nor brutish sense.
In time of trouble Thy face from us turn not,
Who art our Rock, our stately sure defence.

5 Unto our minds give freedom and uprightness;
Let strengthened courage lead o'er land and wave,
To our souls' armour grant celestial brightness,
Joy to our hearts, and faith beyond the grave.

6 Our plenteous nation still in power extending,
Increase our joy, uphold us by Thy word:
Beauty and wisdom all our ways attending,
Good will to man and peace through Christ our Lord.

YATTENDON HYMNAL, No. 74.
Based on F. R. TAILOUR, 1615.

519 **ST. FLAVIAN.** C.M. *Moderately slow.* Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



Or ST. STEPHEN (ABRIDGE), No. 156.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too: how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

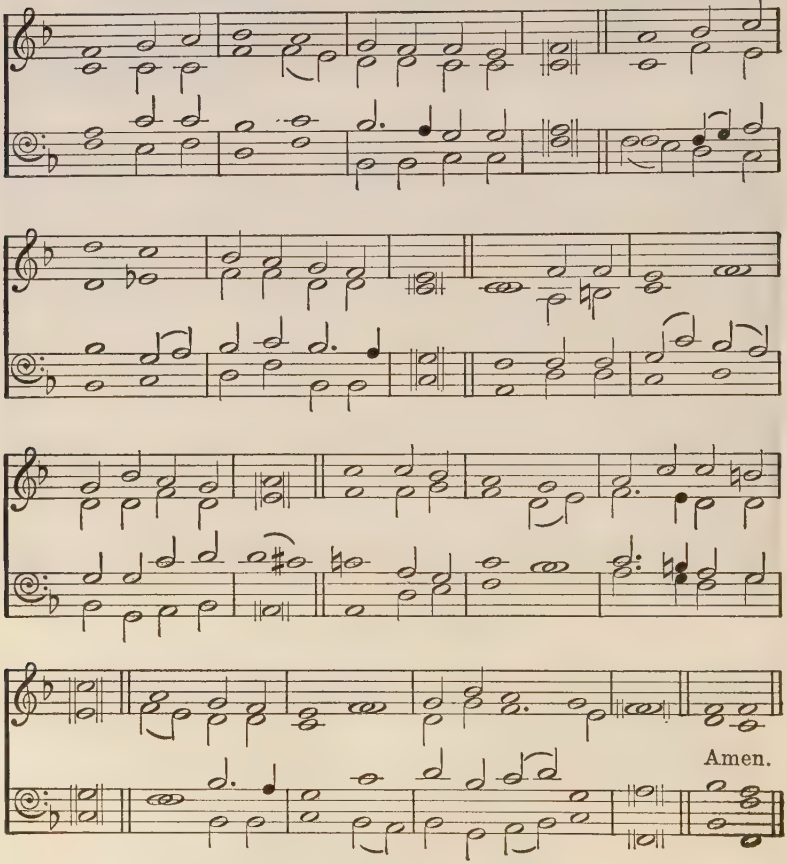
4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1800-1881.

520 OLD 124th. 10 10 10 10 10.

Moderately slow.

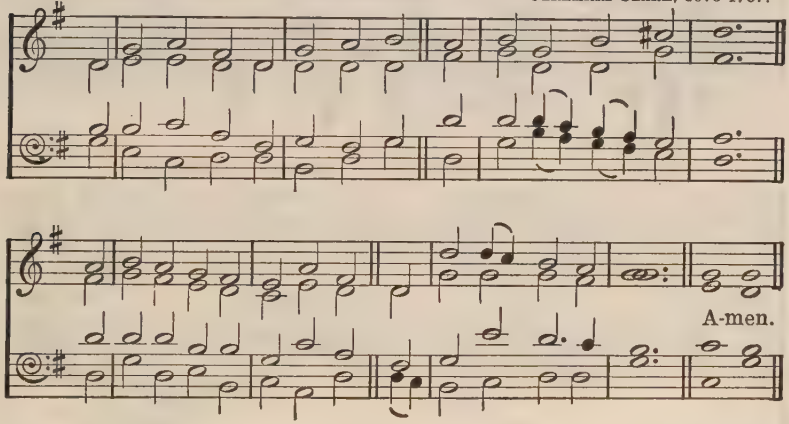
Melody in GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

TURN back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways.
Old now is Earth, and none may count her days,
Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame,
Still wilt not hear thine inner God proclaim,—
'Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways.'

2 Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.
Age after age their tragic Empires rise,
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep:
Would Man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

3 Earth shall be fair, and all her people one:
Nor till that hour shall God's whole will be done;
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky,
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry,—
'Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one!'

CLIFFORD BAX, 1919.

521 **ST. MAGNUS.** C.M. *Moderately slow.* JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.



Or GLASGOW, No. 661.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgements truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

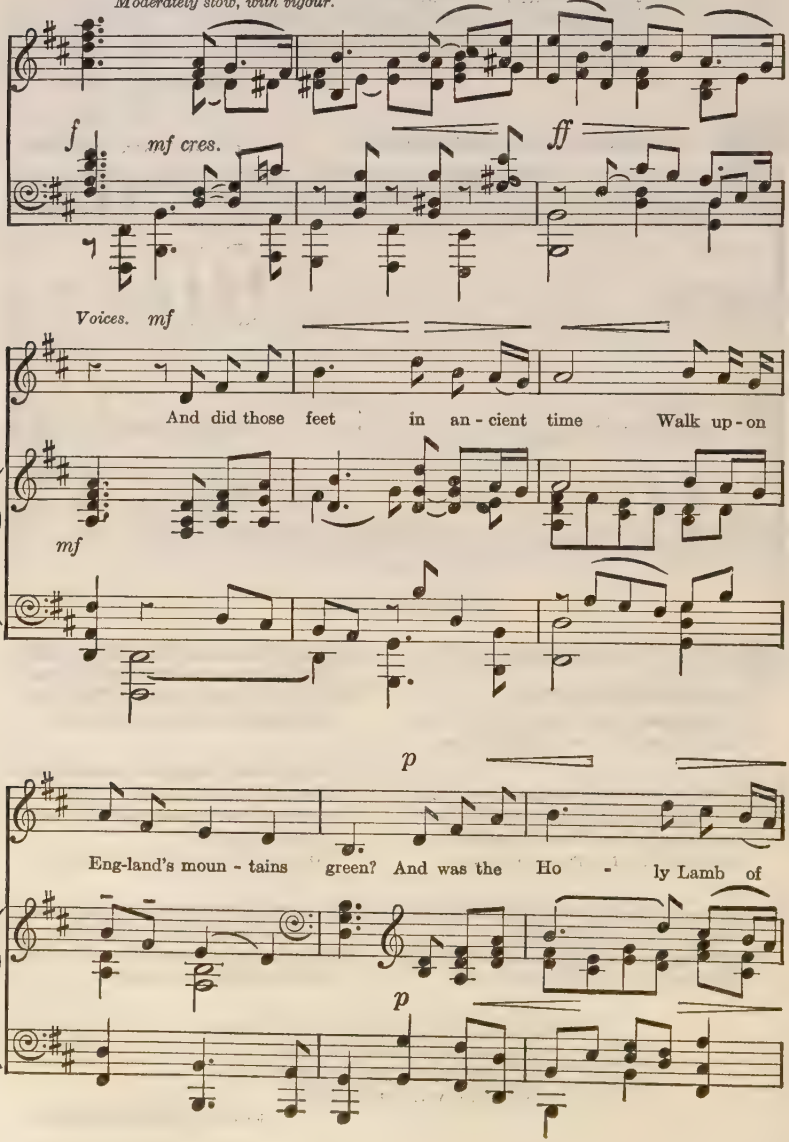
7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

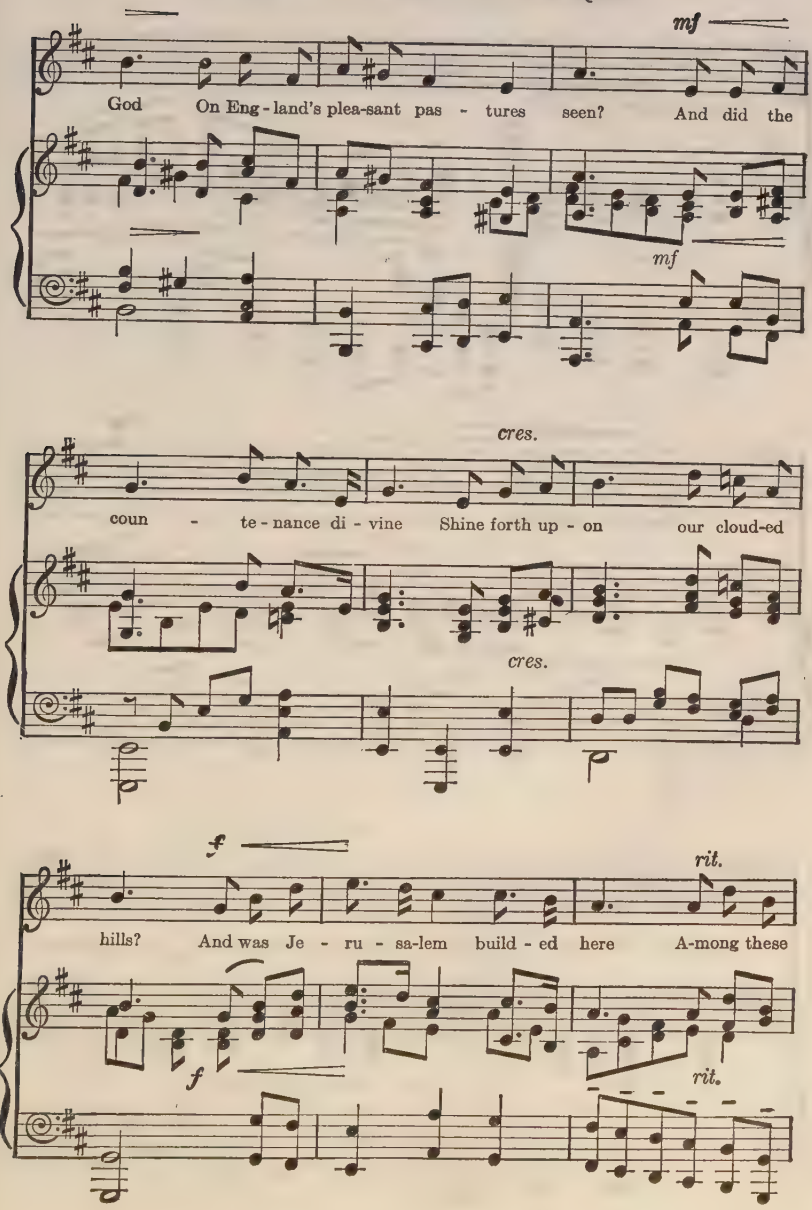
SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES, 1781.

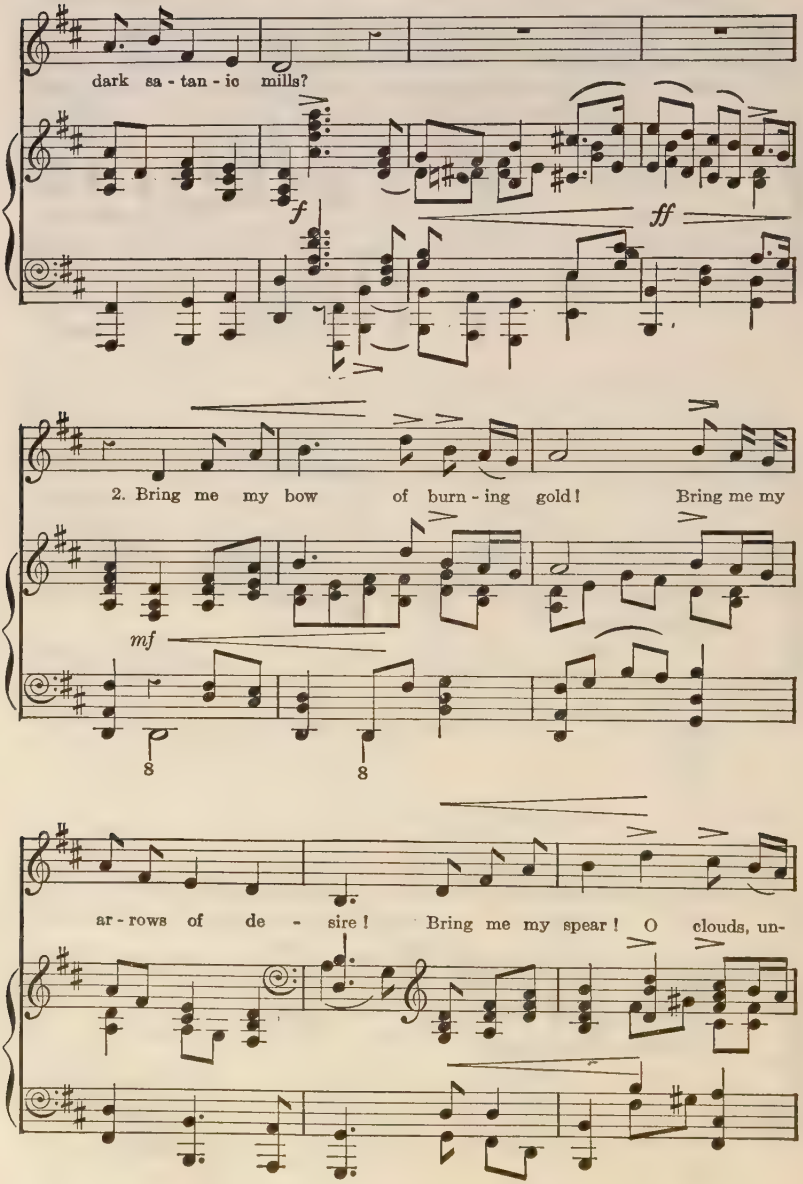
522 JERUSALEM. D.L.M.

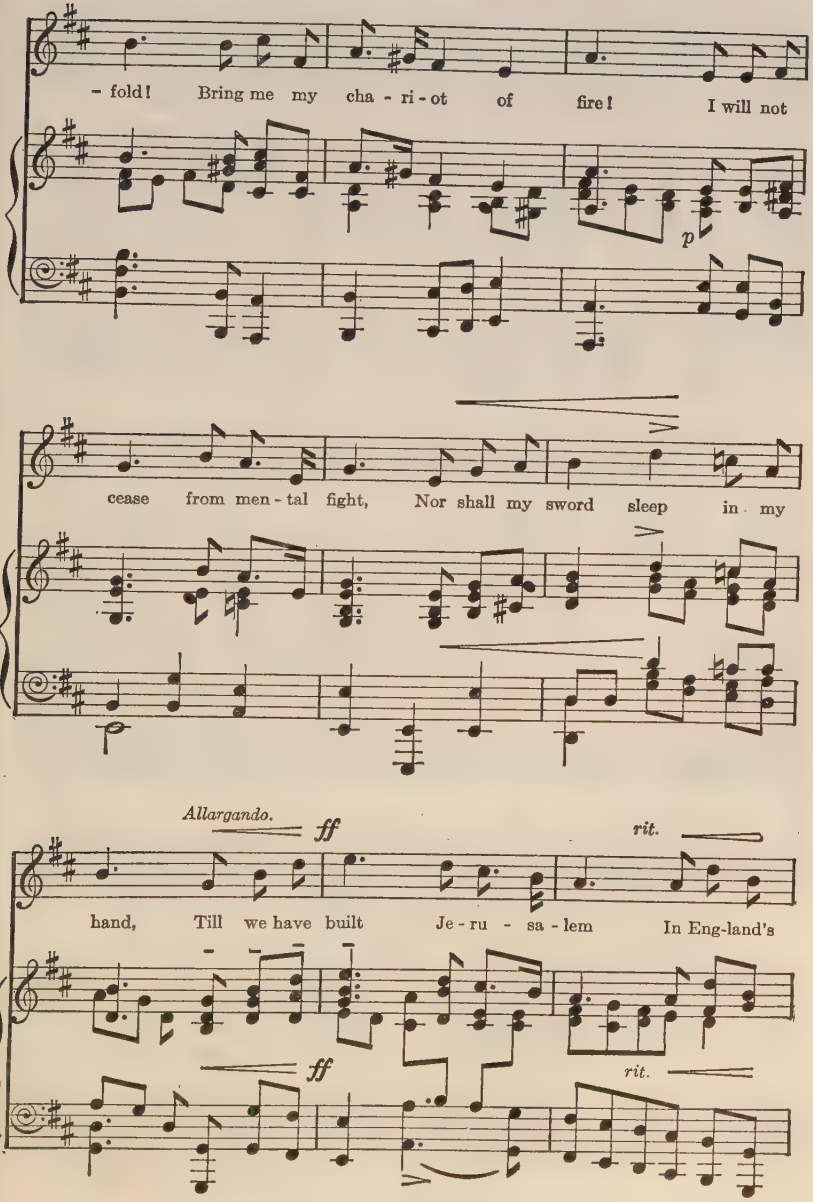
Words by WILLIAM BLAKE, 1757-1827.
Music by
CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY, 1848-1918.

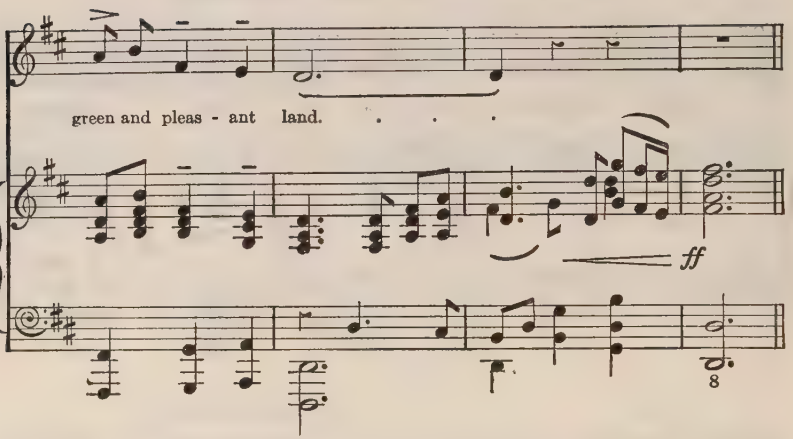
Moderately slow, with vigour.




mf
God On Eng - land's plea-sant pas - tures seen? And did the
mf
cres.
coun - te - nance di - vine Shine forth up - on our cloud-ed
cres.
f
rit.
hills? And was Je - ru - sa-lem build - ed here A-mong these
f
rit.


dark sa - tan - ic mills?
f
ff
2. Bring me my bow of burn - ing gold! Bring me my
mf
8
8
ar - rows of de - sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds, un-


- fold! Bring me my cha - ri - ot of fire! I will not
p
cease from men - tal fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my
Allargando.
ff
rit.
hand, Till we have built Je - ru - sa - lem In Eng-land's
ff
rit.



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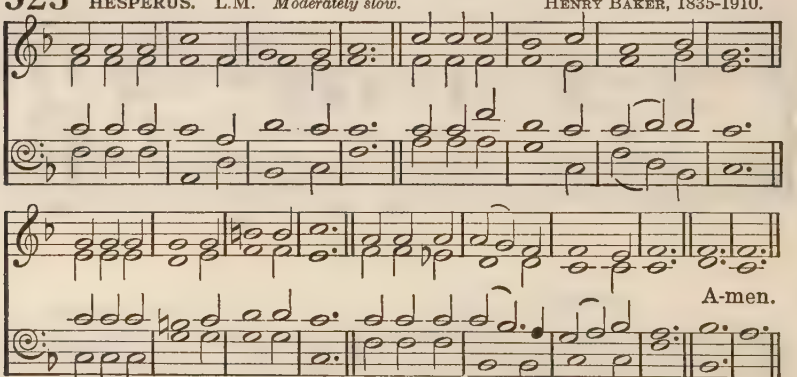
523 **HESPERUS.** L.M. *Moderately slow.* HENRY BAKER, 1835-1910.



Copyright, W. Garrett Horder.

Or MELCOMBE, No. 236.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

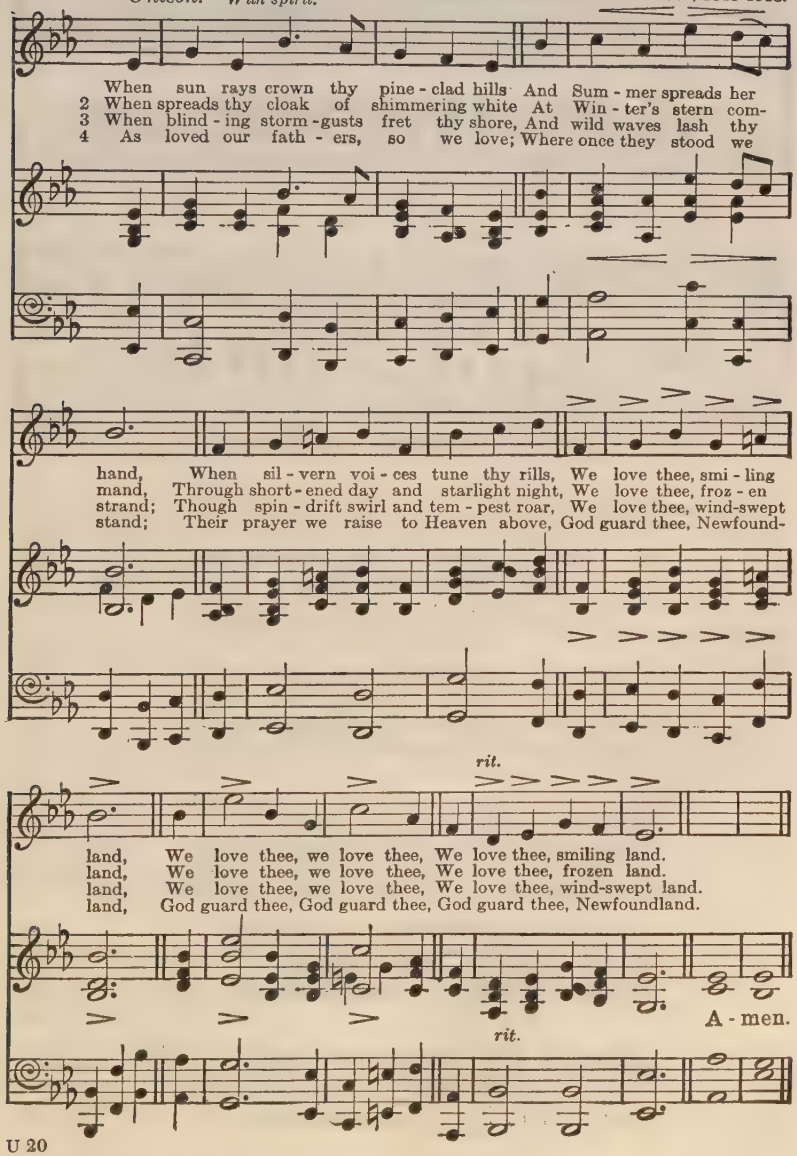
3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821-1877.

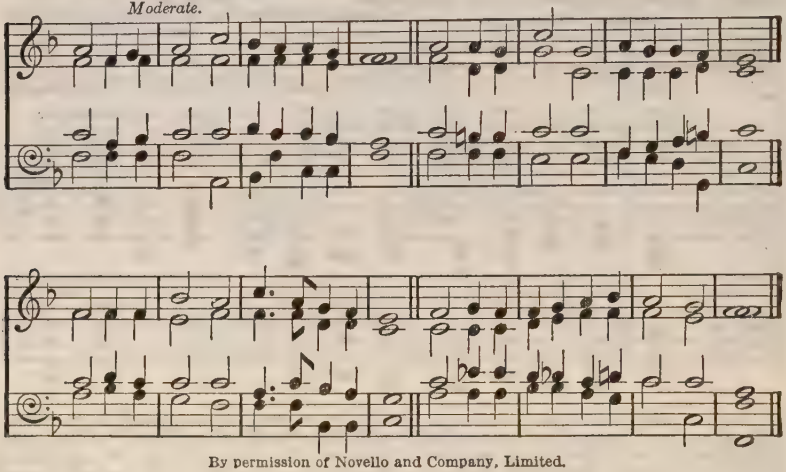
524 NEWFOUNDLAND. C.M. and refrain.

Words by CAVENDISH BOYLE, 1849-1916.
Music by CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY, 1848-1918.

Unison. *With spirit.*

When sun rays crown thy pine - clad hills And Sum - mer spreads her
2 When spreads thy cloak of shimmering white At Win - ter's stern com-
3 When blind - ing storm - gusts fret thy shore, And wild waves lash thy
4 As loved our fath - ers, so we love; Where once they stood we
hand, When sil - vern voi - ces tune thy rills, We love thee, smi - ling
mand, Through short - ened day and starlight night, We love thee, froz - en
strand; Though spin - drift swirl and tem - pest roar, We love thee, wind-swept
stand; Their prayer we raise to Heaven above, God guard thee, Newfound-
rit.
land, We love thee, we love thee, We love thee, smiling land.
land, We love thee, we love thee, We love thee, frozen land.
land, We love thee, we love thee, We love thee, wind-swept land.
land, God guard thee, God guard thee, God guard thee, Newfoundland.
A - men.
rit.

525 ST. AGNES (LANGRAN). 10 10 10 10. JAMES LANGRAN, 1835-1909.

Moderate.



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COMMEMORATION.

O VALIANT hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

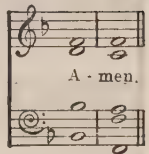
2 Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save mankind—yourself you scorned to save.

3 Splendid you passed, the great surrender made;
Into the light that nevermore shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

4 Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

5 Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this,
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

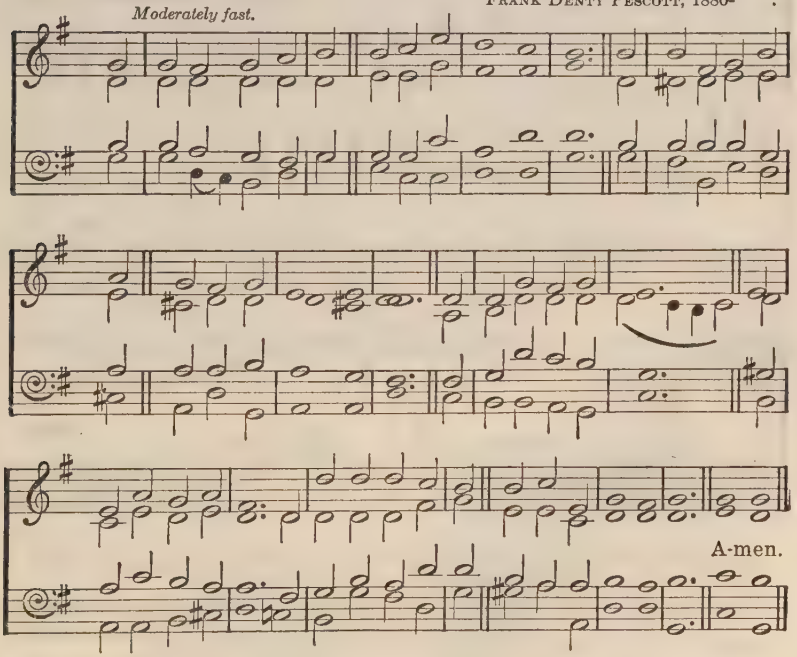
6 These were His Servants; in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of God:
Victor He rose; victorious, too, shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice.

7 O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has bought them, and whose star has led,
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to Thy gracious hand.

JOHN STANHOPE ARKWRIGHT, 1872-

526 GUERNSEY. 6 6 6 6 D.

Moderately fast.

FRANK DENTY PESCOTT, 1880-



THY Kingdom come, O Lord,
Wide-circling as the sun;
Fulfil of old Thy word,
And make the nations one;
One in the bond of peace,
The service glad and free
Of truth and righteousness,
Of love and equity.

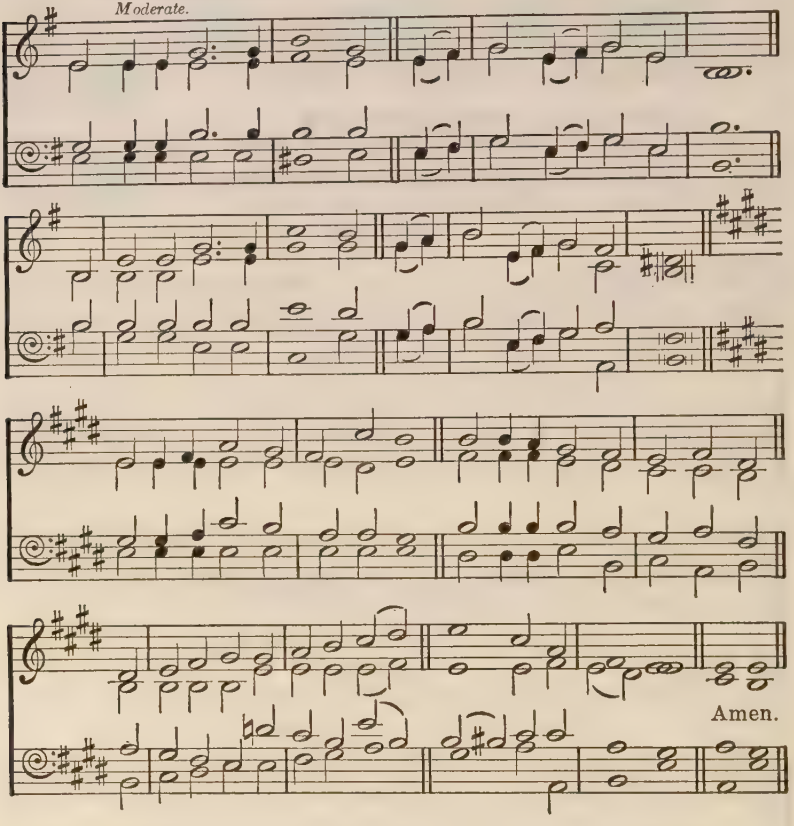
2 Speed, speed the longed-for time
Foretold by raptured seers,
The prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years;
Till rise at last, to span
Its firm foundations broad,
The commonwealth of man,
The city of our God.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1840-1929.

527 COMMONWEALTH. 7 6 7 6 8 8 8 5.

JOSIAH BOOTH, 1852-1929.

Moderate.



WHEN wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings alone, but nations!
Not thrones alone, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!

2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
'No,' say Thy mountains; 'No,' Thy skies:
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people!

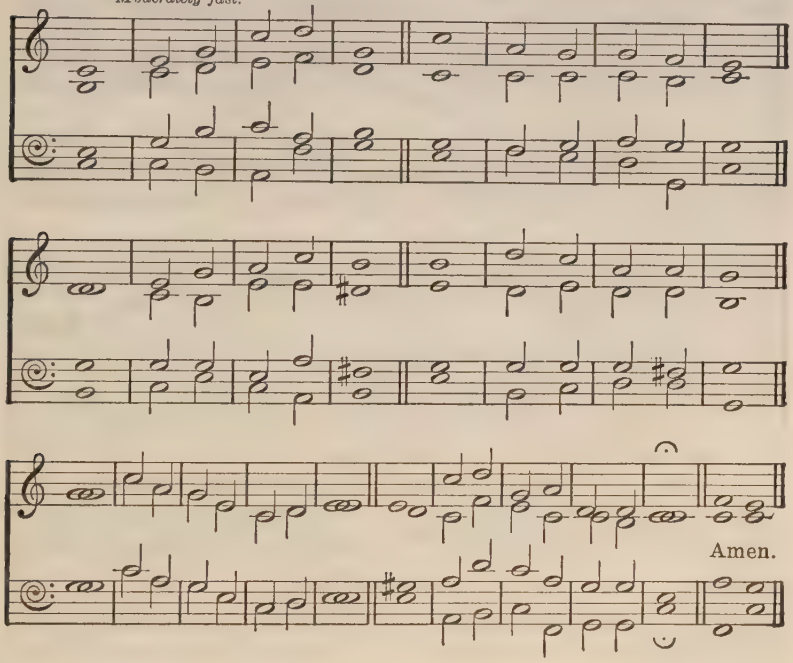
3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, 1781-1849.

528 CHRISTCHURCH. 6 6 6 6 8 8.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1826-1905.

Moderately fast.



Or DARWALL, No. 112.

BREAK, day of God, O break,
Sweet light of heavenly skies!
I all for thee forsake,
And from my dead self rise:
O Lamb of God, whose love is light,
Shine on my soul, and all is bright.

2 Break, day of God, O break!
The night has lingered long;
Our hearts with sighing wake,
We weep for sin and wrong:
O bright and Morning Star, draw near;
O Sun of Righteousness, appear.

3 Break, day of God, O break!
The earth with strife is worn;
The hills with thunder shake,
Hearts of the people mourn:
Break, day of God, sweet day of peace,
And bid the shout of warriors cease.

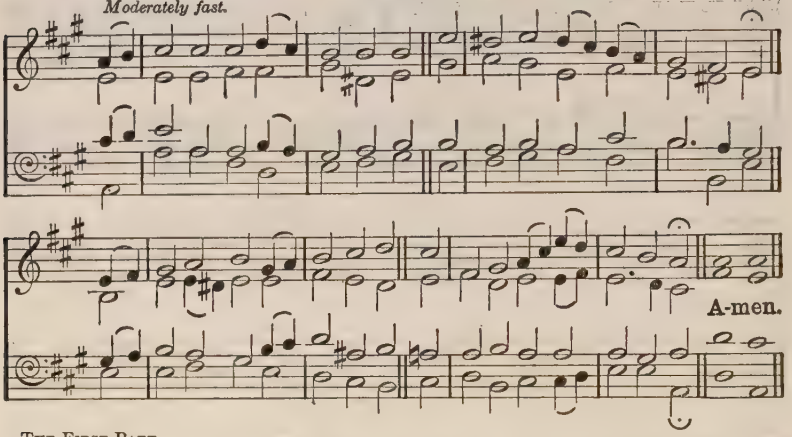
4 Break, day of God, O break,
Like to the days above!
Let purity awake,
And faith, and hope, and love;
But lo! we see the brightening sky;
The golden morn is drawing nigh.

HENRY BURTON, 1840-1930.

Morning

529 MORNING HYMN. L.M. FRANÇOIS HIPPOLYTE BARTHÉLÉMON, 1741-1808.

Moderately fast.



THE FIRST PART.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

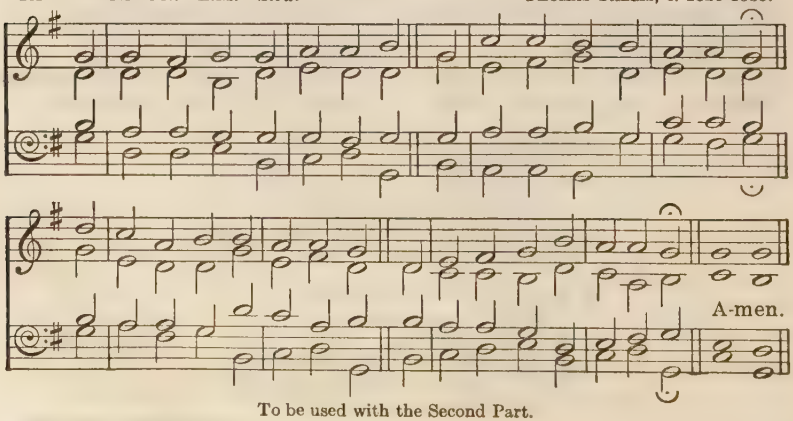
2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M. *Slow.*

Abridged from a melody by THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1520-1585.



To be used with the Second Part.

THE SECOND PART.

5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

6 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

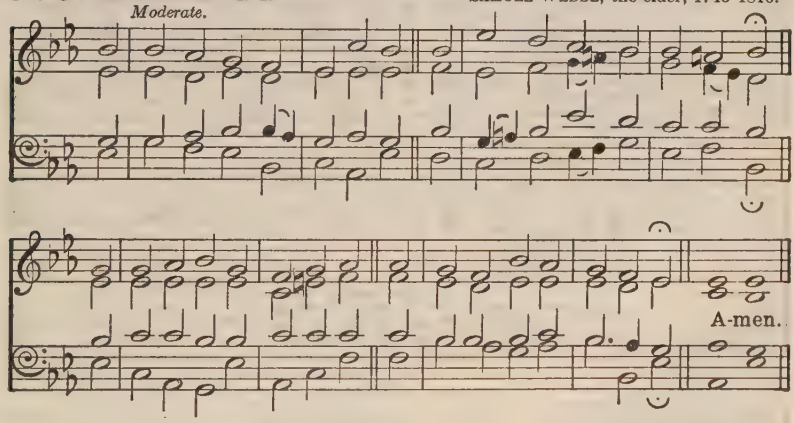
8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN, 1637-1711.

530 MELCOMBE. L.M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, the elder, 1740-1816.

Moderate.



Or WINSCOTT, No. 297.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,—
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, in our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

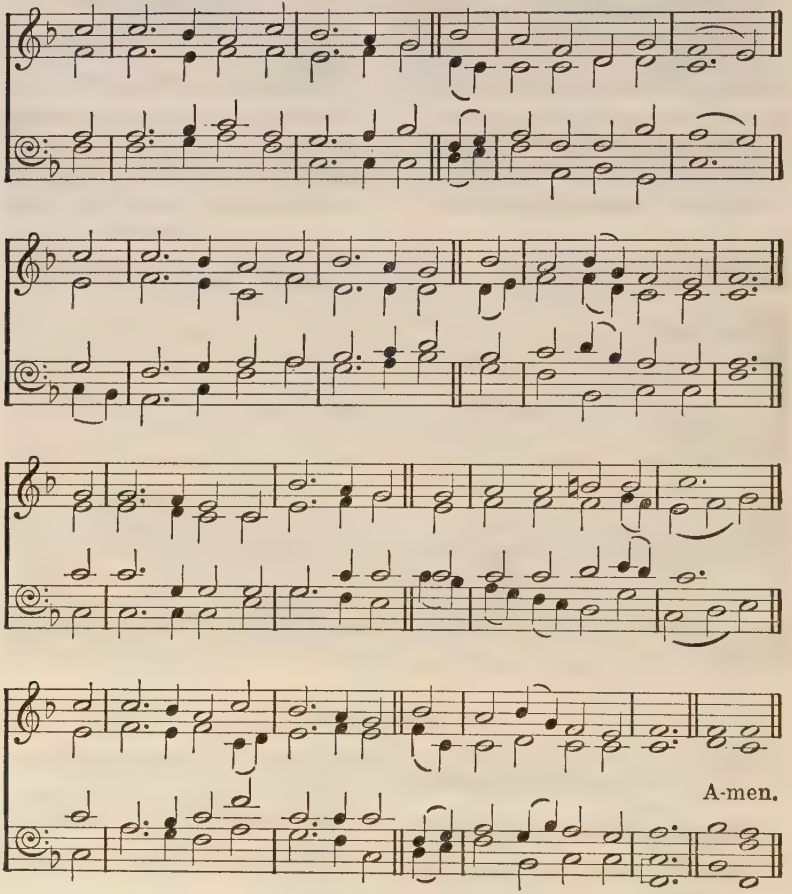
4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792-1866.

531 HAYDN. D.C.M. *Brightly.*

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732-1809.

Or FOREST GREEN, No. 51.

YE that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east;
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To heaven's almighty King.

2 And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space,
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face,
So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessèd face to see above,
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

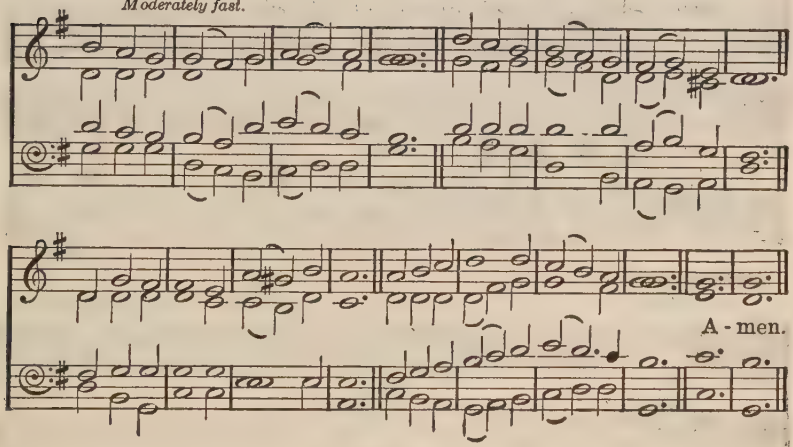
3 God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to see,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free,
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come;
Lord, be a place, a portion, mine
In that bright blissful home.

Adapted from GEORGE GASCOIGNE, 1525-1577.

532 MORNING. L.M.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.

Moderately fast.



Or LLEDROD, No. 534.

SWEET is the breath of morning air;
Sweet is the dawn, when skies are fair;
Sweeter by far than aught beside
In God's own favour to abide.

2 Blest be the gracious power above
For all our rest, and all His love;
For health preserved, for strength retained,
For faith renewed, for hope regained.

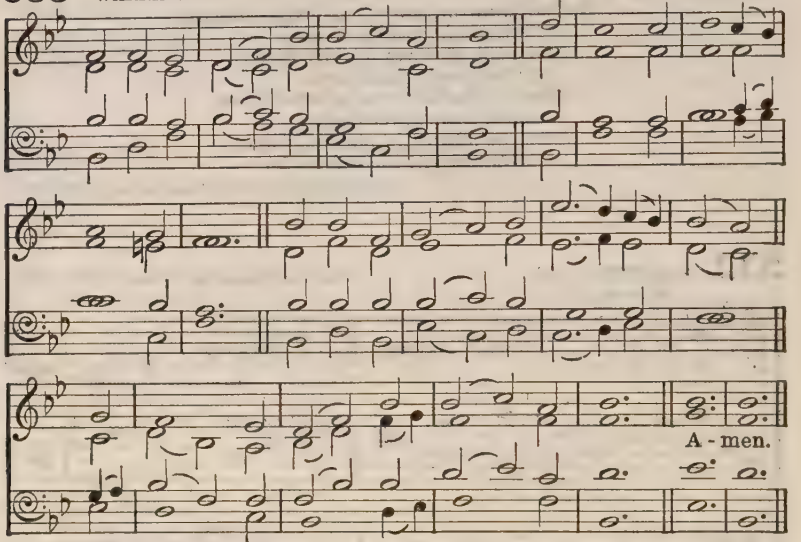
3 Wake, and the song of joy up-raise;
Wake, and resound Jehovah's praise;
Praise ye the God of death and night;
Praise ye the Lord of life and light!

4 O, let Thy watchful care, dear Lord,
Direct each deed, and mould each word;
Check every thought that turns astray;
And guide and guard us through the day.

HORACE SMITH, 1839-

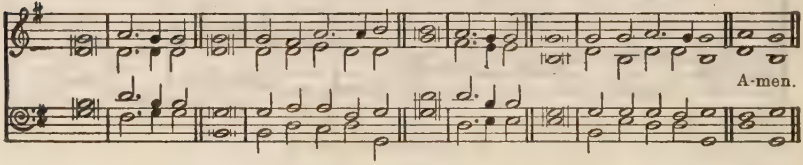
533 WARRINGTON. L.M. *Moderate.*

RALPH HARRISON, 1748-1810.



JAM LUCIS. L.M.
In free rhythm.

Plainsong Melody.



NOW that the daylight | fills the sky,
We lift our | hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we | do or say,
Would keep us | free from harm to-day:

2 Would guard our hearts and | tongues from strife,
From anger's | din would hide our life,
From all ill sights would | turn our eyes,
Would close our | ears from vanities:

3 Would keep our inmost | conscience pure,
Our souls from | folly would secure,
Would bid us check the | pride of sense
With due and | holy abstinence.

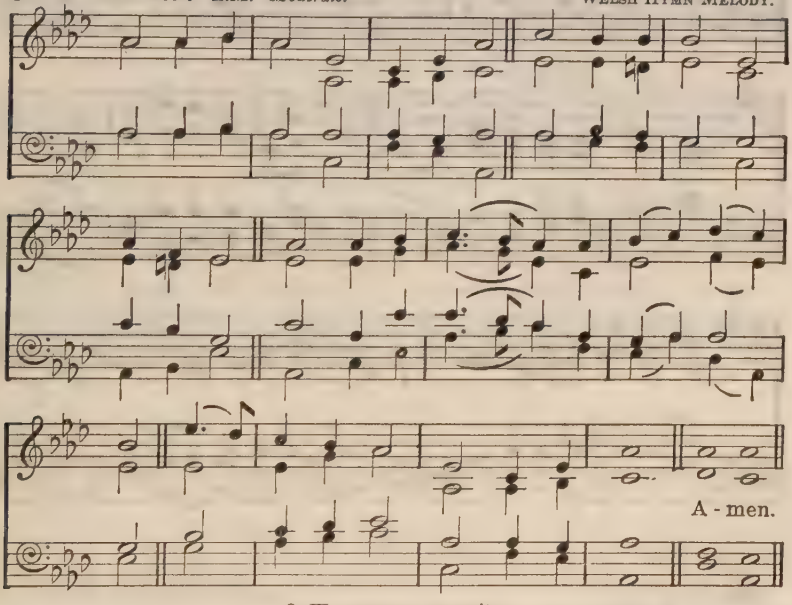
4 So we, when this new | day is gone
And night in | turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the | world unstained,
Shall praise His | Name for victory gained.

5 All praise to God the | Father be;
All praise, E | ternal Son, to Thee;
All praise, as is for | ever meet,
To God the | Holy Paraclete.

From the Latin, c. 7th or 8th century.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.

534 LLEDROD. L.M. *Moderate.*

WELSH HYMN MELODY.



Or WARRINGTON, opposite.

LORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part;
Thy slumber-gifts our strength restore,
Throughout the day to serve Thee more.

3 Yet, while Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine own:
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God, we cry for Thee.

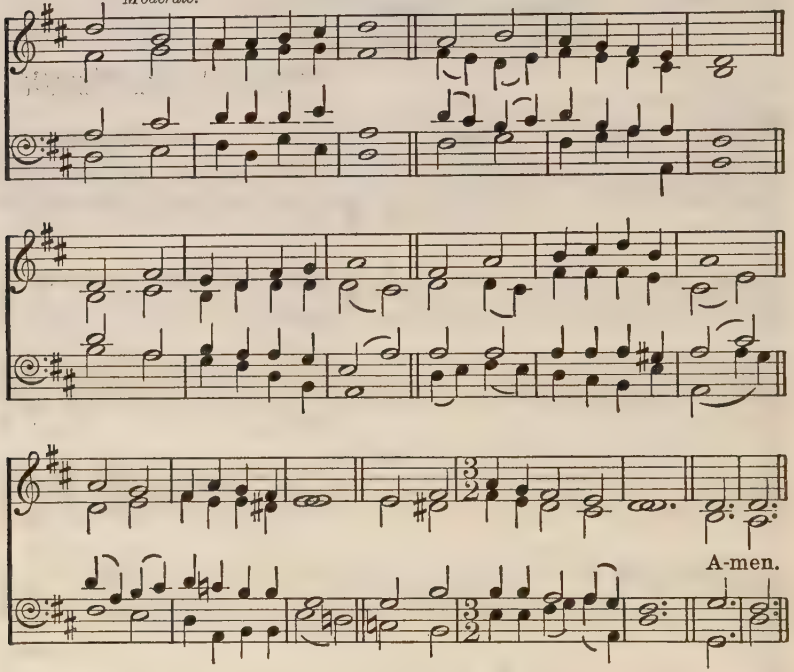
5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end;
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1824-1897.

535 PSALM 135 (MINISTRES DE L'ÉTERNEL). 7 7 7 7 7 7.

FRENCH PSALTER, 1562.

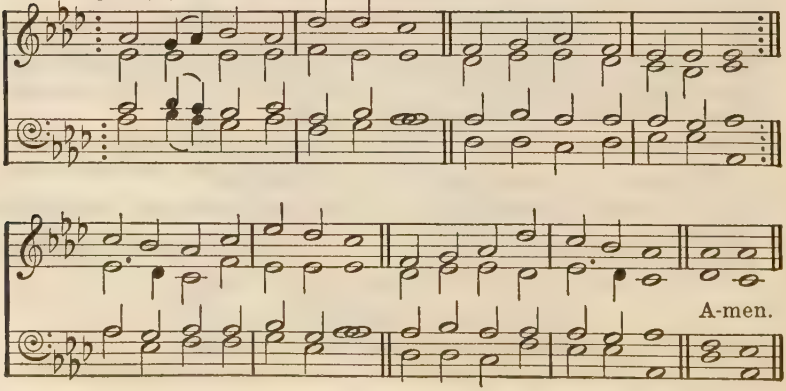
Moderate.



DIX. 7 7 7 7 7 7.

Abridged from a Chorale by CONRAD KOCHER, 1786-1872.

Moderate.



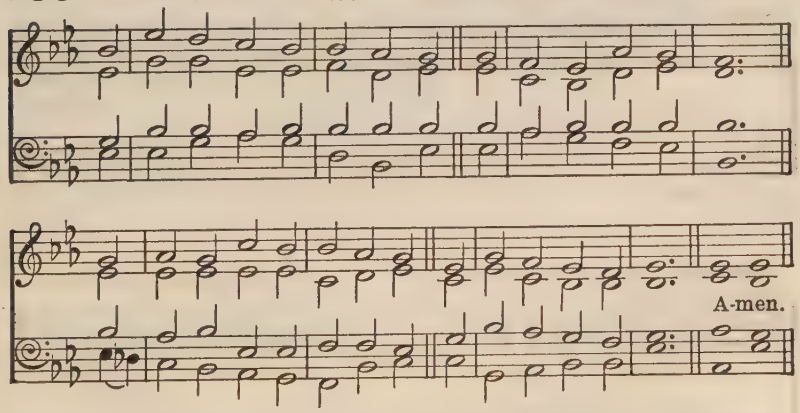
CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night.
Dayspring from on high, be near;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

536 **ST. PETER.** C.M. *Moderate.* ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1799-1877.



O FATHER, hear my morning prayer,
Thine aid impart to me,
That I may make my life to-day
Acceptable to Thee.

2 May this desire my spirit rule,
And, as the moments fly,
Something of good be born in me,
Something of evil die;

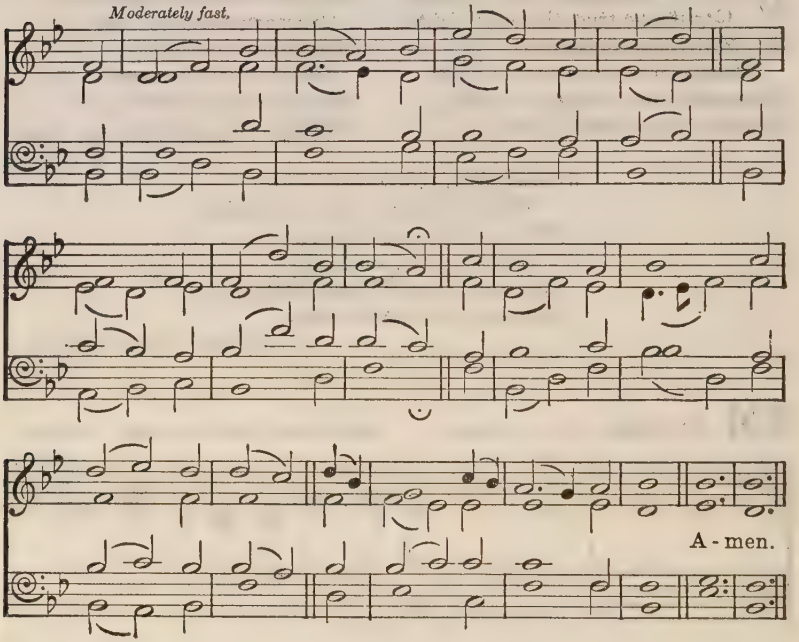
3 Some grace, that seeks my heart to win,
With shining victory meet;
Some sin, that strives for mastery,
Find overthrow complete:

4 That so throughout the coming day
The hours may carry me
A little further from the world,
A little nearer Thee.

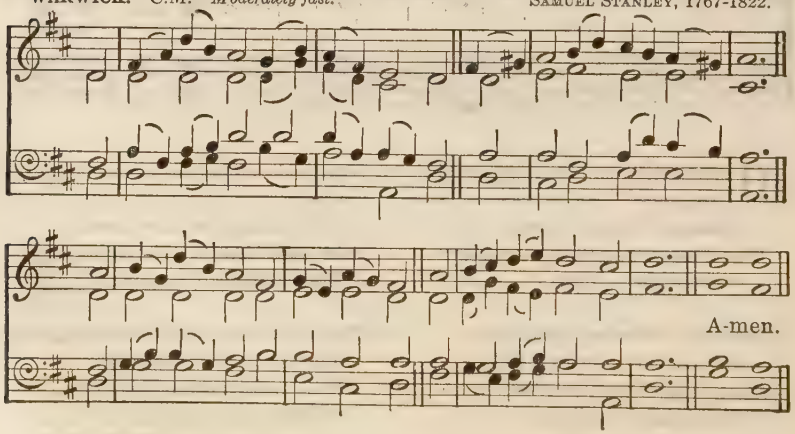
FRANCES PERCY.

537 WILTSHIRE. C.M. GEORGE SMART, 1776-1867.

Moderately fast.



WARWICK. C.M. *Moderately fast.* SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767-1822.



O LORD of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.

2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind,
The world, it is Thy word;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.

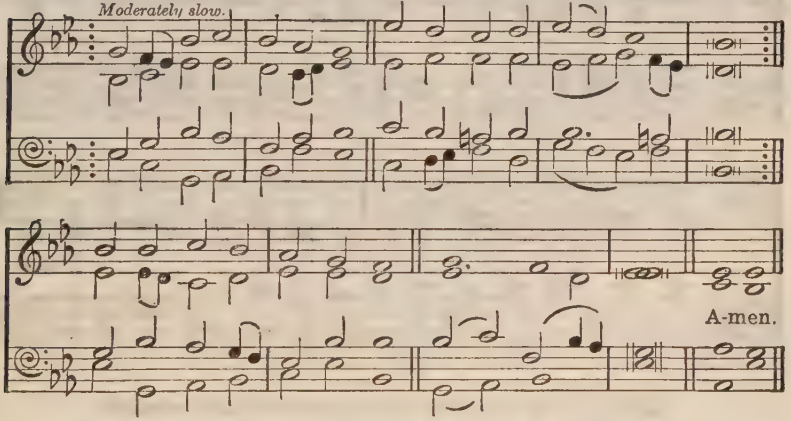
3 Therefore, I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee;
Therefore, I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

4 Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till comes the night, and, labour done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

GEORGE MACDONALD, 1824-1905.

538 MORGENGLANZ. 7 7 7 7 7 3.

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S GESANGBUCH, 1704.



JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew,
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day.

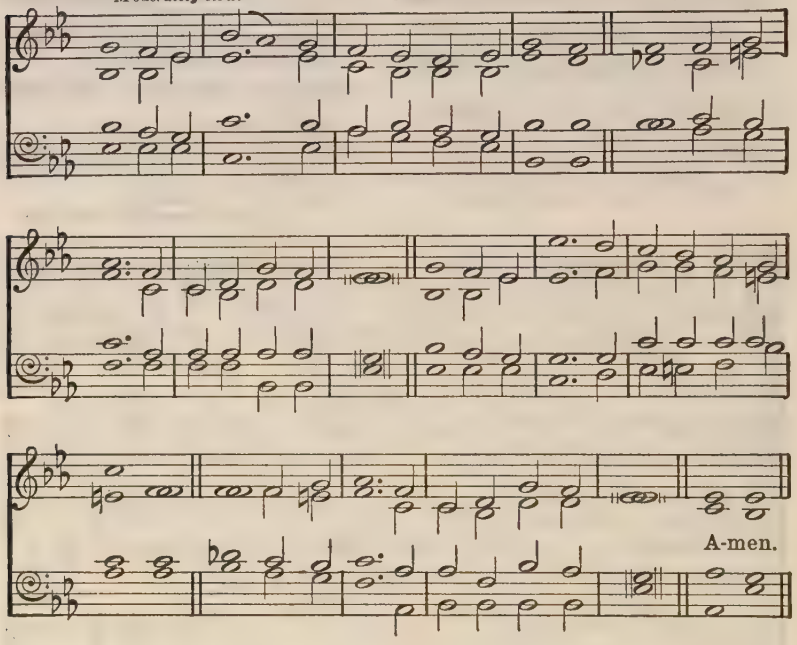
4 O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion hill,
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest.

CHRISTIAN KNORR VON ROSENROTH, 1636-1689.
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK, 1813-1897.

539 CONSOLATION (MENDELSSOHN). 11 10 11 10.

Moderately slow. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1809-1847.



STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

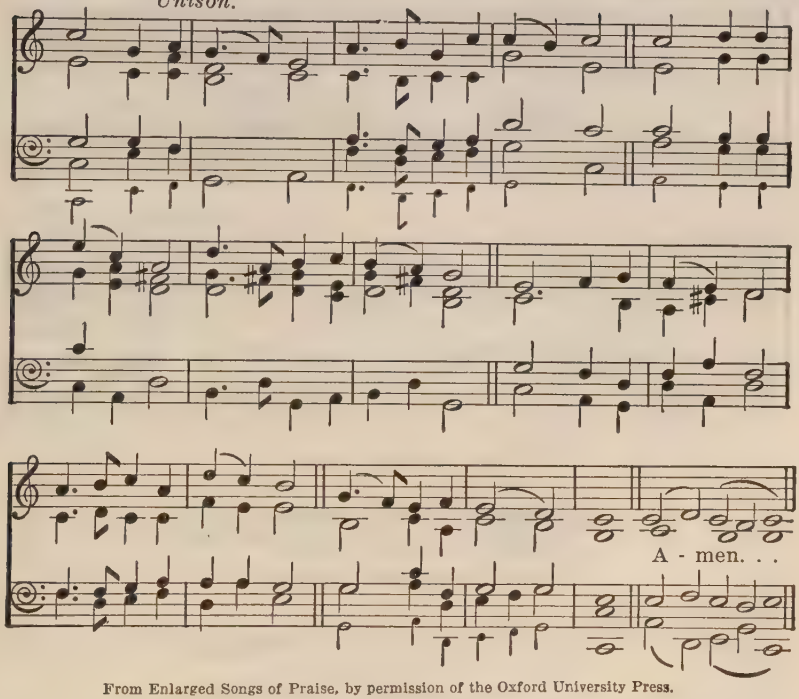
3 Still, still with Thee! As to each newborn morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So does this blessèd consciousness, awaking,
Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1812-1896.

540 COELITES PLAUDANT. 11 11 11 5. *Moderate.* Rouen Church Melody.

Unison.



From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

Or FLEMMING, No. 567.

FATHER, we praise Thee, now the night is over;
Active and watchful, stand we all before Thee;
Singing, we offer prayer and meditation:
Thus we adore Thee.

2 Monarch of all things, fit us for Thy mansions;
Banish our weakness, health and wholeness sending;
Bring us to heaven, where Thy saints united
Joy without ending.

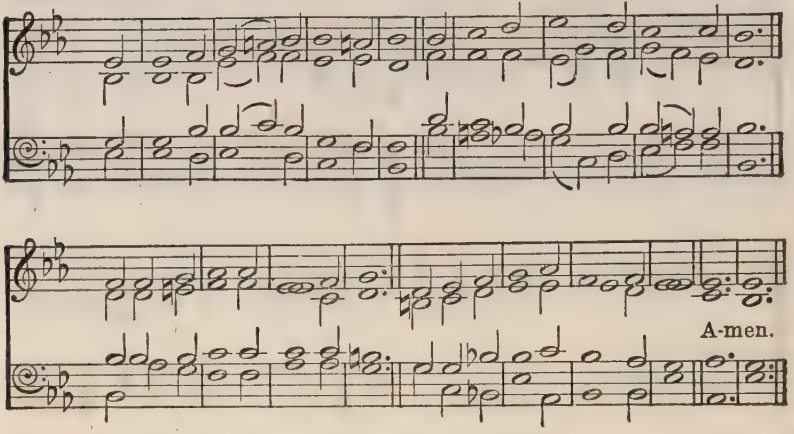
3 All-holy Father, Son and equal Spirit,
Trinity blessèd, send us Thy salvation;
Thine is the glory, gleaming and resounding
Through all creation.

Ascribed to ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, 540-604;
Tr. PERCY DEARMER, 1863-1936.

AND THE FOLLOWING:

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.
45 When morning gilds the skies.
107 Welcome, happy morning.
193 Again the morn of gladness.
350 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go.
620 In the early morning.
664 To render thanks unto the Lord (Ps. 92).
688 O Lord, Thou art my God and King (Ps. 145).

541 **ANGELUS.** L.M. *Moderate.* Adapted from HEILIGE SEELENLUST, 1657.



Or OLIVES' BROW, No. 209.

AT even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;

5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

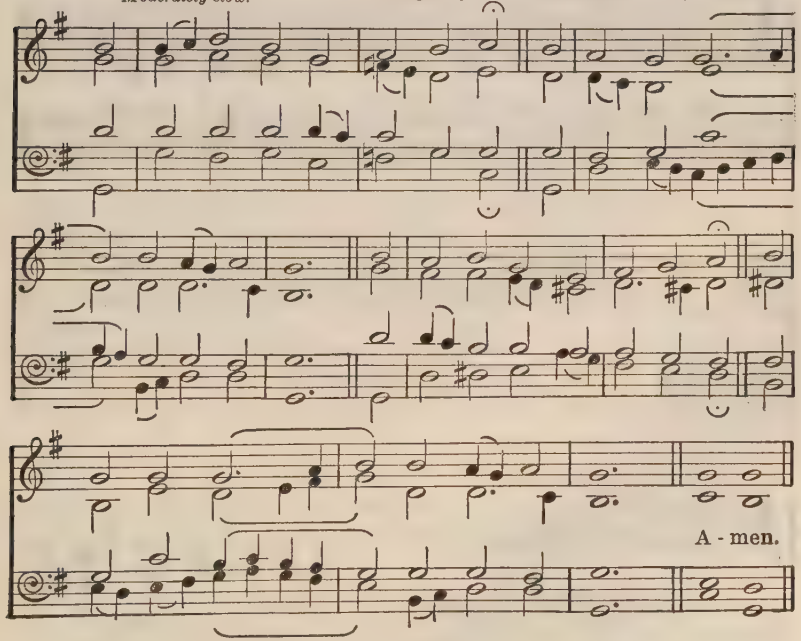
8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

HENRY TWELLS, 1823-1900.

542 **ACH BLEIB BEI UNS.** L.M.

Moderately slow.

GEISTLICHE LIEDER, Leipsic, 1589;
Arranged by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685-1750.



Or ANGELUS, opposite.

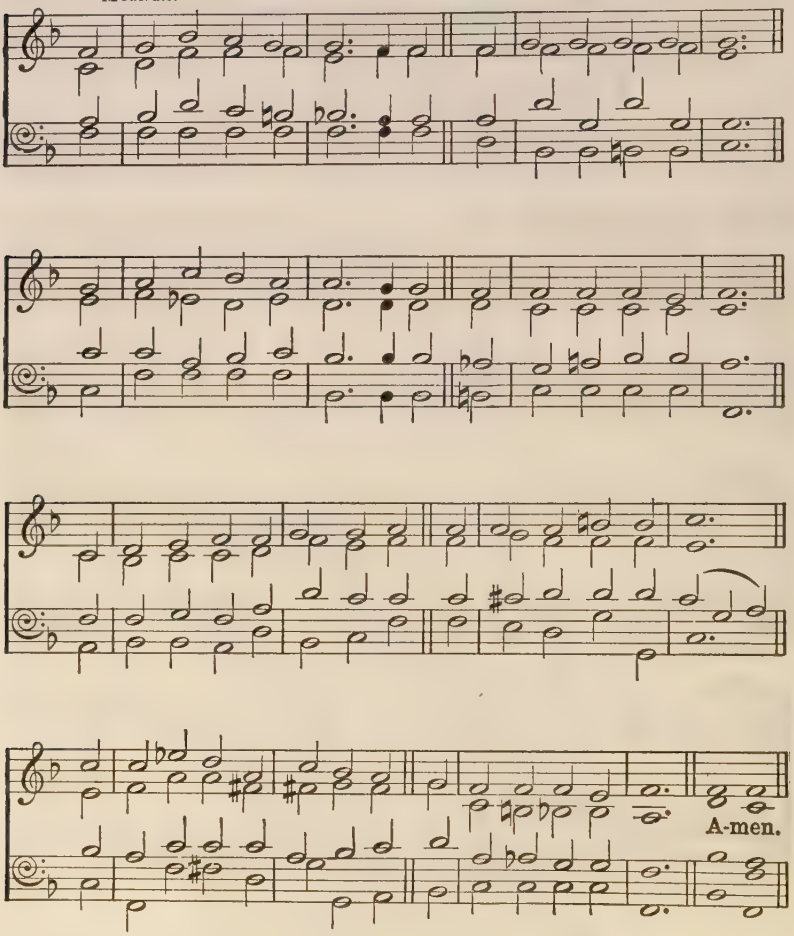
NOW cheer our hearts this eventide,
Lord Jesus Christ, and with us bide;
Thou that canst never set in night,
Our heavenly Sun, our glorious Light.

2 May we and all who bear Thy Name
By gentle love Thy Cross proclaim,
Thy gift of peace on earth secure,
And for Thy truth the world endure.

YATTENDON HYMNAL, No. 13, 1899;
Founded on NICOLAUS SELNECKER, 1532-1592.

543 ST. LEONARD. D.C.M.

HENRY HILES, 1826-1904.

Moderate.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie:
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise:
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

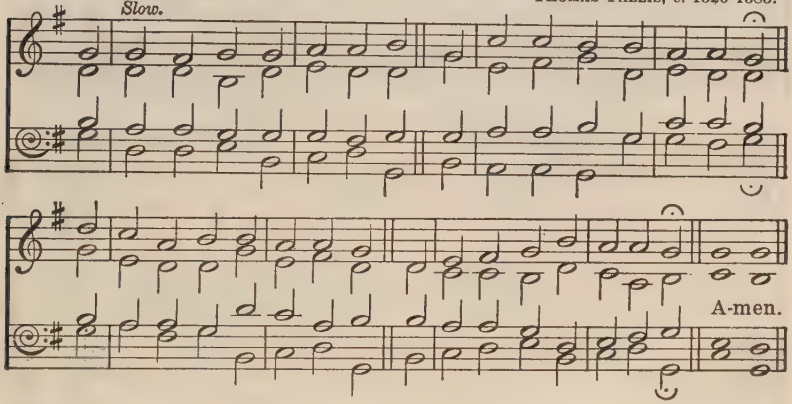
3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,
O give us now repose.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1825-1864.

544 TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

Abridged from a melody by THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1520-1585.



ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

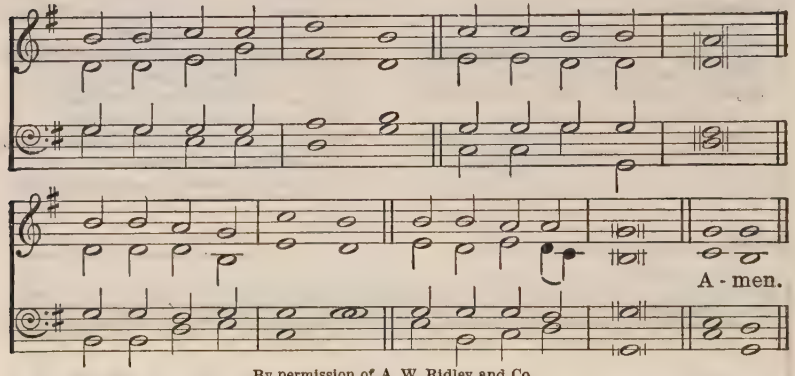
4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

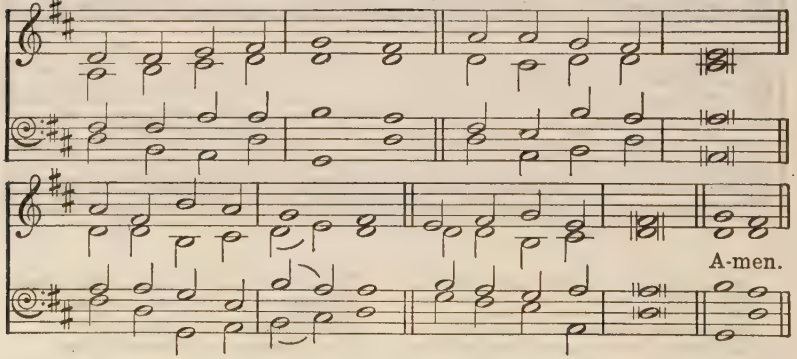
THOMAS KEN, 1637-1711.

545 EUDOXIA. 6 5 6 5. *Moderately slow.* SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834-1924.

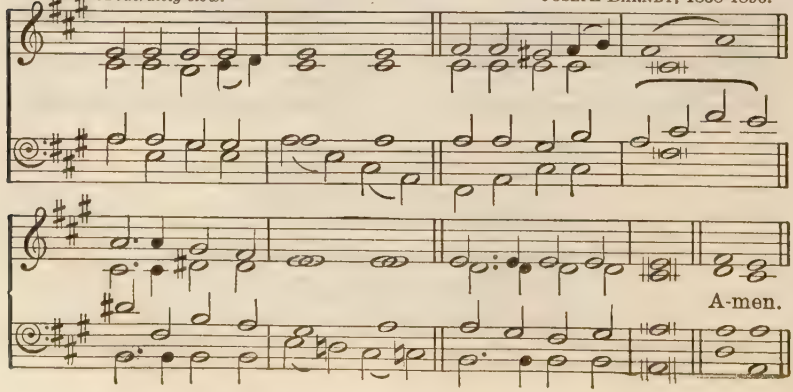


By permission of A. W. Ridley and Co.

CLEWER. 6 5 6 5. *Moderately slow.* Composer Unknown.



EVENING. 6 5 6 5.
Moderately slow. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.



NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

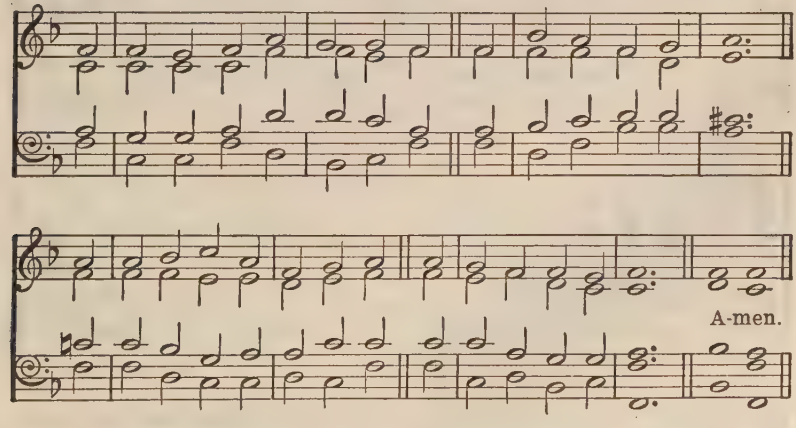
7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834-1924.

By permission of A. W. Ridley & Co.

546 **ST. FLAVIAN.** C.M. *Moderately slow.* Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



O GOD, whose daylight leadeth down
Into the sunless way,
Who, with Thy sweet repose, dost crown
The labour of the day.

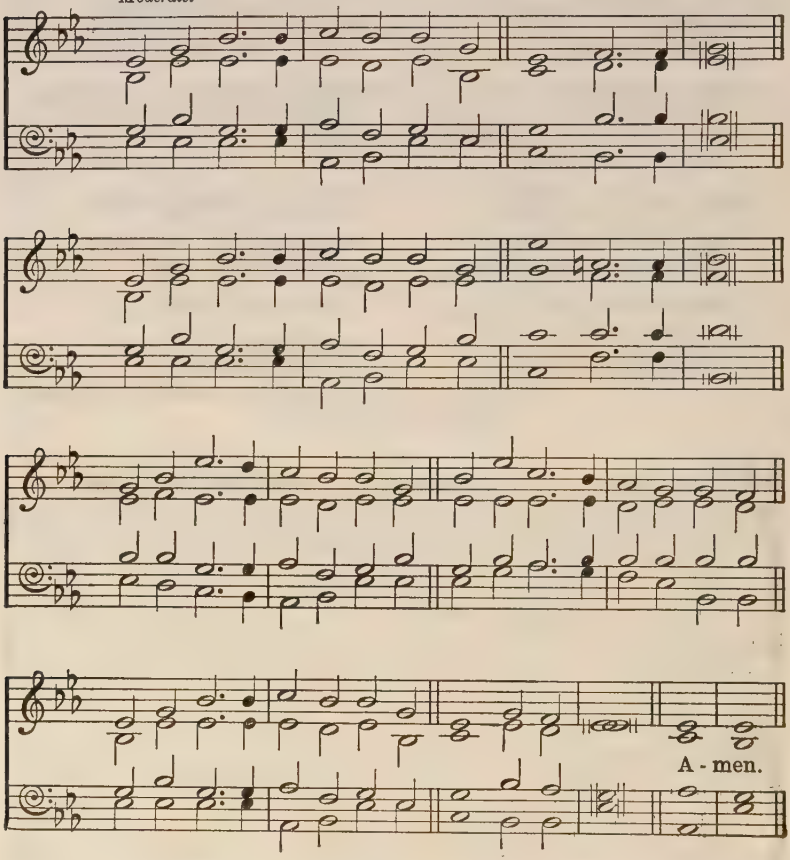
2 Take it, O Lord, and make it clean
With Thy forgiveness dear;
That so the thing that might have been,
To-morrow may appear.

3 And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think Thou on in me;
That with the new unsullied day
My soul wake fresh and free.

4 And when Thou givest dreams to men,
Give dreams, O Lord, to me;
That, even in visions of the brain,
I wander towards Thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD, 1824-1905.

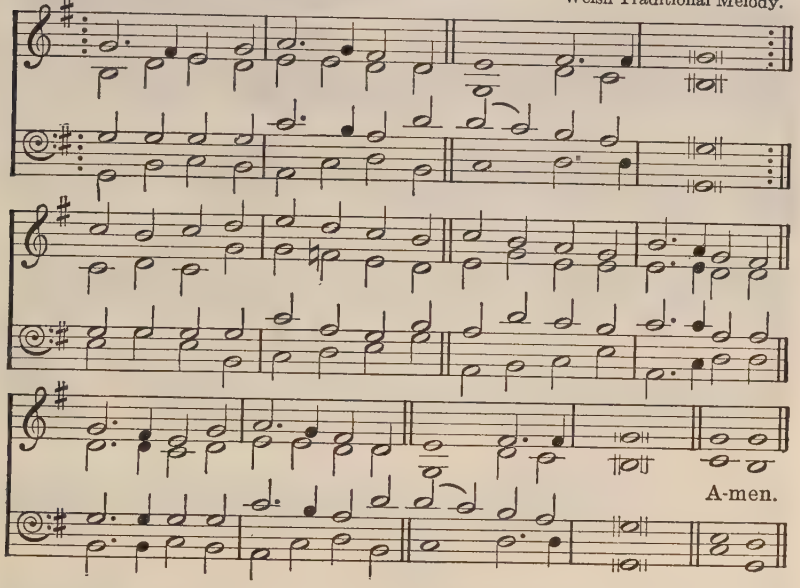
547 **WYNNSTAY.** 8 4 8 4 8 8 8 4. JOHN AMBROSE LLOYD, the elder, 1815-1874.

Moderate.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

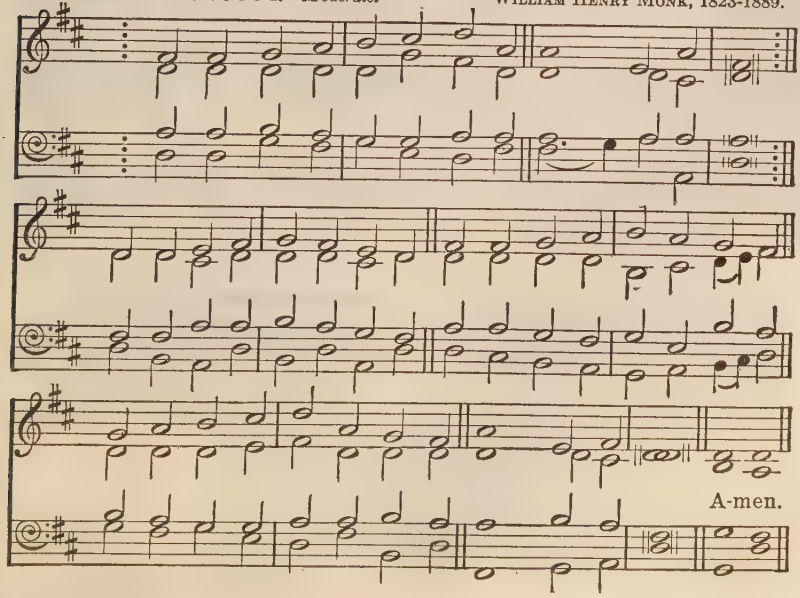
2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783-1826 (verse 1).
RICHARD WHATELY, 1787-1863 (verse 2).

AR HYD Y NOS. 84848884. *Moderate.* Welsh Traditional Melody.

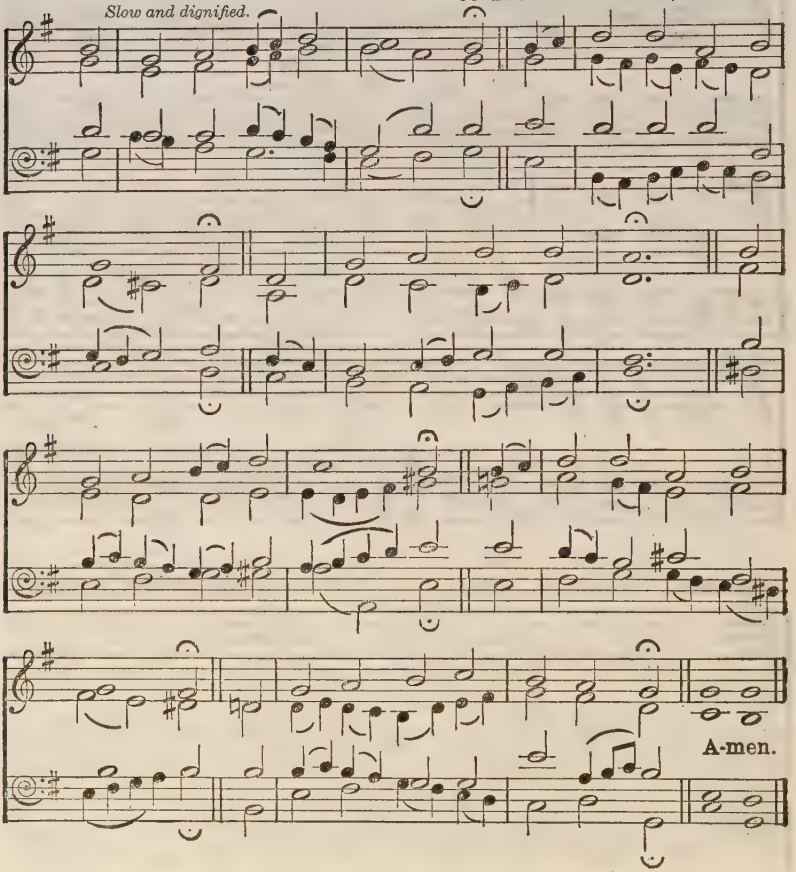


NUTFIELD. 84848884. *Moderate.* William Henry Monk, 1823-1889.



548 INNSBRÜCK. 776778.

Ascribed to Heinrich Isaac, c. 1510.
Adapted and harmonized by
Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750.

Slow and dignified.

O'ER field and forest stealing,
Comes night, all eyelids sealing,
And silence holds the air;
But wake, my soul, before Him,
And gratefully adore Him
Who guards thee with a sleepless care.

2 The sun himself hath vanished,
By conquering darkness banished,
By darkness, foe of day:
But Christ, my sun, ascendeth,
New light and joy He lendeth
To drive my spirit's gloom away.

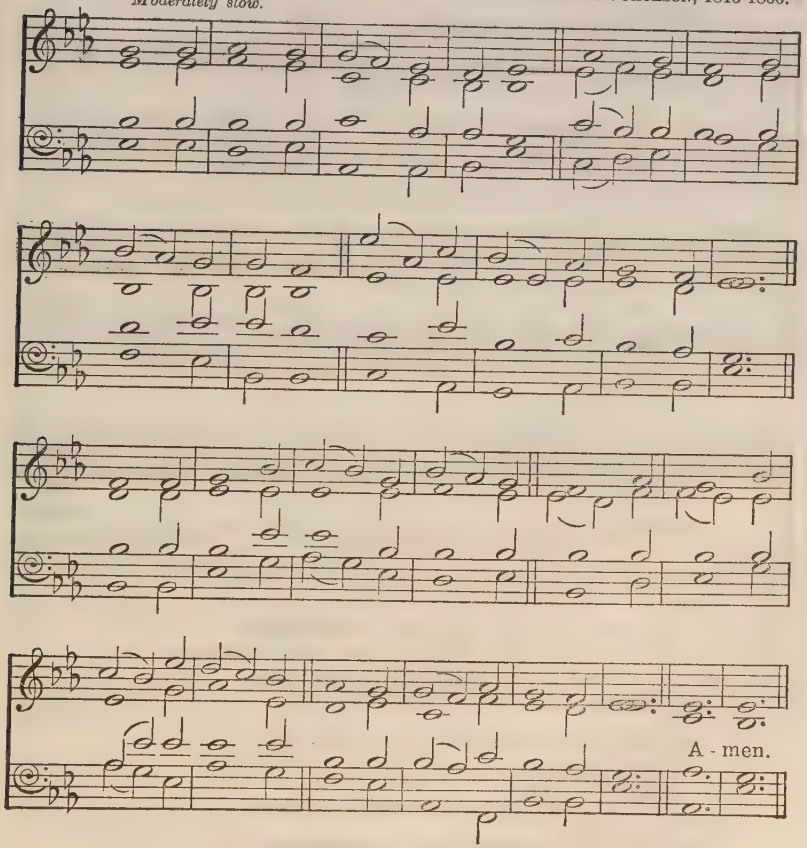
3 The day declared His glory,
The stars now tell the story,—
The marvels of His might.
So, when this life is ended,
I with the saints ascended
Shall praise His love in endless light.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676.
Tr. Alfred Henry Reynar, 1840-1921.

549 EVENING HYMN. 8 8 7 8 8 7.

Moderately slow.

WILLIAM JACKSON, 1815-1866.



FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free;
Through the day Thy love has fed us,
Through the day Thy care has led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins O pardon, Saviour,
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary.

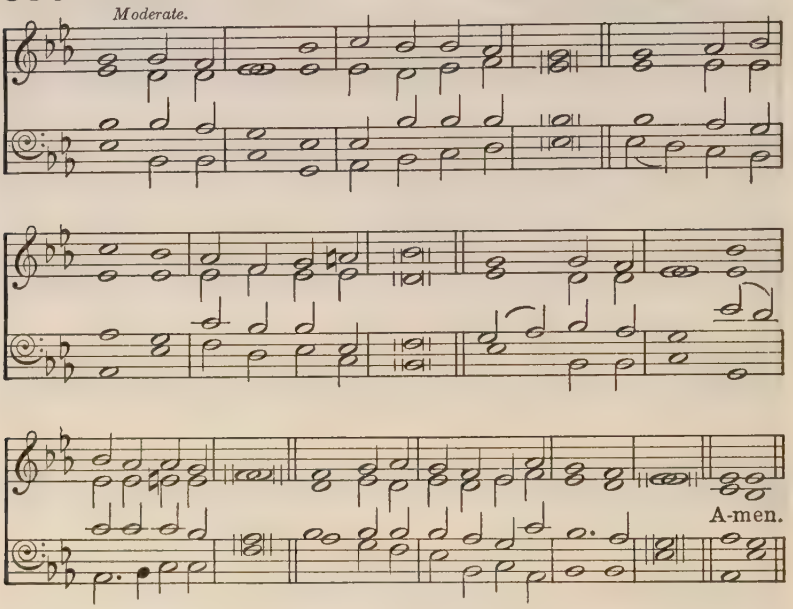
3 While the night dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
From Thine own infinity.
Softly let the eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever-blessèd Trinity.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1807-1889.

550 EVENTIDE. 10 10 10 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823-1889.

Moderate.



ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

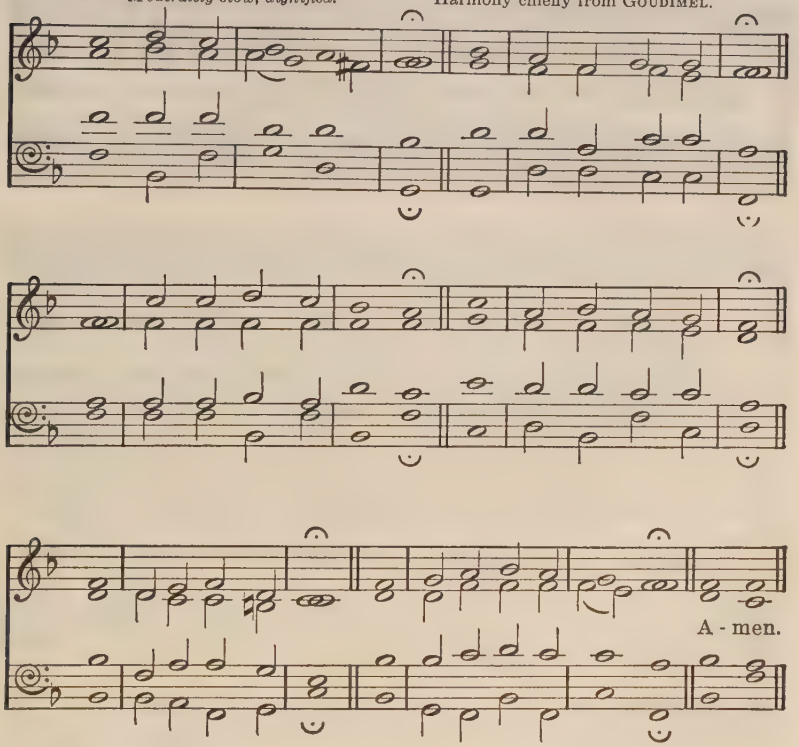
5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793-1847.

551 NUNC DIMITTIS. 6 6 7 D.

Moderately slow, dignified.

Composed or adapted by LOUIS BOURGEOIS in 1549, for the GENEVAN PSALTER.
Harmony chiefly from GOUDIMEL.



O GLADSOME Light, O Grace
Of God the Father's face,
The eternal splendour wearing;
Celestial, holy, blest,
Our Saviour Jesus Christ,
Joyful in Thine appearing.

2 Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, His incarnate Son,
And Holy Spirit adoring.

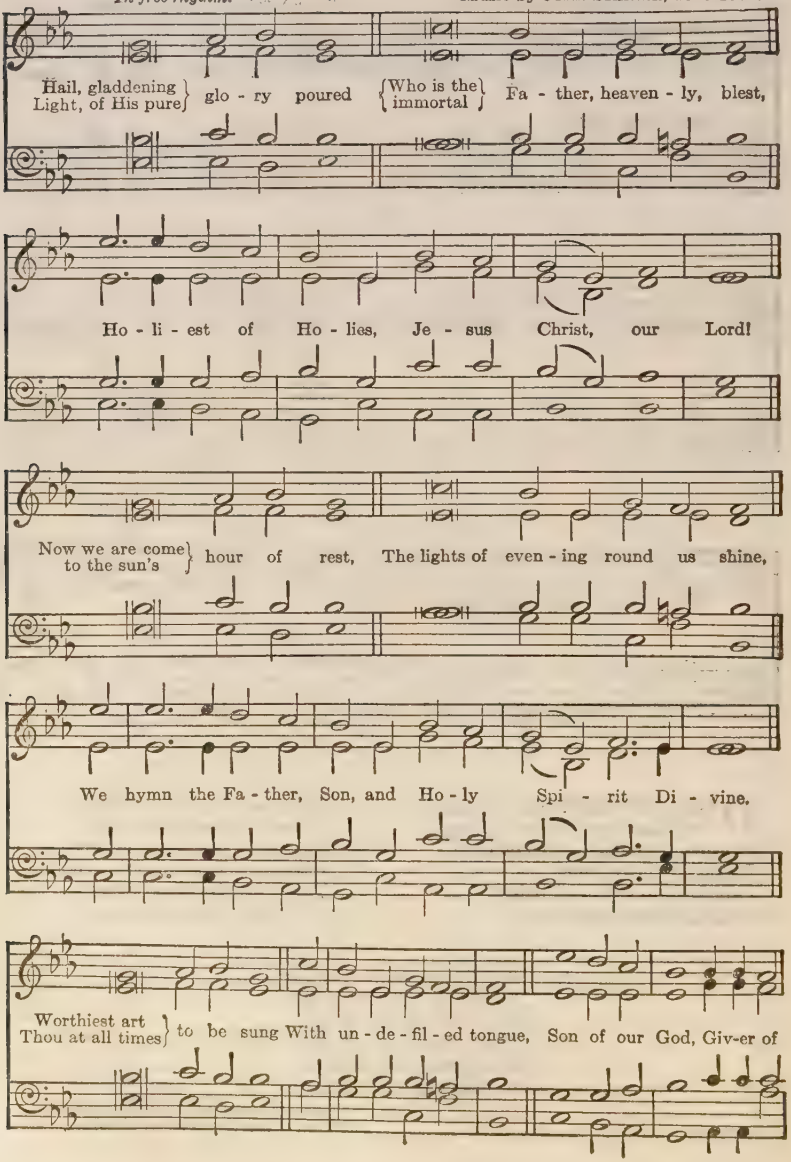
3 To Thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Lifegiver;
Thee, therefore, O Most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

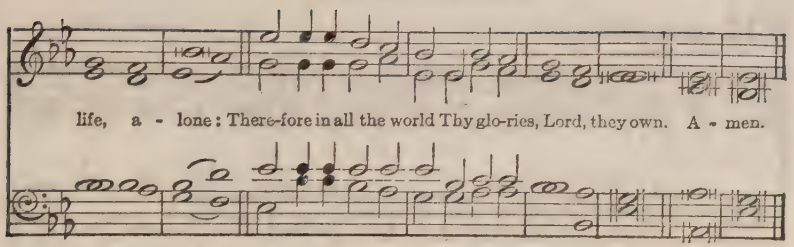
A Greek Hymn of the Early Church;
Tr. as in the YATTENDON HYMNAL, 1899.

552 SEBASTE. Irregular.

In free rhythm.

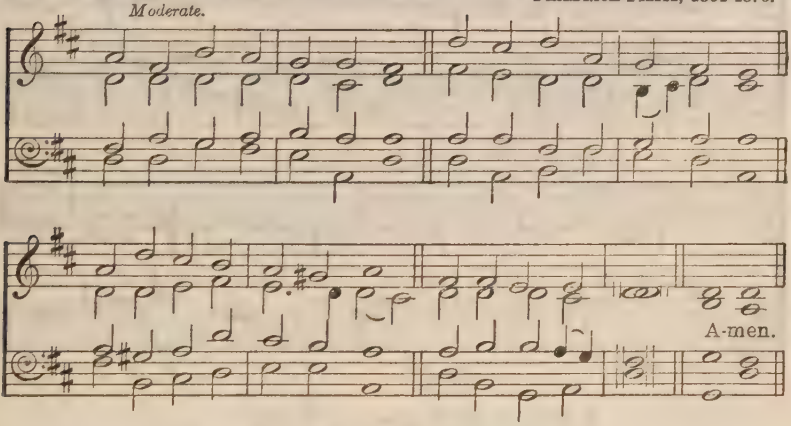
A Greek Hymn of the Early Church.
Tr. JOHN KEBLE, 1792-1866.
Music by JOHN STAINER, 1840-1901.


Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glo - ry poured {Who is the immortal} Fa - ther, heaven - ly, blest,
Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord!
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of even - ing round us shine,
We hymn the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit Di - vine.
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung With un - de - fil - ed tongue, Son of our God, Giv-er of



553 CAPETOWN. 7775.

FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804-1876.



Or IRENE, No. 161.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us, every closing day,
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

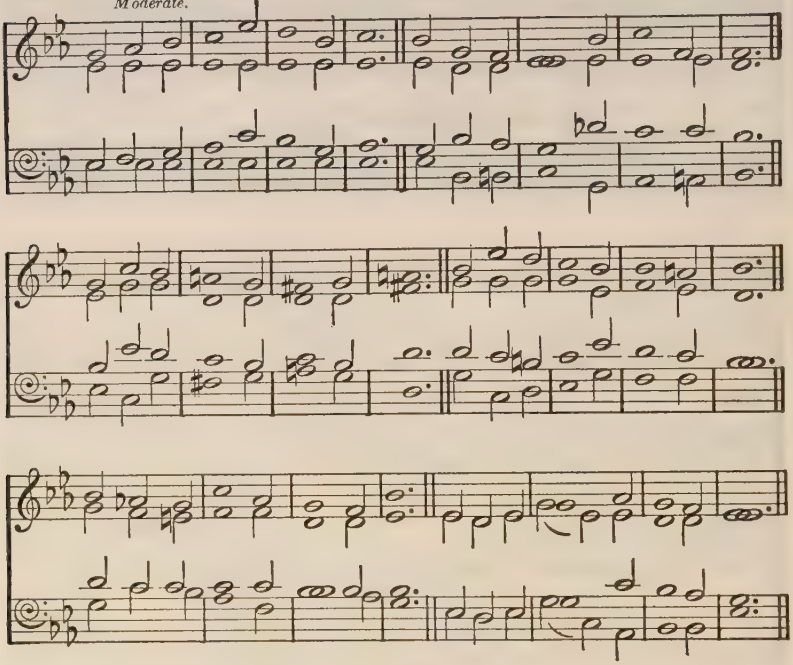
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us as we come to die
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON, 1842-1892.

554 COMPANION. 8 8 8 8 8 8. R. S. Newman, 1850-

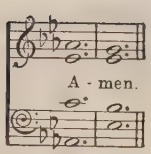
Moderate.



LORD Jesus, in the days of old,
Two walked with Thee by waning light,
And love's blind instinct made them bold
To crave Thy presence through the night;
As night descends, we too would pray,
O leave us not at close of day.

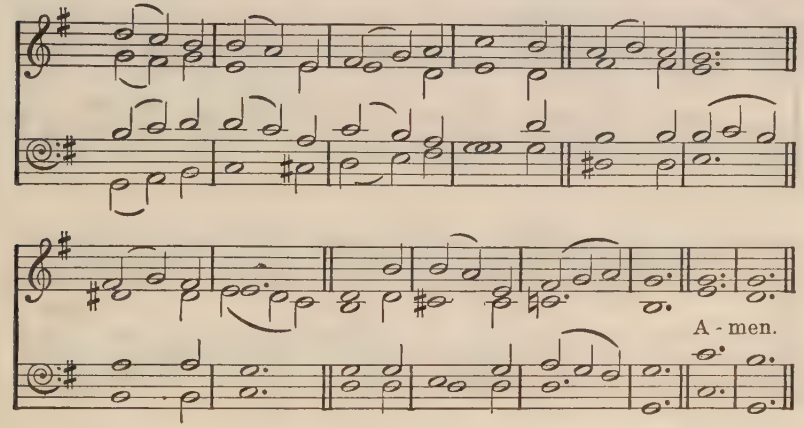
2 Day is far spent and night is nigh;
Stay with us, Saviour, through the night;
Talk with us, teach us tenderly,
Lead us to peace, to rest, to light;
Dispel our darkness with Thy face,
Radiant with resurrection grace.

3 The hours of day are glad and good,
And good the gifts Thy hand bestows—
The body's health, the spirit's food,
And rest, and after rest repose.
We would not lose day's golden gains,
So stay with us as daylight wanes.

4 Nor this night only, blessèd Lord;
We every day and every hour
Would walk with Thee Emmaus-ward,
To hear Thy voice of love and power;
And every night would by Thy side
Look, listen, and be satisfied.

J. A. Noble, 1844-1896.

555 KIRK ELLA. 8 3 3 6. *Moderate.*

Henry Ernest Nichol, 1862- ? .



ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

5 Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near,
Round my habitation.

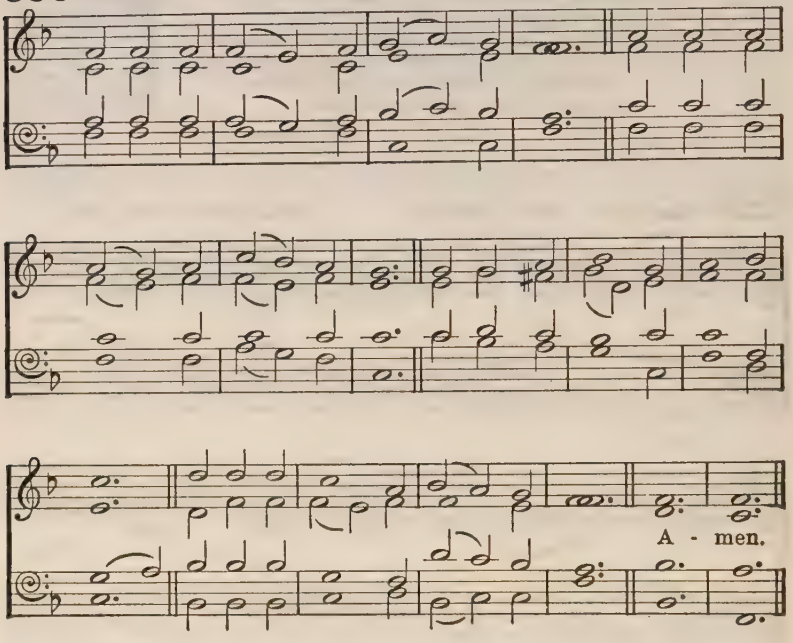
6 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

7 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

John Cennick, 1718-1755.

556 HURSLEY. L.M. *Moderate.*

Abridged from melody in
KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, c. 1774.



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

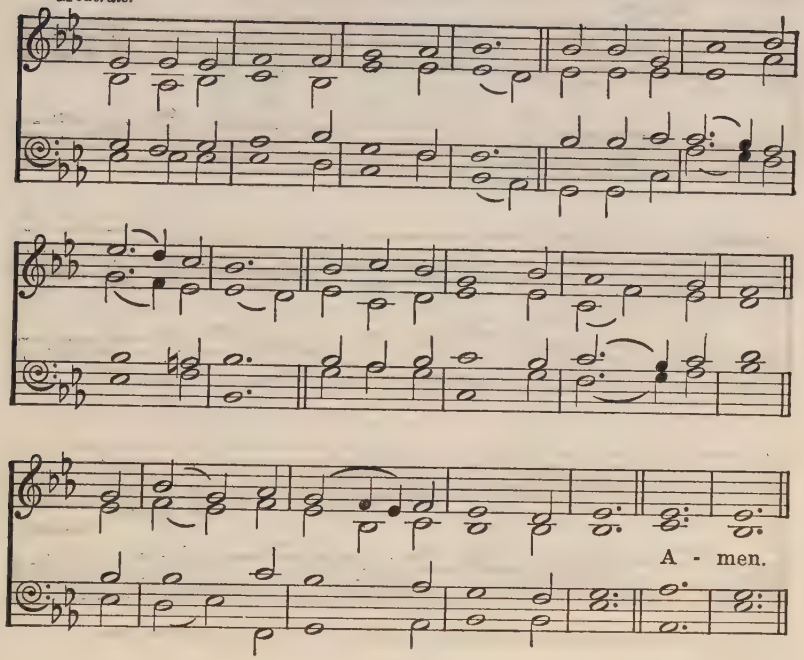
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792-1866.

HERR GOTT VATER. L.M.

Moderate.

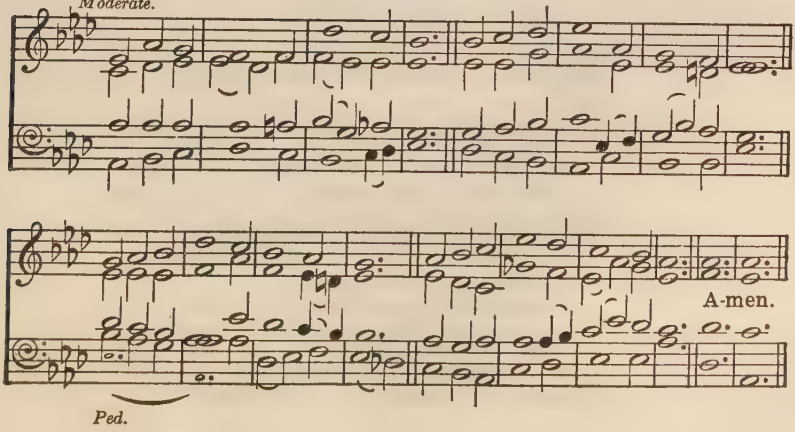
SAMUEL BESLER, 1574-1625.



ABENDS. L.M.

Moderate.

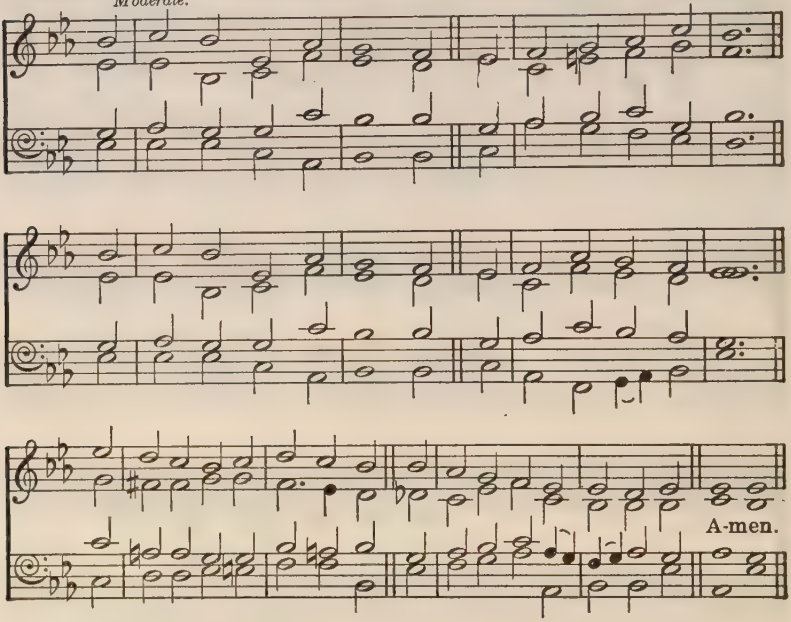
HERBERT STANLEY OAKELEY, 1830-1903.



557 ST. ANATOLIUS. 7 6 7 6 8 8.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1830-1926.

Moderate.



From the revised Church Hymnary: by permission of the Oxford University Press.

THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And pray that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

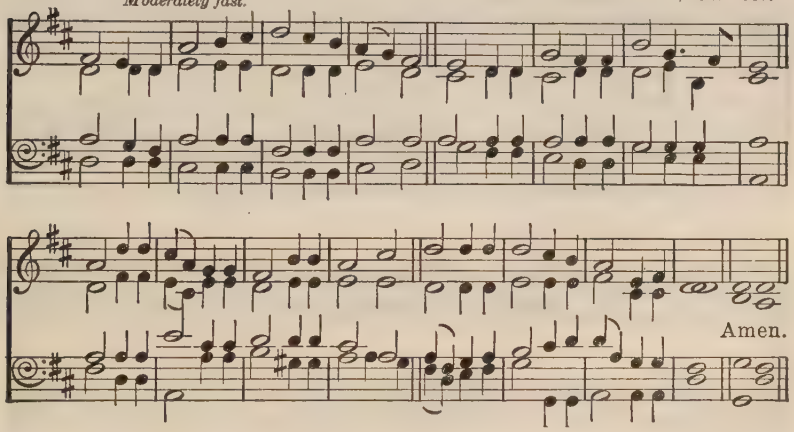
4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

From the Greek.
Probably 6th or 7th century.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818-1866.

558 EPIPHANY. 11 10 11 10.

Moderately fast.

JOSEPH FRANCIS THRUPP, 1827-1867.



PEACEFULLY round us the shadows are falling,
Glad be our praises and trustful our prayer;
Hear us, O Lord, on Thy providence calling,
Lighten our darkness, and banish our care.

2 Hushed are the sheep-bells afar on the moorland,
O'er the still meadows the night breezes sweep,
Faint fall the footsteps in city and hamlet,
Safely the children are folded in sleep.

3 Softly may weary ones rest from their duty,
Bright be the dreams of the troubled and worn;
While through the shade beam the stars in their beauty,
Watching the world till the breaking of morn.

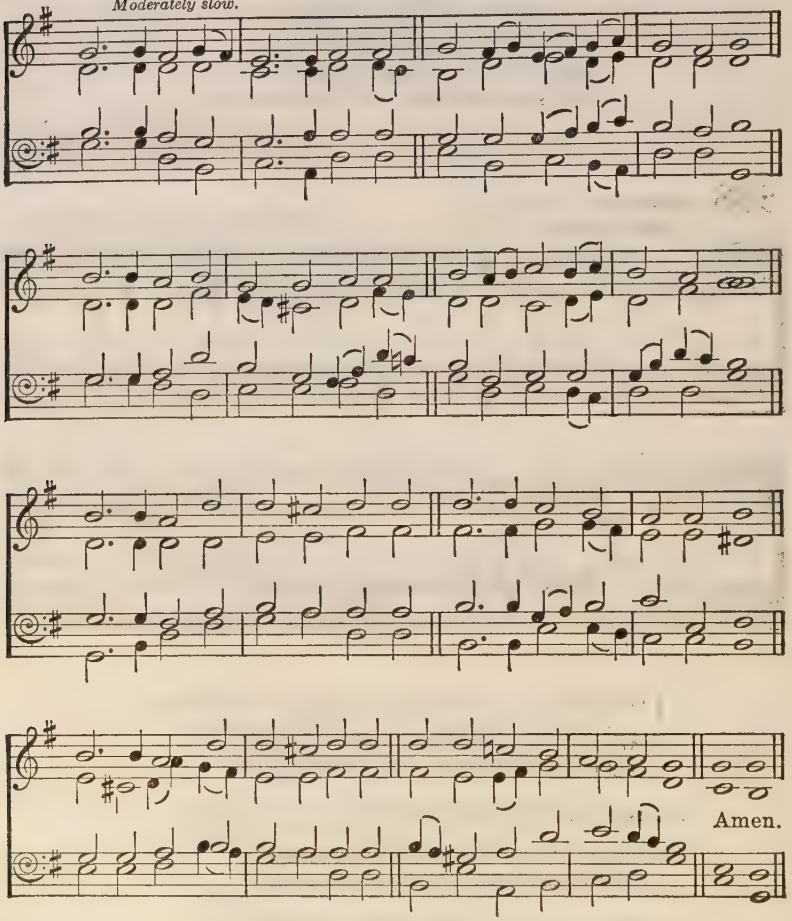
4 Lord of the night, let Thine angels befriend us,
Sunshine and gloom are alike unto Thee;
Lord of the day, let Thy Spirit attend us,
Bless us, and keep us wherever we be.

AMBROSE NICHOLS BLATCHFORD, 1842-1924.

559 LUGANO. 8 7 8 7 D.

Litany Melody,
as adapted in the MUSICAL TIMES, 1850.

Moderately slow.



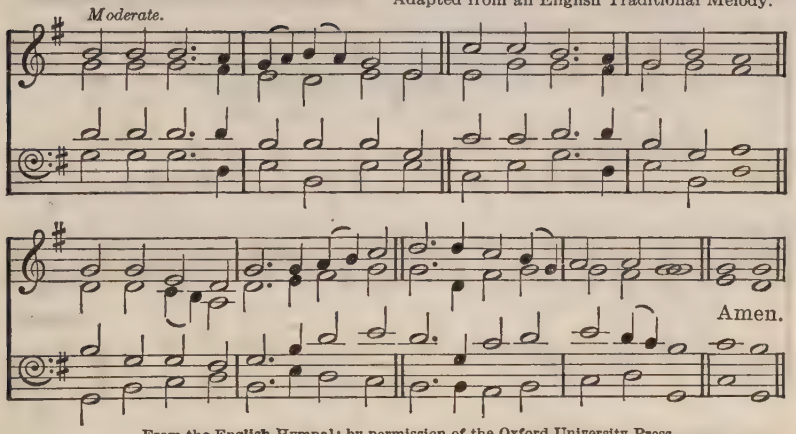
SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

Evening

SUSSEX. 8 7 8 7. Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.

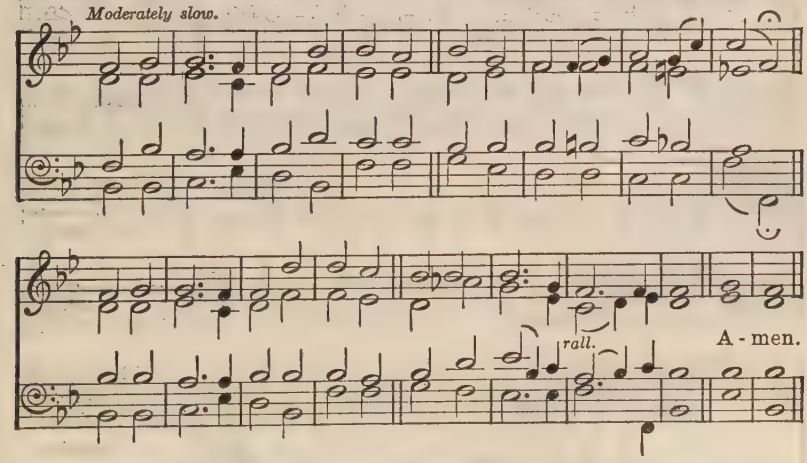
Moderate.



From the English Hymnal: by permission of the Oxford University Press.

EVENING PRAYER. 8 7 8 7. GEORGE COLES STEBBINS, 1846-

Moderately slow.



3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be:

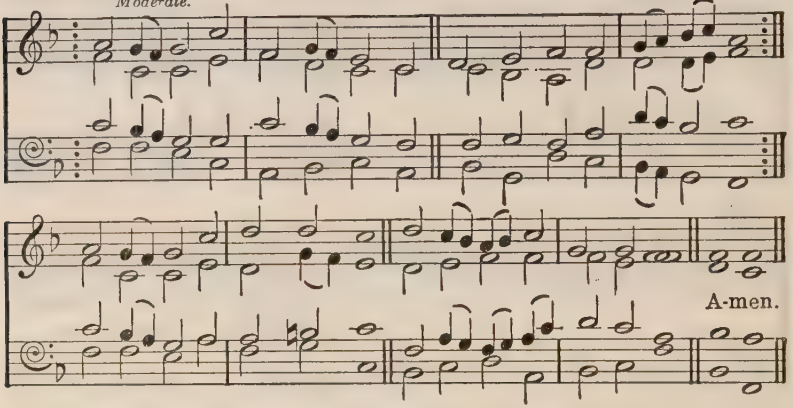
4 Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Break in everlasting light.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1791-1867;
and EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1825-1906.

560 ST. LEONARD. 8 7 8 7 7 7.

JOHANN CHRISTOPHER BACH, 1642-1703.

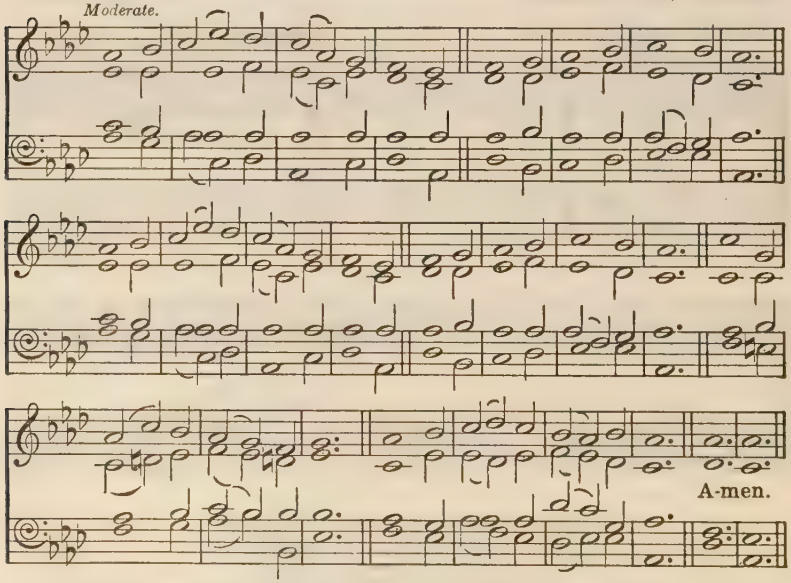
Moderate.



GODESBERG. 8 7 8 7 7 7.

HEINRICH ALBERT, 1604-1651.

Moderate.



SAVIOUR, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Holy Dove descending
Bring Thy mercy to us all:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

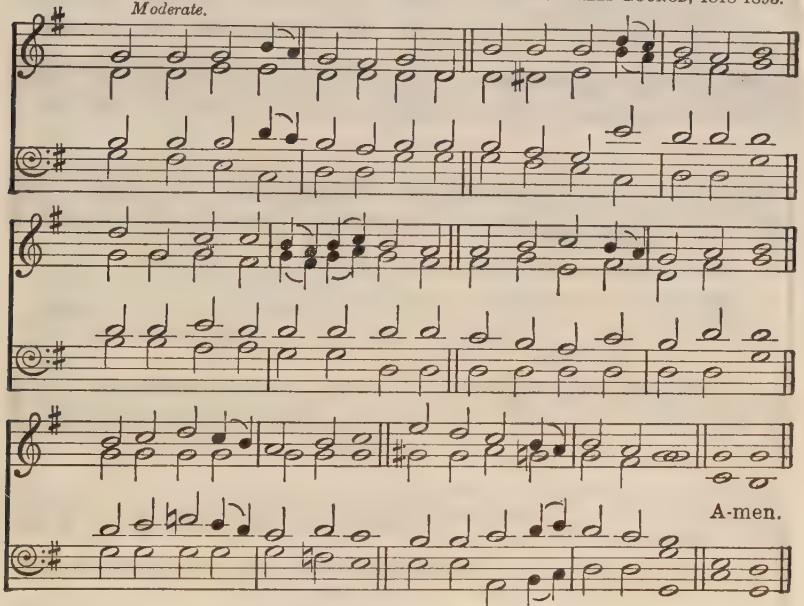
2 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

3 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

SARAH DOUDNEY, 1843-

561 GOUNOD. 878777. CHARLES GOUNOD, 1818-1893.

Moderate.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

Or ST. LEONARD, *or* GODESBERG, opposite.

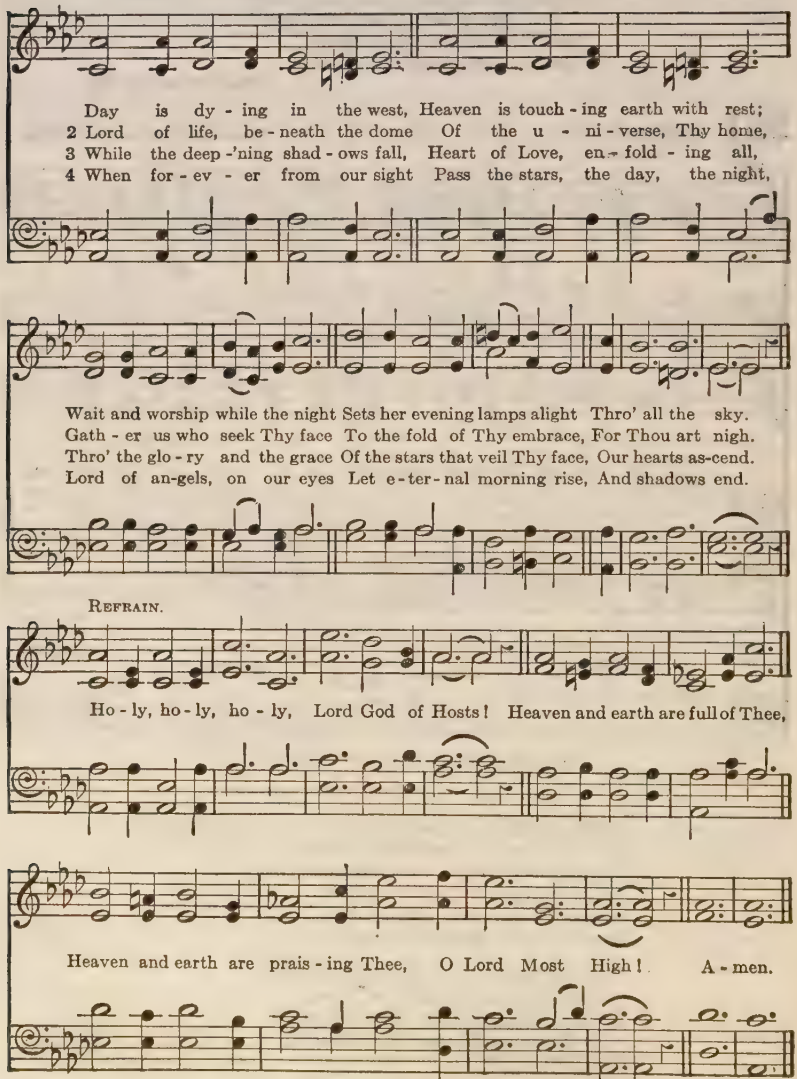
THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

THOMAS KELLY, 1769-1854.

562 SENNEN. 7 7 7 7 4, and refrain.
Quietly and reverently.

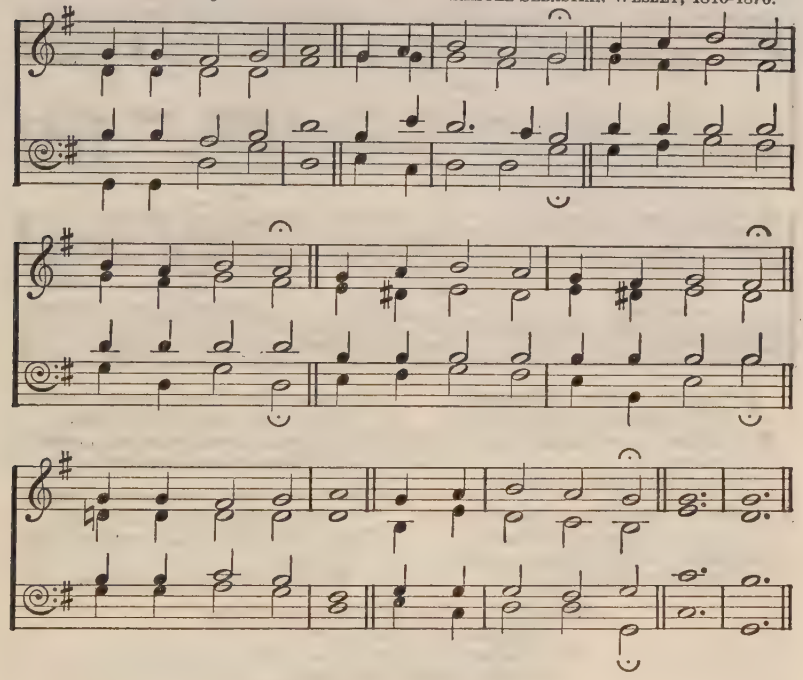
Words by
MARY ARTEMISIA LATHBURY, 1841-1913.
Music by
WILLIAM FISK SHERWIN, 1826-1888.


Day is dy - ing in the west, Heaven is touch - ing earth with rest;
2 Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home,
3 While the deep -'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
4 When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Wait and worship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
Gath - er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
Lord of an-gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee,
Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A - men.

563 SEELENBRÄUTIGAM. 5 5 8 8 5 5.

Moderately slow.

ADAM DRESE, 1620-1701.
Harmonized by
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



ROUND me falls the night;
Saviour, be my light;
Through the hours in darkness shrouded
Let me see Thy face unclouded;
Let Thy glory shine
In this heart of mine.

2 Earthly work is done,
Earthly sounds are none;
Rest in sleep and silence seeking,
Let me hear Thee softly speaking;
In my spirit's ear
Whisper 'I am near.'

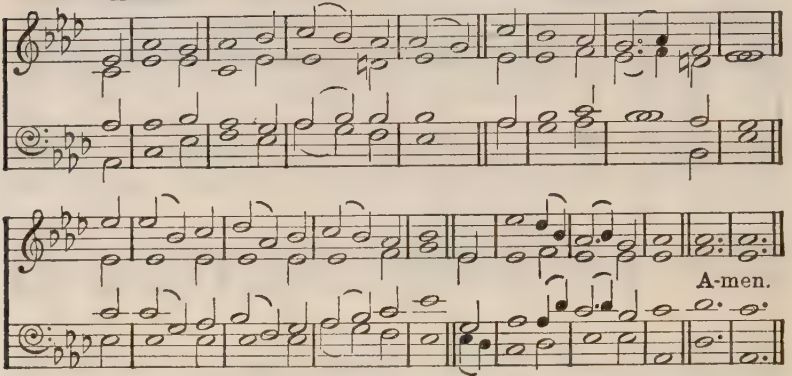
3 Blessèd, heavenly Light,
Shining through earth's night,
Voice, that oft of love hast told me;
Arms, so strong to clasp and hold me;
Thou Thy watch wilt keep,
Saviour, o'er my sleep.

WILLIAM ROMANIS, 1824-1899.

564 ENGEDI. C.M.

Moderate.

Adapted from Ludwig Van Beethoven, 1770-1827:
As in A Students' Hymnal, 1923.



AS darker, darker fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal light.

2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

3 We pray Thee for all absent friends
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

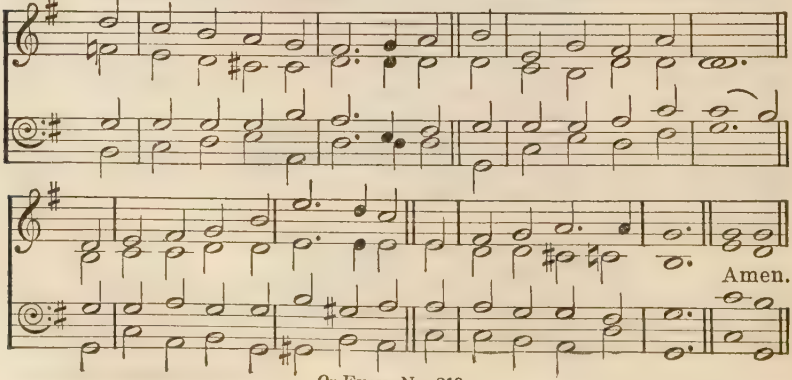
4 For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.

5 We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us when we pray.

Origin uncertain.

565 CLAIRVAUX. C.M. *Moderate.*

Richard Francis Lloyd.



Or Evan, No. 219.

NOW from the altar of my heart,
Let incense-flames arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.

2 Awake, my love; awake, my joy;
Awake, my heart and tongue!
Sleep not: when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.

3 This day God was my Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and my Guide;
His care was on my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.

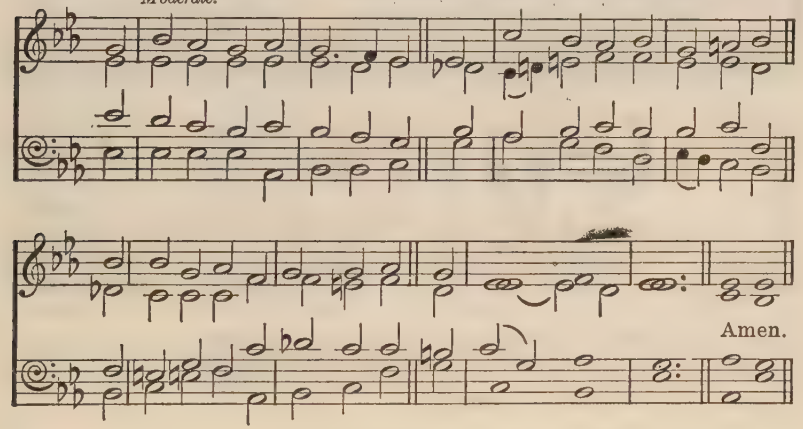
4 New time, new favour, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
Accept my heart's desire.

JOHN MASON, c. 1645-1694.

566 ST. GABRIEL. 8 8 8 4.

Moderate.

FREDERICK ARTHUR GORE OUSELEY, 1825-1889.



Or WIMBLEDON, No. 430.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high:
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

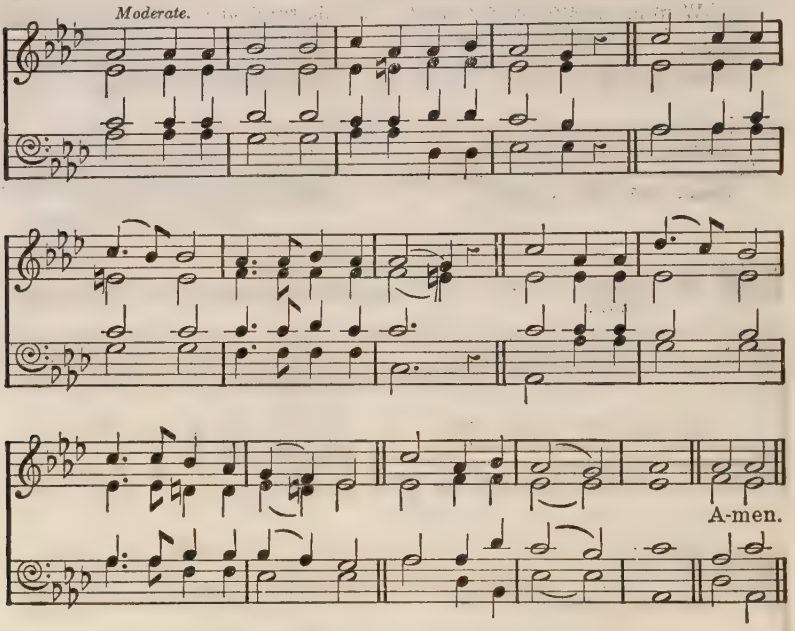
5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

GODFREY THRING, 1823-1903.

567 FLEMMING. 11 11 11 5.

FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, 1778-1813.

Moderate.



NOW God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us
For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

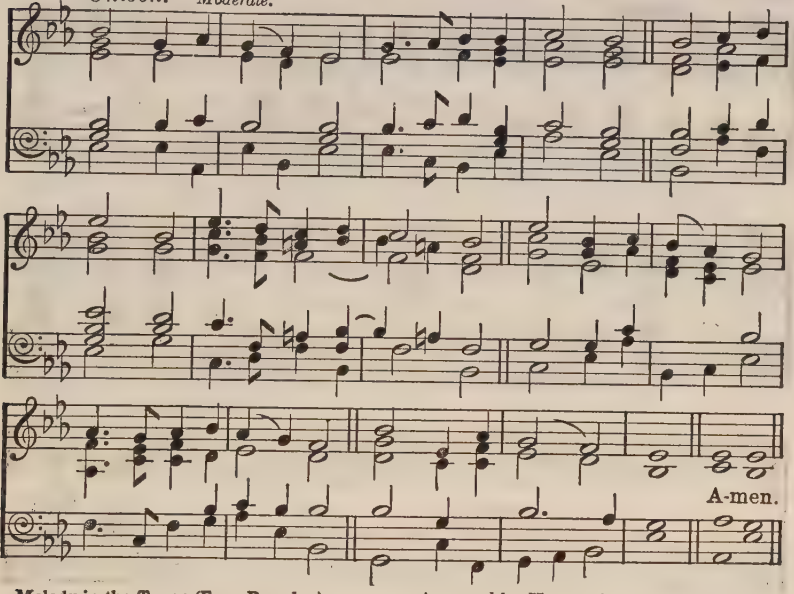
5 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy Kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

PETRUS HERBERT, ? -1571.
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829-1878.

CHRISTE SANCTORUM. 11 11 11 5.

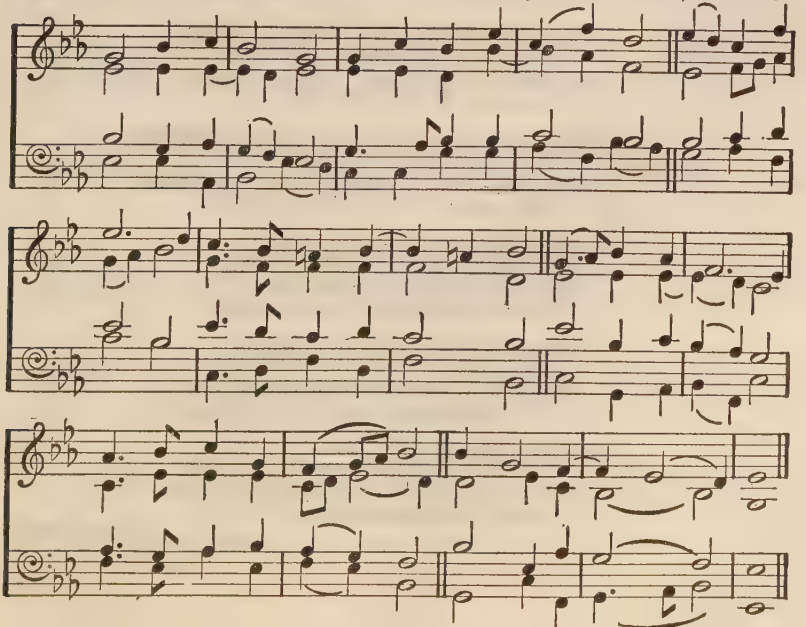
Melody from LA FEILLÉE, Méthode du plain-chant, 1782.

Unison. *Moderate.*



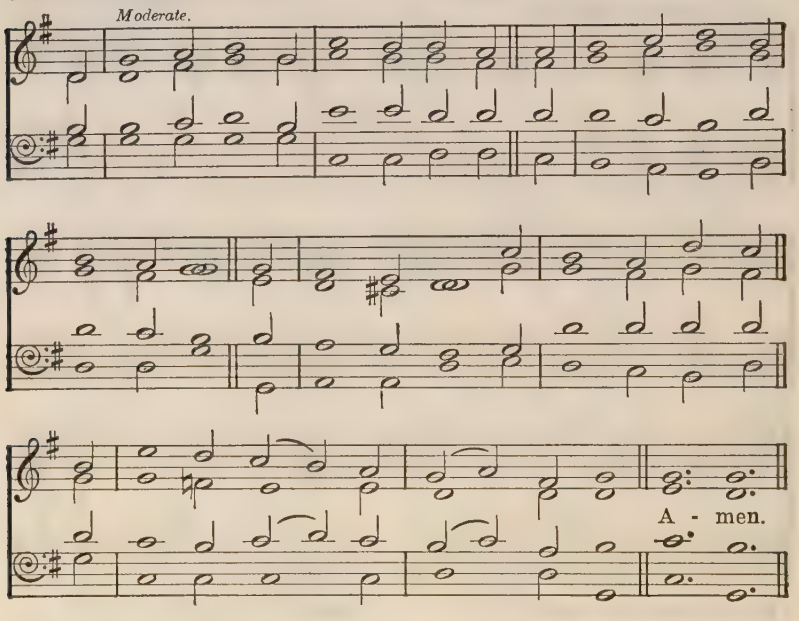
Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon).

Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



568 RADFORD. 9 8 9 8.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810-1876.



THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

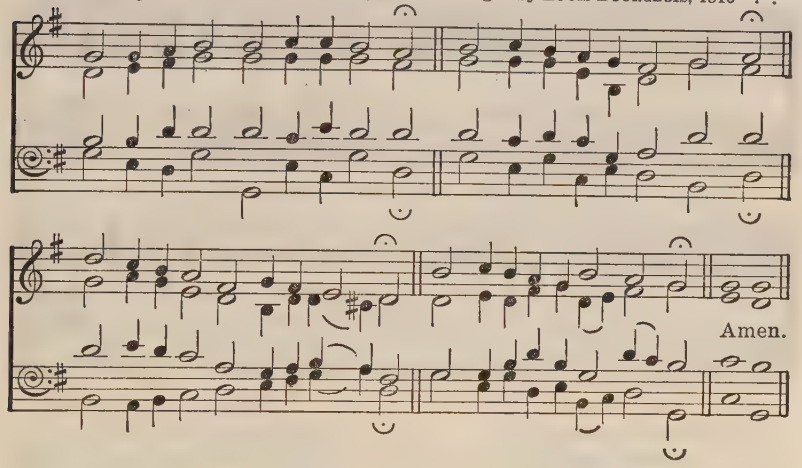
4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

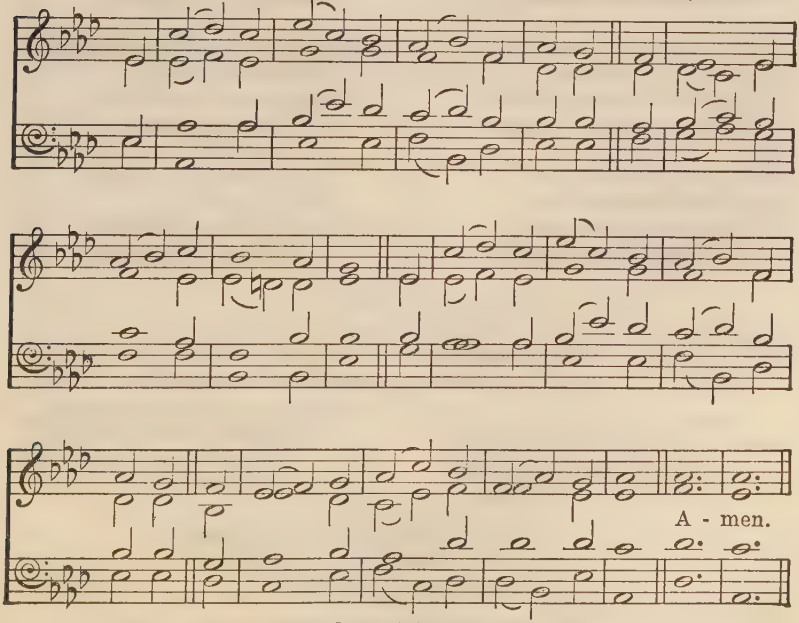
JOHN ELLERTON, 1826-1893.

LES COMMANDEMENS. 9 8 9 8. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1549.

Moderately slow. Composed or arranged by LOUIS BOURGEOIS, 1510- ? .



ST. CLEMENT. 9 8 9 8. *Moderate.* CLEMENT COTTERILL SCHOLEFIELD, 1839-1904.



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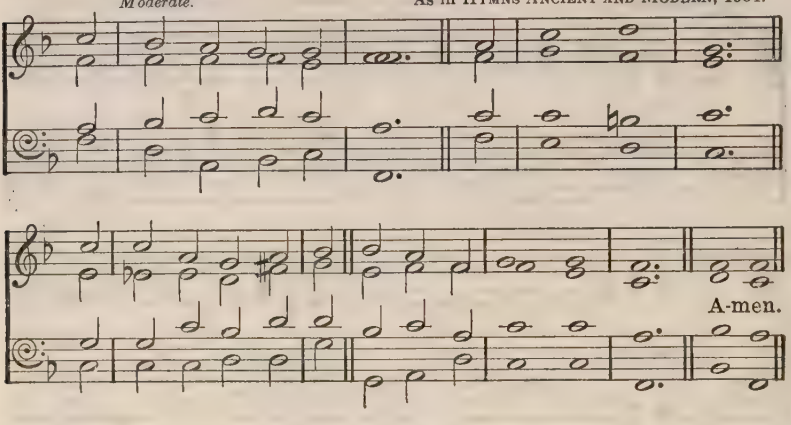
569 ST. COLUMBA (IRONS). 6 4 6 6.

Moderate.

HERBERT STEPHEN IRONS, 1834-1905.
As in HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN, 1904.



THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
In death reclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,—
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide,—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me:

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine.

From the Latin, probably 18th century.
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL, 1814-1878.

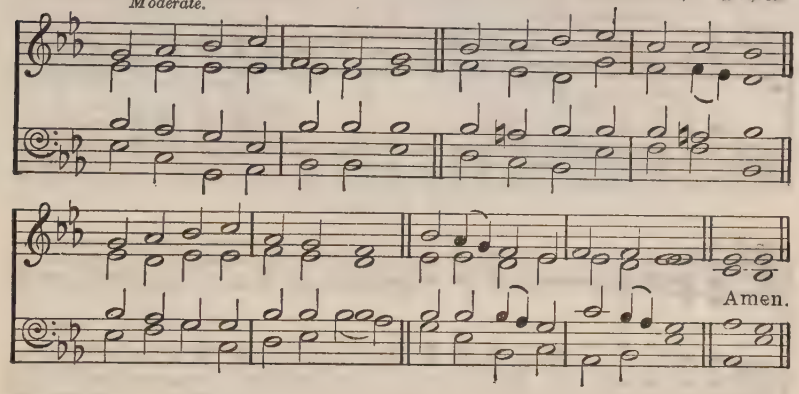
AND THE FOLLOWING:

4 O Trinity of blessed light.
209 Again, as evening's shadow falls.
214 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise.
457 Sunset and evening star.
466 When the day of toil is done.
621 In our hearts celestial voices.
622 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.

570 SONG 13 (GIBBONS). 7 7 7 7.

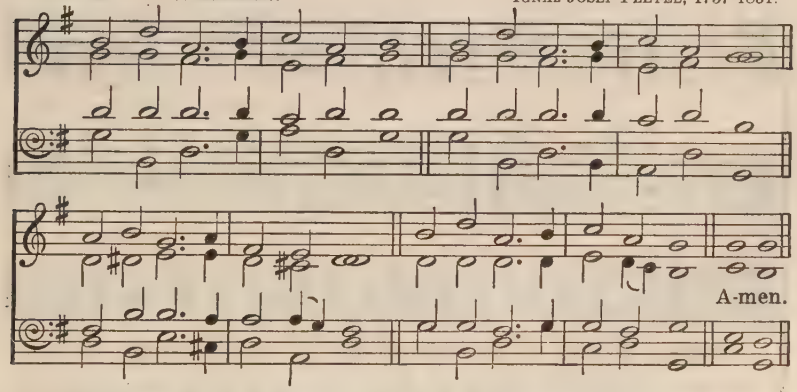
Moderate.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.



PLEYEL. 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.*

IGNAZ JOSEF PLEYEL, 1757-1831.



FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Father and Redeemer hear.

2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, bright and morning Star:
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

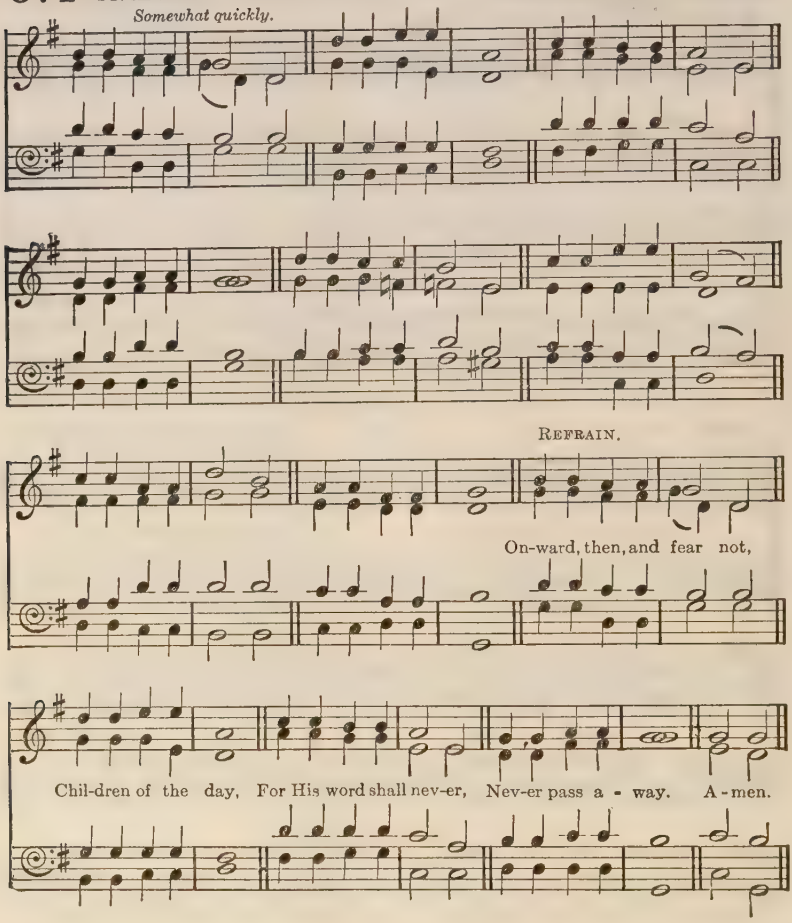
4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own·
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

HENRY DOWNTON, 1818-1885.

571 **ST. ALBAN'S.** 6 5 6 5 D. and refrain.

Adapted from
FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732-1809.

Somewhat quickly.

Or HERMAS, No. 107.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us
Hushing every fear,
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

2 'I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.'

3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

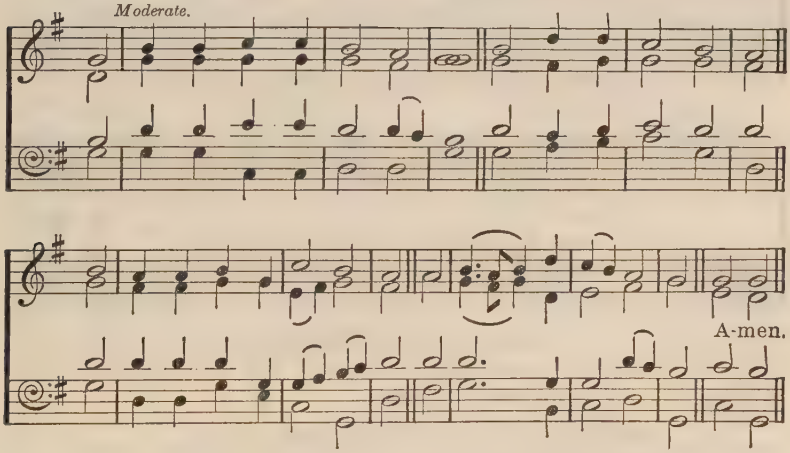
4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.

572 PETERBOROUGH. C.M.

RALPH HARRISON'S SACRED HARMONY, 1791.



SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to Him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

3 Father, Thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To Thee presenting, through Thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of Thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see Thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee;

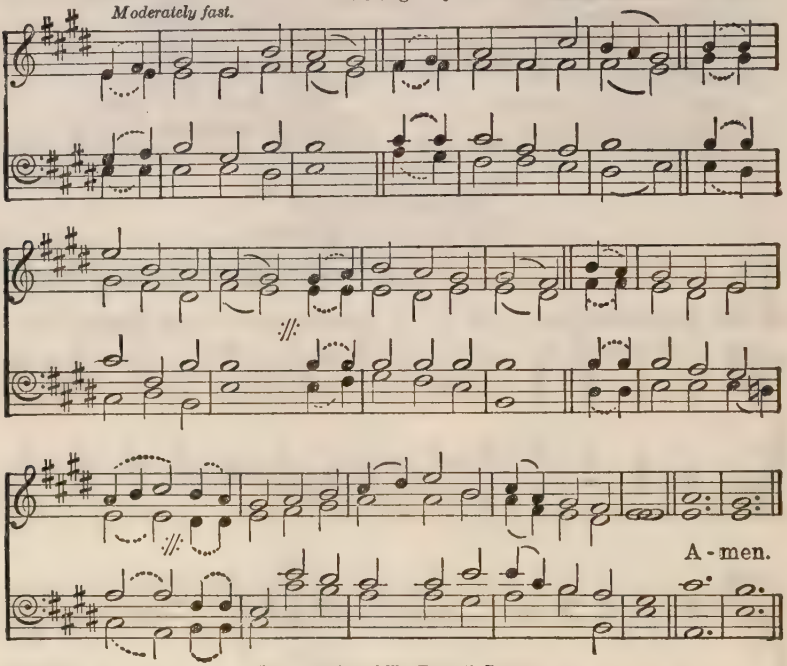
6 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The Jubilee of heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

573 DERBE. 5 5 5 11.

Moderately fast.

From Sacred Harmony, 1780.
Arranged by John Frederick Bridge, 1844-1924.



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COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

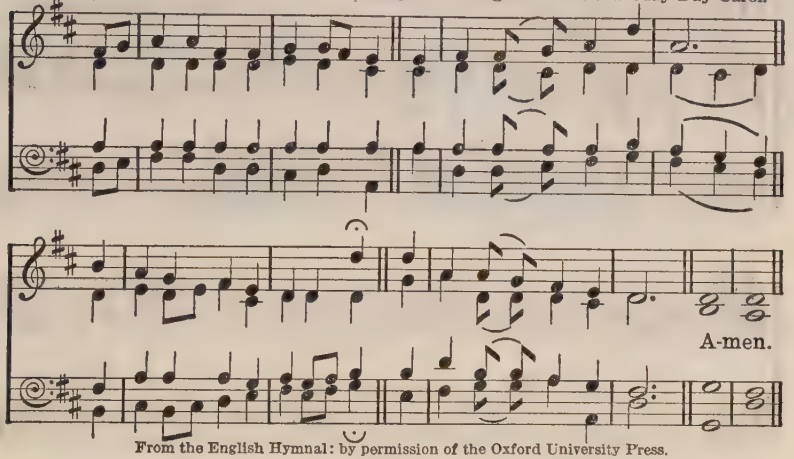
3 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
'I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.'

5 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne.'

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788.

574 KING'S LANGLEY. C.M. *Brightly.* English Traditional May-Day Carol.



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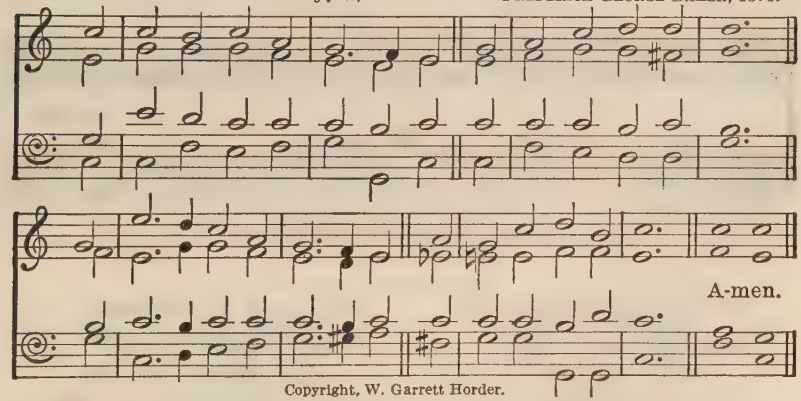
ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. *Moderately fast,* FREDERICK GEORGE BAKER, 1876.



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THE glory of the spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad!

2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.

3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new births more divine:

4 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song,
And fragrancy of prayer!

5 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine;
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.

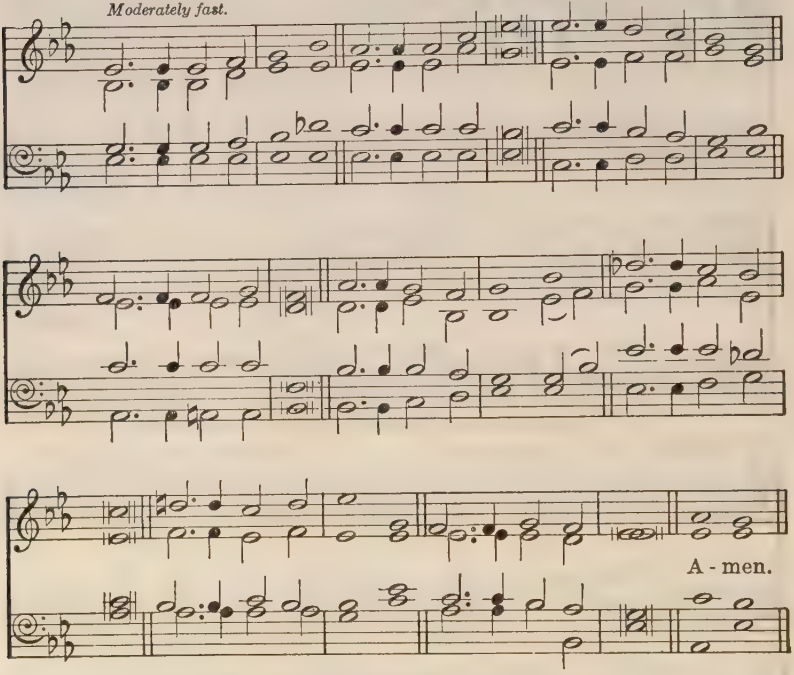
6 Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given;
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1819-1906.

575 RUTH. 6 5 6 5 D.

SAMUEL SMITH, 1821-1917.

Moderately fast.



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SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

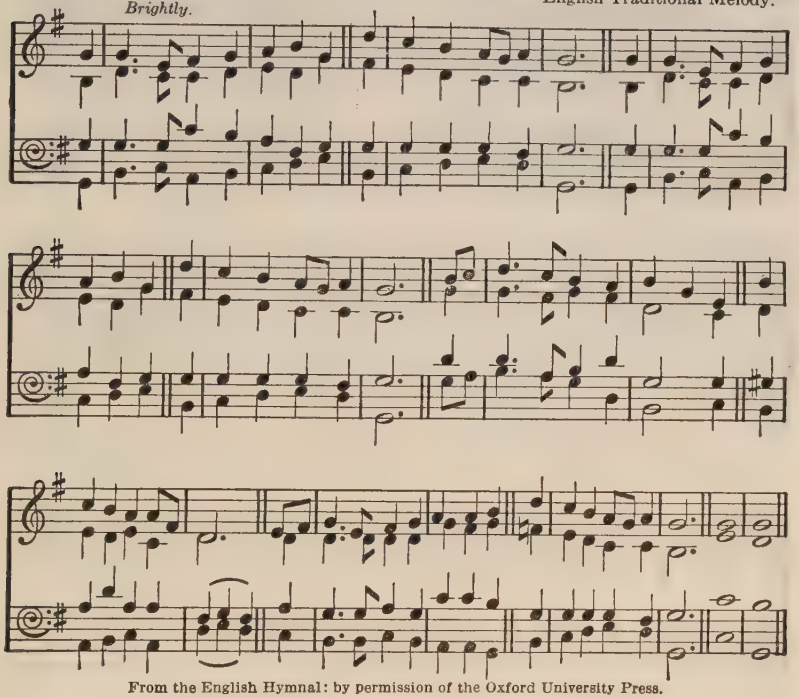
4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897.

576 GOSTERWOOD. D.C.M.

Brightly.

English Traditional Melody.



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Or FOREST GREEN, No. 580.

THE summer days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields,
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

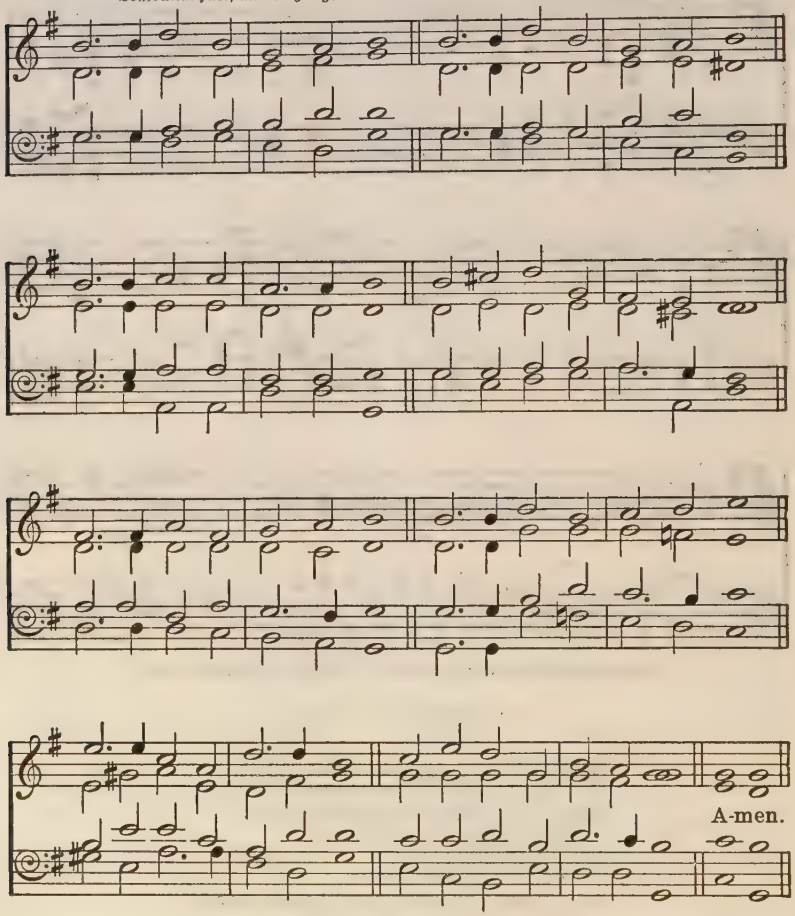
2 The summer days are come again;
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim;
For summer joy in field and wood,
We lift our song to Him.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819-1892.

577 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7 7 7 7 D.

Somewhat fast, and brightly.

GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1816-1893.



COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come;
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

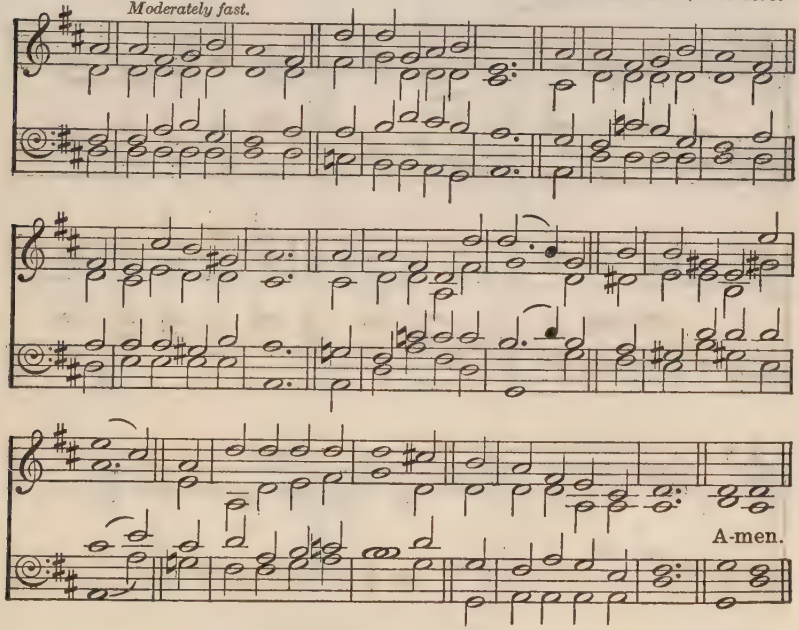
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

HENRY ALFORD, 1810-1871.

578 LANCASHIRE. 7 6 7 6 D.

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.

Moderately fast.



Or CHENIES, No. 83.

SING to the Lord of harvest,
Sing songs of love and praise,
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise;
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move;
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

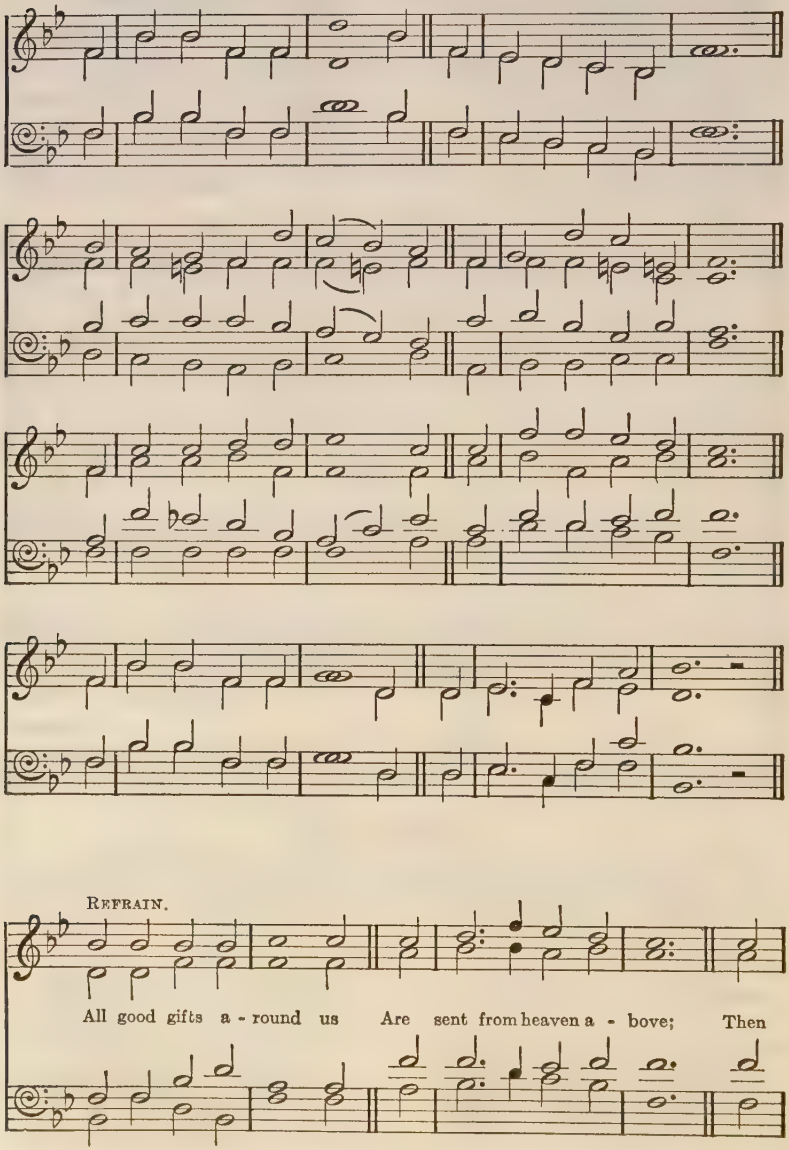
2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fullness
All things with large increase;
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

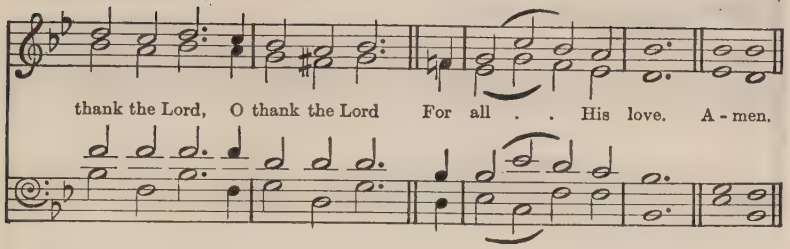
3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him
Who gave His life for all.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811-1875.

579 WIR PFLÜGEN (DRESDEN). 7 6 7 6 D. and refrain.

Moderate. JOHANN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULZ, 1747-1800.





WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
And soft refreshing rain.

All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him;
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

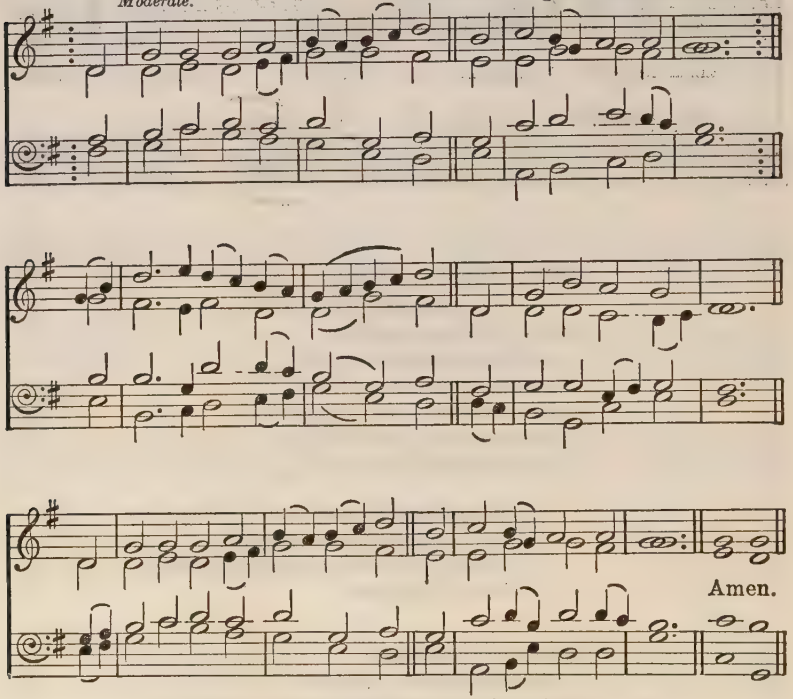
3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1740-1815.
Tr. JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL, 1817-1878.

580 FOREST GREEN. D.C.M.

Moderate.

English Traditional Melody.



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ALL beautiful the march of days,
As seasons come and go;
The hand that shaped the rose hath wrought
The crystal of the snow;
Hath sent the hoary frost of heaven
The flowing waters sealed,
And laid a silent loveliness
On hill, and wood, and field.

2 O'er white expanses sparkling pure
The radiant morns unfold;
The solemn splendours of the night
Burn brighter through the cold:
Life mounts in every throbbing vein,
Love deepens round the hearth,
And clearer sounds the angel-hymn,
'Goodwill to men on earth.'

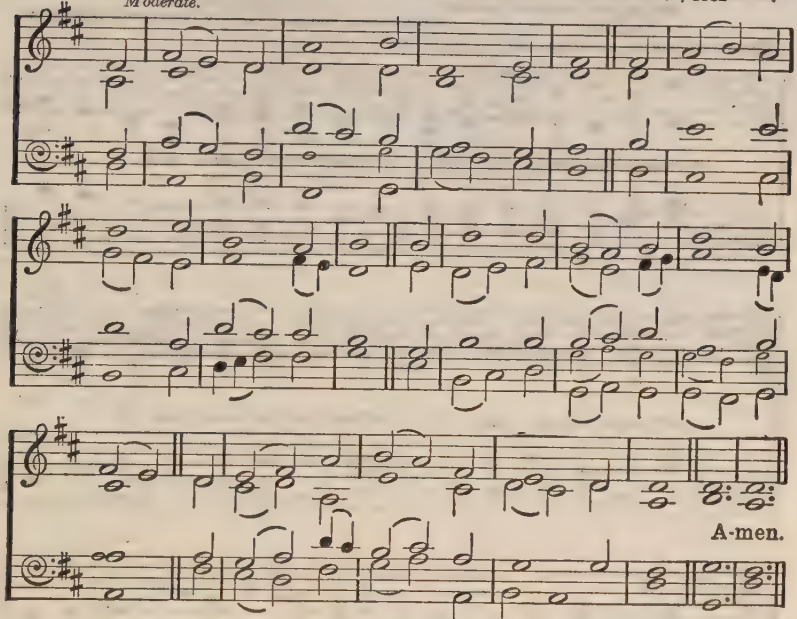
3 O Thou from whose unfathomed law
The year in beauty flows,
Thyself the vision passing by
In crystal and in rose:
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night proclaim,
In everlasting words of light,
The wonder of Thy Name.

FRANCES WHITMARSH WILE, 1878-

581 FINNART. L.M.

Moderate.

KENNETH GEORGE FINLAY, 1882-



Or ST. CRISPIN, No. 351.

'TIS winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes;
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

4 O God! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819-1892.

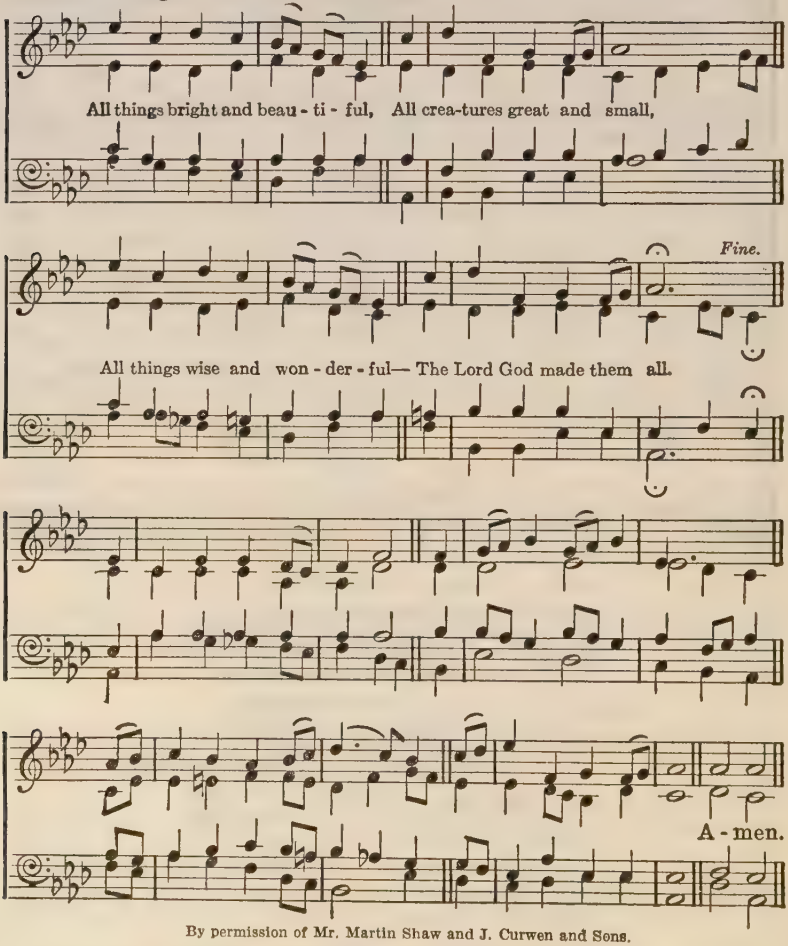
AND THE FOLLOWING:

For the New Year.

19 Now thank we all our God.
23 When all Thy mercies, O my God.
35 O God, the Rock of Ages.
423 If thou but suffer God to guide thee.
424 My times are in Thy hand.
427 I know not what the future hath.
436-455 Hymns of Pilgrimage, Protection, and Guidance.
643 Through all the changing scenes (Ps. 34).
662 O God, our help in ages past (Ps. 90).
663 O with Thy tender mercies, Lord (Ps. 90).

582 ROYAL OAK. 7 6 7 6, and refrain.

Brightly and somewhat quickly. Old English Melody.
Unison. Arranged by WILLIAM HENRY HEWLETT, 1873-1940.

Verse 1 to be sung as refrain after verses 2—6.

All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small,
Fine.
All things wise and won - der - ful— The Lord God made them all.
A - men.

By permission of Mr. Martin Shaw and J. Curwen and Sons.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful—
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

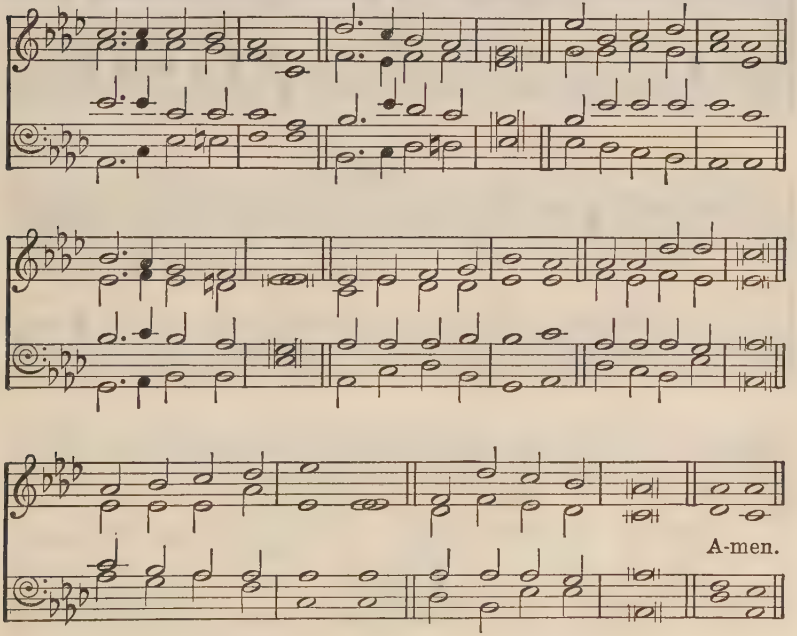
4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes, by the water,
We gather every day,—

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823-1895.

583 **HERMAS.** 6 5 6 5 D. *Brightly.* FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836-1879.



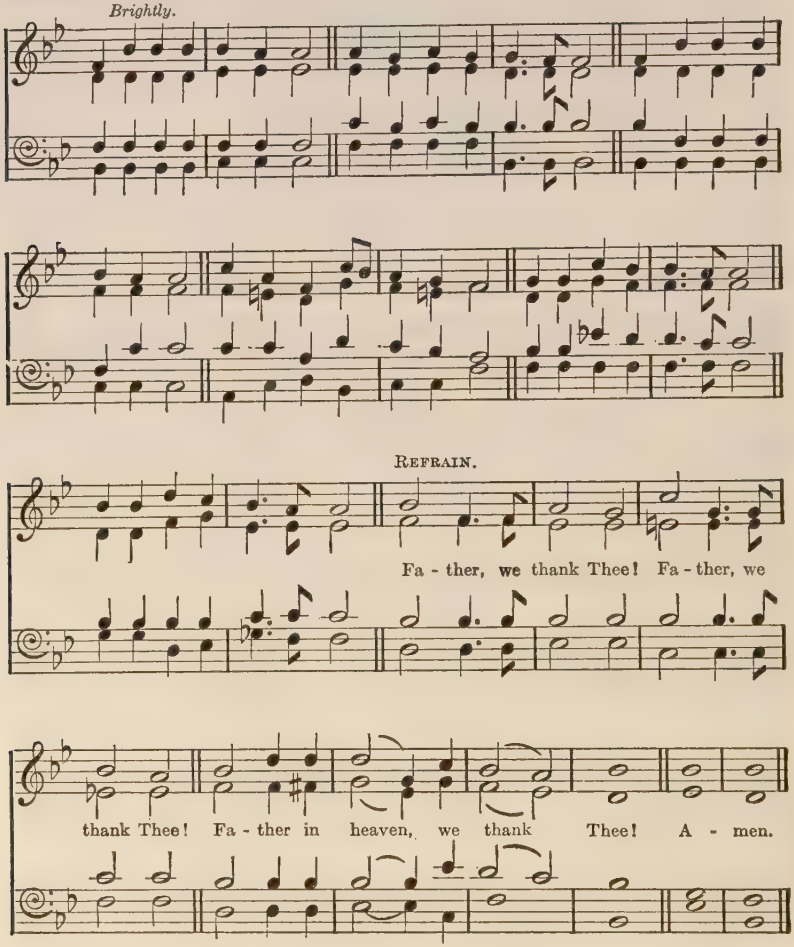
ALL the happy children
Gladly join our song,
Rising to the Father,
In a chorus strong.
Birds are brightly singing,
Leaves are opening wide,
Flower bells are ringing
Forth on every side.

2 See the sky above us,
Spread so warm and blue;
So God's love is reaching
Over me and you.
Father dear, we thank Thee
For long summer days,
For the birds and flowers,
For the grassy ways.

FRANCIS BENT DILLINGHAM.

584 THANKSGIVING. 7 7 7 7 7 7 and refrain.

W. K. BASSWOOD.

Brightly.

CAN a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, O yes! be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord, and do your part;
Learn to say with all your heart,
Father, we thank Thee,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

2 For the fruit upon the tree,
For the birds that sing of Thee,
For the earth in beauty drest,
Father, mother, and the rest,
For Thy precious, loving care,
For Thy bounty everywhere,
Father, we thank Thee,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

3 For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night,
For the lessons of our youth—
Honour, gratitude and truth,
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer,
Father, we thank Thee,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

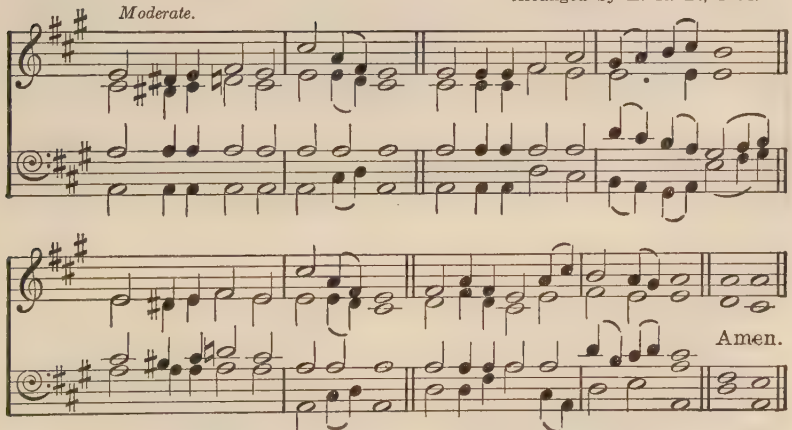
4 For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays,
For the joyful work and true
That a little child may do,
For our lives but just begun,
For the great gift of Thy Son,
Father, we thank Thee,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

Ascribed to Mary Mapes Dodge, 1831-1905.

585 ONSLOW. L.M.

Melody by Daniel Batchellor.
Arranged by E. R. B., 1904.

Moderate.



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FATHER, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.

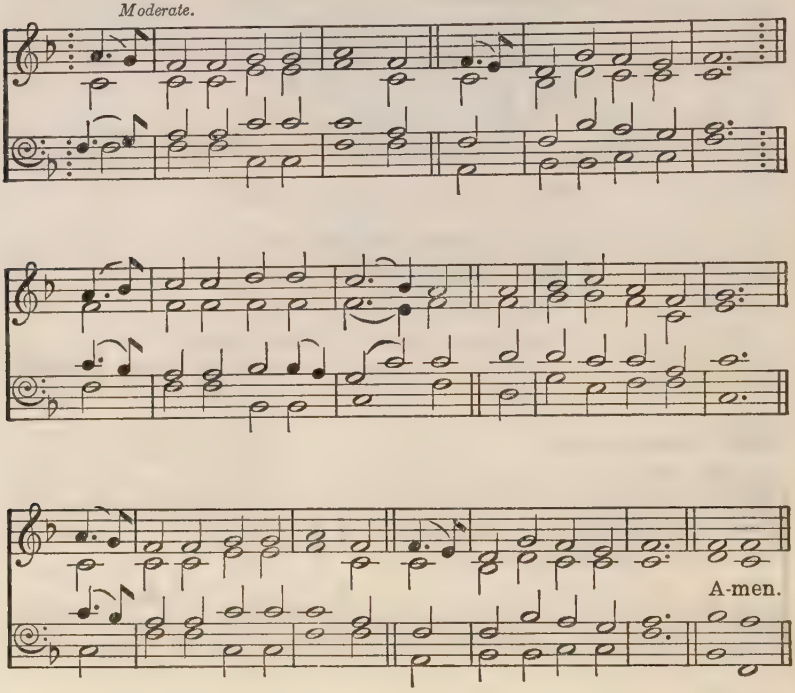
2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

Rebecca Weston, c. 1890.

586 ENDSLEIGH. 7 6 7 6 D.

SALVATORE FERRETTI, 1817-1874.
Arranged by JAMES TURLE, 1802-1882.

Moderate.



FOR A FLOWER SERVICE.

WE thank Thee, O our Father,
For all Thy loving care;
We thank Thee that Thou madest
The world so bright and fair.
We thank Thee for the sunshine,
And for the pleasant showers;
And O, our God, we thank Thee,
We thank Thee for the flowers.

2 Out in the sunny meadows
And in the woodlands cool,
Upon the breezy hillside,
And by each reedy pool,
And in the quiet pasture,
And by the broad highway;
All pure, and fresh, and stainless,
They spring up every day.

3 And in the dusty city,
Where busy crowds pass by,
And where the tall dark houses
Stand up and hide the sky;
And where through lanes and alleys
No pleasant breezes blow,
E'en there, O God, our Father,
Thou mak'st the flowers grow.

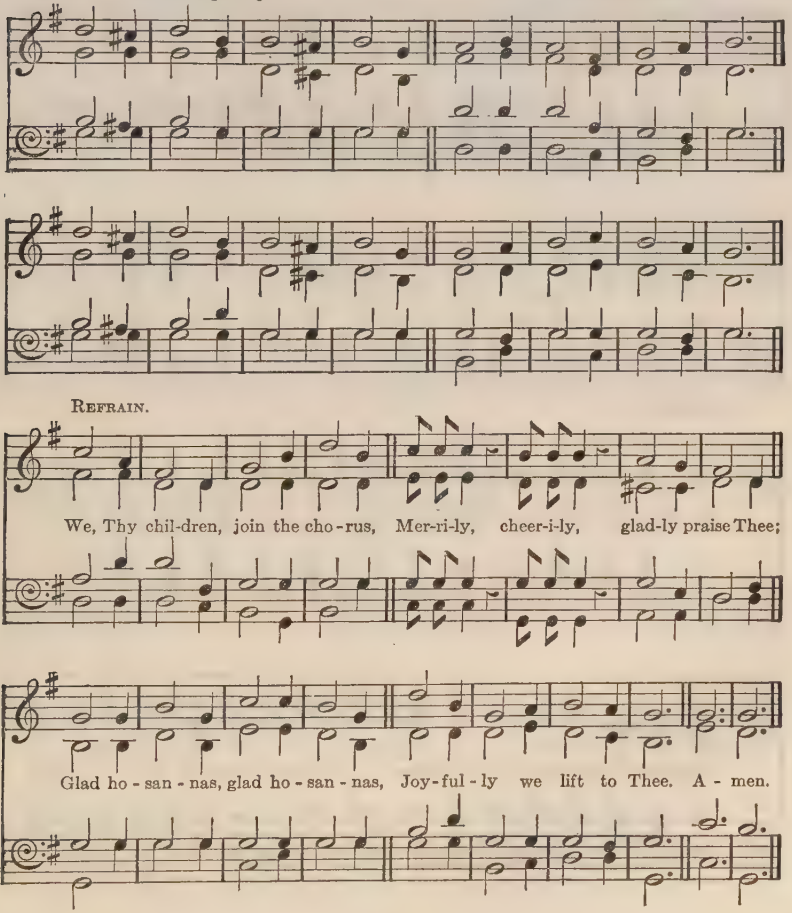
4 And whether in the city
Or in the fields they dwell;
Always the same sweet message
The fair, sweet flowers tell.
For they are all so wondrous,
They show Thy power abroad;
And they are all so beauteous,
They tell Thy love, O God.

Author unknown.

587 BIRDS ARE SINGING. 8 7 8 7, and refrain.

From HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

Somewhat quickly.


REFRAIN.
We, Thy chil-dren, join the cho-rus, Mer-ri-ly, cheer-i-ly, glad-ly praise Thee;
Glad ho-san-nas, glad ho-san-nas, Joy-ful-ly we lift to Thee. A-men.

BIRDS are singing, woods are ringing,
With Thy praises, blessèd King;
Lake and mountain, field and fountain,
To Thy throne their tributes bring.

We, Thy children, join the chorus,
Merrily, cheerily, gladly praise Thee;
Glad hosannas, glad hosannas,
Joyfully we lift to Thee.

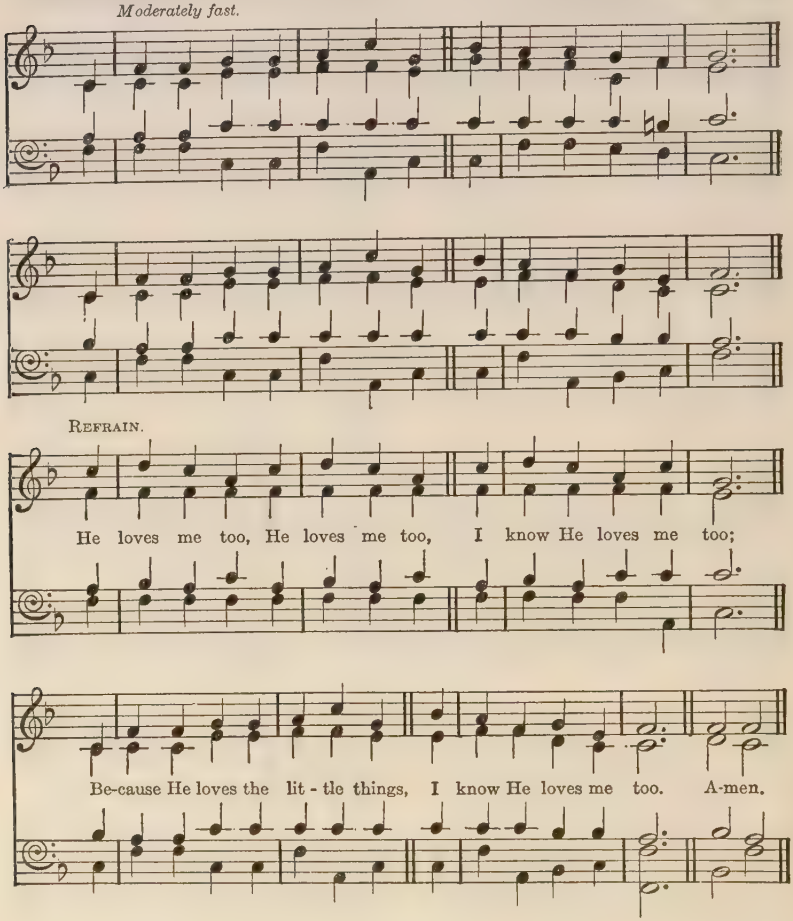
2 Waters dancing, sunbeams glancing,
Sing Thy glory cheerily;
Blossoms breaking, nature waking,
Chant Thy praises merrily.

3 Angels o'er us join the chorus
Which on earth we sing to Thee;
Heaven is ringing, earth is singing,
Praises to Thee joyfully.

L. F. COLE.

588 PROVIDENCE. C.M. and refrain.

S. W. Straub, 1842-1899.

Moderately fast.

GOD sees the little sparrow fall,
It meets His tender view;
If God so loves the little birds,
I know He loves me too.

He loves me too, He loves me too,
I know He loves me too;
Because He loves the little things,
I know He loves me too.

2 He paints the lily of the field,
Perfumes each lily bell;
If He so loves the little flowers,
I know He loves me well.

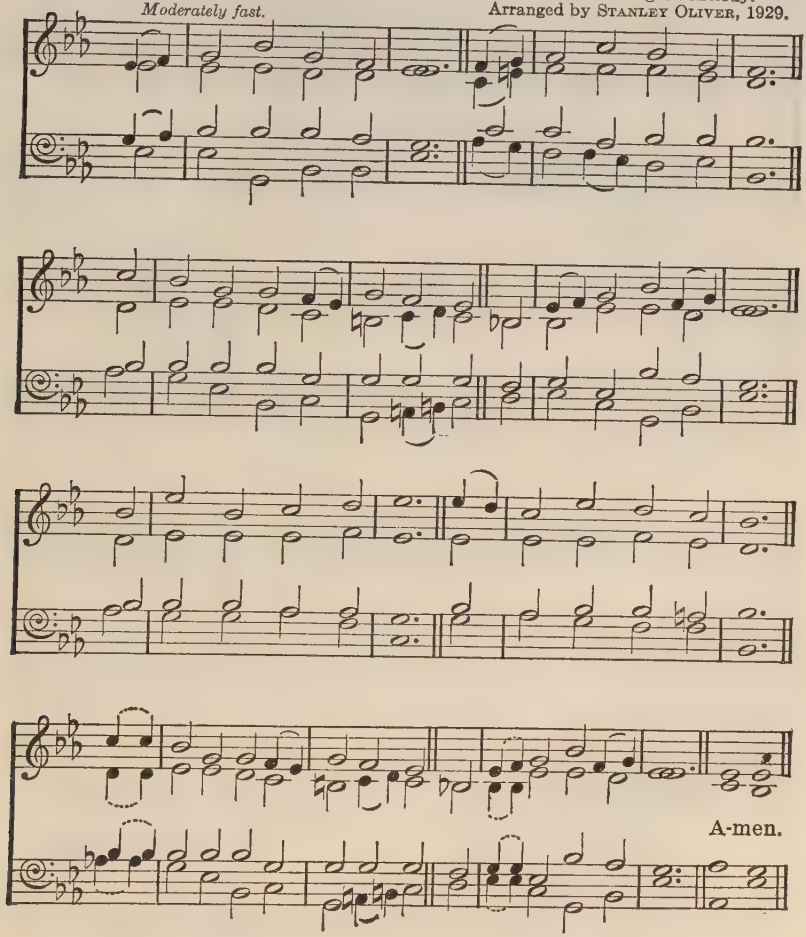
3 God made the little birds and flowers,
And all things large and small;
He'll not forget His little ones,
I know He loves them all.

Maria Straub, 1838-1898.

589 TERRA BEATA. Irregular.

Moderately fast.

Traditional English Melody.
Arranged by STANLEY OLIVER, 1929.



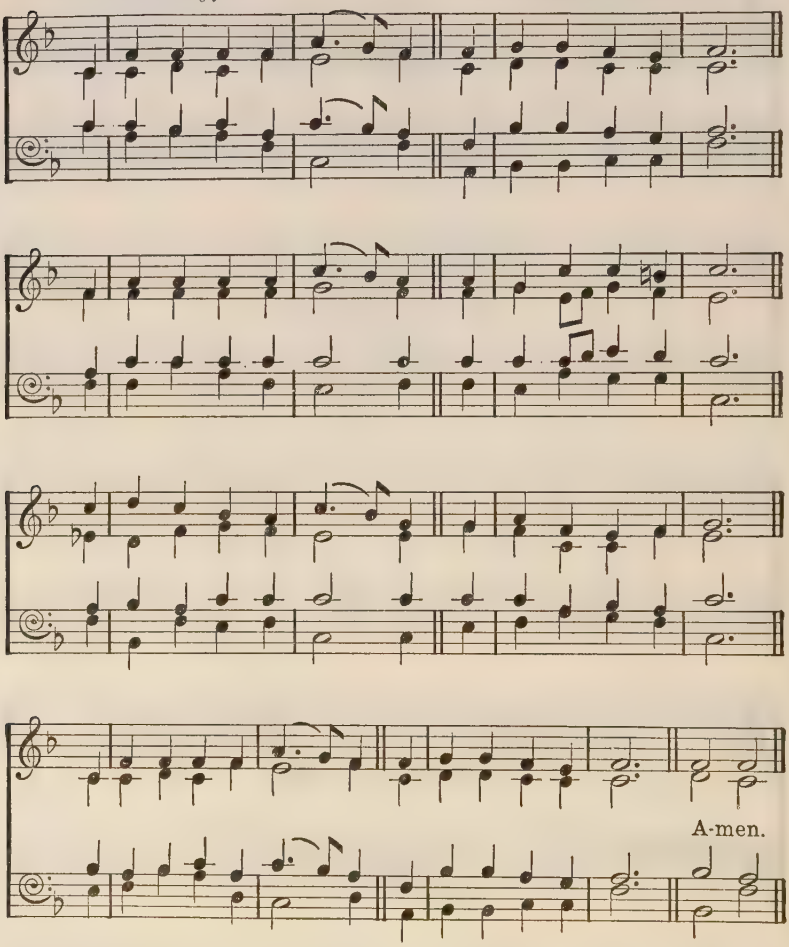
THIS is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.
This is my Father's world;
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks, and trees, of skies, and seas
His hand the wonders wrought.

2 This is my Father's world;
The birds their carols raise;
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
This is my Father's world;
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

MALTBIE BABCOCK, 1858-1901.

590 ELLON. 7 6 7 6 D.

Moderately fast.

GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT, 1820-1895.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health;
We, too, would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning:
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

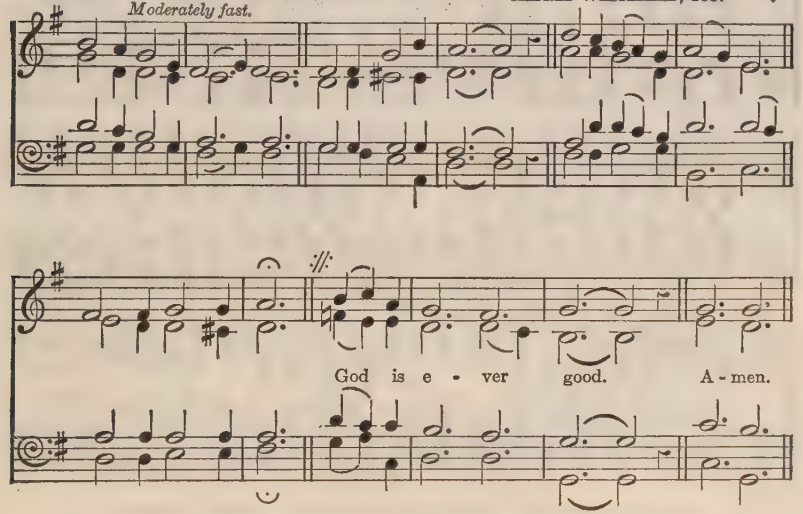
3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

Author unknown.
THE BOOK OF PRAISE FOR CHILDREN, 1881.

591 WELLARD. 6 5 6 5, and repeat.

ALFRED WHITEHEAD, 1887-

Moderately fast.



SEE the shining dewdrops
On the flowers strewed,
Proving, as they sparkle,
God is ever good.

2 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
'God is ever good.'

3 Hear the mountain streamlet
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
'God is ever good.'

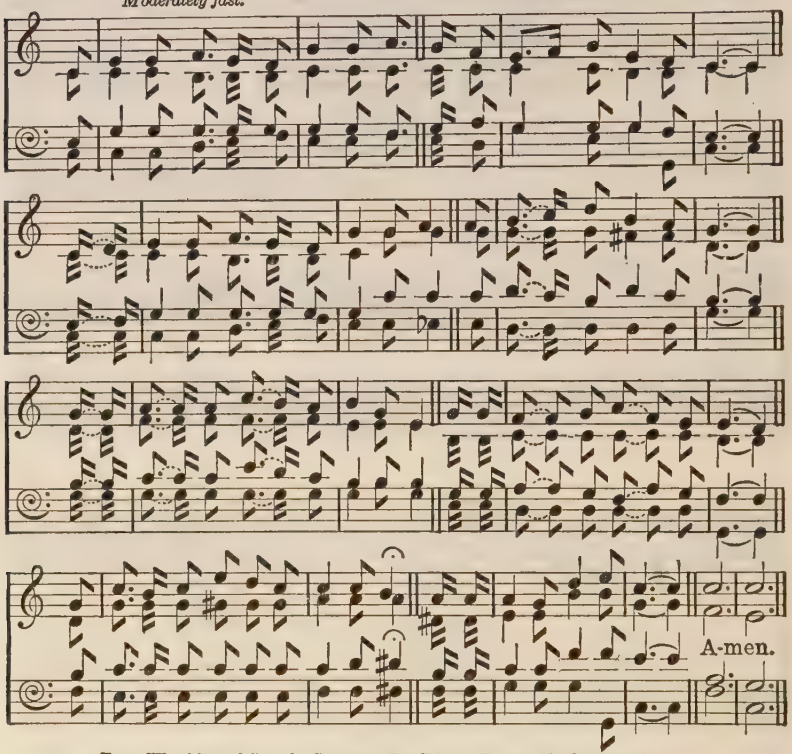
4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
'God is ever good.'

5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude;
While all nature utters,
'God is ever good.'

MAJOR'S BOOK OF PRAISE FOR HOME AND SCHOOL, 1869.

592 DEO GRATIAS. Irregular.

A. B. Ponsonby, 1913.

Moderately fast.

From 'Worship and Song.' Copyright The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

THE ships glide in at the harbour's mouth,
And the ships sail out to sea,
And the wind that sweeps from the sunny south
Is sweet as sweet can be.
There's a world of toil, and a world of pains,
And a world of trouble and care,
But O, in a world where our Father reigns,
There is gladness everywhere.

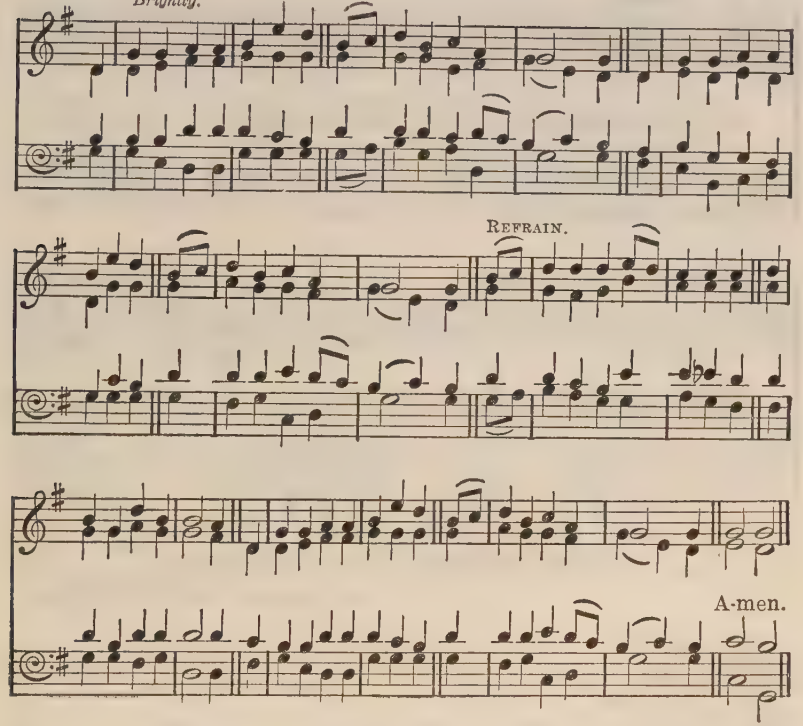
2 The harvest waves in the breezy morn,
And the men go forth to reap;
The fullness comes to the tasselled corn,
Whether we wake or sleep.
And far on the hills by feet untrod
There are blossoms that scent the air,
For O, in this world of our Father God,
There is beauty everywhere.

Margaret Sangster, 1838-1912.

Words from 'On the Road Home,' copyright by Harper & Brothers. Used by permission.

593 CANAAN. 8 7 8 7, and refrain.

Brightly. Composer unknown.



A GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing,
And thankfully we gather
To bless the love of God above,
Our everlasting Father.

In Him rejoice with heart and voice
Whose glory fadeth never,
Whose providence is our defence,
Who lives and loves for ever.

2 From shades of night He calls the light,
And from the sod the flower;
From every cloud His blessings break
In sunshine or in shower.

3 Full in His sight His children stand,
By His strong arm defended,
And He whose wisdom guides the world,
Our footsteps hath attended.

4 For nothing falls unknown to Him,
Or care or joy or sorrow,
And He whose mercy ruled the past
Will be our stay to-morrow.

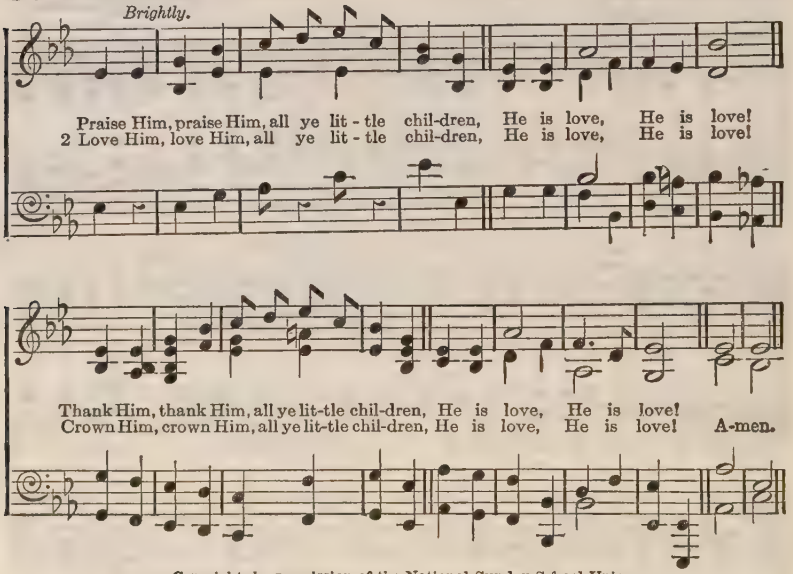
5 Then praise the Lord with one accord,
To His great Name give glory,
And of His never-changing love
Repeat the wondrous story.

AMBROSE NICHOLS BLATCHFORD, 1842-1924.

594 PRAISE HIM. 10 6 10 6.

E. Rawdon Bailey.

Brightly.


Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love!
2 Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love!
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit-tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love!
Crown Him, crown Him, all ye lit-tle chil-dren, He is love, He is love! A-men.

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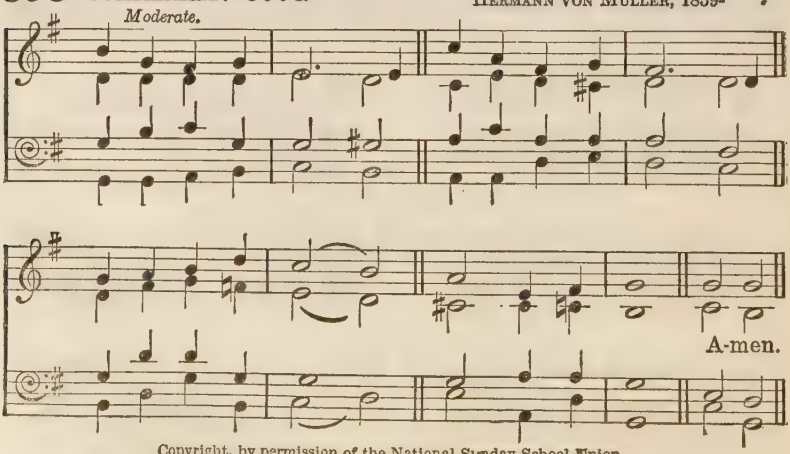
Author unknown.
As in Church and School Hymnal, 1926.

595 SOMMERLIED. 5 6 6 4.

Hermann von Muller, 1859-

Moderate.



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GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

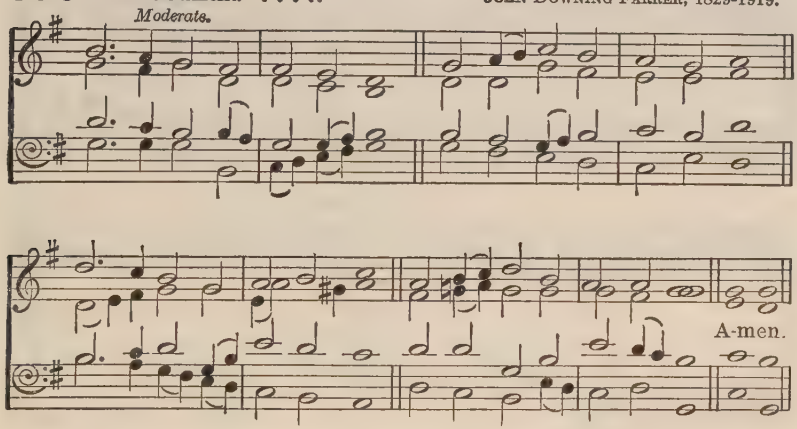
2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

4 God, who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

SARAH BETTS RHODES, 1870.

596 **NEW CALABAR. 7777.** JOHN DOWNING FARRER, 1829-1919.



From revised Church Hymnary. By permission of the Oxford University Press.

Or EVER FAITHFUL, No. 7.

FATHER, lead me day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true;
Show me what I ought to do!

2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee;
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below;
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS, 1834-1912.

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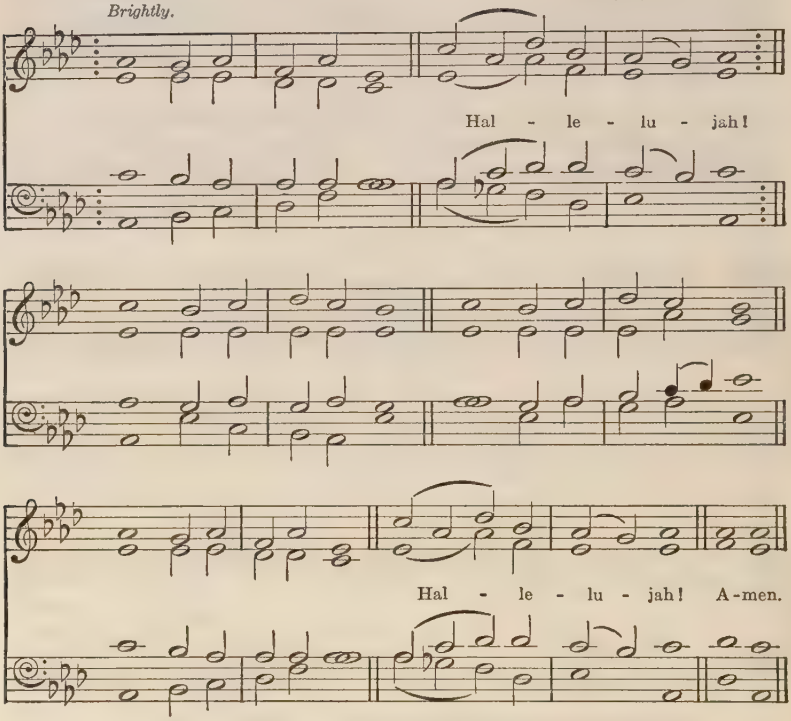
597 MADRID. 6 4 6 4 6 6 6 4. Probably Spanish Melody.

Brightly.



COME, children, join to sing—
Hallelujah!
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Hallelujah!
Let all, with heart and voice,
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice:
Hallelujah!

2 Come, lift your hearts on high;
Hallelujah!
Let praises fill the sky;
Hallelujah
He is our Guide and Friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end:
Hallelujah!

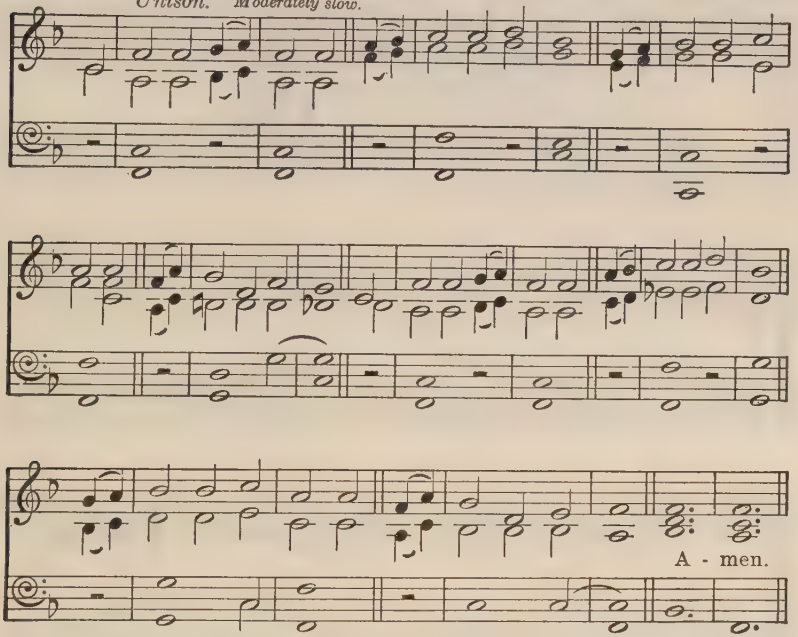
3 Praise yet the Lord again;
Hallelujah!
Life shall not end the strain;
Hallelujah!
On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
'Hallelujah!'

CHRISTIAN HENRY BATEMAN, 1813-1889.

598 CRADLE SONG. 6 5 6 5 D.

WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1838-1921.

Unison. *Moderately slow.*



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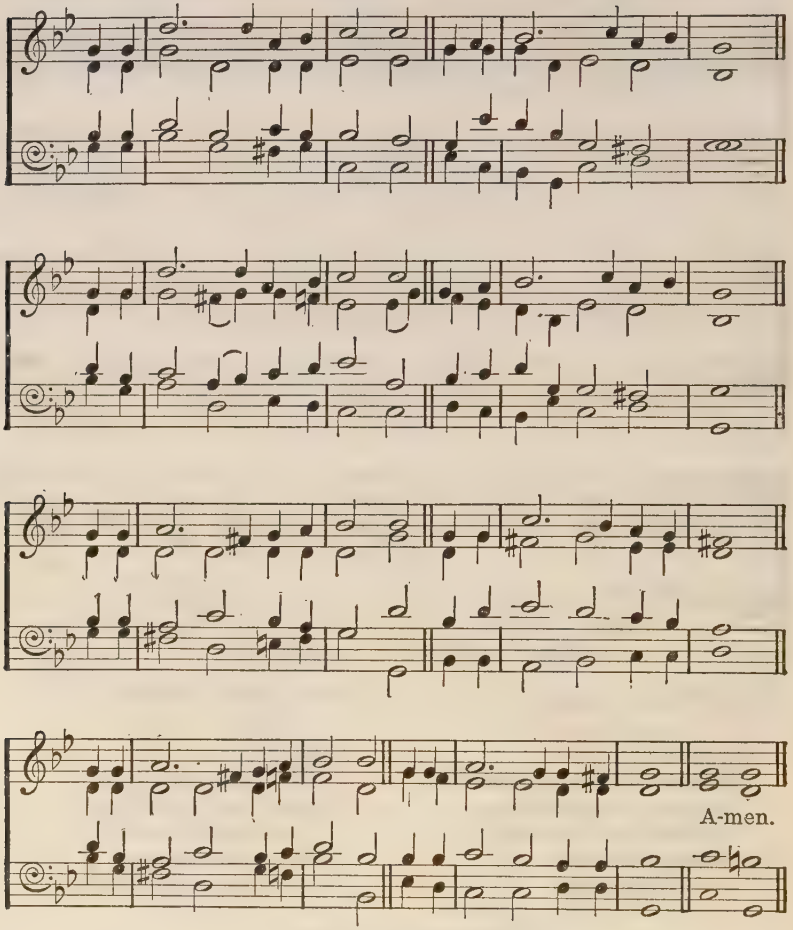
AWAY in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing,
The Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus;
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side
Until morning is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord Jesus,
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever,
And love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven
To live with Thee there.

Author unknown.

599 CHARTRES. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderately fast.* Old French Carol.



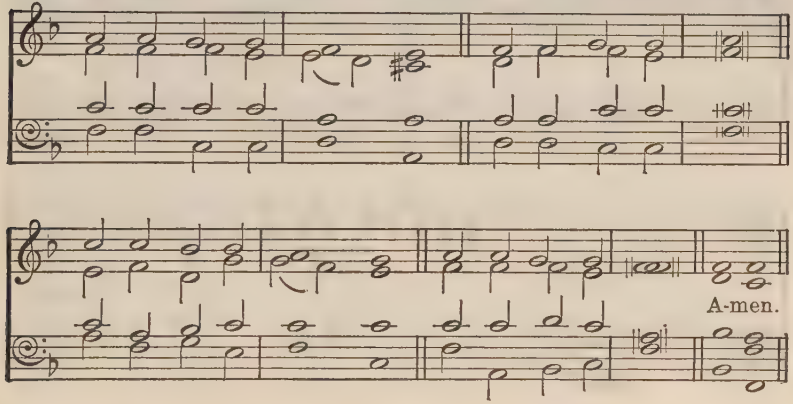
LITTLE children, wake and listen!
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hear the news of Jesus' birth.
Long ago, to lonely meadows,
Angels brought the message down;
Still, each year, through midnight shadows,
It is heard in every town.

2 What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street?
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat?
Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free;
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our hearts may be.

3 Christ has left His throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found;
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.
Little children, wake and listen!
Songs are ringing through the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth.

Author unknown.
WILLIAMSON'S CHILDREN'S MANUAL, 1876.

600 BEMERTON (CASWALL). 6 5 6 5. *Moderate.* FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1804-1876.



WISE men seeking Jesus
Travelled from afar,
Guided on their journey
By a beauteous star.

2 But if we desire Him,
He is close at hand;
For our native country
Is our Holy Land.

3 Prayerful souls may find Him
By our quiet lakes,
Meet Him on our hillsides
When the morning breaks.

4 In our fertile cornfields
While the sheaves are bound,
In our busy markets,
Jesus may be found.

5 Fishermen talk with Him
By the great north sea,
As the first disciples
Did in Galilee.

6 Every peaceful village
In our land might be,
Made by Jesus' presence
Like sweet Bethany.

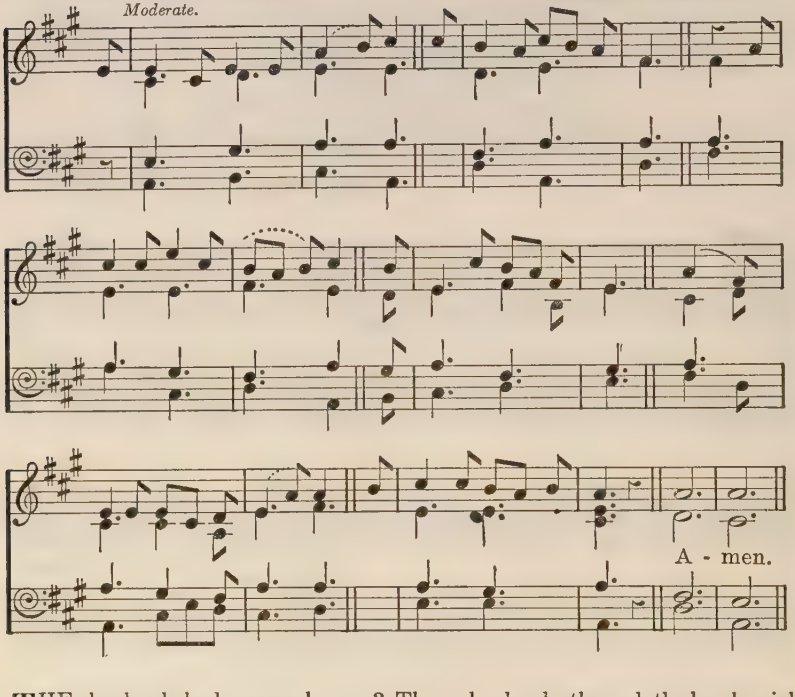
7 He is more than near us,
If we love Him well;
For He seeketh ever
In our hearts to dwell.

JAMES EAST, in SCHOOL WORSHIP, 1926.

601 MAY SONG. Irregular.

Traditional English Carol.

Moderate.



THE shepherds had an angel,
The wise men had a star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together,
And singing angels are?

2 Lord Jesus is my Guardian,
So I can nothing lack;
The lambs lie in His bosom
Along life's dangerous track:
The wilful lambs that go astray
He, bleeding, fetches back.

3 Those shepherds, through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep,
All singing 'Glory, glory,'
In festival they keep.

4 Christ watches me, His little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be His own in heaven:
So angels clad in white
Shall sing their 'Glory, glory,'
For my sake in the height.

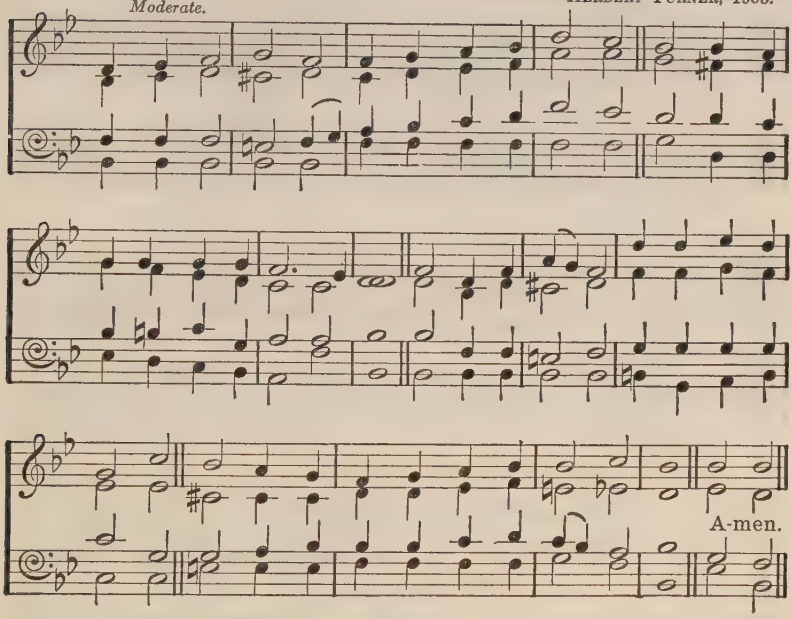
5 Lord, bring me nearer day by day,
Till I my voice unite,
And sing my 'Glory, glory,'
With angels clad in white,
All 'Glory, glory,' given to Thee,
Through all the heavenly height.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830-1894.

602 CUSHMAN. 11 10 11 10.

Moderate.

HERBERT TURNER, 1905.



WE would see Jesus, lo, His star is shining
Above the stable while the angels sing;
There in a manger on the hay reclining,
Haste, let us lay our gifts before the King.

2 We would see Jesus, Mary's Son most holy,
Light of the village life from day to day;
Shining revealed through every task most lowly,
The Christ of God, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

3 We would see Jesus on the mountain teaching,
With all the listening people gathered round;
While birds and flowers and sky above are preaching
The blessedness which simple trust has found.

4 We would see Jesus, in His work of healing
At eventide before the sun was set;
Divine and human, in His deep revealing,
Of God and man in loving service met.

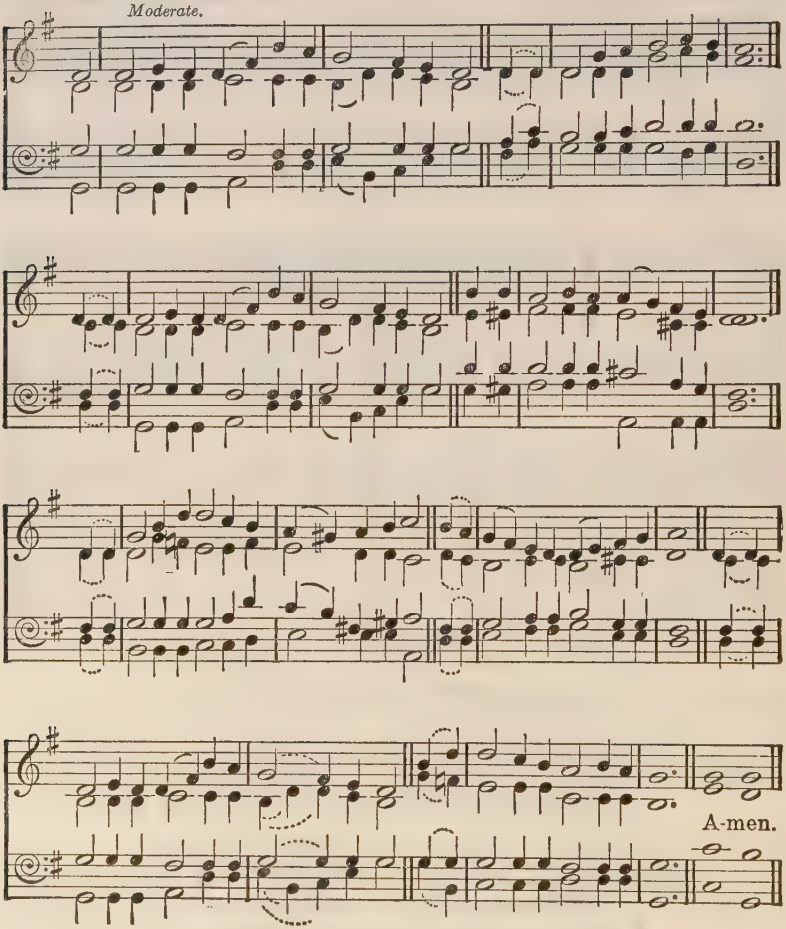
5 We would see Jesus, in the early morning
Still as of old He calleth 'Follow Me';
Let us arise, all meaner service scorning,
Lord, we are Thine, we give ourselves to Thee.

J. EDGAR PARK, 1913.

From 'Worship and Song.' Copyright, The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

603 HUDDLESTON. Irregular.

ARTHUR BERRIDGE.

Moderate.

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I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And, if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the Kingdom of heaven.

3 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

JEMIMA LUKE, 1813-1906.

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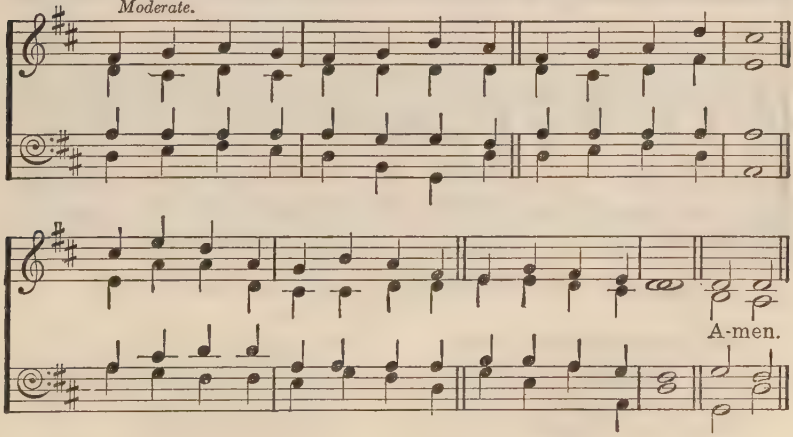
604 TENDERNESS. 8 5 8 5.

Music from REINECKE.

Moderate.



JESUS loves the little children,
For He said one day,
'Let the children come unto Me,
Keep them not away.'

2 There are many little children
Who have never heard
Of His love and tender kindness,
Of His holy Word.

3 I would tell these little children,
If they all could hear,
How He spoke to the disciples
With the children near.

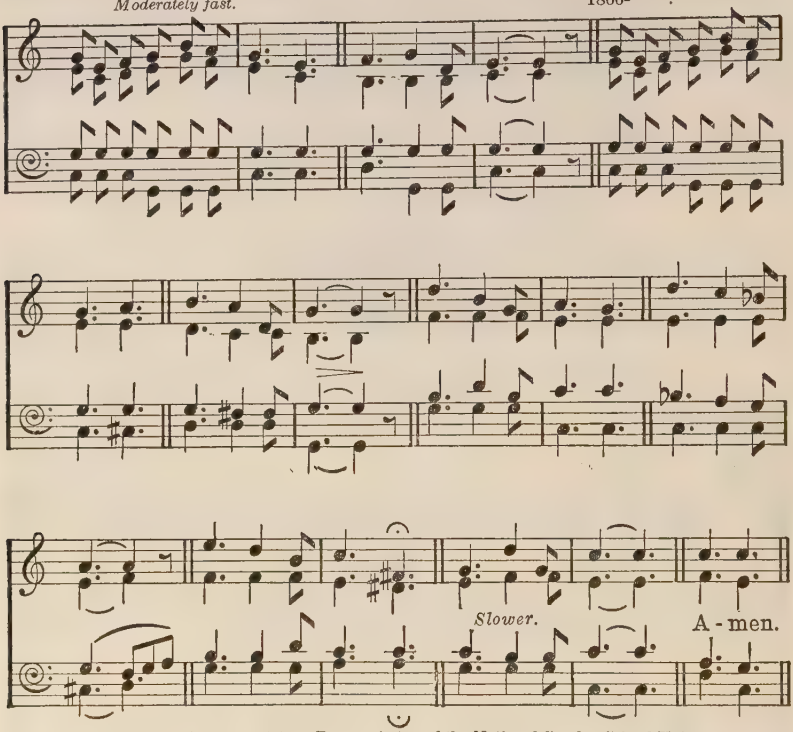
4 Listen, now, while we repeat it.
Hark! 'tis very sweet,
I should think 'twould make the children
Hasten Him to meet.

Author unknown.

605 STORIES OF JESUS. 8 4 8 4 5 4 5 4.

Moderately fast.

FREDERICK ARTHUR CHALLINOR, 1866-



Words and Music copyright. By permission of the National Sunday School Union.

TELL me the stories of Jesus
I love to hear;
Things I would ask Him to tell me
If He were here;
Scenes by the wayside,
Tales of the sea,
Stories of Jesus,
Tell them to me.

2 First let me hear how the children
Stood round His knee,
And I shall fancy His blessing
Resting on me:
Words full of kindness,
Deeds full of grace,
All in the lovelight
Of Jesus' face.

3 Into the city I'd follow
The children's band,
Waving a branch of the palm-tree
High in my hand;
One of His heralds,
Yes, I would sing
Loudest hosannas,
Jesus is King!

4 Tell me, in accents of wonder,
How rolled the sea
Tossing the boat in a tempest
On Galilee!
And how the Master,
Ready and kind,
Chided the billows
And hushed the wind.

5 Tell how the sparrow that twitters
On yonder tree,
And the sweet meadow-side lily
May speak to me:
Give me their message,
For I would hear
How Jesus taught us
Our Father's care.

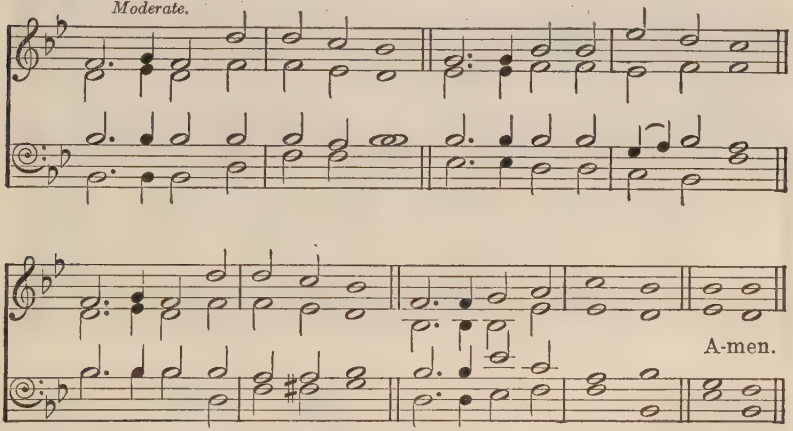
6 Show me that scene in the garden
Of bitter pain;
And of the Cross where my Saviour
For me was slain.
Sad ones or bright ones,
So that they be
Stories of Jesus,
Tell them to me.

WILLIAM HENRY PARKER, 1845-1929.

606 LITANY. 7 7 7 6.

Origin uncertain.

Moderate.



JESUS, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon a Cross didst die,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray,
Hear us, holy Jesus.

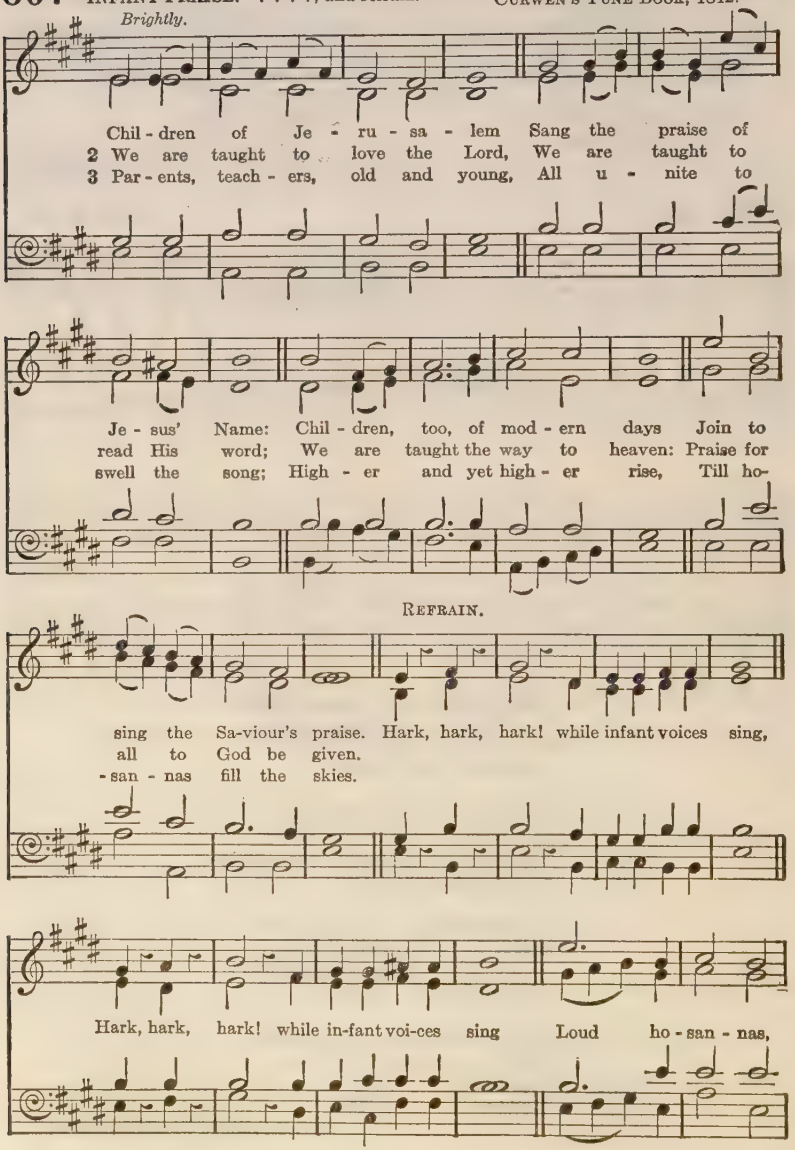
3 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

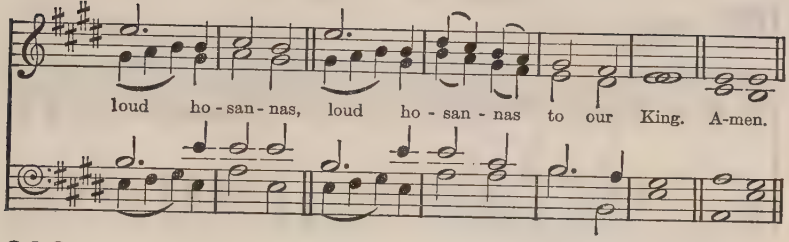
4 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1836-1896.

607 INFANT PRAISE. 7 7 7 7, and refrain.

Words by JOHN HENLEY, 1800-1842.
Music from CURWEN'S TUNE BOOK, 1842.


Brightly.
Chil - dren of Je - ru - sa - lem Sang the praise of
2 We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to
3 Par - ents, teach - ers, old and young, All u - nite to
Je - sus' Name: Chil - dren, too, of mod - ern days Join to
read His word; We are taught the way to heaven: Praise for
swell the song; High - er and yet high - er rise, Till ho-
REFRAIN.
sing the Sa-viour's praise. Hark, hark, hark! while infant voices sing,
all to God be given.
-san - nas fill the skies.
Hark, hark, hark! while in-fant voi-ces sing Loud ho - san - nas,

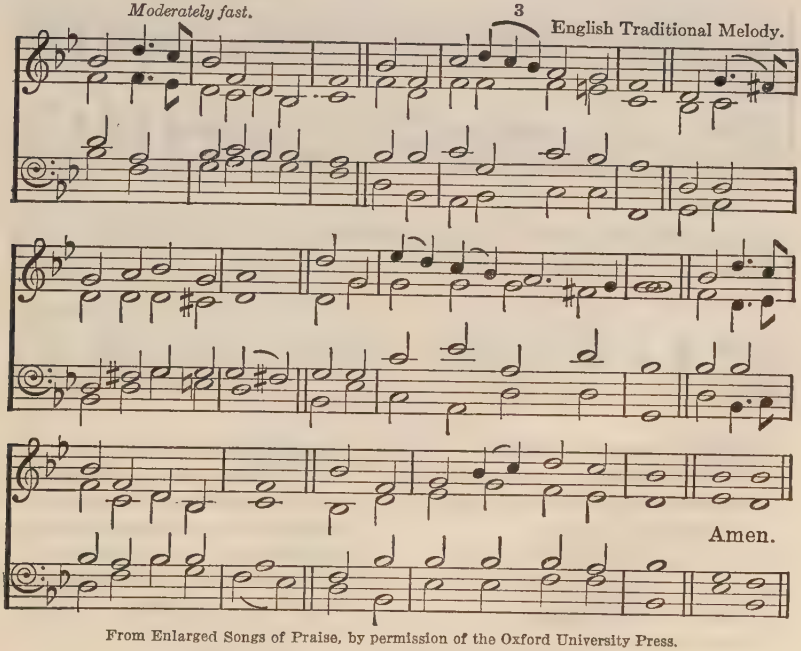


608 ENGLAND'S LANE. 777777.

Moderately fast.

3

English Traditional Melody.



From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

Or Dix, No. 15.

STANDING in the market-place,
Jesus watched the children play,
Where the Eastern sunshine fell
All the merry summer day.
Praise to Jesus while we play,
Praise Him, Praise Him all the day.

2 As He watched the children's games,
All His heart went out to bless;
He was glad to see them there,
And He shared their happiness.

3 Jesus watches children still
Laughing, shouting, in their glee;
These are they of whom He said,
'Suffer them to come to Me.'

FREDERICK JACKSON.

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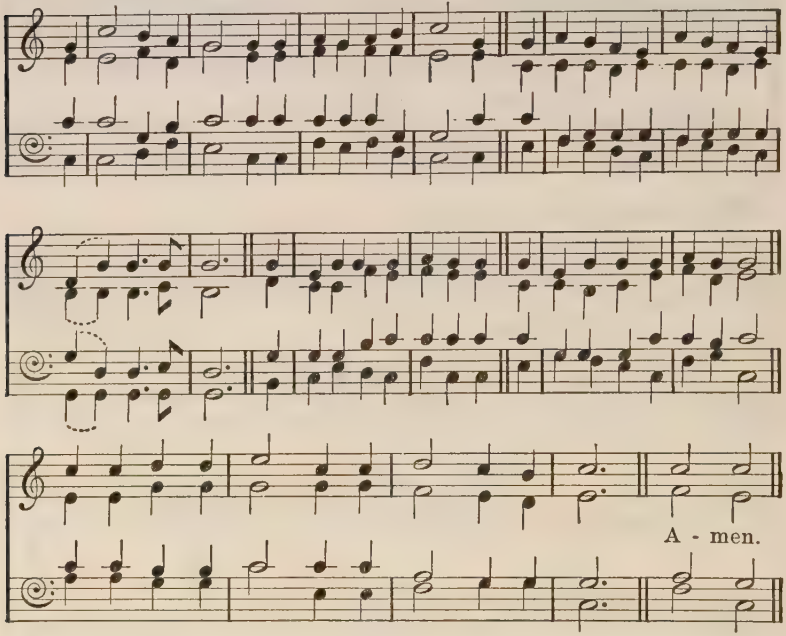
609 SALEM. 13 13 8 8 11.

Moderate.

METHFESSEL'S SONG BOOK, 1818.



WHEN mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back
And bade them depart;
But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
'Suffer little children
To come unto Me.'

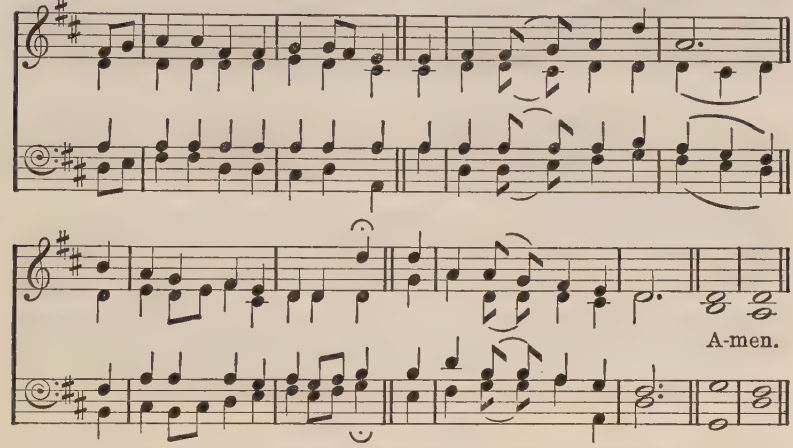
2 'For I will receive them
And fold them to My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
O drive them not away;
For, if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live:
Suffer little children
To come unto Me.'

3 How kind was our Saviour
To bid these children welcome!
But there are many thousands
Who have never learned His Name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
'Suffer little children
To come unto Me.'

4 O soon may the heathen
Of every tribe and nation
Fulfil Thy blessèd word, and cast
Their idols all away;
O shine upon them from above
And show Thyself a God of love;
Teach the little children
To come unto Thee.

WILLIAM MEDLEN HUTCHINGS, 1827-1876.

610 KING'S LANGLEY. C.M. *Brightly.* English Traditional May-Day Carol.



From the English Hymnal: by permission of the Oxford University Press.

A LITTLE seed lay fast asleep
Beneath the earth's brown sod,
But woke to life and hope when came
The wondrous touch of God.

2 A sunbeam kissed the hidden spot,
And warmed its earthy bed;
The rain and dew gave kindly drink,
Till soon it raised its head.

3 Up, up it pressed its way above,
Up till the light was seen;
Then came the sun, and decked it all
In dainty garb of green.

4 It grew so straight, and tall, and fair,
Each day it would unfold;
The smiling sun placed on its head
A shining crown of gold.

5 At last it stood, with thousands more,
A golden ear of corn,—
God's gift to man, our daily food,
From little seedlings born.

6 So children are the seeds God plants
Within His garden fair:
He loves and guards them every day;
They have His constant care.

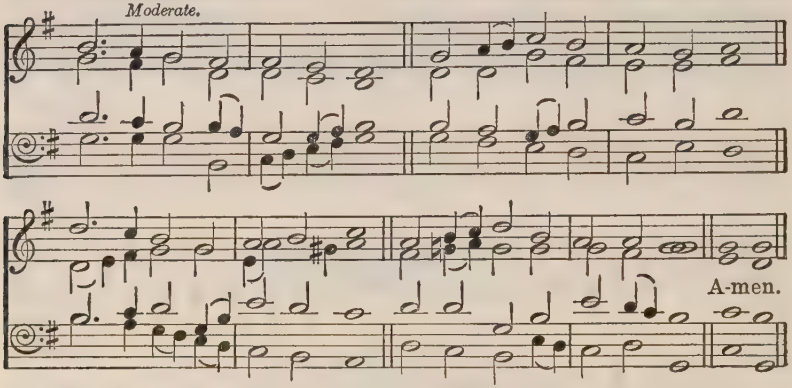
7 And they may grow so straight and pure,
So good and full of grace;
A crown of gold is theirs, when they
Shall see the Saviour's face.

CLARA WRITER, 1859-1915.

611 NEW CALABAR. 7777.

JOHN DOWNING FARRER, 1829-1919.

Moderate.



From revised Church Hymnary. By permission of the Oxford University Press.

Or INNOCENTS, following.

SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson,—to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

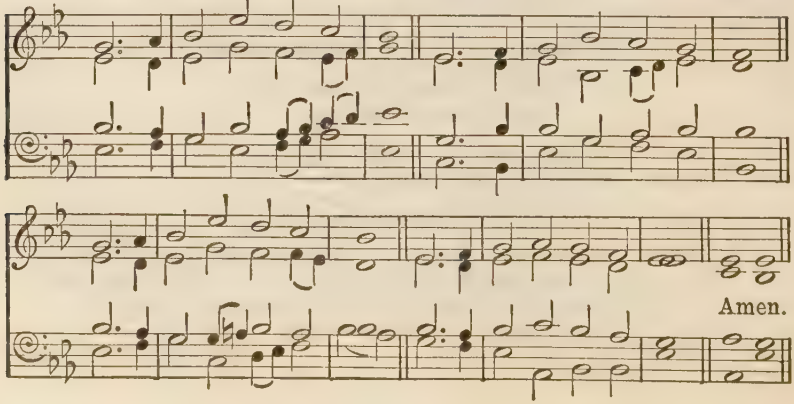
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

JANE ELIZA LEESON, 1807-1882.

612 INNOCENTS. 7777. *Moderately fast.*

PARISH CHOIR, 1850.



GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

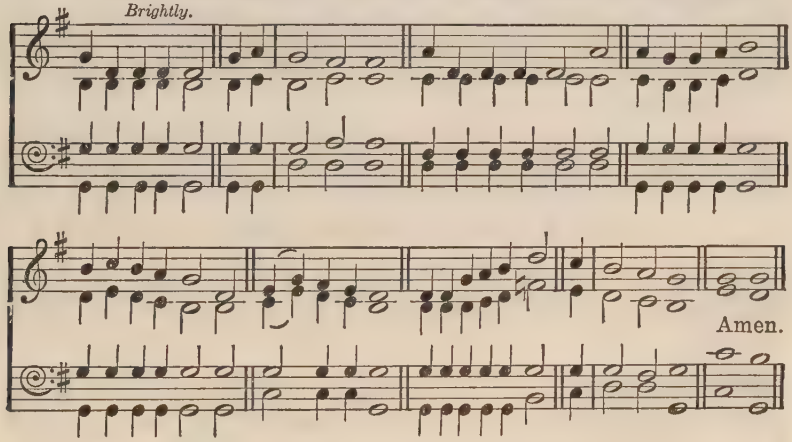
2 Lamb of God, I look to Thee:
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

3 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707-1788.

613 JESUS BIDS US SHINE. 5 5 6 5 6 4 6 4. EDWIN OTHELLO EXCELL, 1851-1921.



JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world is darkness;
So let us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

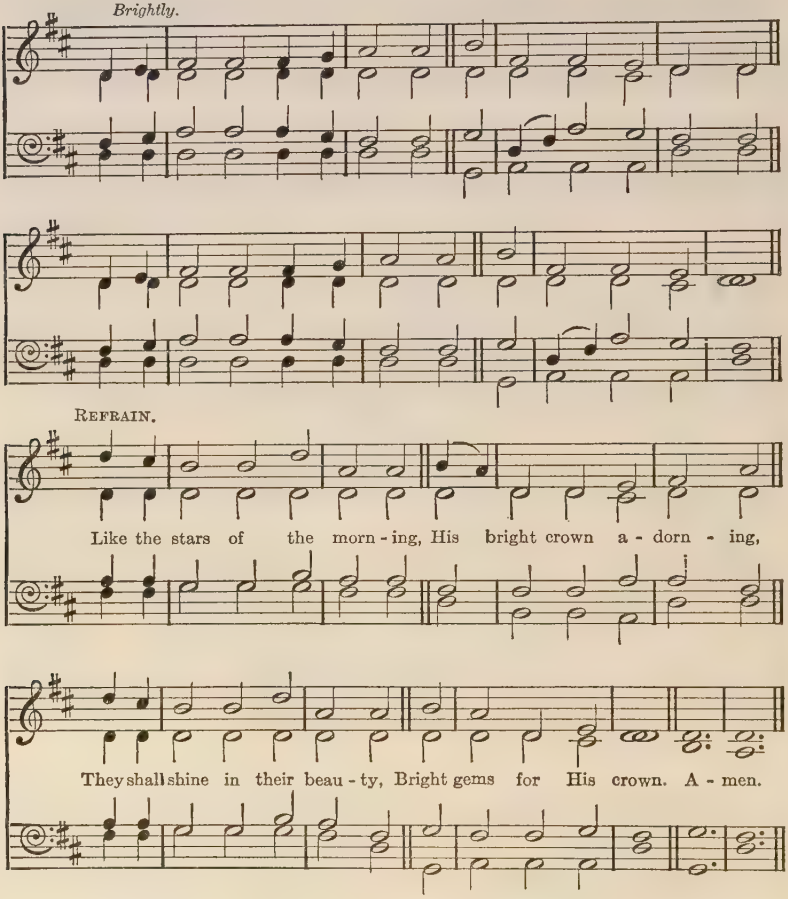
2 Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim:
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around;
Many kinds of darkness
In the world are found—
Sin, and want, and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

SUSAN WARNER, 1819-1885.

614 JEWELS. 8 6 8 5, and refrain.

GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT, 1820-1895.


Brightly.
REFRAIN.
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown. A - men.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His Kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

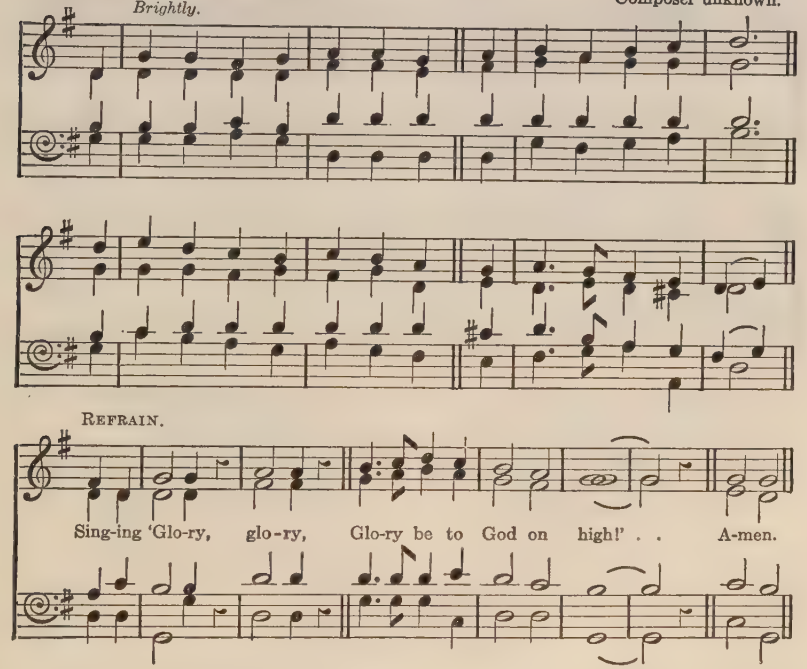
3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

WILLIAM ORCUTT CUSHING, 1823-1903.

615 GLORY. C.M. and refrain.

Brightly.

Composer unknown.



AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, 'Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!'

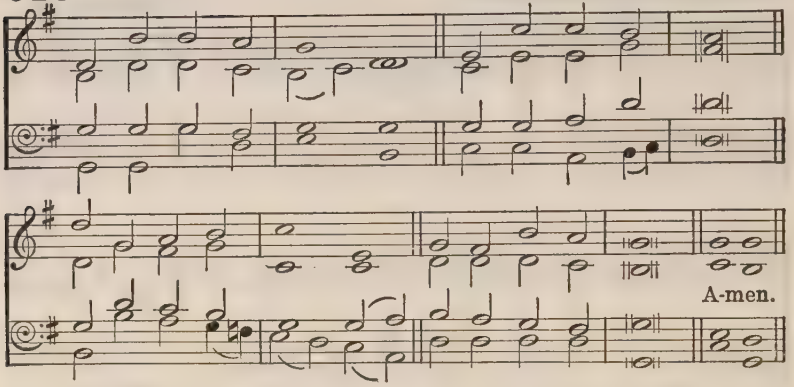
2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, 'Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!'

3 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, 'Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high!'

ANNE SHEPHERD, 1809-1857.

616 ERNSTEIN. 6 5 6 5. *Moderate.*

JAMES FREDERICK SWIFT, 1847-1891.



HOLY Spirit, hear us;
Help us while we sing;
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

2 Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come and teach us
What we ought to say.

3 Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily by Thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

WILLIAM HENRY PARKER, 1845-

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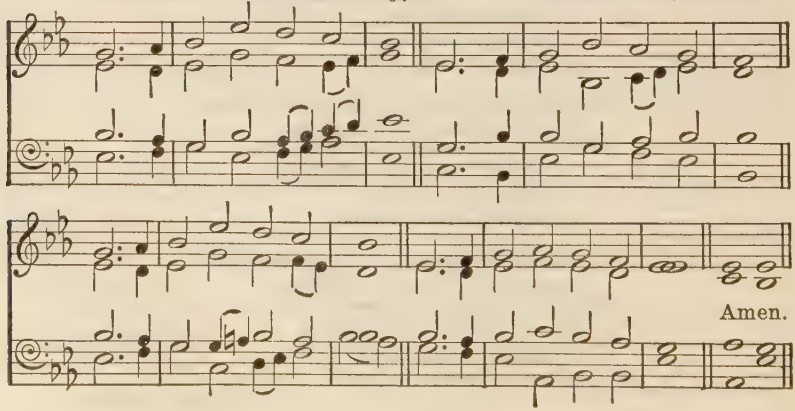
617 INNOCENTS. 7 7 7 7. *Moderately fast.*

JOSEPH SMITH, 1800-1873.



LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day,
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

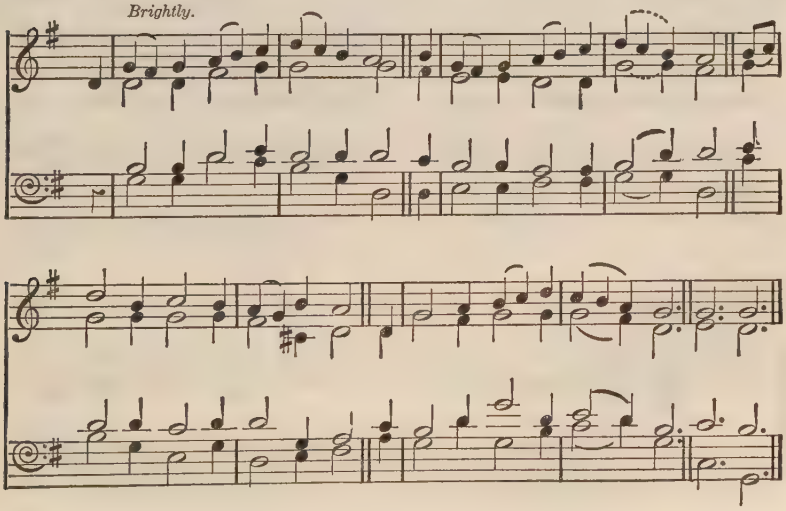
4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine;
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823-1897.

618 EASTERTIME. 8 7 8 7. Old Cornish Carol.

Brightly.



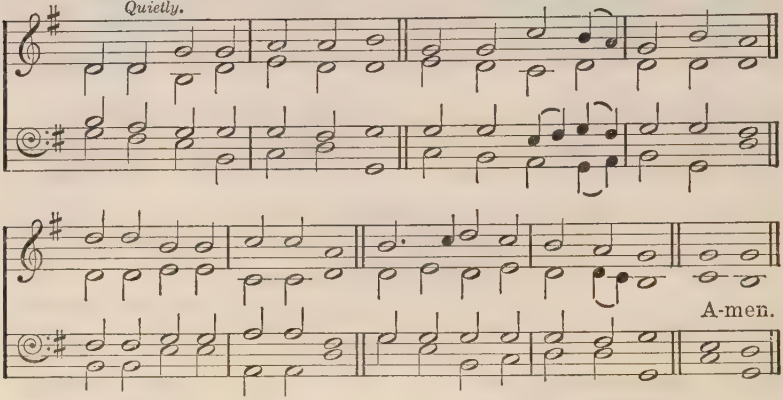
IT is the joyful Easter Time,
Let all sing Alleluia!
The merry bells ring out their chime,
They sing their Alleluia.

2 The Church is bright with flowers gay,
And all Christ's people praise and pray,
For Jesus rose on Easter day;
Sing joyful Alleluia!

A. M. MILNER-BARRY.

619 HARTS. 7 7 7 7.

BENJAMIN MILGROVE, 1731-1810.



ONCE again, dear Lord, we pray
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard
Name of Jesus, sweetest word.

2 Little lips that Thou hast made,
'Neath the far-off temples' shade
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all Thine own.

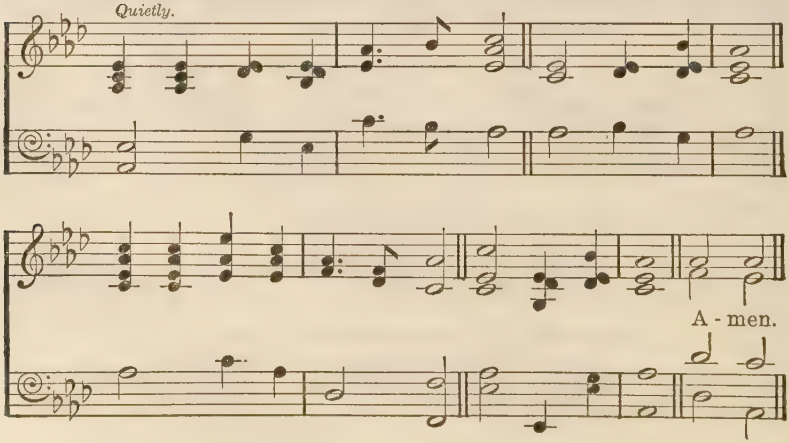
3 Little hands, whose wondrous skill
Thou hast given to do Thy will,
Offerings bring, and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see or hear.

4 Teach them, O Thou heavenly King,
All their gifts and praise to bring
To Thy Son, who died to prove
Thy forgiving, saving love.

MARY JANE WILLCOX, 1835-1919.

620 MORNING PRAYER. 6 4 6 4.

FANNY B. EARLE,
as in A FIRST BOOK IN HYMNS AND WORSHIP, 1922.



For Little Children

IN the early morning,
Dark shadows stay,
Till the sunbeams bring us
God's gift of day.

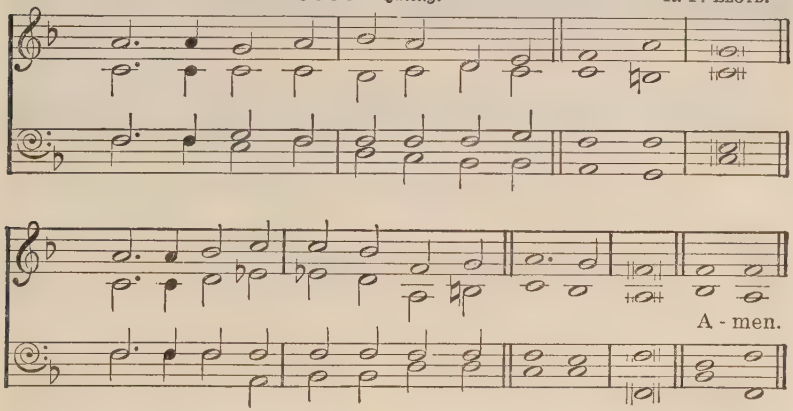
2 When the day is ended,
Stars shining bright
Bring to tired children
God's gift of night.

3 Father, now we thank Thee,
For morning light,
For our days of gladness,
For rest of night.

IDA F. LEYDA,
as in A FIRST BOOK IN HYMNS AND WORSHIP, 1922.

621 CELESTIAL VOICES. 8 3 8 3. *Quietly.*

R. F. LLOYD.



IN our hearts celestial voices
Softly say,
'Day is passing, night is coming;
Kneel and pray.'

2 Father, we obey the summons;
Hear our cry:
Pity us, and help our weakness,
Thou Most High.

3 For the joys that most we cherish
Praised be Thou!
Good and gentle art Thou ever;
Hear us now.

4 Coming morrows we may never
Live to see;
All we ask Thee is to keep us
Safe with Thee.

5 May our dreams be of Thy Kingdom
Full of grace,
Where at last we hope to meet Thee
Face to face.

6 We are only little children
Kneeling here,
And we want our loving Father
Always near.

7 Take us in Thy arms, and keep us
As Thine own;
Gather us like little sunbeams
Round Thy throne.

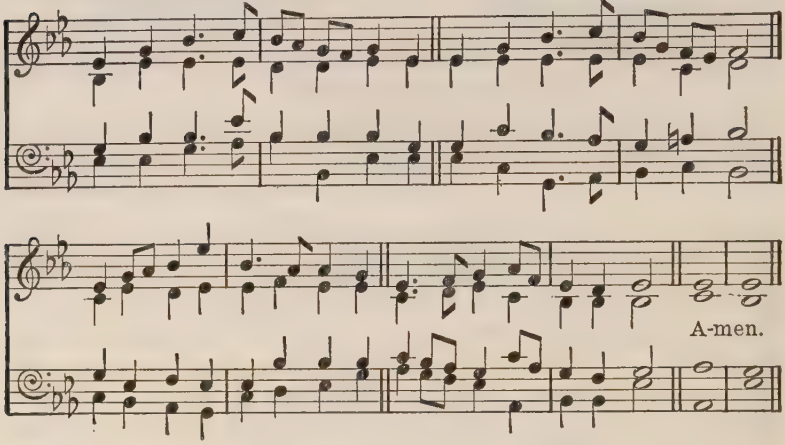
8 There, when all our prayers are ended,
Faults forgiven,
May we live with Thee for ever
Up in heaven.

MARIE CORELLI, 1901.

622 SHIPSTON. 8 7 8 7.

Moderately fast and quietly.

English Traditional Melody.



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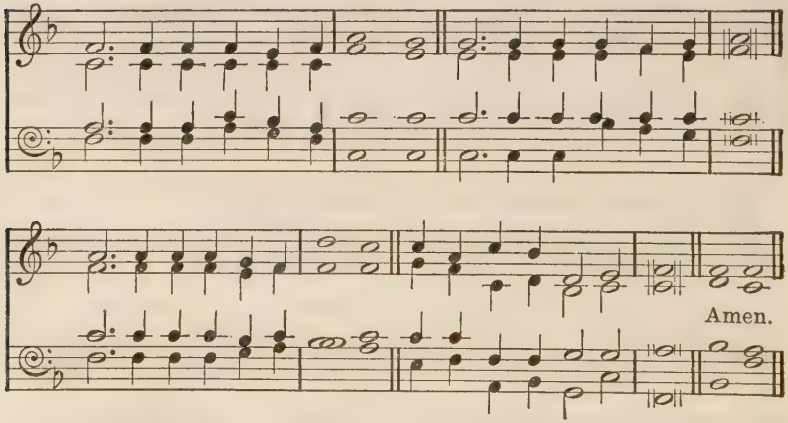
DIJON. 8 7 8 7. *Quietly.*

Fliedner's Song Book, 1842.



JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

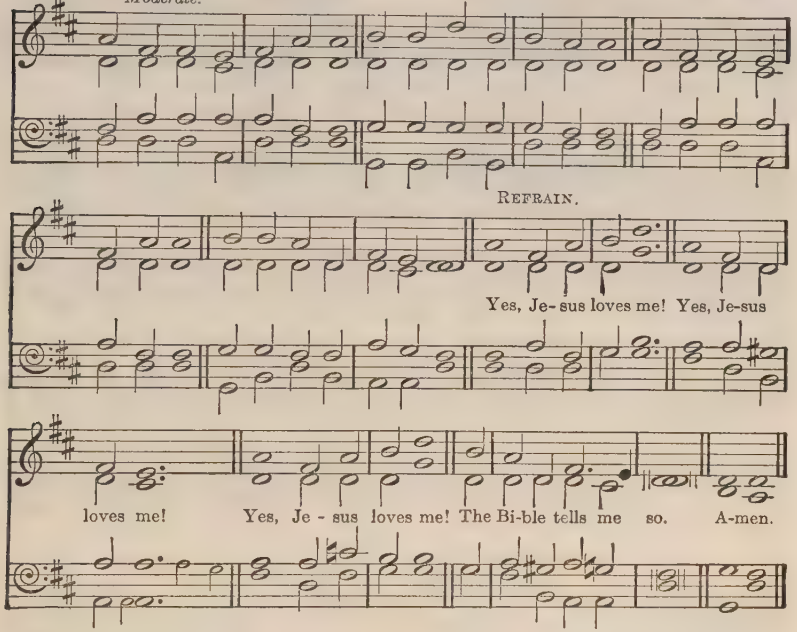
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan, 1814-1840.

623 JESUS LOVES ME. 7 7 7 7, and refrain.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1816-1868.

Moderate.



JESUS loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak but He is strong.

Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me, He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie.

4 Jesus loves me, He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.

Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER, 1820-1915.

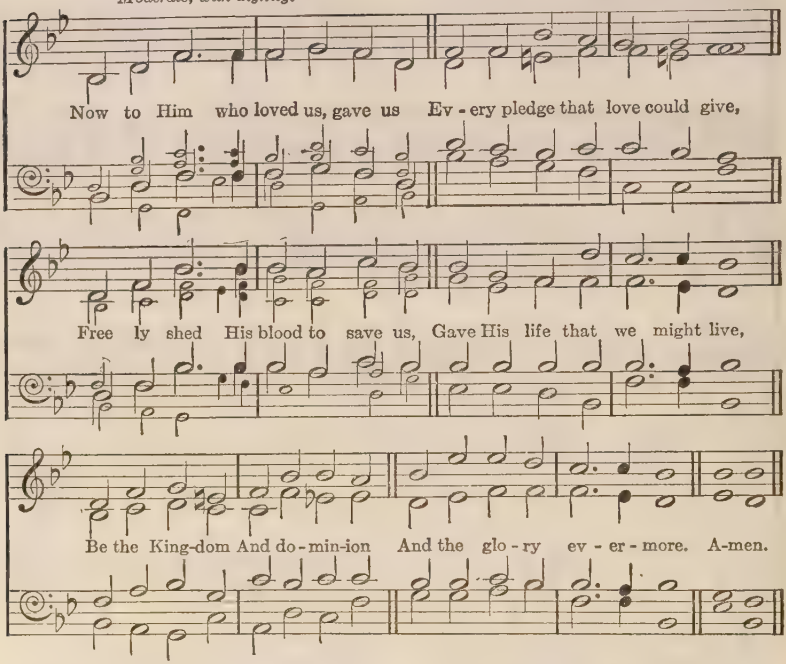
VERSES SUITABLE FOR USE BY LITTLE CHILDREN MAY BE CHOSEN FROM THE FOLLOWING HYMNS:

7 Let us, with a gladsome mind.
15 For the beauty of the earth.
47 O come, all ye faithful.
57 Gentle Mary laid her Child.
65 The first Nowell.
69 I love to hear the story.
70 Once in royal David's city.
72 Who is He, in yonder stall.
77 It fell upon a summer day.
82 Hosanna, loud hosanna.
87 There is a green hill, far away.
105 Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
188 O day of rest and gladness.
191 The dawn of God's dear Sabbath.
193 Again the morn of gladness.
218 By cool Siloam's shady rill.
251 Far round the world Thy children sing.
315 Saviour, blessed Saviour.
434 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.
480 I am so glad that our Father in heaven.
508 God save our gracious King.
509 Our loved Dominion bless.
510 From ocean unto ocean.
511 Lord of the lands.
536 O Father, hear my morning prayer.
545 Now the day is over.
576 The summer days are come again.
579 We plough the fields, and scatter.
625 Praise God, from whom all blessings.
637 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.

624 TRIUMPH. 8 7 8 7 8 7.

Moderate, with dignity.

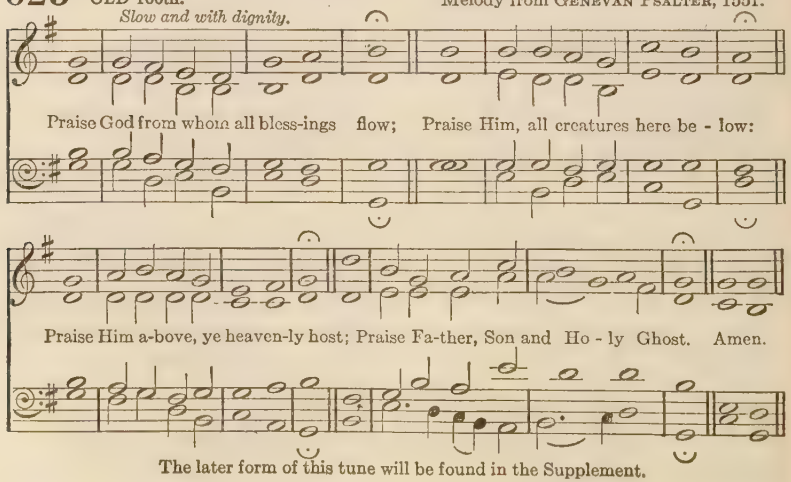
Words adapted from
SAMUEL MILLER WARING, 1792-1827.
HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.


Now to Him who loved us, gave us Ev - ery pledge that love could give,
Free ly shed His blood to save us, Gave His life that we might live,
Be the King-dom And do - min-ion And the glo - ry ev - er - more. A-men.

625 OLD 100th.

Slow and with dignity.

Words by THOMAS KEN, 1637-1711.
Melody from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

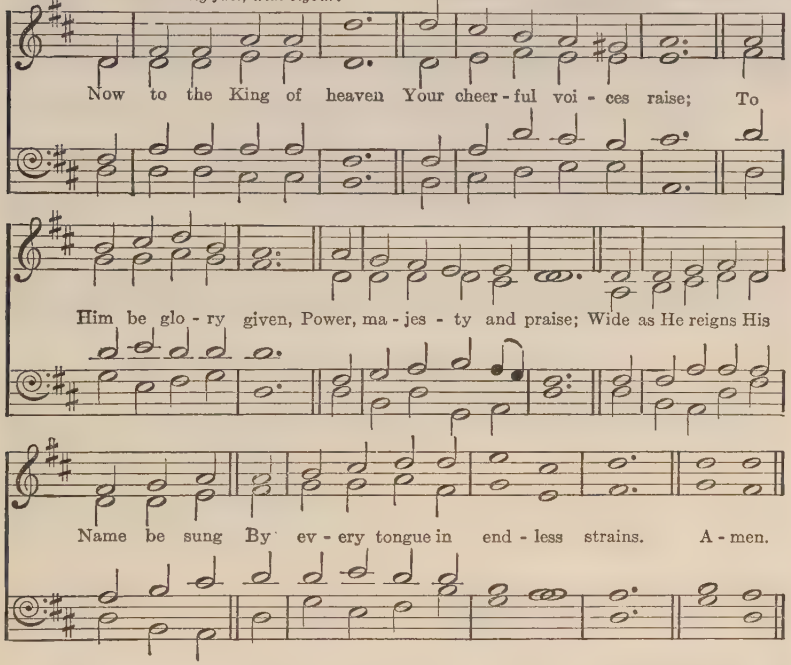

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low:
Praise Him a-bove, ye heaven-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost. Amen.

The later form of this tune will be found in the Supplement.

626 ST. JOHN. 6 6 6 6 8 8.

Moderately fast, with vigour.

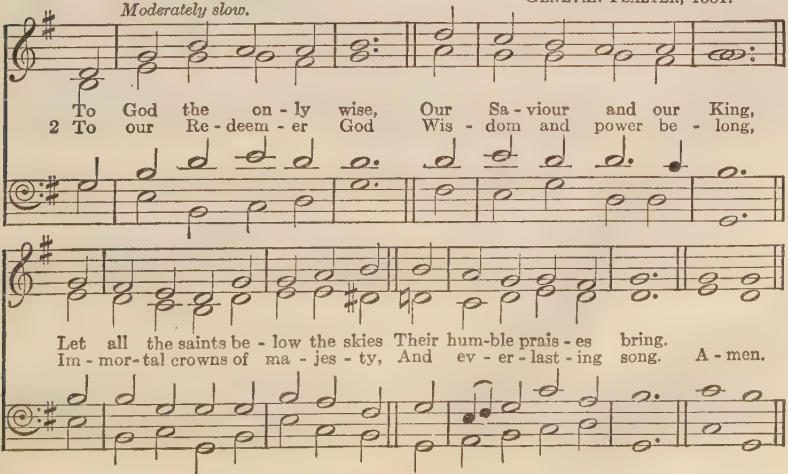
Words by PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702-1751; and ISAAC WATTS.
Melody from the PARISH CHOIR, 1851.


Now to the King of heaven Your cheer - ful voi - ces raise; To
Him be glo - ry given, Power, ma - jes - ty and praise; Wide as He reigns His
Name be sung By ev - ery tongue in end - less strains. A - men.

627 OLD 134th (ST. MICHAEL). S.M.

Moderately slow.

Words by ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.
Melody adapted from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

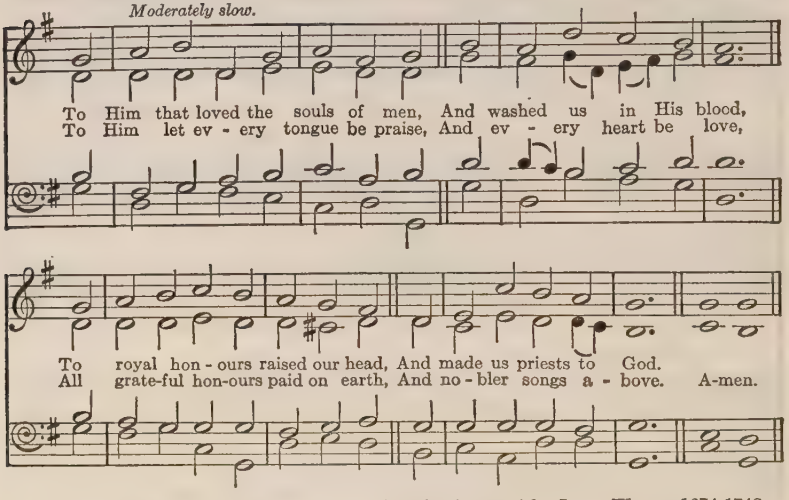

To God the on - ly wise, Our Sa - viour and our King,
2 To our Re - deem - er God Wis - dom and power be - long,
Let all the saints be - low the skies Their hum-ble prais - es bring.
Im - mor - tal crowns of ma - jes - ty, And ev - er - last - ing song. A - men.

Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon), No. 158.

628 ST. PAUL. C.M.

Words by ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.
Melody from JAMES CHALMERS'S COLLECTION, 1749.

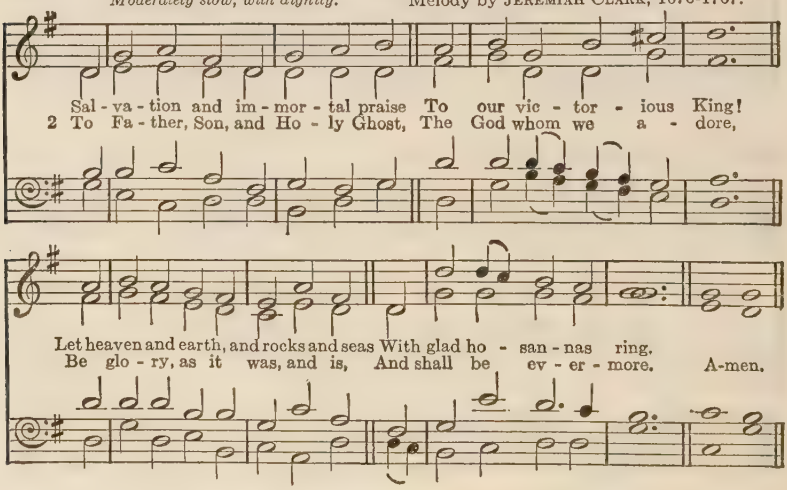
Moderately slow.


To Him that loved the souls of men, And washed us in His blood,
To Him let ev - ery tongue be praise, And ev - ery heart be love,
To royal hon - ours raised our head, And made us priests to God.
All grate-ful hon-ours paid on earth, And no - bler songs a - bove. A-men.

629 ST. MAGNUS. C.M.

Words of Verse 1 by ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.
and of verse 2 by
TATE and BRADY, 1698.
Melody by JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.

Moderately slow, with dignity.


Sal - va - tion and im - mor - tal praise To our vic - tor - ious King!
2 To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, The God whom we a - dore,
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas With glad ho - san - nas ring.
Be glo - ry, as it was, and is, And shall be ev - er - more. A-men.

Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon), No. 640.

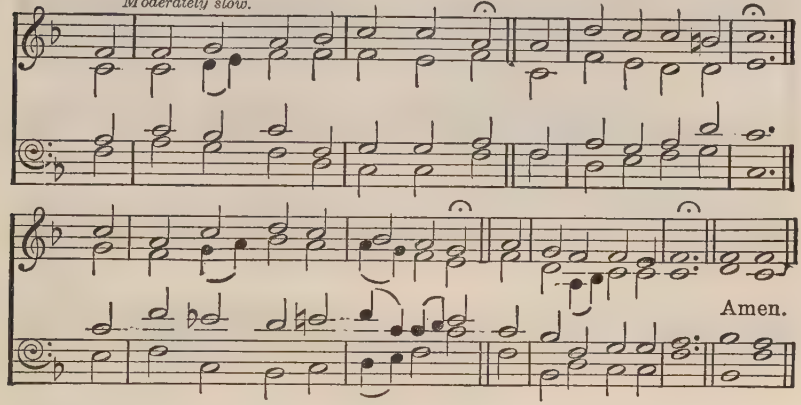
AND THE FOLLOWING:

1 (v. 4) Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.
2 (v. 1) Glory be to God the Father.
4 (v. 3) All laud to God the Father be.
5 (v. 4) To Thee, great One in Three.
19 (v. 3) All praise and thanks to God.
105 (v. 4) Sing we to our God above.
163 (v. 4) Laud and honour to the Father.
177 (v. 5) God of God, the One-begotten.
202 (v. 5) Honour, glory, might, and merit.
533 (v. 5) All praise to God the Father be.
545 (v. 8) Glory to the Father.

630 DUNFERMLINE. C.M.

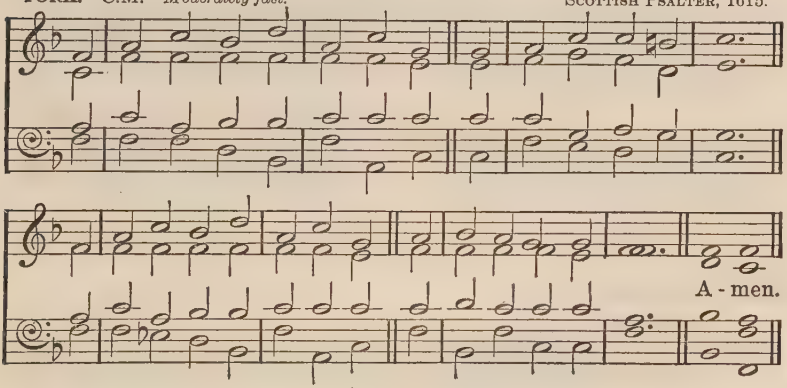
Moderately slow.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



YORK. C.M. *Moderately fast.*

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



PSALM I.

THAT man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,

2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair:
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On His law day and night.

3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Fast by a river side,
Which in its season yields its fruit,
And green its leaves abide;

4 And all he doth shall prosper well.
The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff
Which wind drives to and fro.

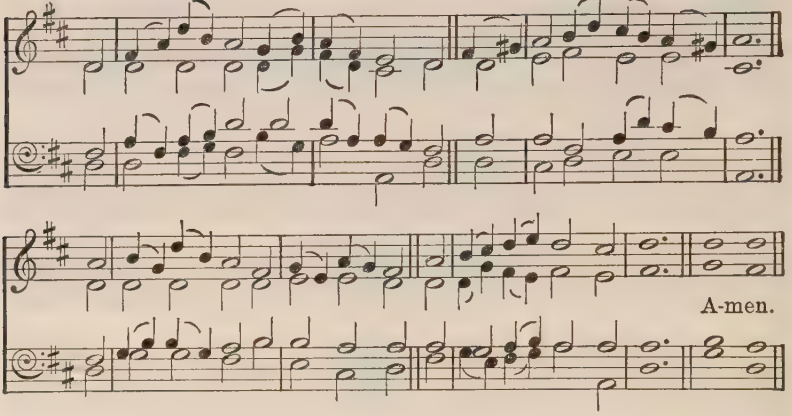
5 In judgement therefore shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in the assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.

6 For why the way of godly men
Unto the Lord is known,
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

631 WARWICK. C.M. *Moderately fast.*

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767-1822.



From PSALM V.

LORD, Thou shalt early hear my voice:
I early will direct
My prayer to Thee; and, looking up,
An answer will expect.

2 For Thou art not a God that doth
In wickedness delight;
Neither shall evil dwell with Thee,
Nor fools stand in Thy sight.

3 But I into Thy house will come
In Thine abundant grace;
And I will worship in Thy fear
Toward Thy holy place.

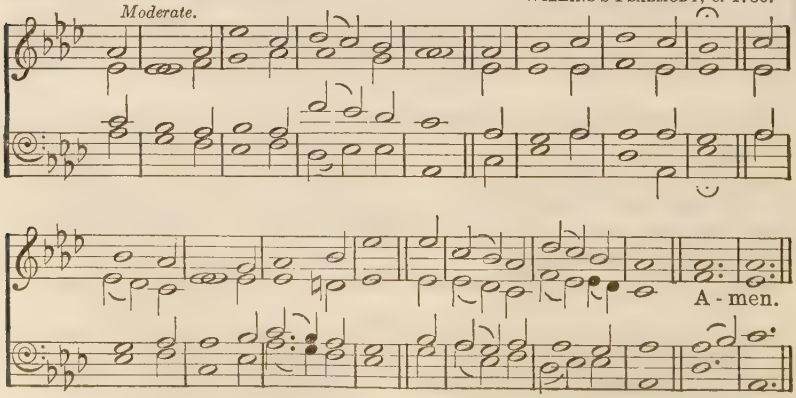
4 Let all that trust in Thee be glad,
With joy lift up their voice;
Because Thou savest them; let all
That love Thy Name rejoice.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

632 STROUDWATER. C.M.

WILKINS'S PSALMODY, c. 1730.

Moderate.



From PSALM IX.

THE Lord for ever doth endure;
For judgement sets His throne;
In righteousness to judge the world,
Justice to give each one.

2 God also will a refuge be
For those that are oppressed;
A refuge will He be for them,
What time they are distressed.

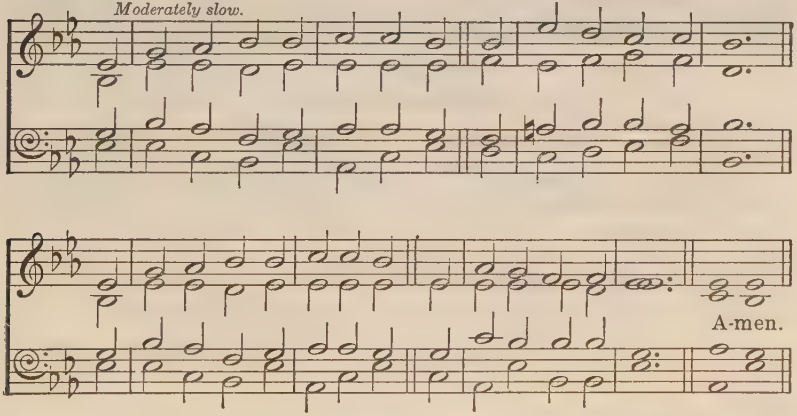
3 And they that know Thy Name, in Thee
Their confidence will place:
For Thou hast not forsaken them
That truly seek Thy face.

4 O sing ye praises to the Lord
That dwells in Zion hill;
Among the peoples everywhere
His deeds declare ye still.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

633 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M.

THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1520-1585.



PSALM XV.

WITHIN Thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with Thee?
And in Thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?

2 The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express:

3 Who doth not slander with his tongue,
Nor to his friend doth hurt;
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
Take up an ill report:

4 In whose eyes vile men are despised;
But those that God do fear
He honoureth; and changeth not,
Though to his hurt he swear:

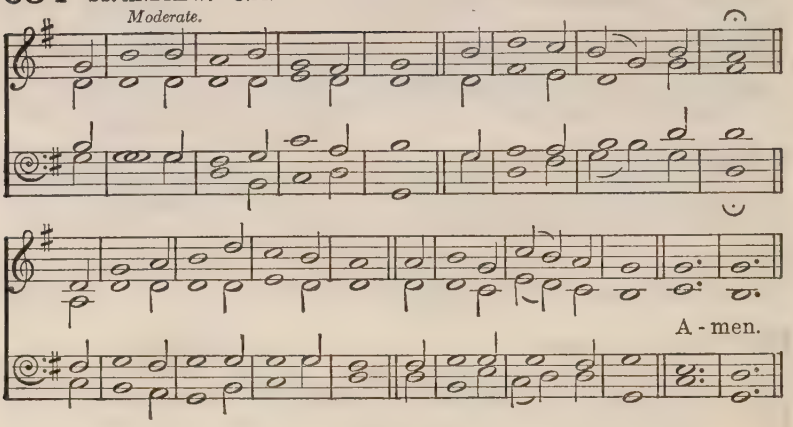
5 His coin puts not to usury,
Nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. Who doth thus
Shall never movèd be.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

634 ST. ANDREW. C.M.

TANS'UR'S NEW HARMONY OF ZION, 1764.

Moderate.



Or YORK, No. 630.

From PSALM XVIII.

O GOD, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love Thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity;

2 My God, my Rock, in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

3 I, when beset with pain and grief,
Did pray to God for grace,
And He forthwith did hear my plaint
Out of His holy place.

4 Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is purely tried;
He is a sure defence to such
As in His faith abide.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, ? -1549.

635 ST. ANDREW. C.M.

From PSALM XIX.

GOD'S law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart:
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

3 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And doth endure for ever:
The judgements of the Lord are true
And righteous altogether.

4 They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
To be desirèd are;
Than honey, honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.

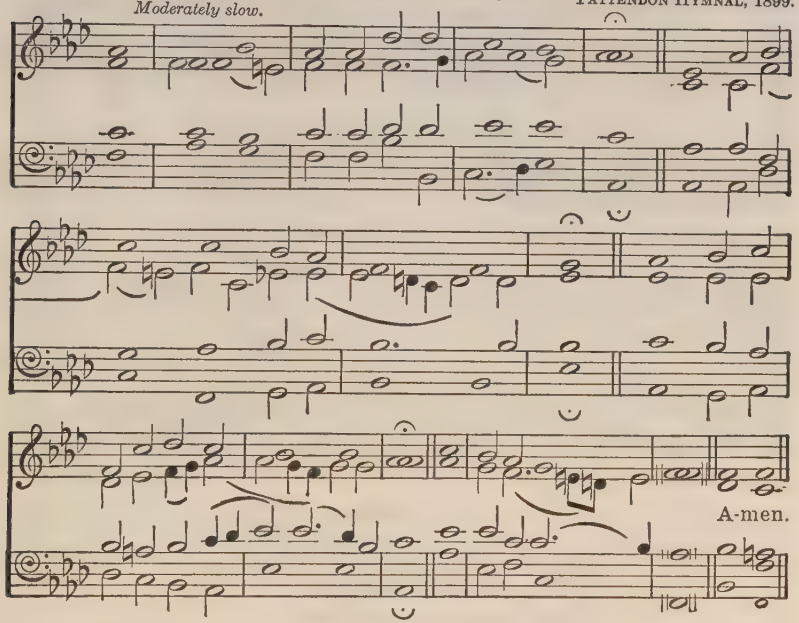
5 Moreover, they Thy servant warn
How he his life should frame:
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

636 GENEVAN PSALM 22. 10 10 10 5. In free rhythm.

Louis Bourgeois, 1549.
As set in
Yattendon Hymnal, 1899.

Moderately slow.



From PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, why dost Thou me forsake?
All day I cry, by night no rest I take.
To my complaint wilt Thou no answer make?
O God Almighty.

2 On Thee, O God, our fathers put their trust;
They called on Thee, they found Thee good and just;
Why hast Thou me far from Thy presence thrust?
O God Almighty.

3 See Thou, O see, in misery profound,
In dark despair, by foes encompassed round,
In depth of care I lie, in sorrows drowned,
O God Almighty.

4 Scorn not, scorn not my soul that hopes in Thee:
Show me Thy light, that I Thy beauty see;
My terror kill, be gracious unto me,
O God Almighty.

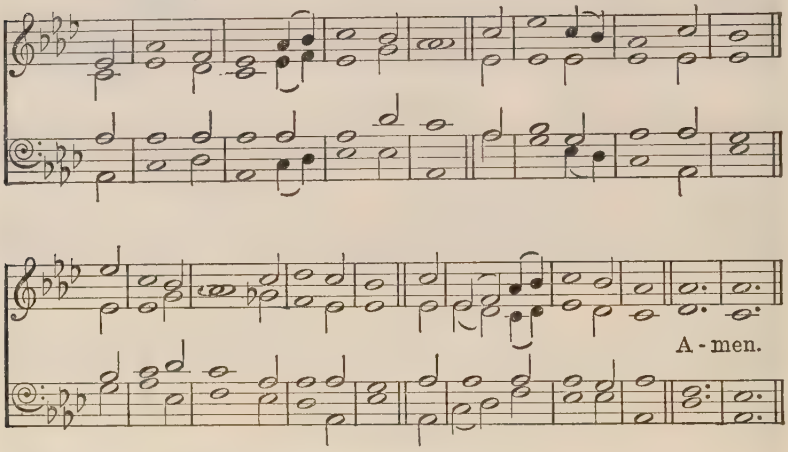
5 My God, my God, my prayer doth Thee embrace:
O look on me, and by Thy saving grace
Grant me to see the brightness of Thy face,
O God Almighty.

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 77, 1899.

637 MARTYRDOM. C.M.

Moderately slow and dignified.

HUGH WILSON, 1766-1824.



PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

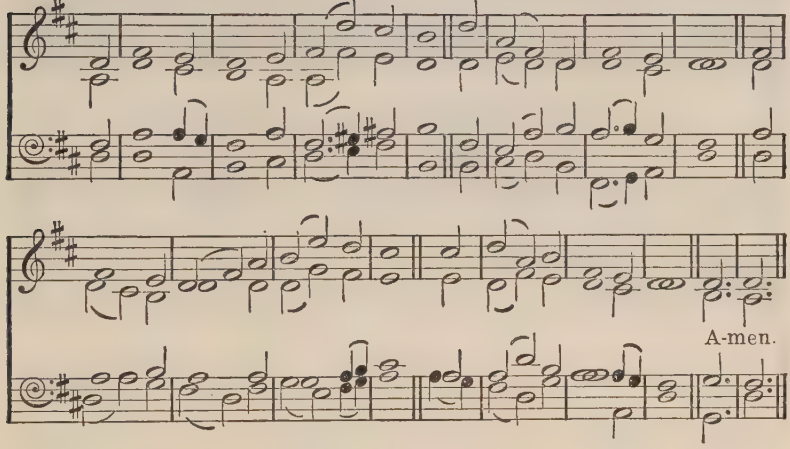
3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

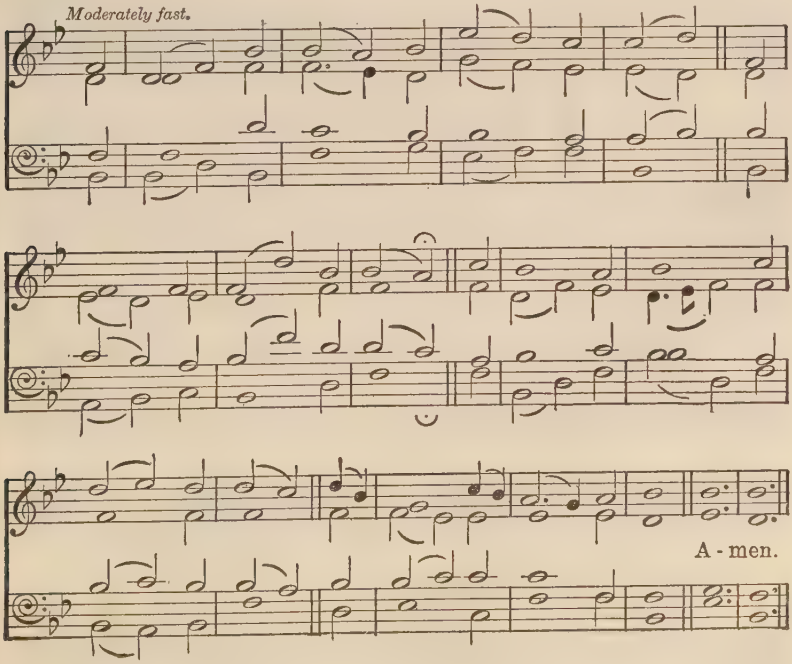
STRACATHRO. C.M. *Moderate.* CHARLES HUTCHESON, 1792-1860.



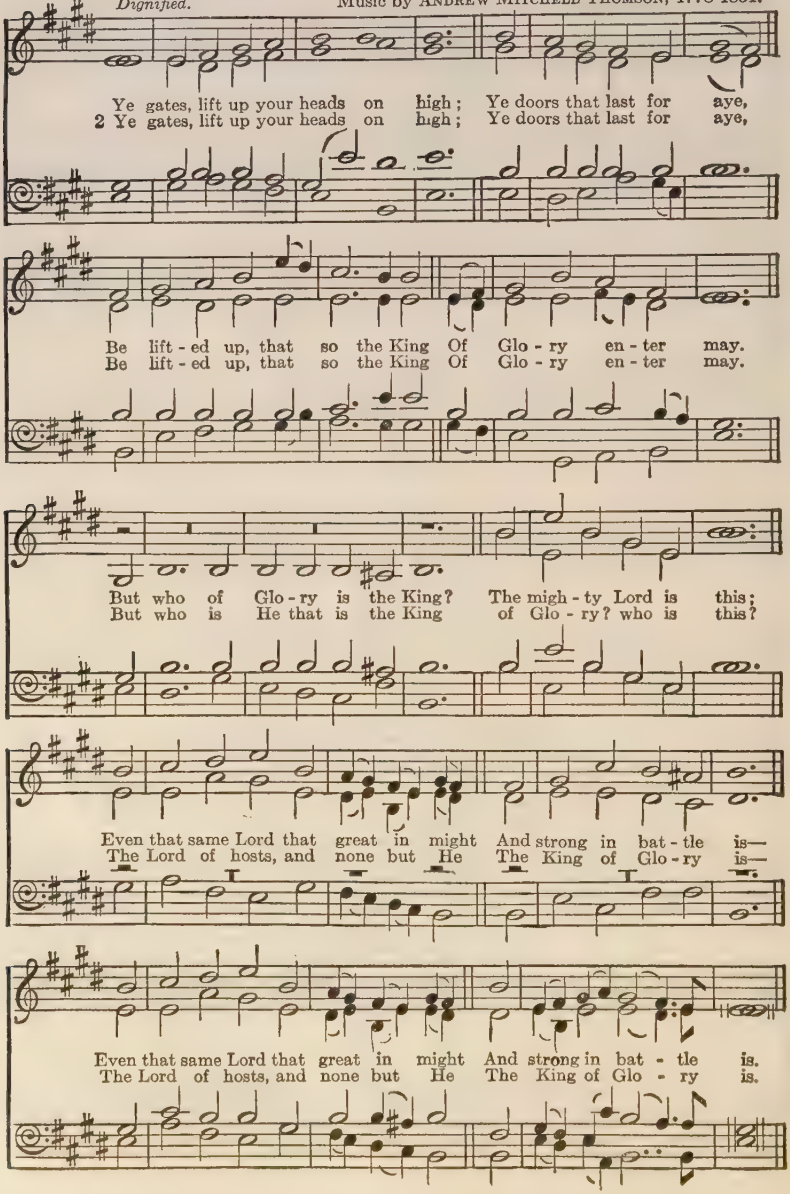
From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

WILTSHIRE. C.M. GEORGE SMART, 1776-1867.

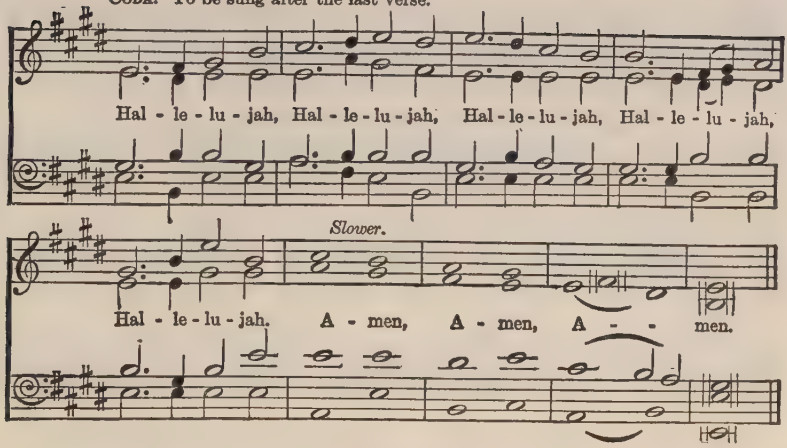
Moderately fast.



638 ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH. D.C.M. and Coda. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

Dignified. Music by ANDREW MITCHELL THOMSON, 1778-1831.

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye,
2 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of Glo - ry en - ter may.
Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of Glo - ry en - ter may.
But who of Glo - ry is the King? The migh - ty Lord is this;
But who is He that is the King of Glo - ry? who is this?
Even that same Lord that great in might And strong in bat - tle is—
The Lord of hosts, and none but He The King of Glo - ry is—
Even that same Lord that great in might And strong in bat - tle is.
The Lord of hosts, and none but He The King of Glo - ry is.

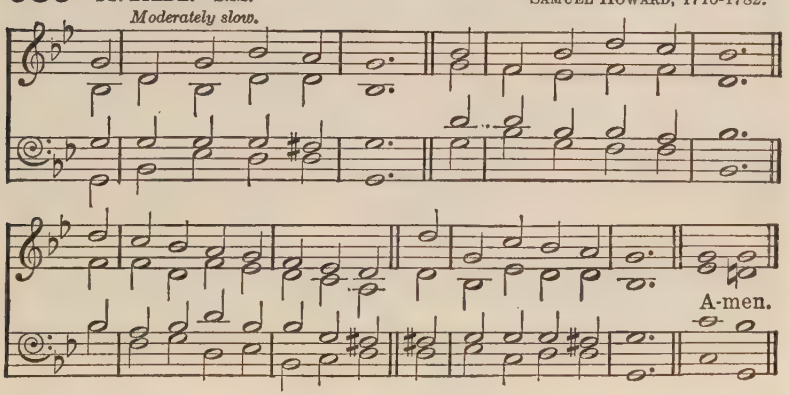
CODA. To be sung after the last verse.



639 ST. BRIDE. S.M.

SAMUEL HOWARD, 1710-1782.

Moderately slow.



Or FRANCONIA, No. 146.

From PSALM XXV.

SHEW me Thy ways, O Lord;
Thy paths O teach Thou me:
And do Thou lead me in Thy truth,
Therein my teacher be.

2 For Thou art God that dost
To me salvation send;
And I upon Thee all the day
Expecting do attend.

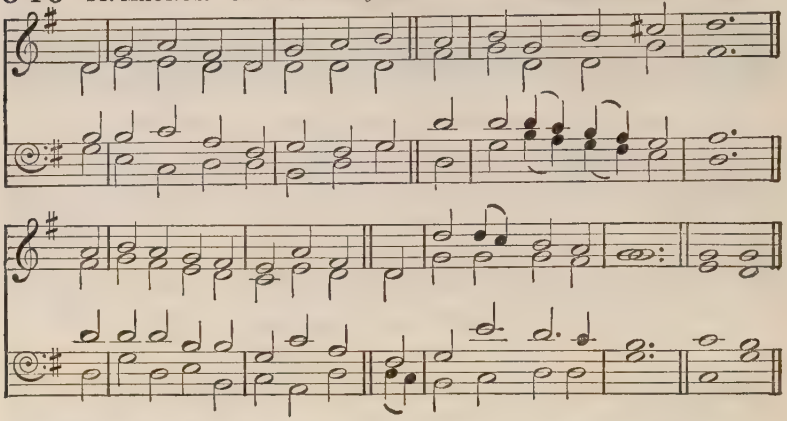
3 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
To mind do Thou recall,
And loving-kindnesses; for they
Have been through ages all.

4 My sins and faults of youth
Do Thou, O Lord, forget:
After Thy mercy think on me,
And for Thy goodness great.

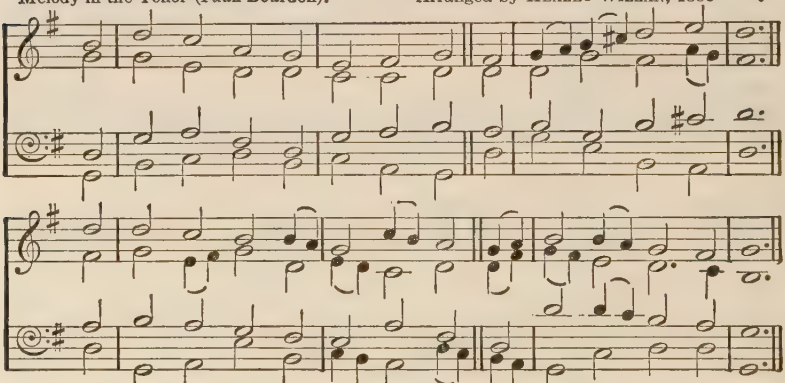
SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

640 ST. MAGNUS. C.M. *Moderately slow.*

JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

From PSALM XXVII.

THE Lord's my light and saving health;
Who shall make me dismayed?
My life's strength is the Lord; of whom
Then shall I be afraid?

2 Against me though an host encamp,
My heart yet fearless is:
Though war against me rise, I will
Be confident in this.

3 One thing I of the Lord desired,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within God's house remain;

4 That I the beauty of the Lord
Behold may and admire,
And that I in His holy place
May reverently enquire.

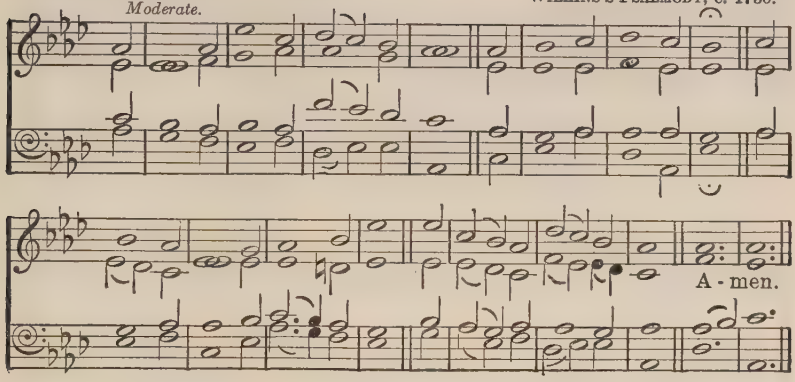
5 For He in His pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of His tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

641 STROUDWATER. C.M.

Moderate.

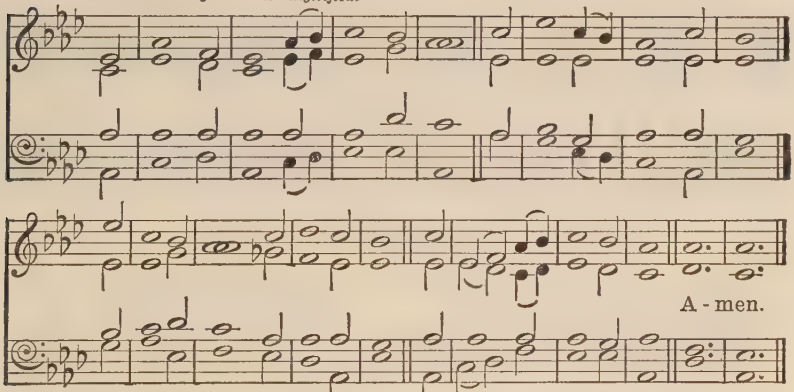
WILKINS'S PSALMODY, c. 1730.



MARTYRDOM. C.M.

Moderately slow and dignified.

HUGH WILSON, 1766-1824.



From PSALM XXXII.

O BLESSÈD is the man whose sins
The Lord hath covered o'er;
And the transgressions of whose life
Remembered are no more.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin,
And in whose spirit is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.

3 'I will confess unto the Lord
My trespasses,' said I;
And of my sin Thou freely didst
Forgive the iniquity.

4 For this shall every godly one
His prayer make to Thee;
In such a time he shall Thee seek,
As found Thou mayest be.

5 Surely, when floods of waters great
Do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
Nor once come near to him.

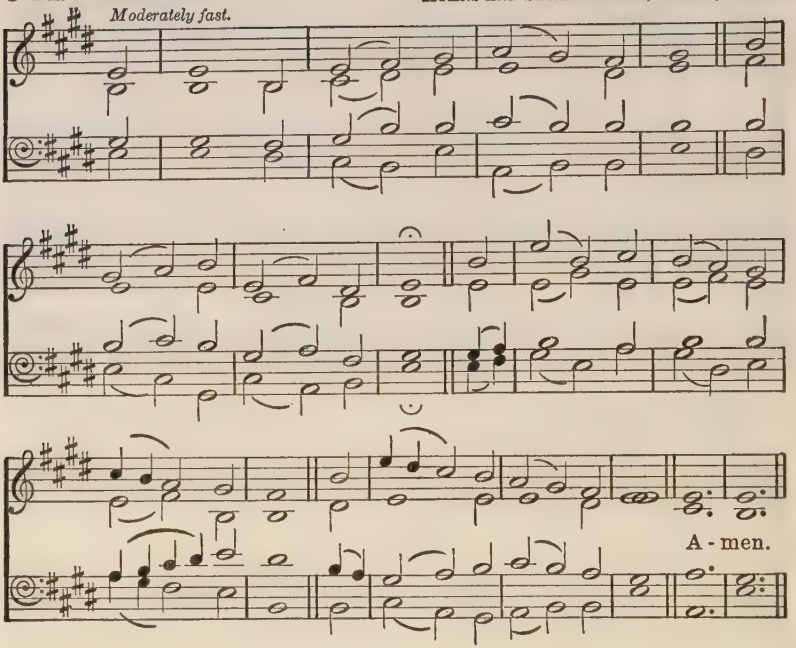
6 Thou art my hiding-place, Thou shalt
From trouble keep me free;
Thou with songs of deliverance
About shalt compass me.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

642 IRISH. C.M.

Melody from A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS, Dublin, 1749.

Moderately fast.



From PSALM XXXIII.

YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
It comely is and right
That upright men with thankful voice
Should praise the Lord of might.

2 A new song to Him sing, and play
With loud noise skilfully;
For right is God's word, all His works
Are done in verity.

3 To judgement and to righteousness
A love He beareth still;
The loving-kindness of the Lord
The earth throughout doth fill.

4 Let earth, and all that live therein,
With reverence fear the Lord;
Let all the world's inhabitants
Dread Him with one accord.

5 God doth the counsel bring to nought
Which heathen folk do take;
And what the people do devise
Of none effect doth make.

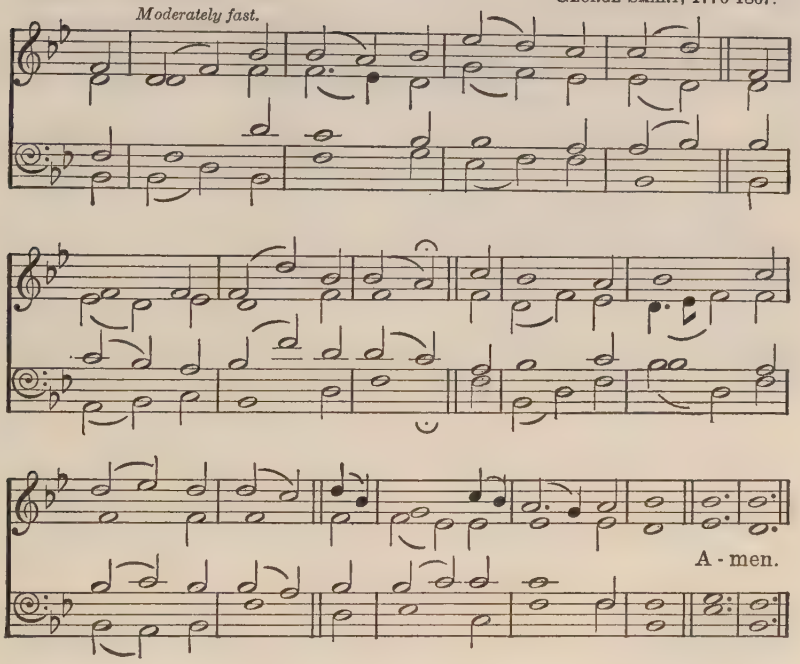
6 O but the counsel of the Lord
Doth stand for ever sure;
And of His heart the purposes
From age to age endure.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

643 WILTSHIRE. C.M.

Moderately fast.

GEORGE SMART, 1776-1867.



From PSALM XXXIV.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.

4 O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight;
Your wants shall be His care.

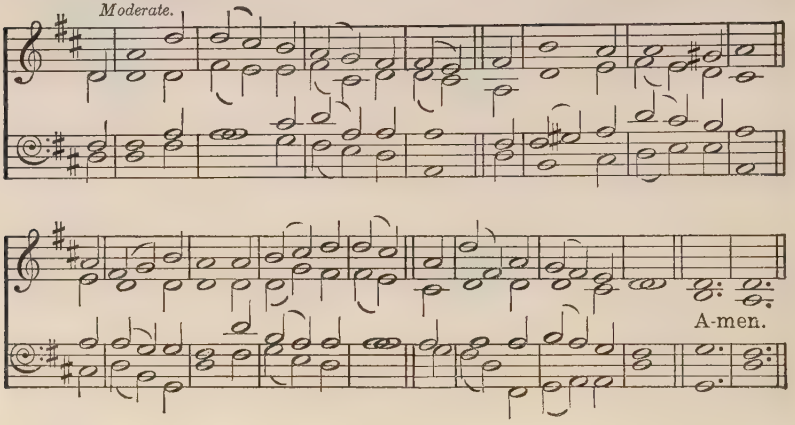
6 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on His truth depend;
To them and their posterity
His blessing shall descend.

NEW VERSION (TATE AND BRADY), 1698.

644 ST. STEPHEN (ABRIDGE). C.M.

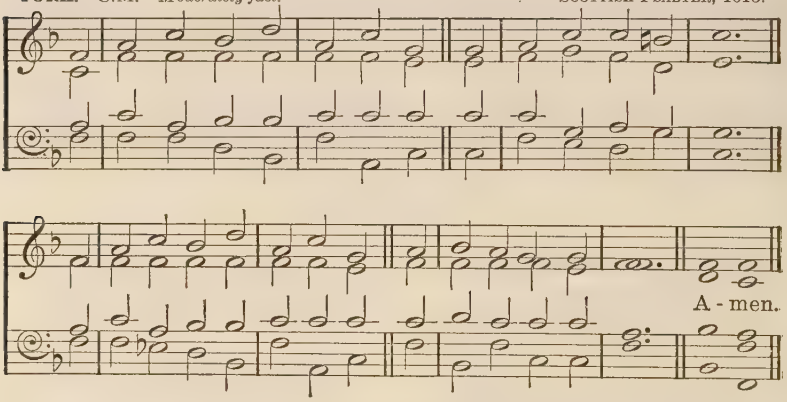
ISAAC SMITH, c. 1735-1800.

Moderate.



YORK. C.M. *Moderately fast.*

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



From PSALM XXXIV.

THE Lord will I at all times bless;
With praise my mouth employ;
My soul shall in Jehovah boast;
The meek shall hear with joy.

2 Extol the Lord with me, let us
His Name together praise;
I sought the Lord, He heard, and did
Above all fears me raise.

3 They looked to Him, and lightened were;
Their faces were not shamed;
This poor man cried, God heard, and him
From all distress redeemed.

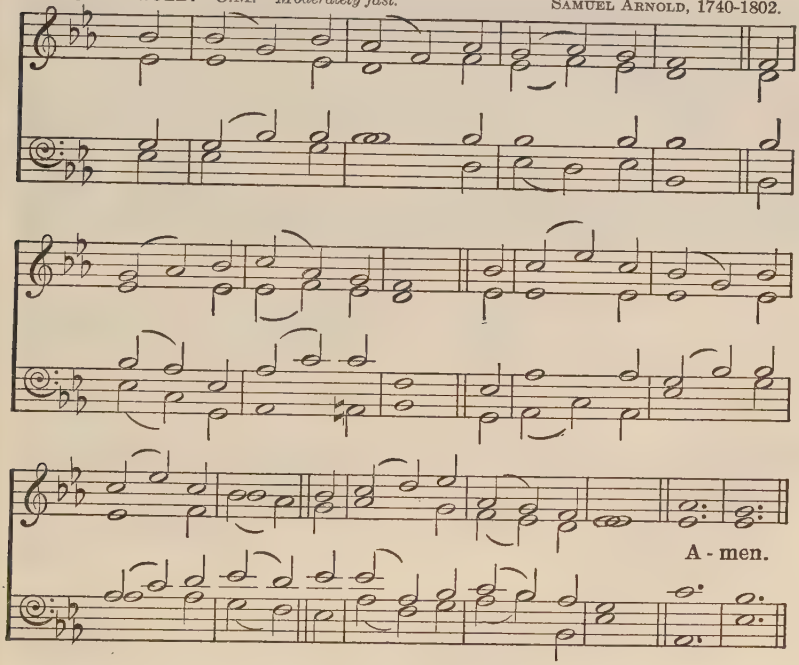
4 The angel of the Lord encamps,
And round encompasseth
All those about that do Him fear,
And them delivereth.

5 O taste and see that God is good:
Who trusts in Him is blessed.
Fear God His saints, none that Him fear
Shall be with want oppressed.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

645 ARNOLD. C.M. *Moderately fast.*

SAMUEL ARNOLD, 1740-1802.



From PSALM XXXIV.

O CHILDREN, hither do ye come,
And unto me give ear;
I shall you teach to understand
How ye the Lord should fear.

2 What man is he that life desires,
To see good would live long?
Thy lips refrain from speaking guile,
And from ill words thy tongue.

3 Depart from ill, do good, seek peace,
Pursue it earnestly;
God's eyes are on the just; His ears
Are open to their cry.

4 The righteous cry unto the Lord,
He unto them gives ear;
And they out of their troubles all
By Him delivered are.

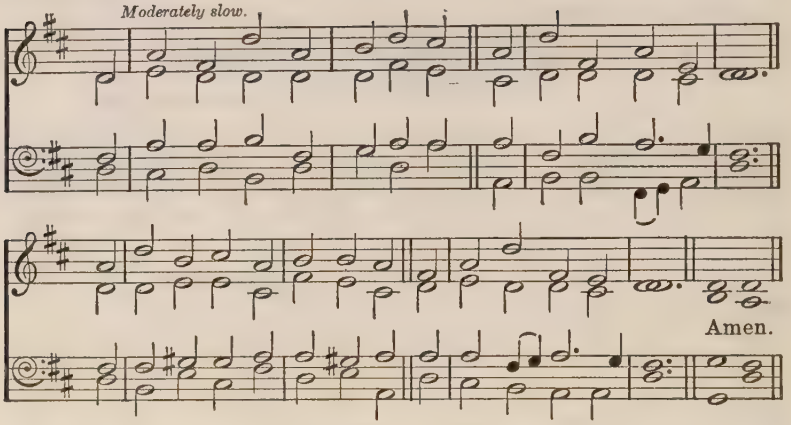
5 The troubles that afflict the just
In number many be;
But yet at length out of them all
The Lord doth set him free.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

646 LONDON NEW. C.M.

Scottish Psalter, 1635.

Moderately slow.



Or Ballerma, opposite.

From PSALM XXXVI.

THY mercy, Lord, is in the heavens;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds;
Thy justice is like mountains great,
Thy judgements deep as floods.

2 Lord, Thou preservest man and beast:
How precious is Thy grace!
Therefore in shadow of Thy wings
Men's sons their trust shall place.

3 They with the fatness of Thy house
Shall be well satisfied;
From rivers of Thy pleasures Thou
Wilt drink to them provide.

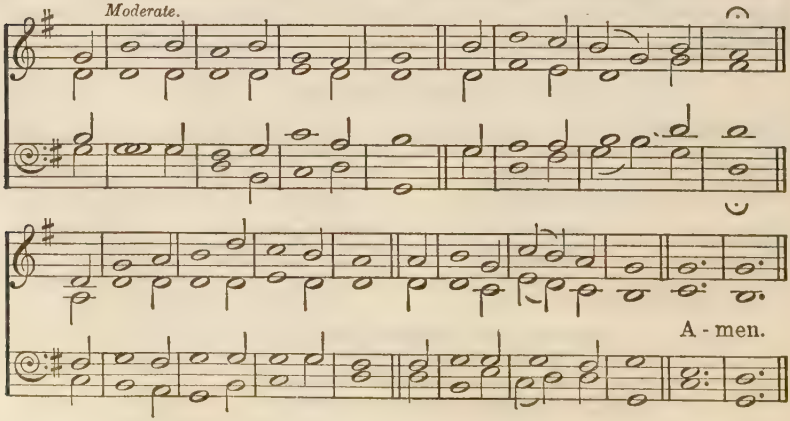
4 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with Thee;
And in that purest light of Thine
We clearly light shall see.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

647 ST. ANDREW. C.M.

Tans'ur's New Harmony of Zion, 1764.

Moderate.



From PSALM XXXVII.

SET thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good;
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And verily have food.

2 Delight thyself in God; He'll give
Thine heart's desire to thee.
Thy way to God commit, Him trust;
It bring to pass shall He.

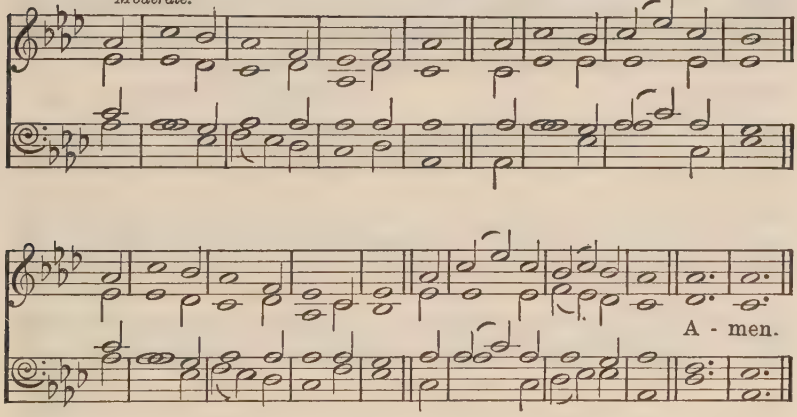
3 And, like unto the light, He shall
Thy righteousness display;
And He thy judgement shall bring forth
Like noon-tide of the day.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

648 BALLERMA. C.M.

Moderate.

Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON, 1790-1832.



From PSALM XL.

I WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.

3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify:
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4 O blessèd is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.

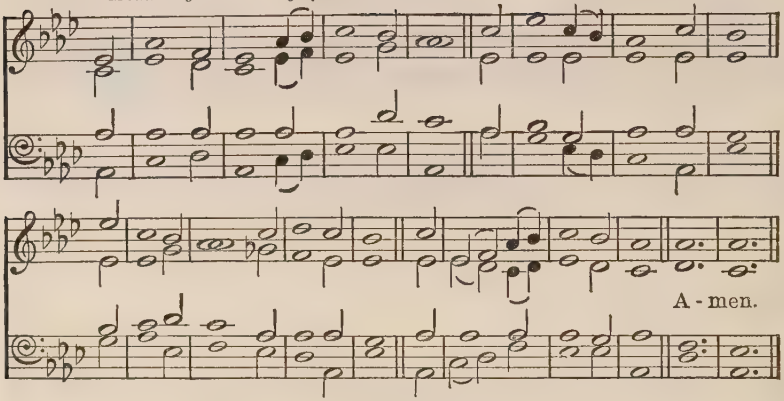
5 O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders Thou hast done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

649 MARTYRDOM. C.M.

Moderately slow and dignified.

HUGH WILSON, 1766-1824.

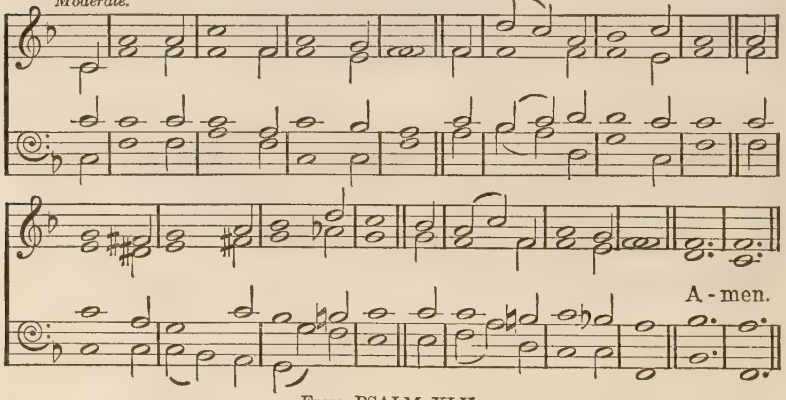


Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon), at No. 309.

SPOHR. C.M.

Moderate.

Adapted from LUDWIG SPOHR, 1784-1859.



From PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid to thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

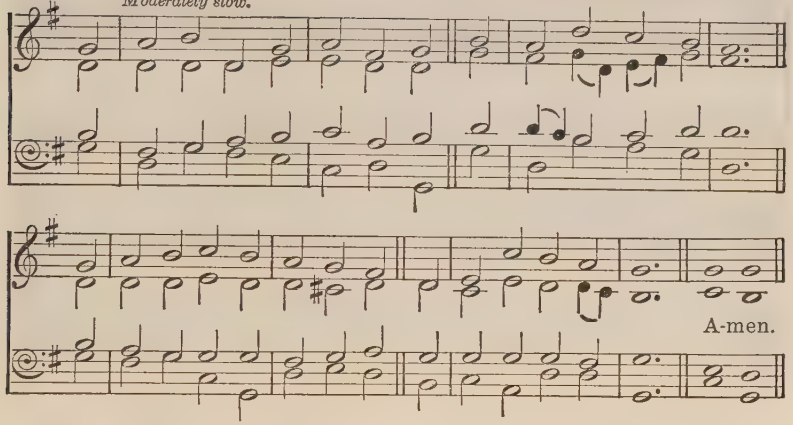
5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

New Version (TATE AND BRADY), 1698.

650 ST. PAUL. C.M.

Moderately slow.

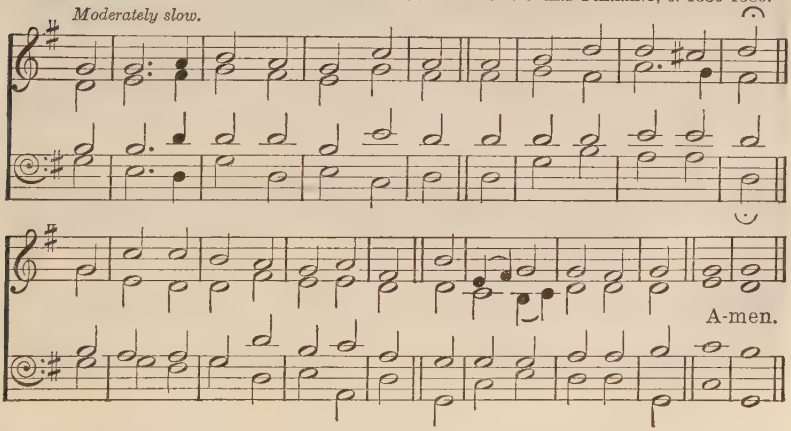
CHALMERS'S COLLECTION, Aberdeen, 1749.



FARRANT. C.M.

Moderately slow.

Adapted from an Anthem usually ascribed to RICHARD FARRANT, c. 1530-1580.



From PSALM XLIII.

O SEND Thy light forth and Thy truth;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to Thine holy hill,
Even where Thy dwellings be.

2 Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy:
Yea, God, my God, Thy Name to praise
My harp I will employ.

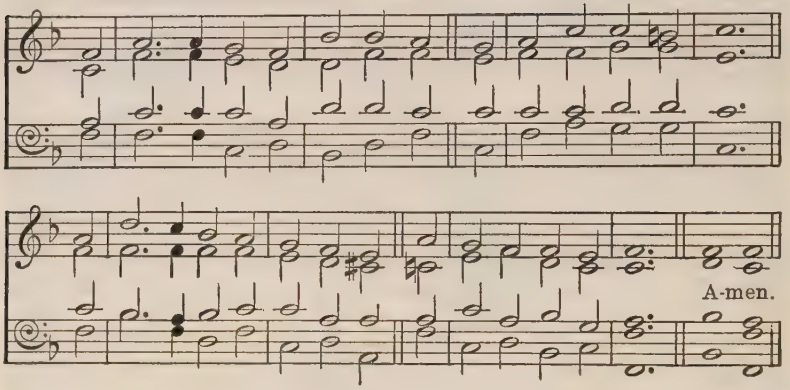
3 Why art thou then cast down, my soul?
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

4 Still trust in God; for Him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have:
He of my countenance is the health,
My God that doth me save.

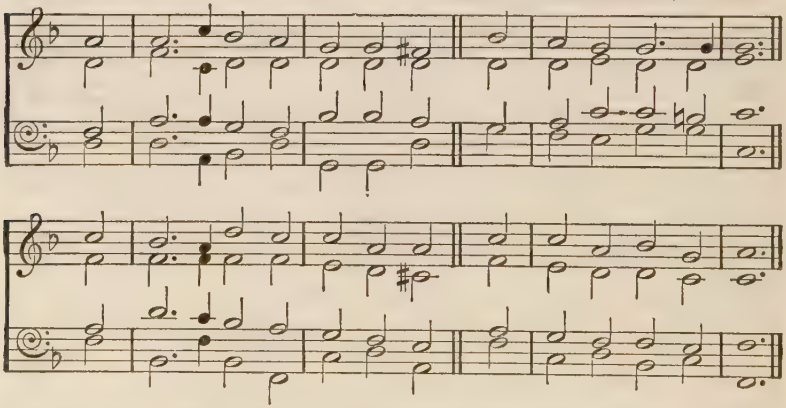
SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

651 WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. *Moderate.*

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by GEORGE KIRBYE, ? -1634.



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

Or STROUDWATER, No. 632.

From PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid;

2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.

3 A river is, whose streams make glad
The city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most High hath His abode.

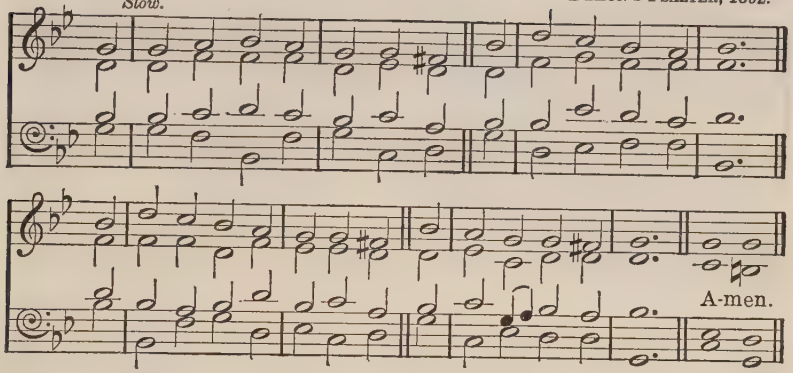
4 God in the midst of her doth dwell;
And nothing shall her move;
The Lord to her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

652 DUNDEE. C.M.

Slow.

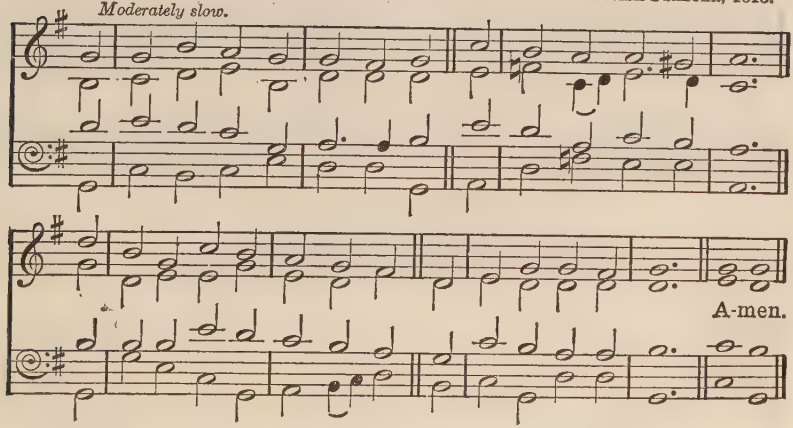
DAMON'S PSALTER, 1592.



ABBEY. C.M.

Moderately slow.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



From PSALM LI.

AFTER Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me:
For Thy compassions great, blot out
All mine iniquity.

2 Me cleanse from sin, and throughly wash
From mine iniquity:
For my transgressions I confess;
My sin I ever see.

3 All mine iniquities blot out,
Thy face hide from my sin:
Create a clean heart, Lord, renew
A right spirit me within.

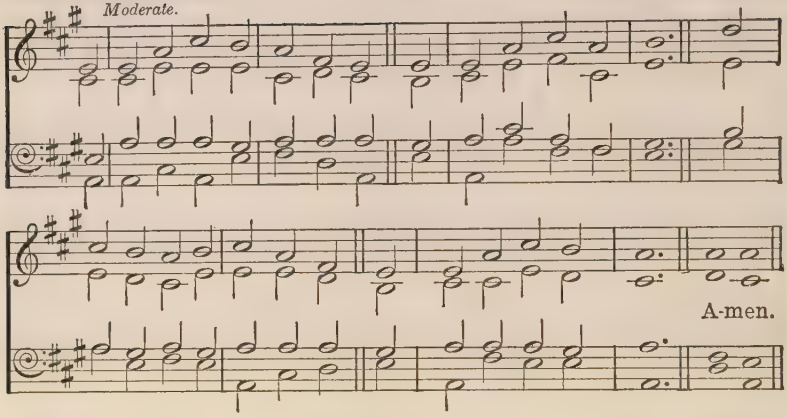
4 A broken spirit is to God
A pleasing sacrifice:
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, Thou wilt not despise.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

653 EVAN. C.M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.

Moderate.



From PSALM LXI.

O GOD, give ear unto my cry;
Unto my prayer attend.
From the utmost corner of the land
My cry to Thee I'll send.

2 What time my heart is overwhelmed
And in perplexity,
Do Thou me lead unto the Rock
That higher is than I.

3 For Thou hast for my refuge been
A shelter by Thy power;
And for defence against my foes
Thou hast been a strong tower.

4 Within Thy tabernacle I
For ever will abide;
And under covert of Thy wings
With confidence me hide.

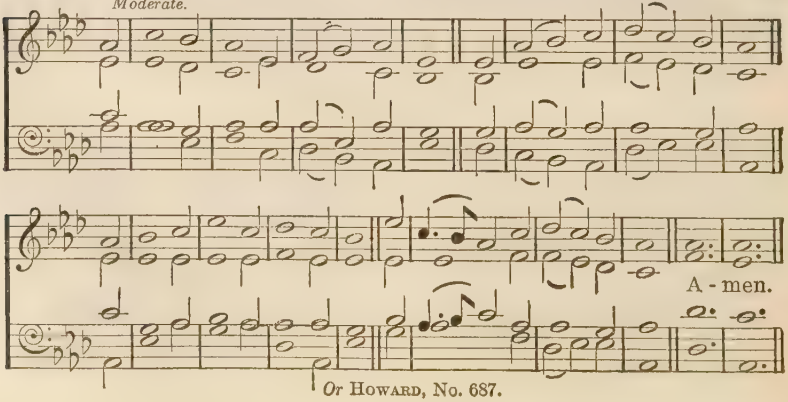
5 For Thou the vows that I did make,
O Lord my God, didst hear:
Thou hast given me the heritage
Of those Thy Name that fear.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

654 ST. THOMAS. C.M.

CHARLES ASHWORTH'S COLLECTION, c. 1760.

Moderate.



Or HOWARD, No. 687.

From PSALM LXII.

MY soul with expectation doth
Depend on God indeed;
My strength and my salvation do
From Him alone proceed.

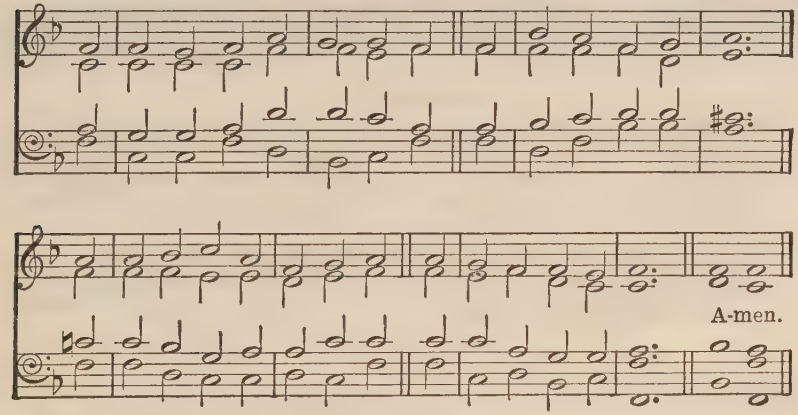
2 He only my salvation is,
And my strong Rock is He;
He only is my sure defence:
I shall not movèd be.

3 In God my glory placèd is,
And my salvation sure;
In God the Rock is of my strength,
My refuge most secure.

4 Ye people, place your confidence
In Him continually;
Before Him pour ye out your heart:
God is our refuge high.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

655 **ST. FLAVIAN.** C.M. *Moderately slow.* Adapted from DAY'S PSALTER, 1563.



Or ST. PETER, No. 291.

From PSALM LXIII.

LORD, Thee, my God, I'll early seek;
My soul doth thirst for Thee;
My flesh longs in a dry parched land,
Wherein no waters be:

2 That I Thy power may behold,
And brightness of Thy face,
As I have seen Thee heretofore
Within Thy holy place.

3 Since better is Thy love than life,
My lips Thee praise shall give.
I in Thy Name will lift my hands,
And bless Thee while I live.

4 Even as with marrow and with fat
My soul shall fillèd be:
Then shall my mouth with joyful lips
Sing praises unto Thee,

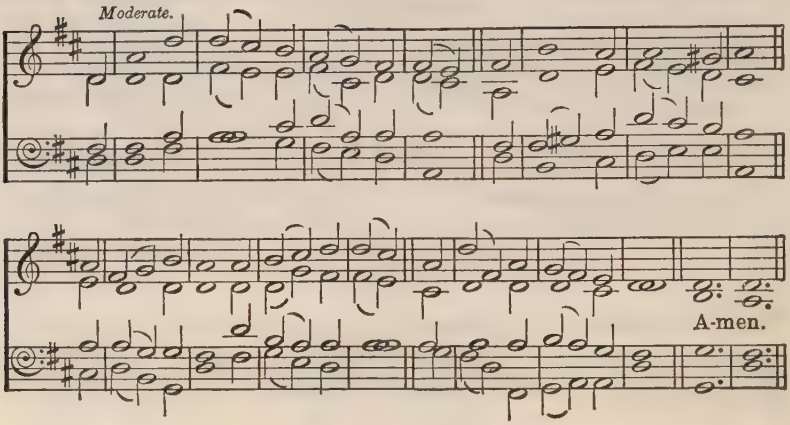
5 When I do Thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
And when on Thee I meditate
In watches of the night.

6 In shadow of Thy wings I'll joy;
For Thou my help hast been,
My soul Thee follows hard; and me
Thy right hand doth sustain.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

656 ST. STEPHEN (ABRIDGE). C.M.

ISAAC SMITH, c. 1735-1800.



From PSALM LXV.

PRAISE waits for Thee in Zion, Lord:
To Thee vows paid shall be.
O Thou that hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to Thee.

2 Iniquities, I must confess,
Prevail against me do:
But as for our transgressions all,
Them purge away shalt Thou.

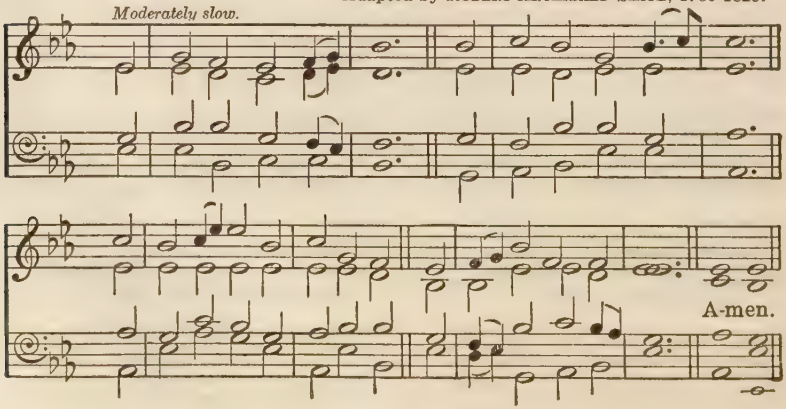
3 Blest is the man whom Thou dost choose,
And mak'st approach to Thee,
That he within Thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be:

4 We surely shall be satisfied
With Thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of Thy house,
Even of Thy holy place.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

657 SELMA. S.M.

Traditional Scottish Melody.
Adapted by ROBERT ARCHIBALD SMITH, 1780-1829.



PSALM LXVII.

LORD, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face;
That the earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

2 Let people praise Thee, Lord;
Let people all Thee praise.
O let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise:

3 Thou'lt justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all.
Let people praise Thee, Lord; let them
Praise Thee, both great and small.

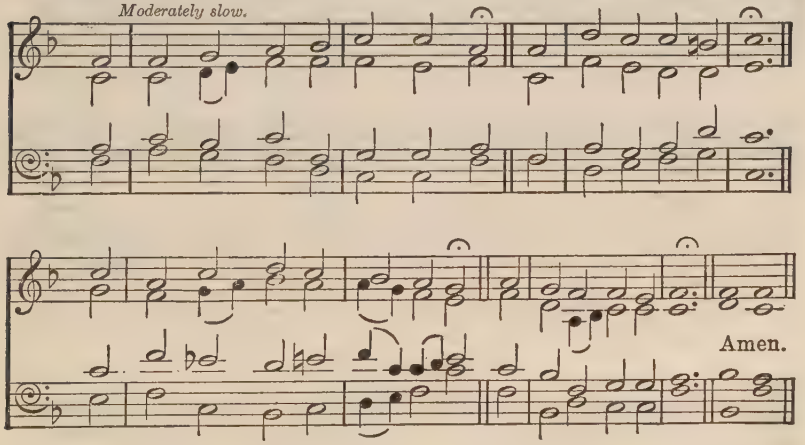
4 The earth her fruit shall yield;
Our God shall blessing send.
God shall us bless; men shall Him fear
To earth's remotest end.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

658 DUNFERMLINE. C.M.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.

Moderately slow.



From PSALM LXXII.

HIS Name for ever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be blest in Him, and blest
All nations shall Him call.

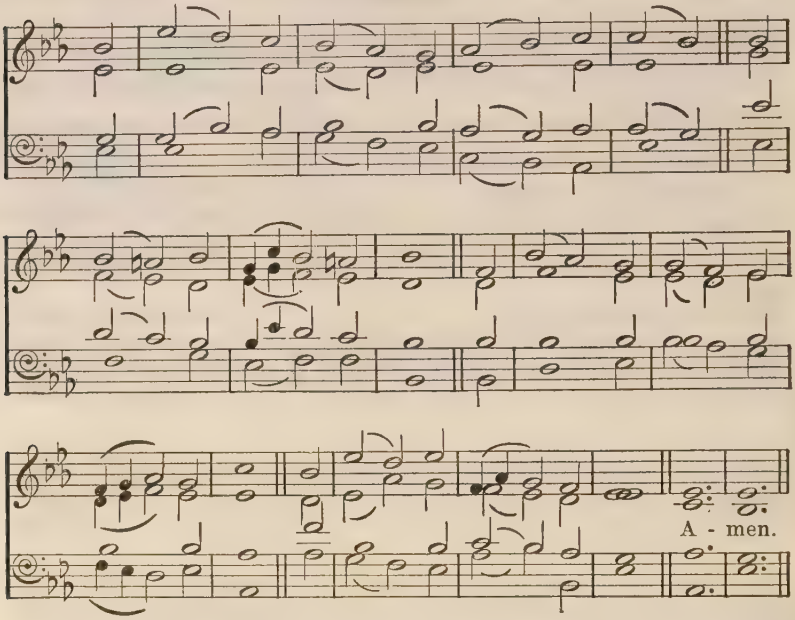
2 Now blessèd be the Lord our God,
The God of Israël,
For He alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

3 And blessèd be His glorious Name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let His glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

659 HARINGTON. C.M. *Moderate.*

HENRY HARINGTON, 1727-1816.



Or KILMARNOCK, No. 672; *or* SALZBURG, opposite.

From PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW lovely is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

2 My thirsty soul longs vehemently,
Yea, faints Thy courts to see:
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for Thee.

3 Behold, the sparrow findeth out
An house wherein to rest;
The swallow also for herself
Provided hath a nest;

4 Even Thine own altars, where she safe
Her young ones forth may bring,
O Thou Almighty Lord of hosts
Who art my God and King.

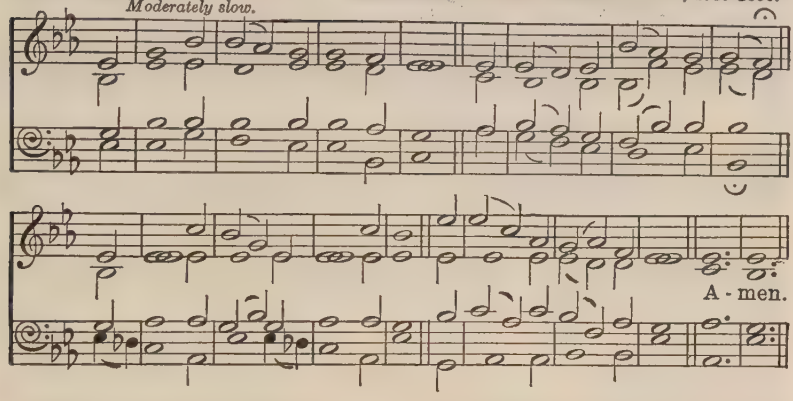
5 Blest are they in Thy house that dwell,
They ever give Thee praise.
Blest is the man whose strength Thou art,
In whose heart are Thy ways.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

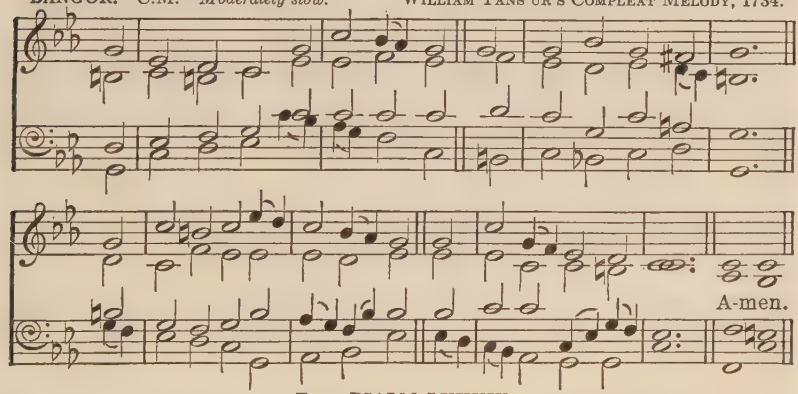
660 SALZBURG. C.M.

Moderately slow.

Adapted from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737-1806.



BANGOR. C.M. *Moderately slow.* WILLIAM TANS'UR'S COMPLEAT MELODY, 1734.



From PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW lovely are Thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where Thou dost dwell so near!

2 Happy, who in Thy house reside,
Where Thee they ever praise,
Happy, whose strength in Thee doth bide,
And in their hearts Thy ways.

3 They pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

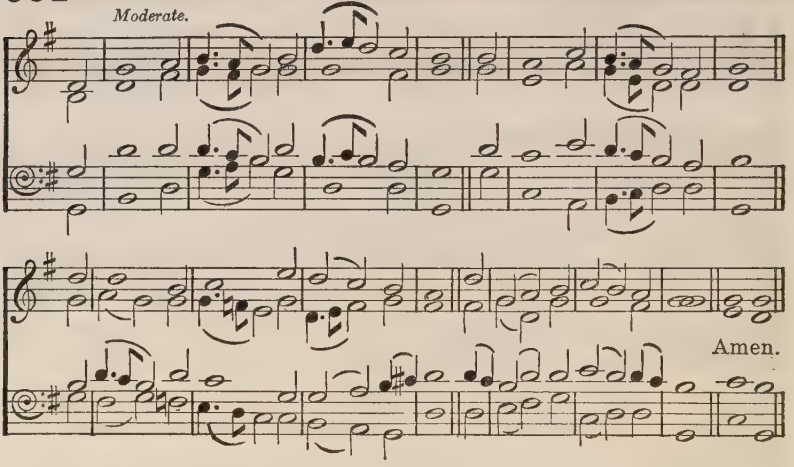
5 Lord God of hosts that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest
Who only on Thee doth rely,
And in Thee only rest.

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674.

661 GLASGOW. C.M.

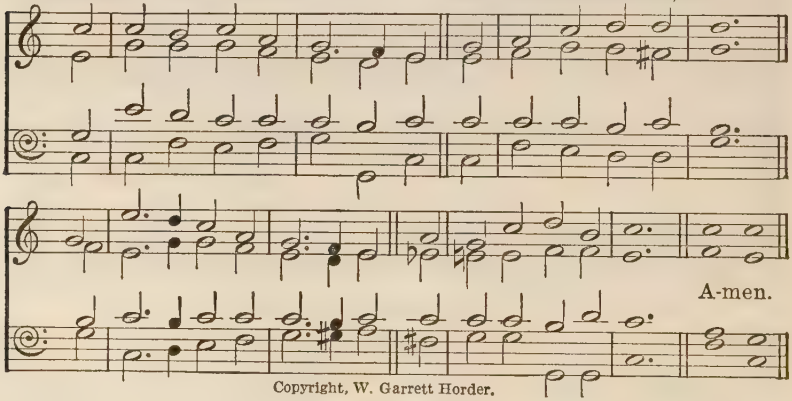
MOORE'S PSALM-SINGER'S POCKET COMPANION. 1756.

Moderate.



ST. SAVIOUR. C.M. *Moderately fast,*

FREDERICK GEORGE BAKER, 1840-



Copyright, W. Garrett Horder.

Or ARNOLD, No. 645.

From PSALM LXXXIX.

O GREATLY blessed the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of Thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

2 They in Thy Name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly;
And in Thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.

3 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in Thee;
And in Thy favour shall our horn
And power exalted be.

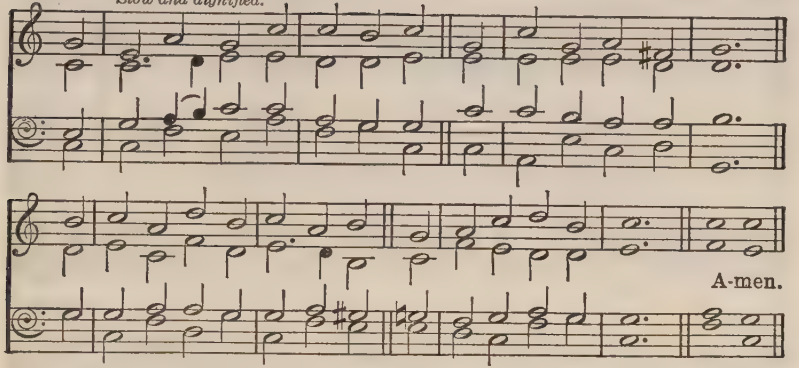
4 For God is our defence; and He
To us doth safety bring:
The Holy One of Israël
Is our Almighty King.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

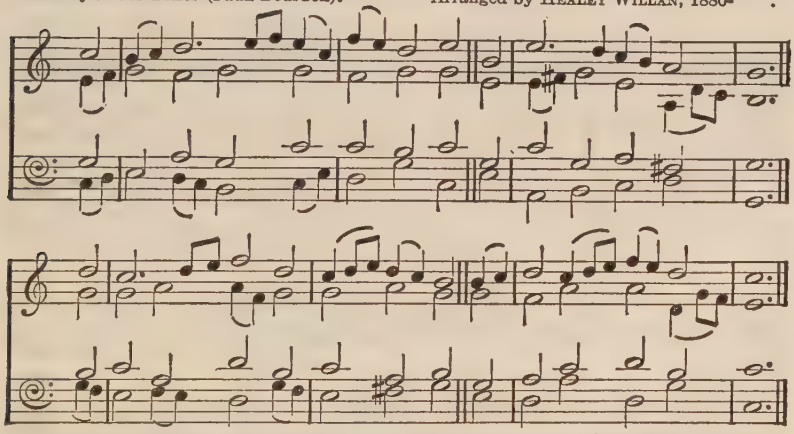
662 ST. ANNE. C.M.

Ascribed to WILLIAM CROFT, 1678-1727.

Slow and dignified.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

From PSALM XC.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

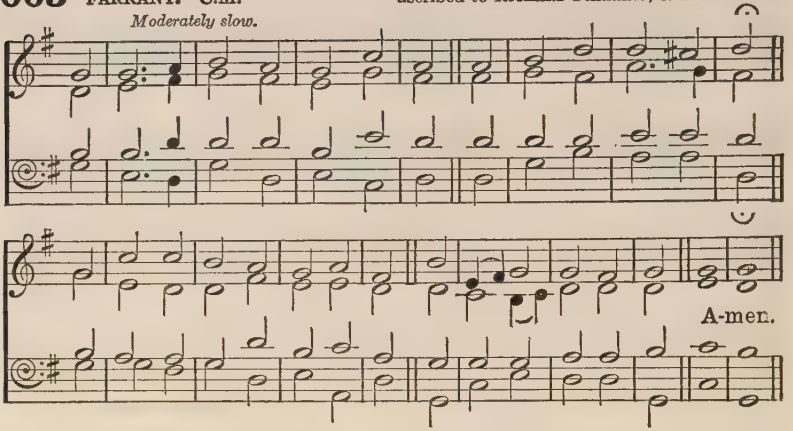
6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748.

663 FARRANT. C.M.

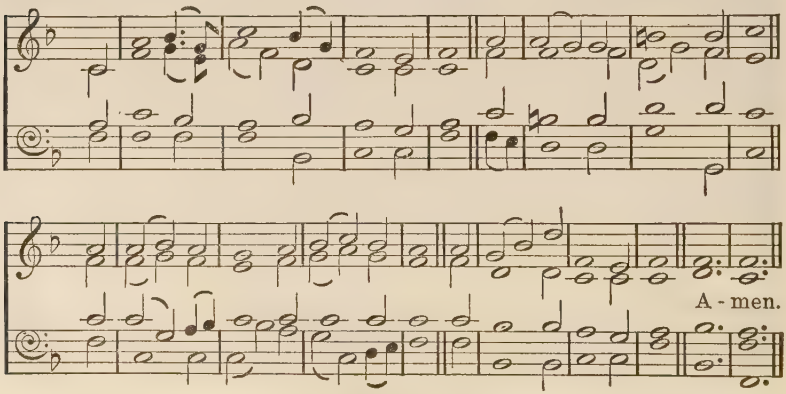
Adapted from an Anthem usually ascribed to RICHARD FARRANT, c. 1530-1580.

Moderately slow.



CRIMOND. C.M. *Moderate.*

As in THE NORTHERN PSALTER.



From PSALM XC.

O WITH Thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy;
So we rejoice shall all our days,
And still be glad in Thee.

2 According as the days have been
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
So do Thou make us glad.

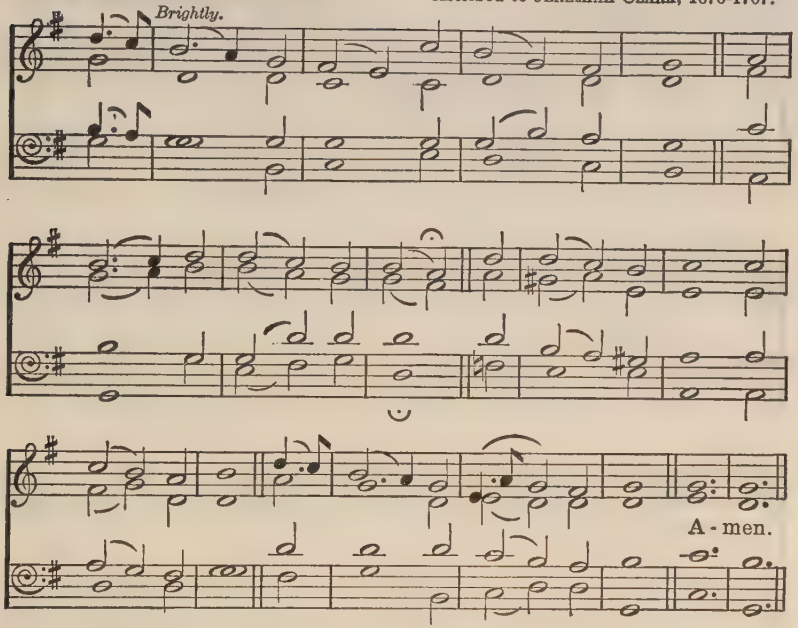
3 O let Thy work and power appear
Thy servants' face before;
And shew unto their children dear
Thy glory evermore:

4 And let the beauty of the Lord
Our God be us upon:
Our handiworks establish Thou,
Establish them each one.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

664 BISHOPTHORPE. C.M.

Ascribed to Jeremiah Clark, 1670-1707.



Or Jackson (Byzantium), No. 668.

From PSALM XCII.

TO render thanks unto the Lord
It is a comely thing,
And to Thy Name, O Thou Most High,
Due praise aloud to sing.

2 Thy loving-kindness to shew forth
When shines the morning light;
And to declare Thy faithfulness
With pleasure every night,

3 On a ten-stringèd instrument,
Upon the psaltery,
And on the harp with solemn sound,
And grave sweet melody.

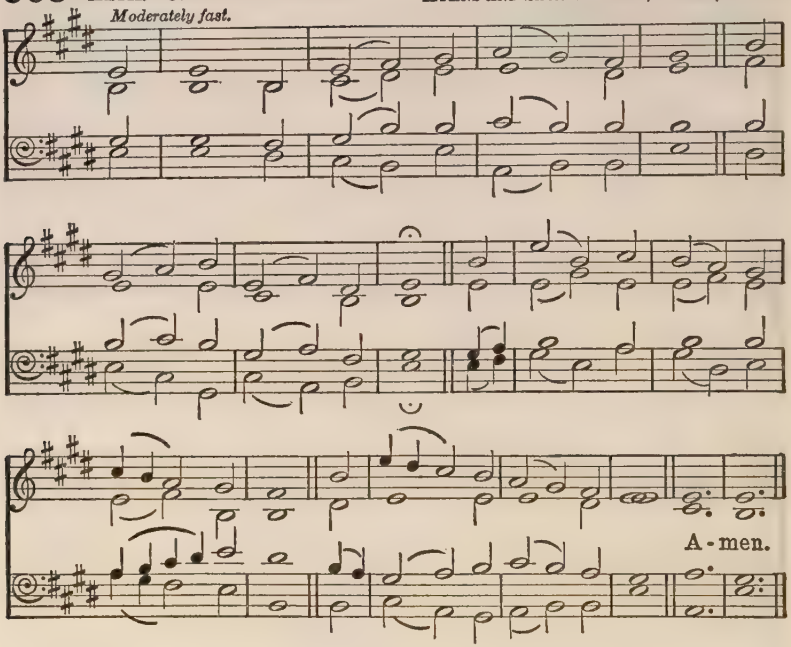
4 For Thou, Lord, by Thy mighty works,
Hast made my heart right glad;
And I will triumph in the works
Which by Thine hands were made.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

665 IRISH. C.M.

Melody from A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND SACRED POEMS, Dublin, 1749.

Moderately fast.



Or STROUDWATER, No. 641.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord doth reign, and clothed is He
With majesty most bright;
His works do shew Him clothed to be,
And girt about with might.

2 The world is also stablishèd
That it cannot depart.
Thy throne is fixed of old, and Thou
From everlasting art.

3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.

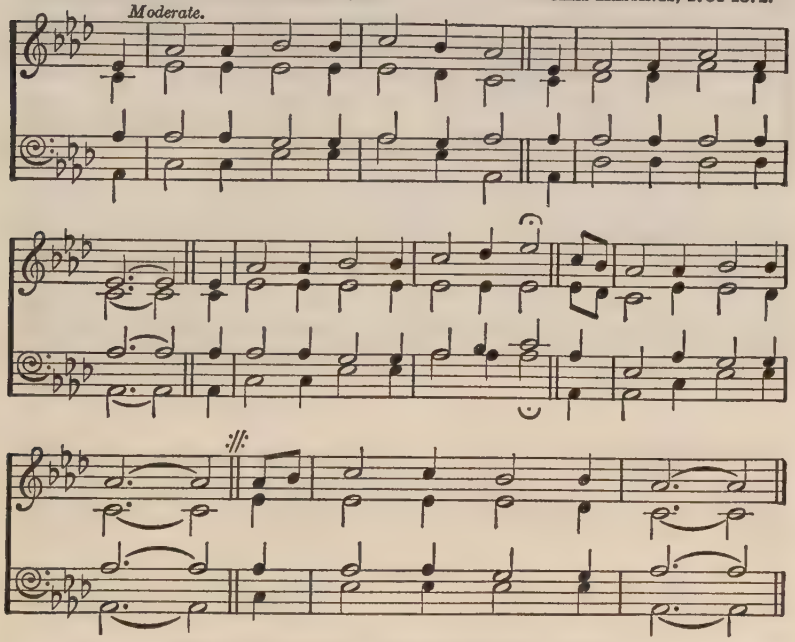
5 Thy testimonies every one
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
Thine house becometh well.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

666 ORTONVILLE. C.M. and repeat.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784-1872.

Moderate.



IRISH, opposite, is commended for use with this Psalm.

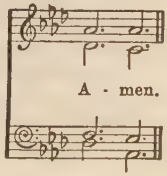
From PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
To Him our voices raise,
With joyful noise let us the Rock
Of our salvation praise.

2 Let us before His presence come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to Him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.

3 For God's a great God, and great King,
Above all gods, He is.
The depths of earth are in His hand,
The heights of hills are His.

4 To him the spacious sea belongs,
For He the same did make;
The dry land also from His hands
Its form at first did take.



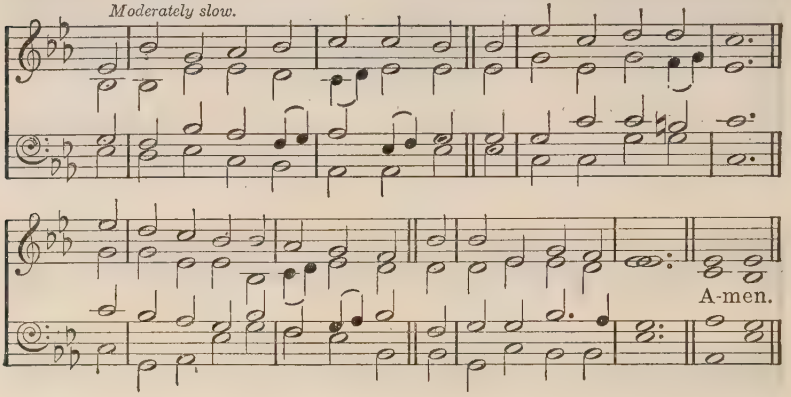
5 O come, and let us worship Him;
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker let us fall.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

667 SONG 67 (GIBBONS). C.M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.
Arranged by HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.

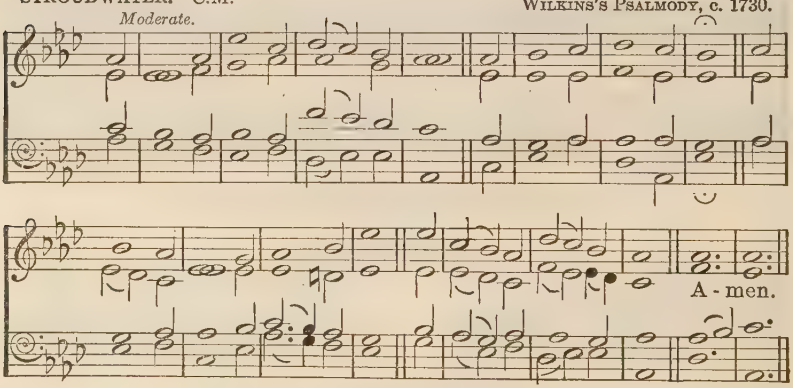
Moderately slow.



STROUDWATER. C.M.

WILKINS'S PSALMODY, c. 1730.

Moderate.



From PSALM XCVI.

O SING a new song to the Lord:
Sing all the earth to God.
To God sing, bless His Name, shew still
His saving health abroad.

2 Great honour is before His face,
And majesty divine;
Strength is within His holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.

3 Do ye ascribe unto the Lord,
Of people every tribe,
Glory do ye unto the Lord
And mighty power ascribe.

4 Give ye the glory to the Lord
That to His Name is due;
Come ye into His courts, and bring
An offering with you.

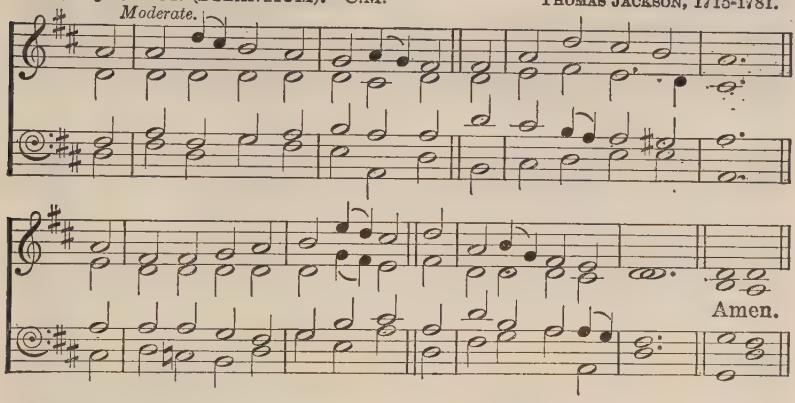
5 In beauty of His holiness,
O do the Lord adore;
Likewise let all the earth throughout
Tremble His face before.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

668 JACKSON (BYZANTIUM). C.M.

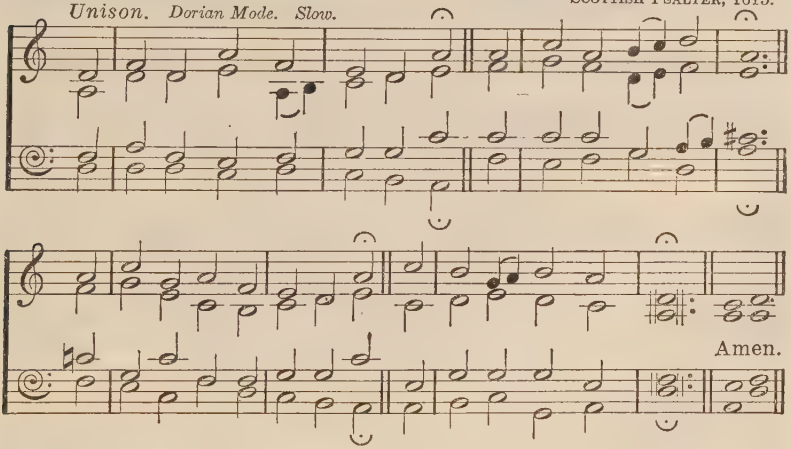
THOMAS JACKSON, 1715-1781.

Moderate.



MARTYRS. C.M.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.

Unison. *Dorian Mode.* *Slow.*

From PSALM XCVIII.

O SING a new song to the Lord,
For wonders He hath done:
His right hand and his holy arm
Him victory hath won.

2 He mindful of His grace and truth
To Israel's house hath been;
And the salvation of our God
All ends of the earth have seen.

3 Let all the earth unto the Lord
Send forth a joyful noise;
Lift up your voice aloud to Him,
Sing praises, and rejoice.

4 With harp, with harp, and voice of psalms
Unto Jehovah sing:
With trumpets, cornets, gladly sound
Before the Lord the King.

5 Let seas and all their fullness roar;
The world, and dwellers there;
Let floods clap hands, and let the hills
Together joy declare.

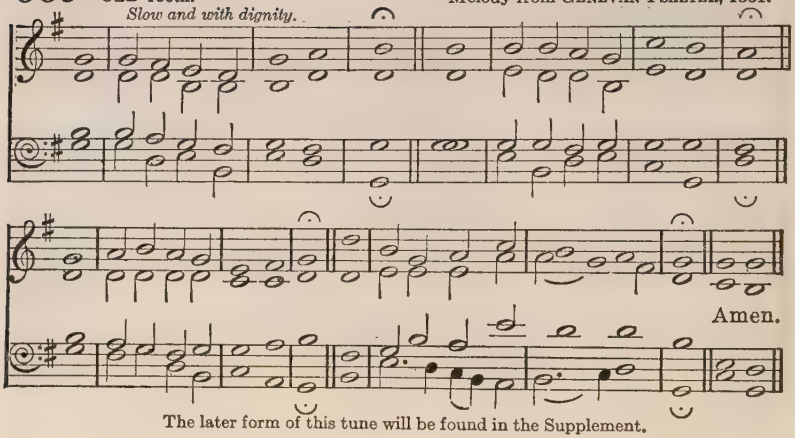
6 To judge the earth Jehovah comes,
In righteousness comes He;
In justice He will judge the world,
The people uprightly.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

669 OLD 100th.

Slow and with dignity.

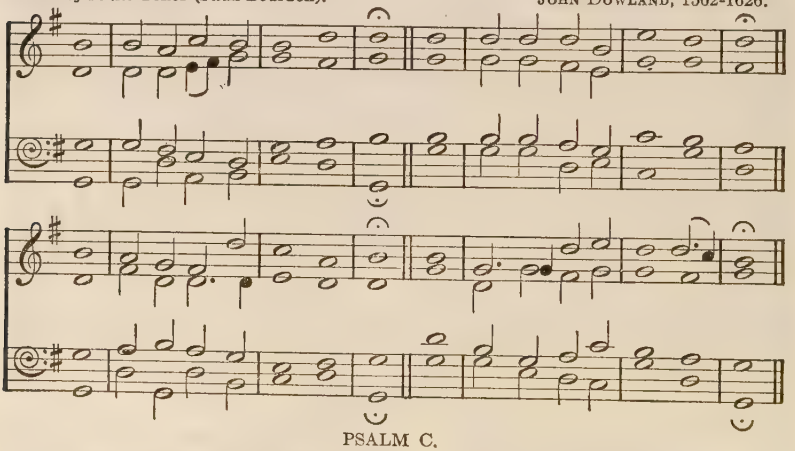
Melody from GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.



The later form of this tune will be found in the Supplement.

Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon).

JOHN DOWLAND, 1562-1626.



PSALM C.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

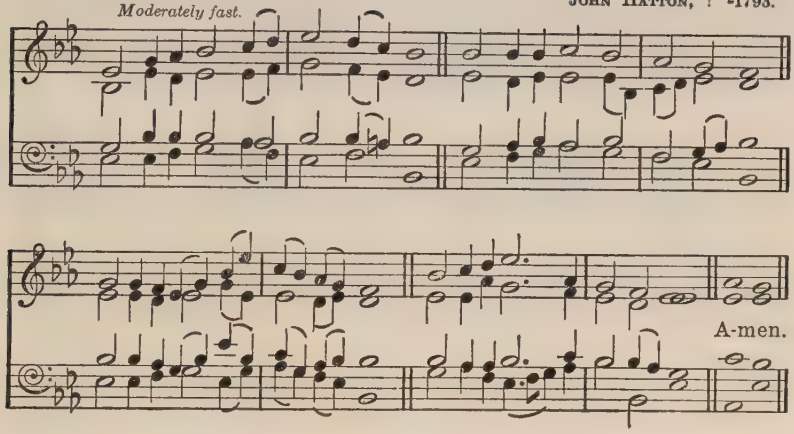
4 For why the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Ascribed to WILLIAM KETHE, c. 1561;
SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

670 DUKE STREET. L.M.

Moderately fast.

JOHN HATTON, ? -1793.



From PSALM CII.

THOU shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to mount Zion shalt extend:
The time is come, the time that's set,
When Thou shalt favour to her send.

2 Thy saints take pleasure in her stones;
Her very dust to them is dear.
All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth Thy glorious Name shall fear.

3 God in His glory shall appear,
When Zion He builds and repairs;
He shall regard and lend His ear
Unto the needy's humble prayers:

4 The needy's prayer He will not scorn.
All times this shall be on record:
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.

5 He from His holy place looked down,
The earth He viewed from heaven on high,
To hear the prisoner's mourning groan,
And free them that are doomed to die;

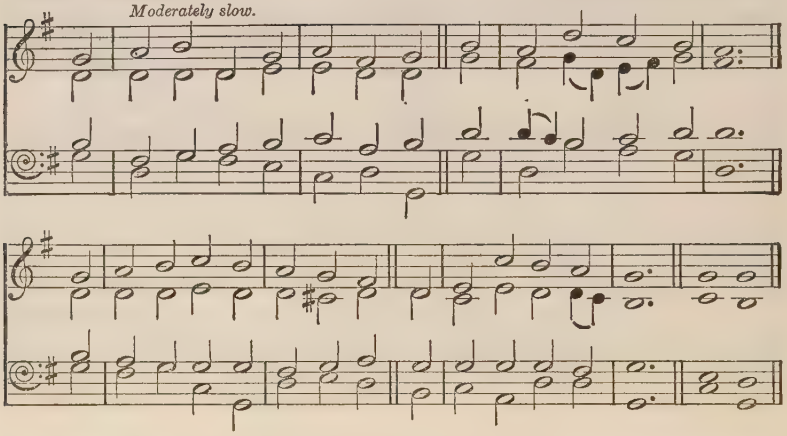
6 That Zion, and Jerusalem too,
His Name and praise may well record,
When people and the kingdoms do
Assemble all to praise the Lord.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

671 ST. PAUL. C.M.

CHALMERS'S COLLECTION, 1749.

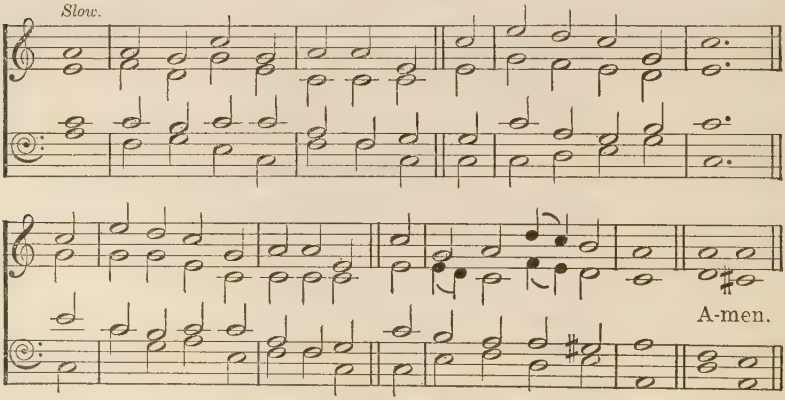
Moderately slow.



COLESHILL. C.M.

BARTON'S PSALMS, 1706.

Slow.



From PSALM CIII.

O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirrèd up His holy Name
To magnify and bless.

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee:

3 All thine iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve:

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
And tender mercies crown:

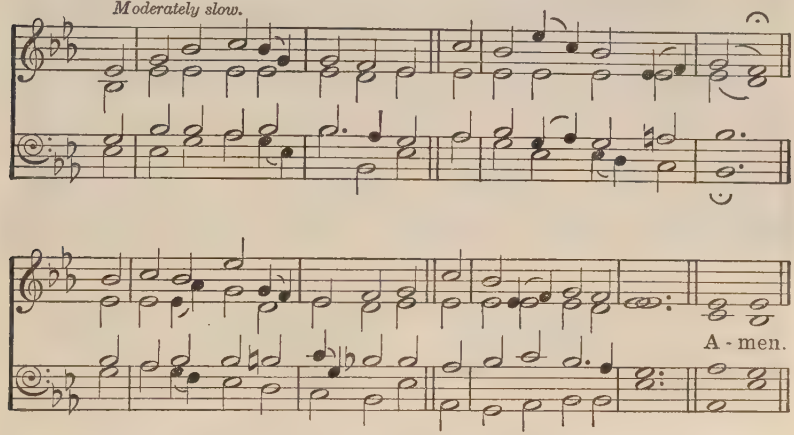
5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, even as the eagle's age,
Renewèd is thy youth.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

672 KILMARNOCK. C.M.

NEIL DOUGALL, 1776-1862.

Moderately slow.



Or COLESHILL, opposite.

From PSALM CIII.

SUCH pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear;
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship Him in fear.

2 For He remembers we are dust,
And He our frame well knows.
Frail man, his days are like the grass,
As flower in field he grows:

3 For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone;
And of the place where once it was
It shall no more be known.

4 But unto them that do Him fear
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still
His righteousness extends;

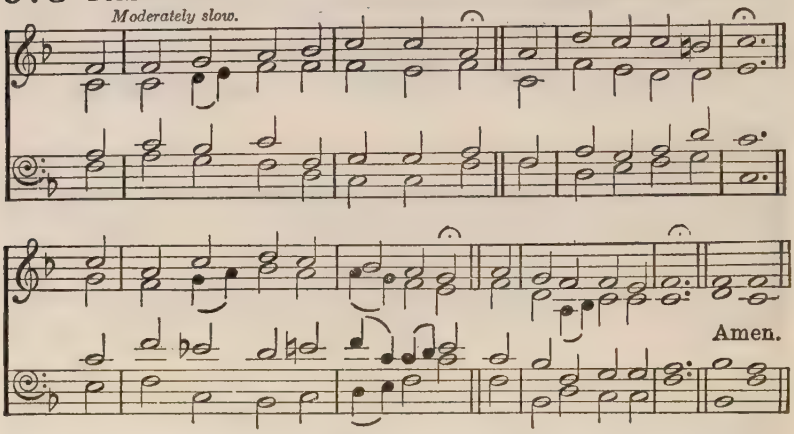
5 To such as keep His covenant,
And mindful are alway
Of His commandments just and good,
That they may them obey.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

673 DUNFERMLINE. C.M.

Moderately slow.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.



From PSALM CIII.

O YE His angels, that excel
In strength, bless ye the Lord;
Ye who obey what He commands,
And hearken to His word.

2 O bless and magnify the Lord,
Ye glorious hosts of His;
Ye ministers, that do fulfil
Whate'er His pleasure is.

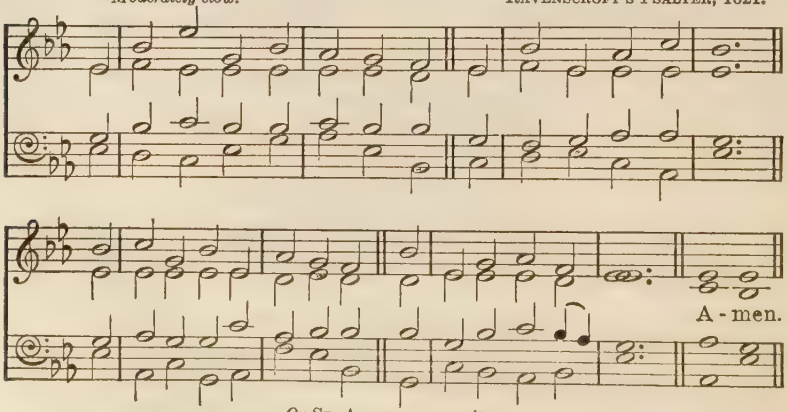
3 O bless the Lord, all ye His works,
Wherewith the world is stored
In His dominions everywhere.
My soul, bless thou the Lord.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

674 ST. DAVID. C.M.

Moderately slow.

Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



Or St. Andrew, opposite.

From PSALM CVI.

GIVE praise and thanks unto the Lord,
For bountiful is He;
His tender mercy doth endure
Unto eternity.

2 God's mighty works who can express,
Or show forth all His praise?
Blessèd are they that judgement keep,
And justly do always.

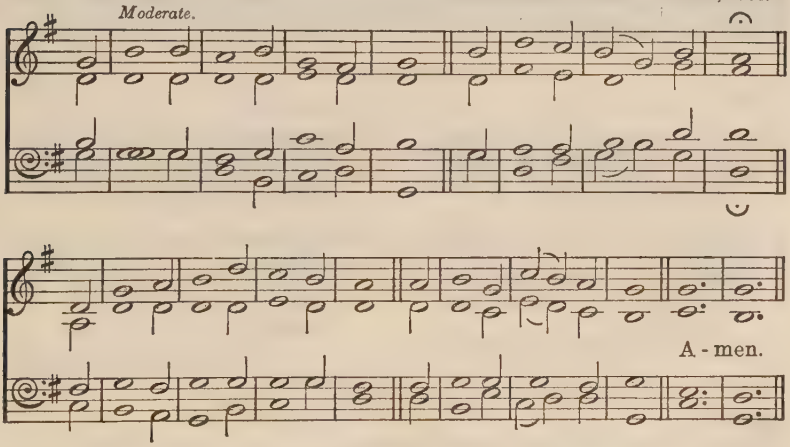
3 Remember me, Lord, with that love
Which Thou to Thine dost bear;
With Thy salvation, O my God,
To visit me draw near:

4 That I Thy chosen's good may see,
And in their joy rejoice;
And may with Thine inheritance
Triumph with cheerful voice.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

675 ST. ANDREW. C.M.

TANS'UR'S NEW HARMONY OF ZION, 1764.



PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord, because my voice
And prayers He did hear.
I, while I live, will call on Him,
Who bowed to me His ear.

2 Of death the cords and sorrows did
About me compass round;
The pains of death took hold on me,
I grief and trouble found.

3 Upon the Name of God the Lord
Then did I call, and say—
'Deliver Thou my soul, O Lord,
I do Thee humbly pray.'

4 God merciful and righteous is,
Yea, gracious is our Lord.
God saves the meek: I was brought low,
He did me help afford.

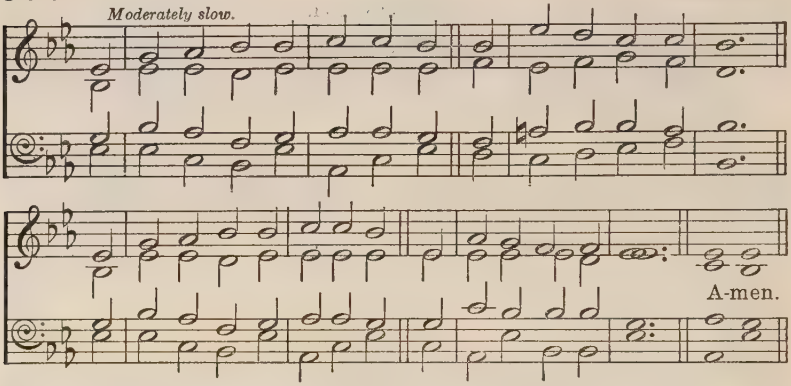
5 O thou my soul, do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest;
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
His bounty hath exprest.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

676 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M.

THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1520-1585.

Moderately slow.



Or ST. PAUL, No. 671.

From PSALM CXVI.

I'LL of salvation take the cup,
On God's Name will I call;
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all.

2 Dear in God's sight is His saints' death.
Thy servant, Lord, am I;
Thy servant sure, Thine handmaid's son;
My bands Thou didst untie.

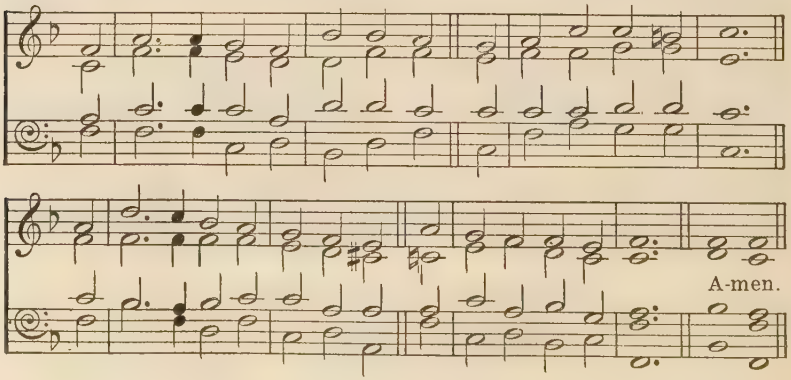
3 Thank-offerings I to Thee will give,
And on God's Name will call.
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before His people all,

4 Within the courts of God's own house,
Within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem.
Praise to the Lord give ye!

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

677 WINCHESTER OLD. C.M. *Moderate.*

ESTE'S PSALTER, 1592.



From PSALM CXVIII.

O SET ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
And I the Lord will bless.

2 This is the gate of God, by it
The just shall enter in.
Thee will I praise, for Thou me heard'st
And hast my safety been.

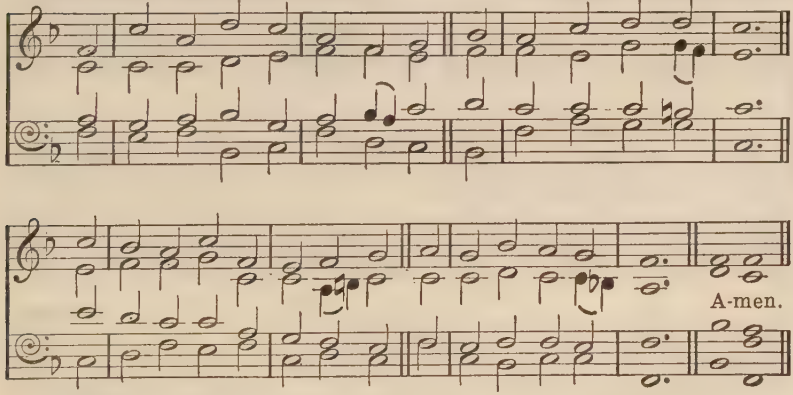
3 That stone is made head corner-stone,
Which builders did despise;
This is the doing of the Lord,
And wondrous in our eyes.

4 This is the day God made, in it
We'll joy triumphantly.
Save now, I pray Thee, Lord; I pray
Send now prosperity.

5 Thou art my God, I'll Thee exalt;
My God, I will Thee praise.
Give thanks to God, for He is good:
His mercy lasts always.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

678 DURHAM. C.M. *Slow.* RAVENSCROFT'S PSALTER, 1621.



Or TALLIS'S ORDINAL, opposite.

From PSALM CXIX.

BY what means shall a young man learn
His way to purify?
If he according to Thy word
Thereto attentive be.

2 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I offend not Thee.
O Lord, Thou ever blessèd art:
Thy statutes teach Thou me.

3 I will Thy holy precepts make
My meditation still;
And have respect to all Thy ways
Most carefully I will.

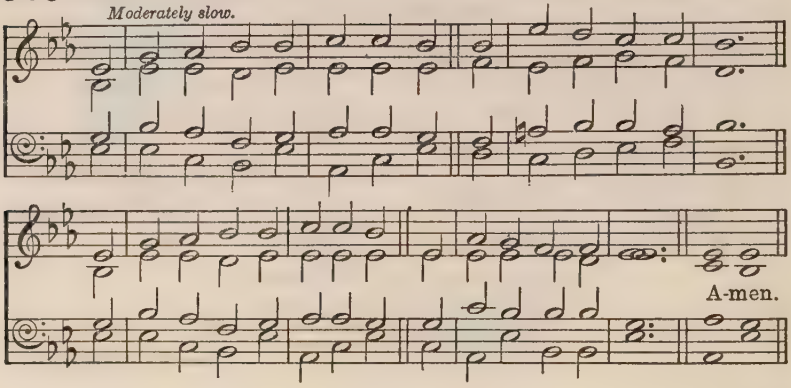
4 Upon Thy statutes my delight
Shall constantly be set;
And, by Thy grace, I never will
Thy holy word forget.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

679 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C.M.

THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1520-1585.

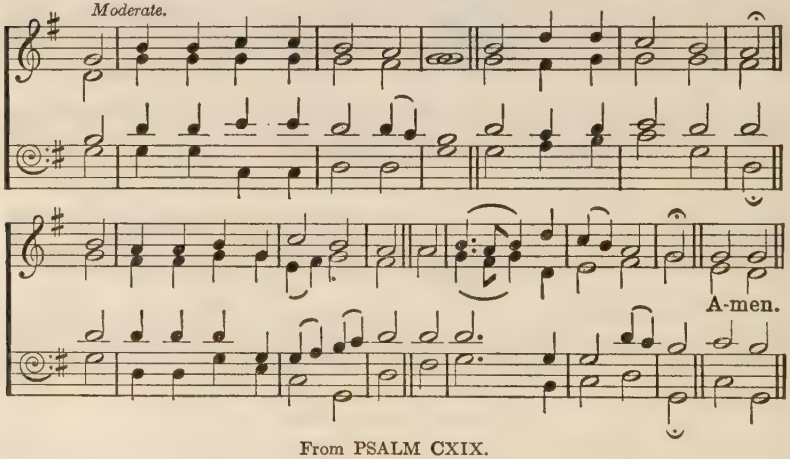
Moderately slow.



PETERBOROUGH. C.M.

RALPH HARRISON'S SACRED HARMONY, 1791.

Moderate.



From PSALM CXIX.

TEACH me, O Lord, the perfect way
Of Thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.

2 Give understanding unto me,
So keep Thy law shall I;
Yea, even with my whole heart, I shall
Observe it carefully.

3 In Thy law's path make me to go,
For I delight therein.
My heart unto Thy testimonies,
And not to greed, incline.

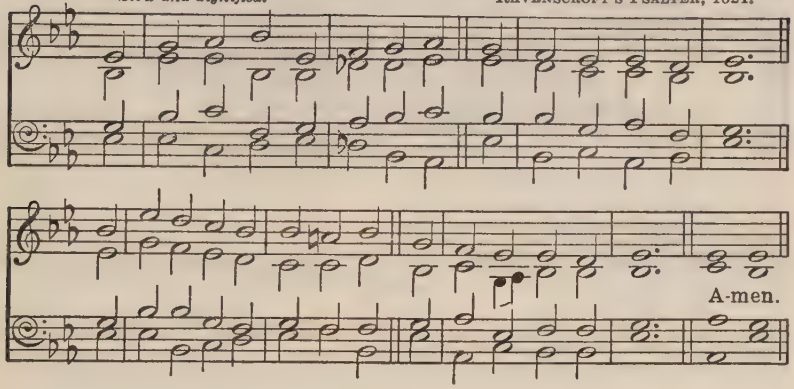
4 Turn Thou away my sight and eyes
From viewing vanity;
And in Thy good and holy way
Be pleased to quicken me.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

680 FRENCH (DUNDEE). C.M.

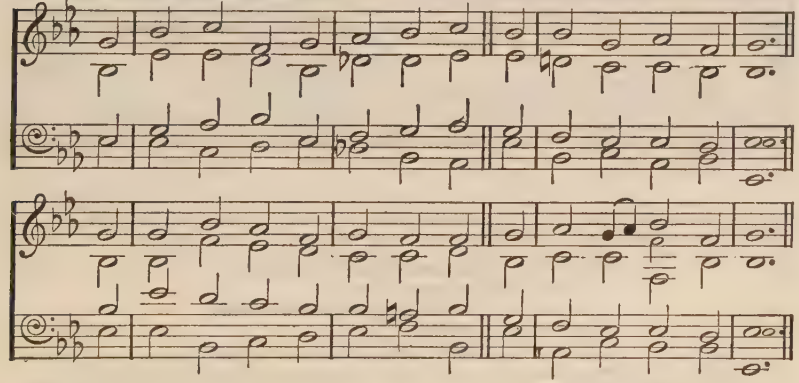
Slow and dignified.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.
Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon).

Thomas Ravenscroft, c. 1582-1635.



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

PSALM CXXI.

I TO the hills will lift mine eyes;
From whence doth come mine aid?
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

2 Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, He that keeps Israël,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

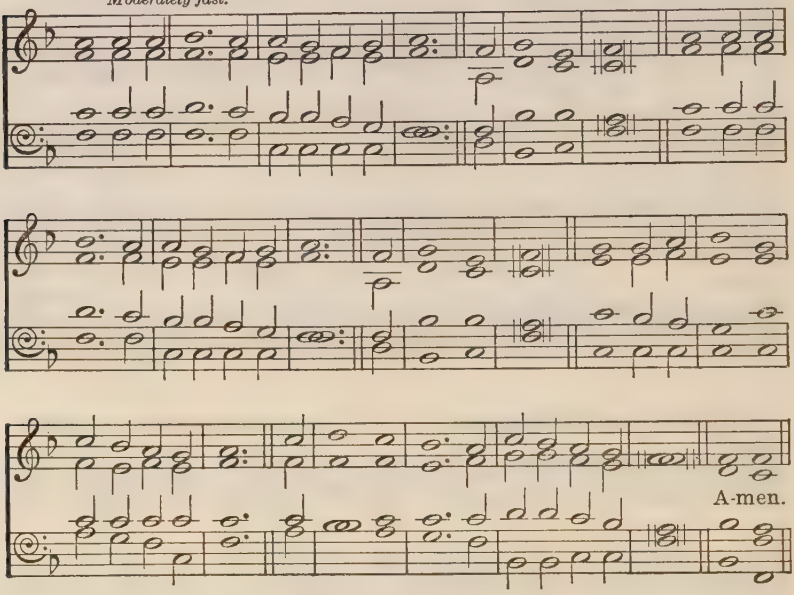
4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in,
God keep for ever will.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

681 SANDON. 10 4 10 4 10 10.

CHARLES PURDAY, 1799-1885.

Moderately fast.



PSALM CXXI.

UNTO the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes:
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord who heaven and earth hath made.

2 He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold, He sleepeth not, He slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

3 Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,
Thy changeless shade;
Jehovah thy defence on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite;
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

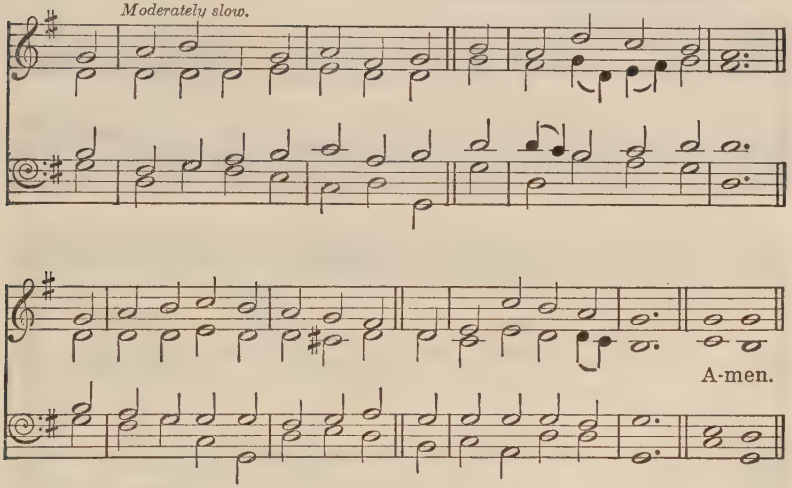
4 From every evil shall He keep thy soul,
From every sin:
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, He whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

JOHN CAMPBELL, DUKE OF ARGYLL, 1845-1914.

682 ST. PAUL. C.M.

CHALMERS'S COLLECTION, Aberdeen, 1749.

Moderately slow.



Or HARINGTON, No. 659.

From PSALM CXXII.

I JOYED when to the house of God
Go up, they said to me.
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.

2 Jerusalem as a city is
Compactly built together:
Unto that place the tribes go up,
The tribes of God go thither.

3 Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity:
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

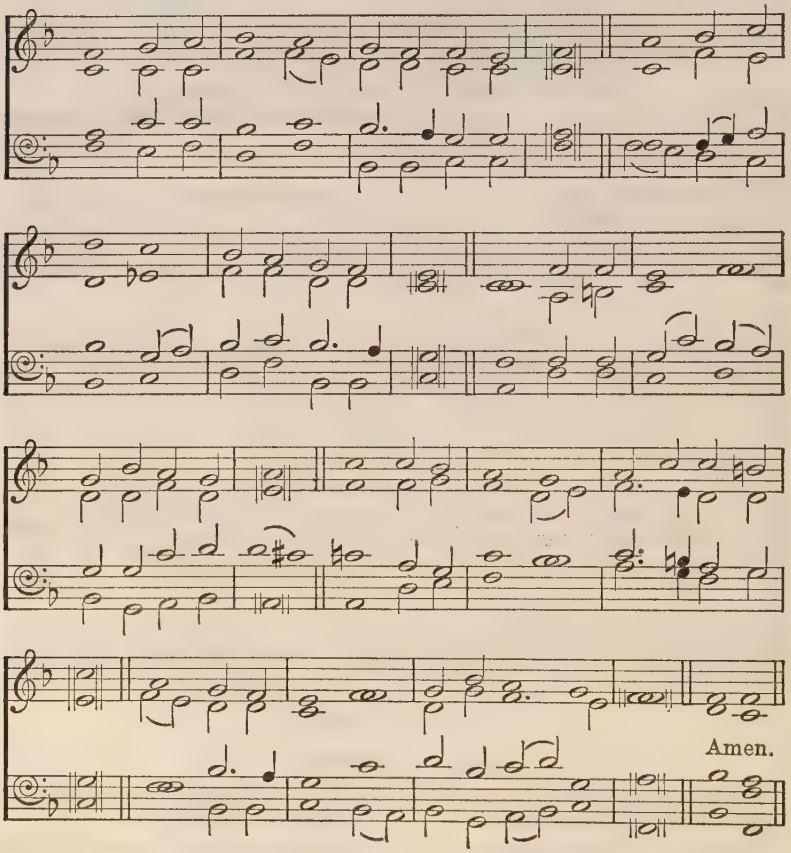
4 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

5 Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
'Peace be in thee,' I'll say.
And for the house of God our Lord
I'll seek thy good alway.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

683 OLD 124th. 10 10 10 10 10.

Moderately slow.

Melody in GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.

PSALM CXXIV.

NOW Israël
May say, and that truly:—
If that the Lord
Had not our cause maintained,
If that the Lord
Had not our right sustained,
When cruel men
Against us furiously
Rose up in wrath,
To make of us their prey,

2 Then certainly
They had devoured us all,
And swallowed quick,
For ought that we could deem;
Such was their rage,
As we might well esteem.
And, as fierce floods
Before them all things drown,
So had they brought
Our soul to death quite down.

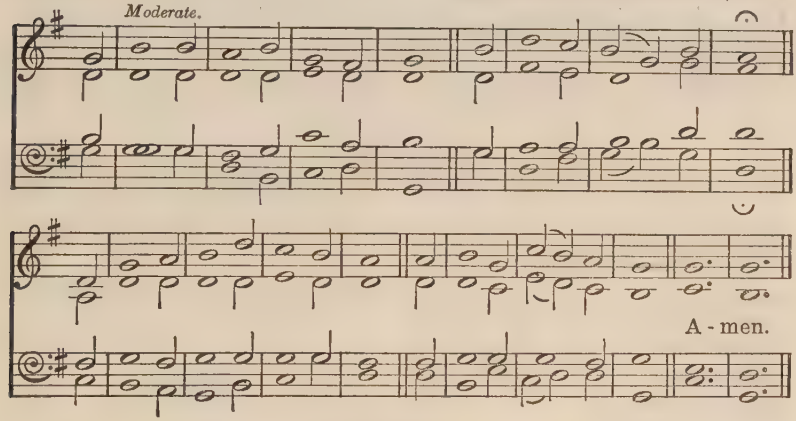
3 The raging streams,
With their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
O'erwhelmèd in the deep.
But blessed be God,
Who doth us safely keep,
And hath not given
Us for a living prey
Unto their teeth
And bloody cruelty.

4 Even as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare
Escapes away,
So is our soul set free:
Broke are their nets
And thus escapèd we.
Therefore our help
Is in the Lord's great Name,
Who heaven and earth
By His great power did frame.

As in Scottish Psalter, 1650.

684 ST. ANDREW. C.M.

Tans'ur's New Harmony of Zion, 1764.



PSALM CXXV.

THEY in the Lord that firmly trust
Shall be like Zion hill,
Which at no time can be removed,
But standeth ever still.

2 As round about Jerusalem
The mountains stand alway,
The Lord His folk doth compass so,
From henceforth and for aye.

3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
Of just men shall not lie;
Lest righteous men stretch forth
their hands
Unto iniquity.

4 Do Thou to all those that be good
Thy goodness, Lord, impart;
And do Thou good to those that are
Upright within their heart.

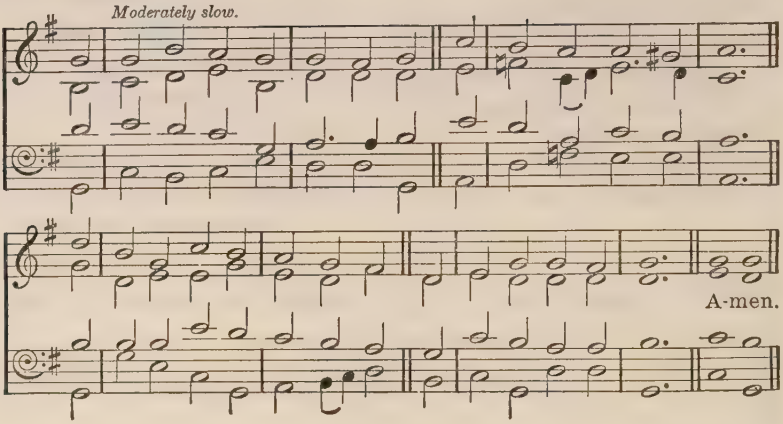
5 But as for such as turn aside
After their crooked way,
God shall lead forth with wicked men:
On Israel peace shall stay.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

685 ABBEY. C.M.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.

Moderately slow.



Or ST. ANDREW, No. 684.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN Zion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we.
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongue with melody:

2 The heathen said, 'The Lord their God
Great things for them hath wrought.'
The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence joy to us is brought.

3 As streams of water in the south,
Our bondage, Lord, recall.
Who sow in tears, a reaping time
Of joy enjoy they shall.

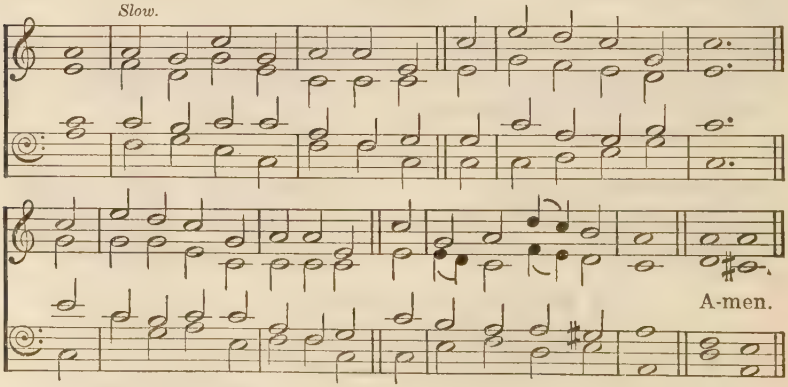
4 That man who, bearing precious seed,
In going forth doth mourn,
He, doubtless, bringing back his sheaves,
Rejoicing shall return.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

686 COLESHILL. C.M.

BARTON'S PSALMS, 1706.

Slow.



Or MARTYRDOM, No. 637.

PSALM CXXX.

LORD, from the depths to Thee I cried:
My voice, Lord, do Thou hear:
Unto my supplication's voice
Give an attentive ear.

2 Lord, who shall stand, if Thou, O Lord,
Should'st mark iniquity?
But yet with Thee forgiveness is,
That feared Thou mayest be.

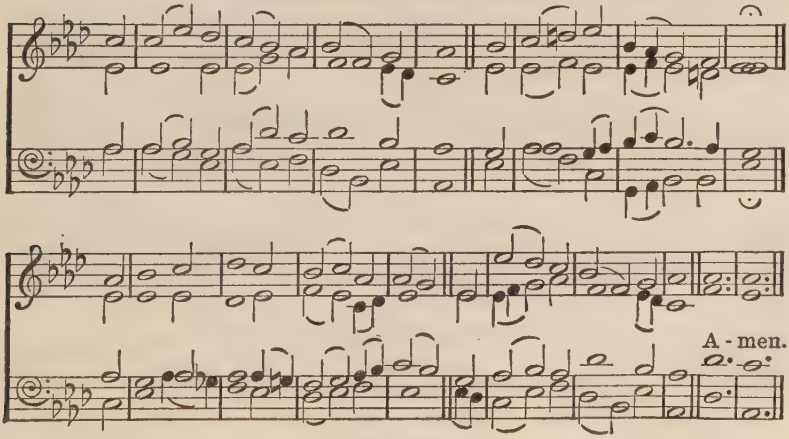
3 I wait for God, my soul doth wait;
My hope is in His word.
More than they that for morning watch,
My soul waits for the Lord;

4 I say, more than they that do watch
The morning light to see.
Let Israël hope in the Lord,
For with Him mercies be.

5 Redemption also plenteous
Is ever found with Him:
And from all his iniquities
He Israel shall redeem.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

687 HOWARD. C.M. *Moderately fast.* WILSON'S SELECTION OF PSALM TUNES, 1825.



Or DUNFERMLINE, No. 40.

PSALM CXXXII.

WE'LL to God's tabernacles go,
And at His footstool bow.
Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest,
The ark of Thy strength, and Thou.

2 O let Thy priests be clothèd, Lord,
With truth and righteousness;
And let all those that are Thy saints
Shout loud for joyfulness.

3 For God of Zion hath made choice:
There He desires to dwell.
'This is My rest, here still I'll stay;
For I do like it well.

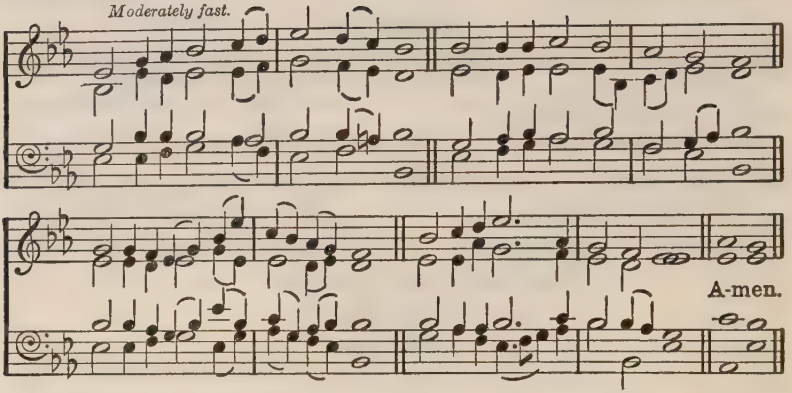
4 'Her food I'll greatly bless; her poor
With bread will satisfy,
Her priests I'll clothe with health; her saints
Shall shout forth joyfully.'

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

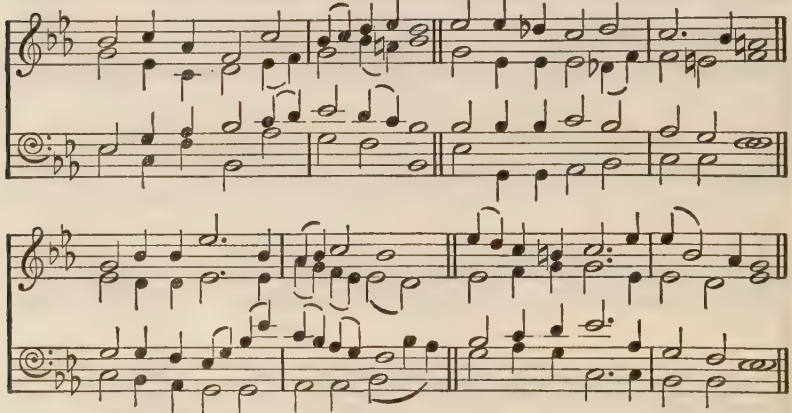
688 DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON, ? -1793.

Moderately fast.



Melody in the Tenor (Faux Bourdon). Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN, 1880-



This alternative version may be used for one or more verses, the people singing the melody.

From PSALM CXLV.

O LORD, Thou art my God and King;
Thee will I magnify and praise:
I will Thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto Thy holy Name always.

2 Each day I rise I will Thee bless,
And praise Thy Name time without end.
Much to be praised, and great God is;
His greatness none can comprehend.

3 Race shall Thy works praise unto race,
The mighty acts shew done by Thee.
I will speak of the glorious grace
And honour of Thy majesty;

4 Thy wondrous works I will record.
By men the might shall be extolled
Of all Thy dreadful acts, O Lord:
And I Thy greatness will unfold.

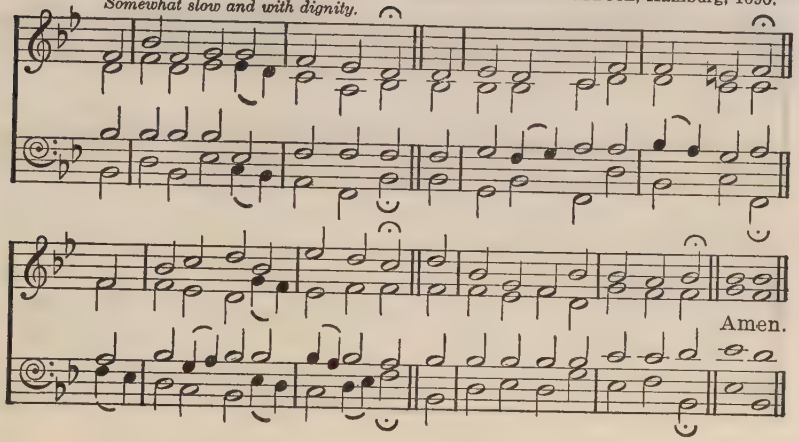
5 They utter shall abundantly
The memory of Thy goodness great;
And shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they Thy righteousness relate.

As in SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

689 WINCHESTER NEW. L.M.

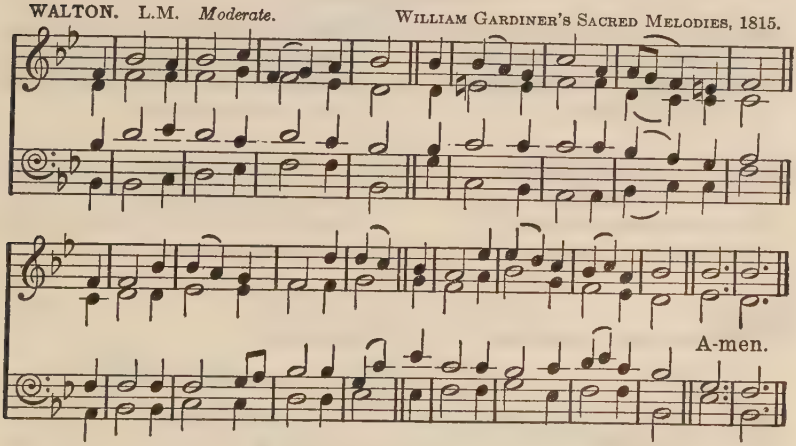
Somewhat slow and with dignity.

MUSIKALISCHES HANDBUCH, Hamburg, 1690.



WALTON. L.M. *Moderate.*

WILLIAM GARDINER'S SACRED MELODIES, 1815.



From PSALM CXLV.

GOOD unto all men is the Lord;
O'er all His work His mercy is.
Thy works all praise to Thee afford:
Thy saints, O Lord, Thy Name shall bless.

2 The glory of Thy Kingdom shew
Shall they, and of Thy power tell;
That so men's sons His deeds may know,
His Kingdom's grace that doth excel.

3 Thy Kingdom hath none end at all;
It doth through ages all remain.
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
The cast-down raiseth up again.

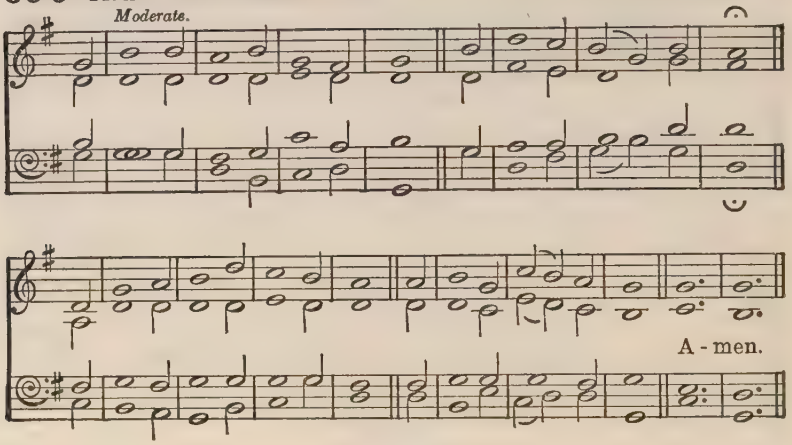
4 Therefore my mouth and lips I'll frame
To speak the praises of the Lord:
To magnify His holy Name
For ever let all flesh accord.

As in SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

690 ST. ANDREW. C.M.

TANS'UR'S NEW HARMONY OF ZION, 1764.

Moderate.



From PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good
Praise to our God to sing:
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

2 God doth build up Jerusalem;
And He it is alone
That the dispersed of Israël
Doth gather into one.

3 Those that are broken in their heart,
And grievèd in their minds
He healeth, and their painful wounds
He tenderly upbinds.

4 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them every one.
Great is our Lord, and of great power;
His wisdom search can none.

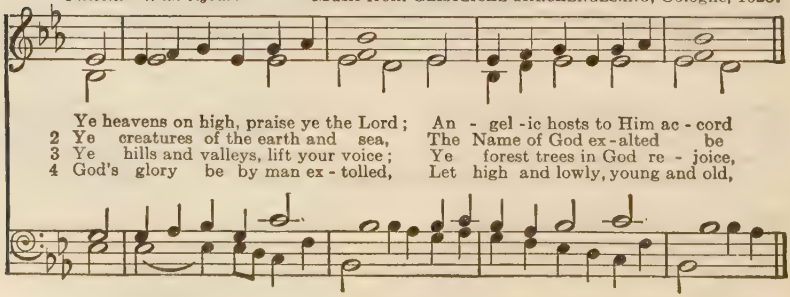
SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1650.

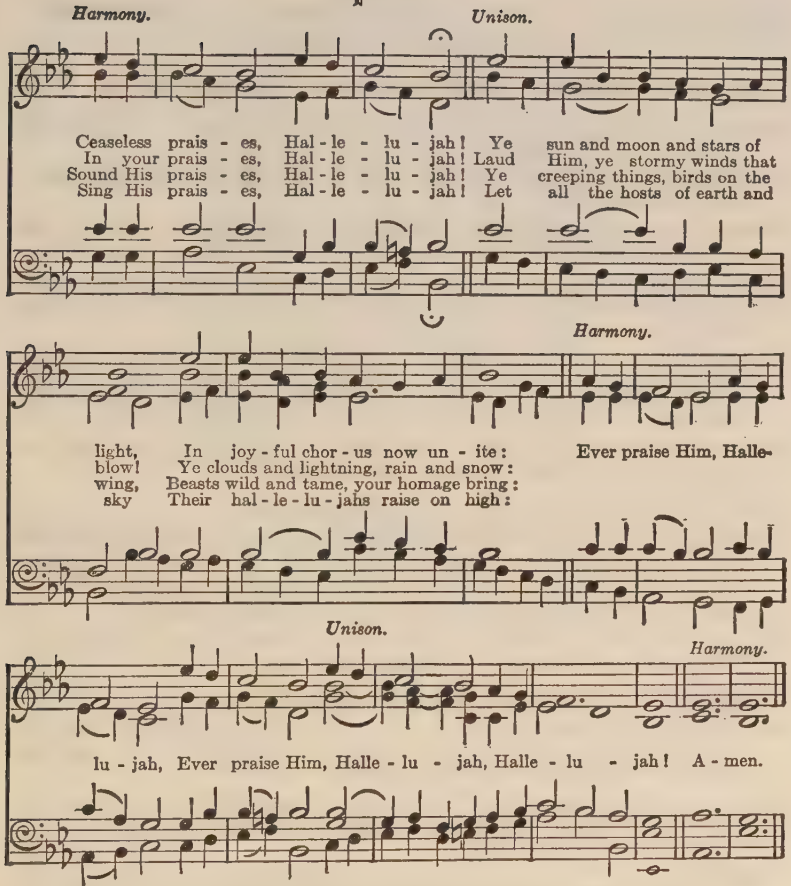
691 LASST UNS ERFREUEN. 8 8 4 4 8 8, and refrain.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Version by NICHOL GRIEVE, 1868-

Unison. With vigour. Music from GEISTLICHE KIRCHENGESÄNG, Cologne, 1623.


Ye heavens on high, praise ye the Lord; An - gel - ic hosts to Him ac - cord
2 Ye creatures of the earth and sea, The Name of God ex - alted be
3 Ye hills and valleys, lift your voice; Ye forest trees in God re - joice,
4 God's glory be by man ex - tolled, Let high and lowly, young and old,


Harmony.
Unison.
Ceaseless prais - es, Hal - le - lu - jah! Ye sun and moon and stars of
In your prais - es, Hal - le - lu - jah! Laud Him, ye stormy winds that
Sound His prais - es, Hal - le - lu - jah! Ye creeping things, birds on the
Sing His prais - es, Hal - le - lu - jah! Let all the hosts of earth and
Harmony.
light, In joy - ful chor - us now un - ite: Ever praise Him, Halle-
blow! Ye clouds and lightning, rain and snow:
wing, Beasts wild and tame, your homage bring:
sky Their hal - le - lu - jahs raise on high:
Unison.
Harmony.
lu - jah, Ever praise Him, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah! A - men.

From Enlarged Songs of Praise, by permission of the Oxford University Press.

AND THE FOLLOWING FREE RENDERINGS OF PSALMS:

6 Before Jehovah's awful throne (Ps. 100).
7 Let us, with a gladsome mind (Ps. 136).
9 Praise to the Lord the Almighty (Pss. 103 and 150).
10 I'll praise my Maker (Ps. 146).
17 Praise, my soul, the King of (Ps. 103).
21 O worship the King all-glorious (Ps. 104).
24 Praise the Lord, His glories show (Ps. 150).
27 The spacious firmament on high (Ps. 19).
28 The heavens declare Thy glory (Ps. 19).
31 Praise the Lord! ye heavens (Ps. 148).
33 God is the refuge of His saints (Ps. 46).
39 Give to our God immortal (Ps. 136).
139 Hail to the Lord's Anointed (Ps. 72).
198 Lord of the worlds above (Ps. 84).
200 Pleasant are Thy courts above (Ps. 84).
258 God of mercy, God of grace (Ps. 67).
397 A safe stronghold our God is (Ps. 46).
398 God is my strong salvation (Ps. 27).

PSALMS AND CANTICLES SUITABLE FOR SEASONS AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS

As in the Selections from Prose Psalms and the Canticles following:

Advent.—692 (Ps. 1), 694 (Ps. 15), 709 (Ps. 46), 714 (Ps. 67), 724 (Ps. 96), 725 (Ps. 97), 726 (Ps. 98).

Christmastide.—693 (Ps. 8), 699 (Ps. 24), 718 (Ps. 85), 719 (Ps. 89); Benedictus, 753; Magnificat, 747.

Old and New Year.—719 (Ps. 89), 720 (Ps. 90), 721 (Ps. 91), 729 (Ps. 103), 730 (Ps. 104), 735 (Ps. 119), 737 (Ps. 121), 743 (Ps. 145), Benedicite, 754.

Epiphany.—696 (Ps. 19), 701 (Ps. 27), 703 (Ps. 33), 704 (Ps. 34), 708 (Ps. 42-3), 709 (Ps. 46), 712 (Ps. 63), 714 (Ps. 67), 715 (Ps. 72), 724 (Ps. 96), Arise, shine, 764.

Lent and Times of Penitence.—694 (Ps. 15), 696 (Ps. 19), 697 (Ps. 22), 700 (Ps. 25), 702 (Ps. 32), 706 (Ps. 39), 707 (Ps. 40), 711 (Ps. 51), 721 (Ps. 91), 728 (Ps. 102), 738 (Ps. 122), 740 (Ps. 130), 742 (Ps. 139), 744 (Ps. 147), 745 (Ps. 148).

Passiontide.—697 (Ps. 22), 698 (Ps. 23), 700 (Ps. 25), 701 (Ps. 27), 707 (Ps. 40), 708 (Ps. 42-3), 734 (Ps. 118), 740 (Ps. 130).

Good Friday.—697 (Ps. 22), 707 (Ps. 40), 728 (Ps. 102).

Eastertide.—695 (Ps. 16), 698 (Ps. 23), 699 (Ps. 24), 729 (Ps. 103), 731 (Ps. 107), 732 (Ps. 111), 733 (Ps. 116), 734 (Ps. 118), 737 (Ps. 121), 739 (Ps. 126), 740 (Ps. 130), 743 (Ps. 145); Te Deum, 748; Christ our Passover, 763.

Ascension.—693 (Ps. 8), 699 (Ps. 24), 722 (Ps. 93), 745 (Ps. 148).

Pentecost.—709 (Ps. 46), 710 (Ps. 48), 717 (Ps. 84), 730 (Ps. 104), 738 (Ps. 122), 743 (Ps. 145); Te Deum, 748; Arise, shine, 764.

All Saints.—704 (Ps. 34); Souls of the Righteous, 765.

Occasions of Thanksgiving.—703 (Ps. 33), 713 (Ps. 65), 731 (Ps. 107), 732 (Ps. 111), 733 (Ps. 116), 734 (Ps. 118), 743 (Ps. 145), 745 (Ps. 148), 746 (Ps. 150); Te Deum, 748; Benedicite, 754.

Dominion Day and National or Civic Commemoration.—703 (Ps. 33), 709 (Ps. 46), 715 (Ps. 72), 718 (Ps. 85), 719 (Ps. 89), 724 (Ps. 96), 725 (Ps. 97), 744 (Ps. 147), 745 (Ps. 148).

World Friendship.—And Missions.—709 (Ps. 46), 710 (Ps. 48), 714 (Ps. 67), 715 (Ps. 72), 718 (Ps. 85), 724 (Ps. 96), 725 (Ps. 97), 726 (Ps. 98), 745 (Ps. 148).

Times of Calamity or Distress.—698 (Ps. 23), 700 (Ps. 25), 704 (Ps. 34), 705 (Ps. 37), 706 (Ps. 39), 708 (Ps. 42-3), 709 (Ps. 46), 716 (Ps. 73), 729 (Ps. 103), 731 (Ps. 107), 740 (Ps. 130).

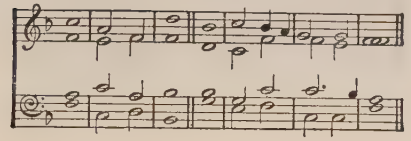
Thanksgiving for the Harvest.—713 (Ps. 65), 714 (Ps. 67), 729 (Ps. 103), 730 (Ps. 104), 743 (Ps. 145), 744 (Ps. 147), 745 (Ps. 148).

Industry and Labour.—713 (Ps. 65), 730 (Ps. 104), 731 (Ps. 107).

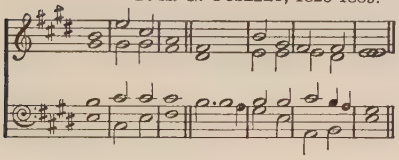
Church Anniversary.—699 (Ps. 24), 710 (Ps. 48), 717 (Ps. 84), 722 (Ps. 93), 738 (Ps. 122), 743 (Ps. 145); Arise, shine, 764; Te Deum, 748; Souls of the Righteous, 765.

PROSE PSALMS

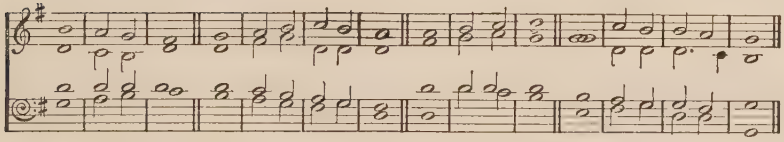
R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825-1889.



W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



PSALM I.

BLESSÈD is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the | way of | sinners, || nor sitteth in the | seat | of the | scornful.

2 But his delight is in the | law of the | Lord; || and in his law doth he | meditate | day and | night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the | rivers of | water, || that bringeth forth his | fruit | in his | season;

4 His leaf also | shall not | wither; || and whatso-|-ever he | doeth shall | prosper.

5 The ungodly | are not | so: || but are like the chaff which the | wind | driveth a-|-way.

6 Therefore the ungódly shall not | stand in the | judgement, || nor sinners in the congre-|-gation | of the | righteous.

†7 For the Lord knoweth the way | of the | righteous: || but the way of the un-|-godly | shall | perish.

*Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son: || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

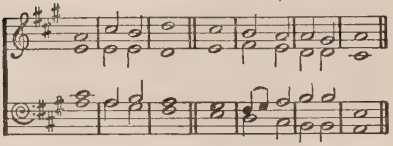
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: || world without | end. | A-|-men.

* Glory be to the Father . . . may be sung at the conclusion of Psalms, as above.

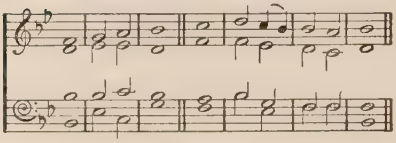
† Indicates that the second part of a double chant is to be sung at a verse so marked.

693

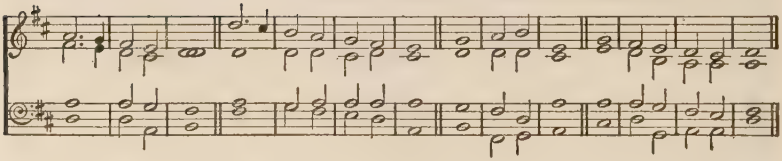
J. Goss, 1800-1880.



R. Woodward, 1744-1777.



Garret Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, 1735-1781.



PSALM VIII.

O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in | all the | earth! || who hast set thy | glory a-|-bove the | heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained stréngth be-|-cause of thine | enemies, || that thou mightest still the | enemy | and the a-|-venger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work | of thy | fingers, || the moon and the stars, | which thou | hast or-|-dained;

4 What is man, that thou art | mindful of | him? || and the son of man, | that thou | visitest | him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower | than the | angels, || and hast crowned | him with | glory and | honour.

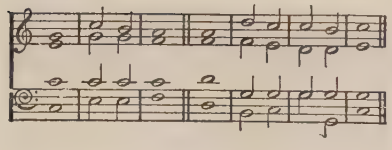
6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works | of thy | hands; || thou hast put | all things | under his | feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts | of the | field; || the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth | through the | paths of the | seas.

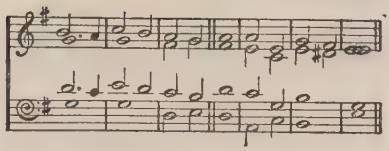
8 O | Lord our | Lord, || how excellent is thy | name in | all the | earth!

694

R. Goodson, 1655-1718.



Tonus Peregrinus.



PSALM XV.

LORD, who shall abide | in thy | tabernacle? || who shall dwell | in thy | holy | hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and | worketh | righteousness, || and speaketh the | truth | in his | heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil | to his | neighbour, || nor taketh up a re-|-proach a-|-gainst his | neighbour.

4 In whose eyes a vile person | is con-|-temned; || but he honoureth | them that | fear the | Lord.

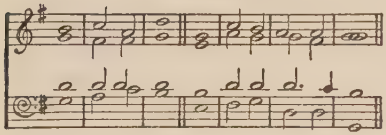
5 He that sweareth to his | own | hurt, || and | chang-|-eth | not.

6 He that putteth not out his | money to | usury, || nor taketh re-|-ward a-|-gainst the | innocent.

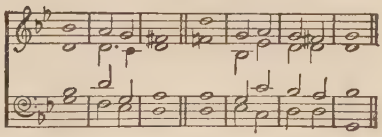
7 He that | doeth these | things || shall | nev-|-er be | moved.

695

W. Russell, 1777-1813.



T. Purcell, ? -c. 1682.



From PSALM XVI.

PRESERVE | me, O | God: || for in thee | do I | put my | trust.

2 O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou | art my | Lord: || I have no | good be-|-yond | thee.

3 The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and | of my | cup: || thou main-|-tainest | my | lot.

4 The lines are fallen unto me in | pleasant | places; || yea, I | have a | goodly | heritage.

5 I will bless the Lord, who hath | given me | counsel: || my reins also instruct me | in the | night | seasons.

6 I have set the Lord | always be-|-fore me: || because he is at my right hand, | I shall | not be | moved.

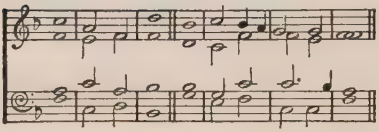
7 Therefore my heart is glad, and my | glory re-|-joiceth: || my flesh | also shall | rest in | hope.

8 For thou wilt not leave my | soul to | death; || neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy | One to | see cor-|-ruption.

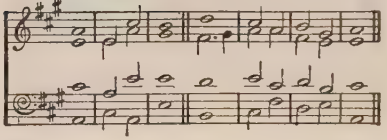
9 Thou wilt shew me the | path of | life: || in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are | pleasures for | ever-|-more.

696

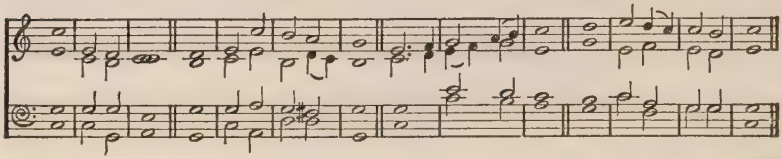
R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



PSALM XIX.

THE heavens declare the | glory of | God; || and the firmament | sheweth his | handy-|-work.

2 Day unto day | uttereth | speech, || and night unto | night | sheweth | knowledge.

3 They have no | speech nor | language: || their | voice is | not | heard.

4 Yet their voice is gone out through | all the | earth, || and their wórds to the | end | of the | world.

5 In them hath he set a tabernacle | for the | sun, || which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong | man to | run a | race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the | ends of | it: || and there is nothing hid | from the | heat there-|-of.

7 The law of the Lord is perfect, con-|-verting the | soul: || the testimony of the Lord is sure, | making | wise the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, re-|-joicing the | heart: || the commandment of the Lord is pure, en-|-lighten-|-ing the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is clean, en-|-during for|ever: || the judgements of the Lord are true and | righteous | alto-|-gether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than | much fine | gold: || sweeter also than | honey | and the | honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy | servant | warned: || and in keeping of them | there is | great re-|-ward.

12 Who can under-|-stand his | errors? || cleanse thou | me from | secret | faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from pre-|-sumptuous | sins; || let them not have do-|-minion | over | me:

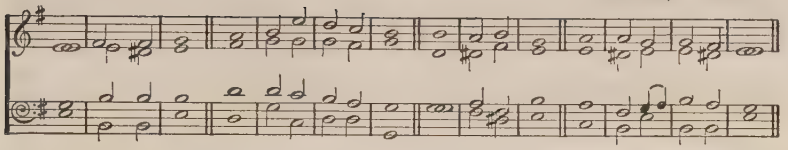
14 Then shall I | be up-|-right, || and I shall be innocent | from the | great trans-|-gression.

15 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my | heart, || be ac-|-ceptable | in thy | sight,

16 O |—| Lord, || my | strength, and | my re-|-deemer.

697

M. Camidge, 1758-1844.



From PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, why hast thóu for-|-saken | me? || why art thou so far from helping me, and from the | words of | my com-|-plaint?

2 O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou | hearest | not; || and in the night | season, and | am not | silent.

3 But | thou art | holy, || O thou that in-|-habitest the | praises of | Israel.

4 Our fathers | trusted in | thee: || they trusted, and thou | didst de-|-liver | them.

5 They cried unto thée, and | were de-|-livered: || they trusted in thee, | and were | not con-|-founded.

6 But as for me I am a reproach of men, and despisèd | of the | people; || all they that see me | laugh me to | scorn, | saying,

7 He trusted on the Lórd that hé | would de-|-liver him: || lét him deliver him, seeing | he de-|-lighted in | him.

8 But thou art he that took me | out of the | womb: || thou didst make me hope when I was up-|-on my | mother's | breasts.

9 Be not far from me; for | trouble is | near; || for | there is | none to | help.

10 I am poured out like water; my strength is dried up | like a | pot-sherd; || and thou hast brought me | into the | dust of | death.

11 The assembly of the wicked have in-|-closèd | me: || they | pierced my | hands and my | feet.

12 They part my | garments a-|-mong them, || and cast | lots up-|-on my | vesture.

13 But be not thou far from | me, O | Lord: || O my strength, | haste | thee to | help me.

14 I will declare thy name | unto my | brethren: || in the midst of the congre-|-gation | will I | praise thee.

15 Ye that fear the | Lord, | praise him; || all ye the seed of | Jacob, | glorify | him;

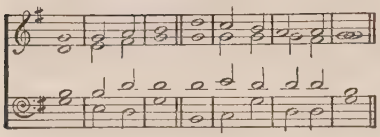
16 For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction | of the af-|-flicted; || neither hath hé hid his | face | from | him.

17 My praise shall be of thee in the great | congre-|-gation: || I will pay my vows before | them that | fear | him.

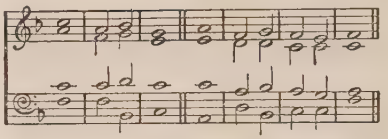
18 All the ends of the world shall remember and turn | unto the | Lord: || and all the kindreds of the | nations shall | worship be-|-fore thee.

698

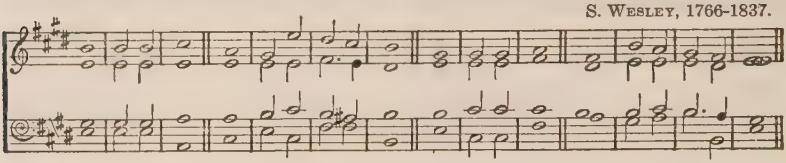
R. Farrant, -1580.



P. Hayes, 1738-1797.



S. Wesley, 1766-1837.



PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord | is my | shepherd; || I | shall | not | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in | green | pastures: || he leadeth me be-|-side the | still | waters.

3 He re-|-storeth my | soul: || he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's | sake.

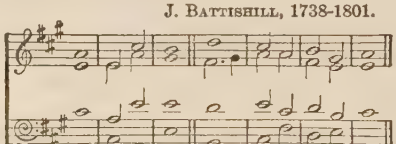
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: || for thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff they | comfort | me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the | presence of mine | enemies: || thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup | runneth | over.

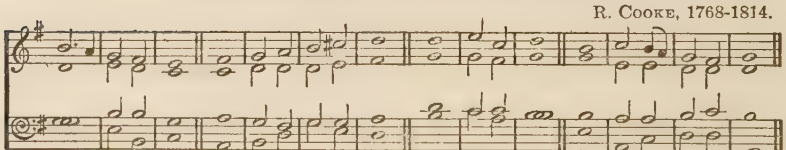
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life: || and I will dwell in the | house of the | Lord for | ever.

699

J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



PSALM XXIV.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness there-|-of; || the world, and | they that | dwell there-|-in.

2 For he bath fóunded it up-|-on the | seas, || and established | it up-|-on the | floods.

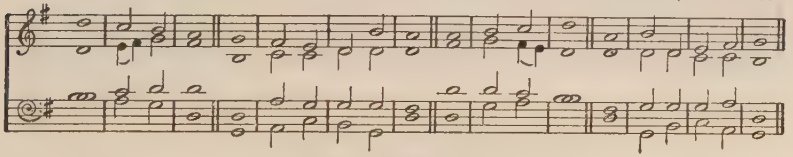
3 Who shall ascend into the | hill of the | Lord? || or who shall | stand in his | holy | place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure | heart; || who hath not lifted up his soul unto | vanity, nor | sworn de-|-ceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord, || and righteousness from the | God of | his sal-|-vation.
6 This is the generation of | them that | seek him, || that seek thy | face, O | God of | Jacob.
7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever-|-lasting | doors; || and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
8 Whó is this | King of | glory? || The Lord strong and mighty, the | Lord | mighty in | battle.
9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye ever-|-lasting | doors; || and the King of | glory | shall come | in.
10 Whó is this | King of | glory? || The Lord of hosts, | he is the | King of | glory.

700

W. Crotch, 1775-1847.

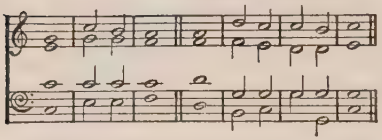


From PSALM XXV.

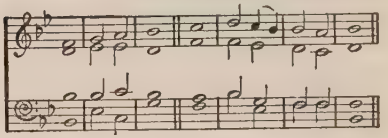
UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift | up my | soul; || O my God, I | trust | in | thee.
2 Shew me thy | ways, O | Lord; || teach | me | thy | paths.
3 Lead me in thy | truth, and | teach me: || for thou art the God of my salvation; on thée do I | wait | all the | day.
4 Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy | loving-|-kindnesses; || for | they have been | ever of | old.
5 Remember not the sins of my youth, nor | my trans-|-gressions: || according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy | goodness' | sake, O | Lord.
6 Good and upright | is the | Lord: || therefore will he teach | sinners | in the | way.
7 The méek will he | guide in | judgement: || and the meek | will he | teach his | way.
8 All the paths of the Lord are | mercy and | truth || unto such as keep his | covenant | and his | testimonies.
9 For thy name's | sake, O | Lord, || pardon mine iniquity; | for | it is | great.
10 What man is he that | feareth the | Lord? || him shall he teach in the | way that | he shall | choose.
11 His soul shall | dwell at | ease; || and his | seed shall in-|-herit the | earth.
12 The secret of the Lórd is with | them that | fear him; || and he will | shew | them his | covenant.
13 Mine eyes are ever | toward the | Lord; || for he shall pluck my feet | out | of the | net.
14 Turn thee unto me, and have | mercy up-|-on me; || for I am | desolate | and af-|-flicted.
15 The troubles of my heart | are en-|-larged: || O bring thou me | out of | my dis-|-tresses.
16 Look upon mine affliction | and my | pain; || and for-|-give | all my | sins.
17 O keep my soul, and de-|-liver | me: || let me not be ashamed; for I | put my | trust in | thee.
18 Let integrity and up-|-rightness pre-|-serve me; || for I | wait | on | thee.
†19 Redeem Isra-|-el, O | God, || out of | all | his | troubles.

701

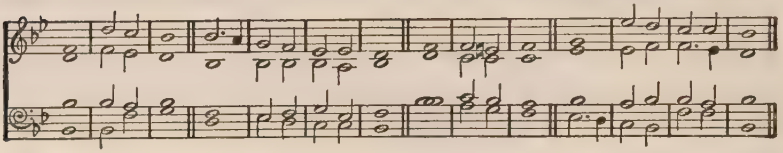
R. Goodson, 1655-1718.



R. Woodward, 1744-1777.



From H. Lawes, c. 1595-1662.



From PSALM XXVII.

THE Lord is my light and | my sal-|-vation; || whom | shall | I | fear?

2 The Lord is the strength | of my | life; || of whom | shall I | be a-|-fraid?

3 Though an host should en-|-camp a-|-gainst me, || my | heart | shall not | fear:

4 Though war should | rise a-|-gainst me, || in | this will | I be | confident.

5 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I | seek | after; || that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the | days | of my | life.

6 To behold the beauty | of the | Lord, || and to en-|-quire | in his | temple.

7 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in | his pav-|-ilion: || in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me | up up-|-on a | rock.

8 Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacri-|-fices of | joy; || I will sing, yea, I will sing | praises | unto the | Lord.

9 Hear, O Lord, when I cry | with my | voice: || have mercy also upon me, | and | answer | me.

10 When thou saidst, Seek | ye my | face; || my heart said unto thee, Thy | face, Lord, | will I | seek.

11 Hide not thy face | far from | me; || put not thy | servant a-|-way in | anger:

12 Thou hast | been my | help; || leave me not, neither forsáke me, O | God of | my sal-|-vation.

13 When my father and my mother for-|-sake | me, || then the | Lord will | take me | up.

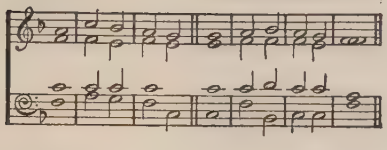
14 Teach me thy | way, O | Lord, || and lead me in a plain path, be-|-cause | of mine | enemies.

15 I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the | goodness of the | Lord || in the | land | of the | living.

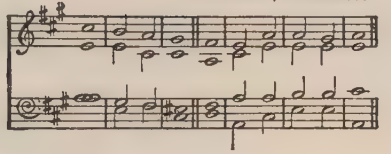
16 Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall | strengthen thine | heart: || wait, I | say, | on the | Lord.

702

Tonus Parisianus.



W. Crotch, 1775-1837.



From PSALM XXXII.

BLESSÈD is he whose transgression | is for-|-given, || whose | sin is | cover-|-ed.

2 Blessèd is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth | not in-|-iquity, || and in whose | spirit there | is no | guile.

3 I acknowledged my sin | unto | thee, || and mine iniquity | have I | not | hid.

4 I said, I will confess my transgressions | unto the | Lord; || and thou forgavest the in-|-iquity | of my | sin.

5 For this shall every one that is godly | pray unto | thee || in a | time when thou | mayest be | found:

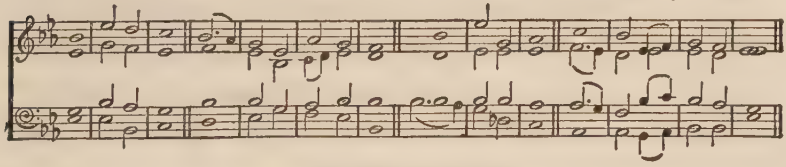
6 Surely in the floods of | great | waters || they shall | not come | nigh unto | him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve | me from | trouble; || thou shalt compass me about with | songs | of de-|-liverance.

8 Be glad in the Lord, and re-|-joice, ye | righteous: || and shout for joy, all | ye that are | upright in | heart.

703

W. Russell, 1777-1813.



From PSALM XXXIII.

BLESSÈD is the nation whose God | is the | Lord; || and the people whom he hath chosen | for his | own in-|-heritance.

2 The Lord | looketh from | heaven; || he beholdeth | all the | sons of | men.

3 From the place of his | habi-|-tation || he looketh upon all the in-|-habitants | of the | earth.

4 He fashioneth their | hearts a-|-like; || he con-|-sidereth | all their | works.

5 There is no king saved by the multitude | of an | host: || a mighty man is not de-|-livered | by much | strength.

6 An horse is a vain | thing for | safety, || neither shall he deliver any | by his | great | strength.

7 Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon | them that | fear him, || upon them that | hope in | his | mercy;

8 To deliver their | soul from | death, || and to | keep them a-|-live in | famine.

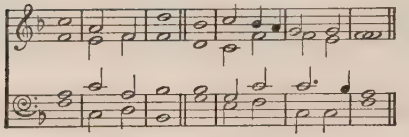
9 Our soul wáiteth | for the | Lord: || he is our | help and | our | shield.

10 For our heart shall re-|-joice in | him, || because we have trusted | in his | holy | name.

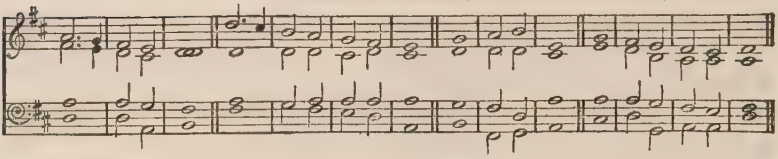
†11 Let thy mercy, O Lord, | be up-|-on us, || according | as we | hope in | thee.

704

R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



Garret Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, 1735-1781.



From PSALM XXXIV.

I WILL bless the Lord at | all | times: || his praise shall con-|-tinually be | in my | mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast | in the | Lord: || the humble shall hear there-|-of, | and be | glad.

3 O magnify the | Lord with | me, || and let us ex-|-alt his | name to-|-gether.

4 I sought the Lord, | and he | heard me, || and de-|-livered me from | all my | fears.

5 They looked unto him, | and were | lightened: || and their | faces were | not a-|-shamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the | Lord | heard him, || and saved him | out of | all his | troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about | them that | fear him, || and de-|-liver-|-eth | them.

8 O taste and see that the | Lord is | good: || blessèd is the | man that | trusteth in | him.

9 O fear the Lord, | ye his | saints: || for there is no | want to | them that | fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and | suffer | hunger: || but they that seek the Lord shall not | want any | good | thing.

11 Come, ye children, hearken | unto | me: || I will | teach you the | fear of the | Lord.

12 What man is he that de-|-sireth | life, || and loveth many days, that | he may | see | good?

13 Keep thy | tongue from | evil, || and thy | lips from | speaking | guile.

14 Depart from evil, | and do | good; || seek | peace, and pur-|-sue | it.

15 The eyes of the Lord are up-|-on the | righteous, || and his ears are | open | unto their | cry.

16 The face of the Lord is against | them that do | evil, || to cut off the remembrance of | them | from the | earth.

17 The righteous cry, and the | Lord | heareth, || and delivereth them | out of | all their | troubles.

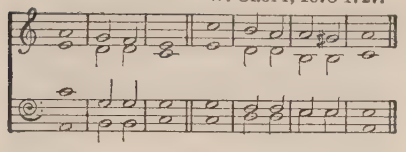
18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a | broken | heart; || and saveth such as | be of a | contrite | spirit.

19 Many are the afflictions | of the | righteous: || but the Lord de-|-livereth him | out of them | all.

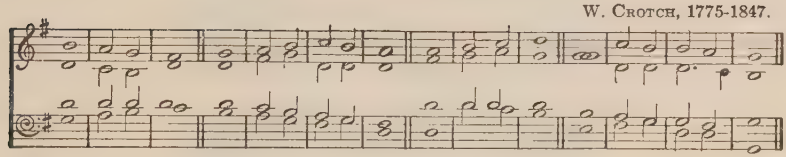
20 The Lord redeemeth the | soul of his | servants: || and none of them that trust in | him | shall be | desolate.

705

W. Croft, 1678-1727.



W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



From PSALM XXXVII.

FRET not thyself because of | evil-|-doers, || neither be thou envious against the | workers | of in-|-iquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down | like the | grass, || and wither | as the | green | herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, | and do | good; || so shalt thou dwell in the land, and | verily thou | shalt be | fed.

4 Delight thyself also | in the | Lord; || and he shall give thee the de-|-sires | of thine | heart.

5 Commit thy way | unto the | Lord; || trust also in him; and he shall | bring | it to | pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness | as the | light, || and thy | judgement | as the | noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait | patiently for | him: || fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth | wicked de-|-vices to | pass.

8 Cease from anger, and for-|-sake | wrath: || fret not thyself in any | wise to | do | evil.

9 For yet a little while, and the wicked | shall not | be: || yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, | and it | shall not | be.

10 But the méek shall in-|-herit the | earth; || and shall delight themselves | in the a-|-bundance of | peace.

11 The steps of a good man are ordered | by the | Lord: || and he de-|-lighteth | in his | way.

12 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly | cast | down: || for the Lord up-|-holdeth him | with his | hand.

13 The mouth of the righteous | speaketh | wisdom, || and his tongue | talk-|-eth of | judgement.

14 The law of his God is | in his | heart; || none | of his | steps shall | slide.

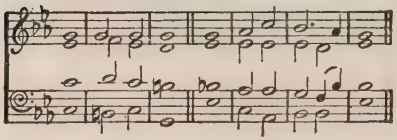
15 I have seen the wicked in | great | power, || and spreading himself | like a | green | bay tree.

16 Yet he passed away, and, lo, | he was | not: || yea, I sought him, but he | could | not be | found.

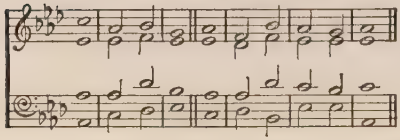
†17 Mark the perfect man, and be-|-hold the | upright: || for the | end of that | man is | peace.

706

W. Felton, 1715-1769.



S. Arnold, 1740-1802.



PSALM XXXIX.

I SAID, I will take heed | to my | ways, || that I | sin not | with my | tongue.

2 I will keep my mouth | with a | bridle, || while the | wicked | is be-|-fore me.

3 I was | dumb with | silence, || I held my peace, even from good; and my | sor-|-row was | stirred.

4 My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the | fire | burned: || then | spake I | with my | tongue,

5 Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, | what it | is; || that I may | know how | frail I | am.

6 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as | nothing be-|-fore thee: || verily every man at his best state is | alto-|-gether | vanity.

7 Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are dis-|-quieted in | vain: || he heapeth up riches, and | knoweth not | who shall | gather them.

8 And now, Lórd, what | wait I | for? || my | hope | is in | thee.

9 Deliver me from all | my trans-|-gressions: || make me not the re-|-proach | of the | foolish.

10 I was dumb, I opened | not my | mouth; || be-|-cause | thou | didst it.

11 Remove thy stroke a-|-way from | me: || I am consumed by the | blow of | thine | hand.

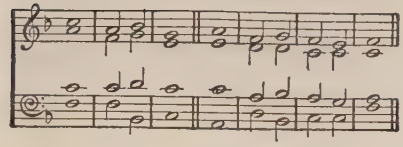
12 When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away | like a | moth: || surely | every | man is | vanity.

13 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace | at my | tears: || for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as | all my | fathers | were.

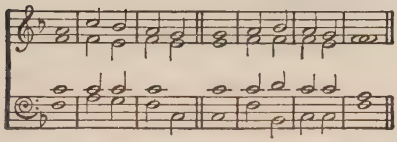
14 O spare me, that I may re-|-cover | strength, || before I go | hence, and | be no | more.

707

P. Hayes, 1738-1797.



Tonus Parisianus.



From PSALM XL.

I WAITED patiently | for the | Lord; || and he inclinèd unto | me, and | heard my | cry.

2 He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the | miry | clay, || and set my feet upon a róck, and es-|-tablishèd | my | goings.

3 And he hath put a new song | in my | mouth, || even | praise un-|-to our | God.

4 Many shall | see it, and | fear, || and shall | trust | in the | Lord.

5 Blessèd is that man that maketh the | Lord his | trust, || and respecteth not the proud, nor súch as | turn a-|-side to | lies.

6 Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which | thou hast | done, || and thy | thoughts which | are to | us-ward.

7 They cannot be reckoned up in order | unto | thee: || if I would declare and speak of them, they are | more than | can be | numbered.

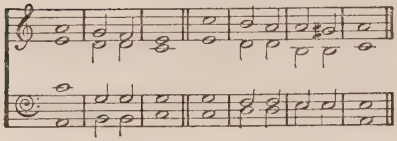
8 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be | glad in | thee: || let such as love thy salvation say continually, The | Lord be | magni-|-fied.

9 But I am | poor and | needy; || yet the | Lord | thinketh up-|-on me.

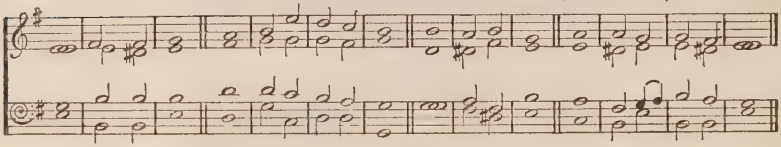
10 Thou art my help and | my de-|-liverer; || make no | tarrying, | O my | God.

708

W. Croft, 1678-1727.



M. Camidge, 1758-1844



From PSALMS XLII and XLIII.

AS the hart panteth | after the | water brooks, || so panteth my soul | after | thee, O | God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the | living | God: || when shall I come and ap-|-pear be-|-fore | God?

3 My tears have been my meat | day and | night, || while they continually say unto me, | Where | is thy | God?

4 When I re-|-member these | things, || I pour | out my | soul | in me.

5 For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the | house of | God, || with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that | kept | holy-|-day.

6 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art | thou dis-|-quieted | in me?

7 Hope | thou in | God: || for I shall yet práise him who is the health of my | countenance, | and my | God.

8 My soul is cast | down with-|-in me: || all thy waves and thy billows are | gone | over | me.

9 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness | in the | daytime, || and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the | God | of my | life.

10 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast | thou for-|-gotten me? || why go I mourning because of the op-|-pression | of the | enemy?

11 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou dis-|-quiet-|-ed with-|-in me?

12 Hope | thou in | God: || for I shall yet praise him, who is the héalth of my | countenance, | and my | God.

13 Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an un-|-godly | nation: || O deliver me from the de-|-ceitful and | unjust | man.

14 For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou | cast me | off? || why go I mourning because of the op-|-pression | of the | enemy?

15 O send out thy light and thy truth: | let them | lead me; || let them bring me unto thy holy | hill, and | to thy | tabernacles.

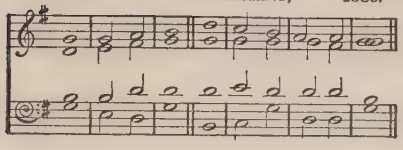
16 Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my ex-|-ceeding | joy: || yea, upon the harp will I | praise thee, O | God my | God.

17 Why art thou cast down, | O my | soul? || and why art thou dis-|-quiet-|-ed with-|-in me?

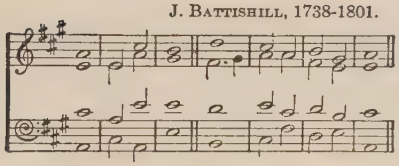
18 Hope | thou in | God: || for I shall yet práise him, who is the héalth of my | countenance, | and my | God.

709

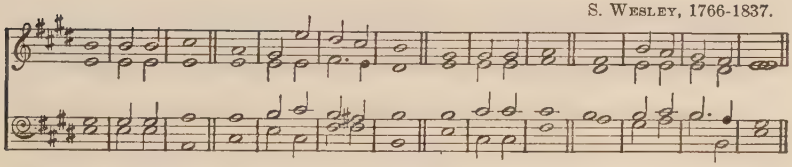
R. Farrant, -1580.



J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



S. Wesley, 1766-1837.



PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our | refuge and | strength, || a very | present | help in | trouble.

2 Therefore will not we féar, though the | earth be re-|-moved, || and though the mountains be carried | into the | midst of the | sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar | and be | troubled, || though the mountains shake | with the | swelling there-|-of.

4 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

5 There is a river, the streams whereof make glád the | city of | God, || the holy place of the tabernacles | of the | most | High.

6 God is in the midst of her; she shall | not be | moved: || God shall | help her, and | that right | early.

7 The heathen raged, the | kingdoms were | moved: || he uttered his | voice, the | earth | melted.

8 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

9 Come, behold the | works of the | Lord, || what désolations | he hath | made in the | earth.

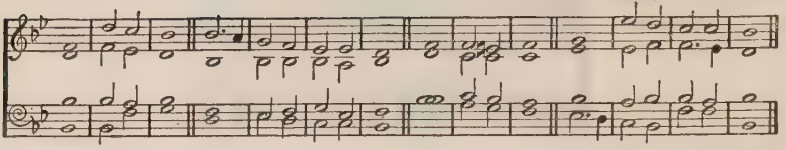
10 He maketh wars to cease unto the | end of the | earth; || he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the | chariot | in the | fire.

11 Be still, and knów that | I am | God: || I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be ex-|-alted | in the | earth.

12 The Lord of | hosts is | with us; || the God of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

710

From H. Lawes, c. 1595-1662.



PSALM XLVIII.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised || in the city of our God, in the | mountain | of his | holiness.

2 Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, | is mount | Zion, || on the sides of the north, the | city of the | great | King.

3 God | — is | known || in her | palaces | for a | refuge.

4 For, lo, the kings | were as-|-sembled, || they | passèd | by to-|-gether.

5 They saw it, and | so they | marvelled; || they were | troubled, and | hasted a-|-way.

6 Fear took hóld up-|-on them | there, || and pain, | as of a | woman in | travail.

7 Thou breakest the | ships of | Tarshish || with | — an | east | wind.

8 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of | our | God: || God will es-|-tablish | it for | ever.

9 We have thought of thy loving-|-kindness, O | God, || in the | midst | of thy | temple.

10 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the | ends of the | earth: || thy right | hand is | full of | righteousness.

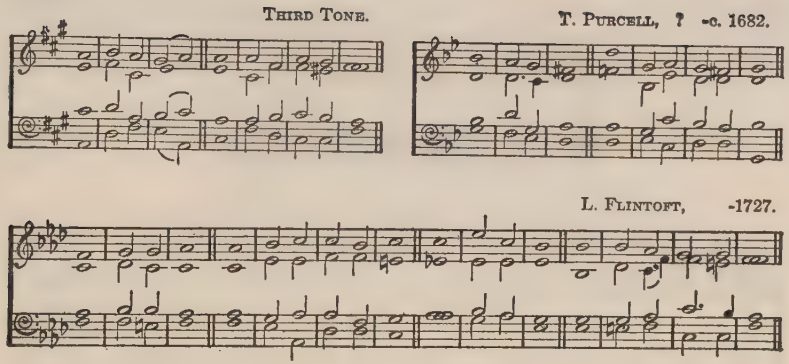
11 Let mount | Zion re-|-joice, || let the daughters of Judah be glad, be-|-cause | of thy | judgements.

12 Walk about Zion, and go | round a-|-bout her: || tell | — the | towers there-|-of.

13 Mark ye well her bulwarks, con-|-sider her | palaces; || that ye may tell it to the | gener-|-ation | following.

14 For this God is our God for | ever and | ever: || he will be our gúide | even | unto | death.

711



From PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy | loving-|-kindness: || according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies | blot out | my trans-|-gressions.

2 Wash me throughly from | mine in-|-iquity, || and | cleanse me | from my | sin.

3 For I acknowledge | my trans-|-gressions: || and my | sin is | ever be-|-fore me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this évil | in thy | sight: || that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be | clear when | thou | judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in in-|-iqui-|-ty; || and in sin | did my | mother con-|-ceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the | inward | parts: || and in the hidden part thou shalt | make me to | know | wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I | shall be | clean: || wash me, and I | shall be | whiter than | snow.

8 Make me to hear | joy and | gladness; || that the bones which thou hast | broken | may re-|-joice.

9 Hide thy face | from my | sins, || and blot out | all | mine in-|-iquities.

10 Create in me a clean | heart, O | God; || and renew a | right | spirit with-|-in me.

11 Cast me not away | from thy | presence; || and take not thy | holy | spirit | from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of | thy sal-|-vation; || and uphóld me | with thy | free | spirit.

13 Then will I teach trans-|-gressors thy | ways; || and sinners shall be con-|-verted | unto | thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of | my sal-|-vation: || and my tongue shall sing a-|-loud | of thy | righteousness.

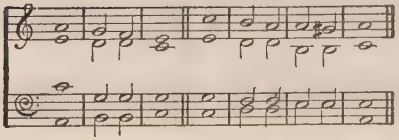
15 O Lord, open | thou my | lips; || and my mouth | shall shew | forth thy | praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; | else would I | give it: || thou delightest | not in | burnt | offering.

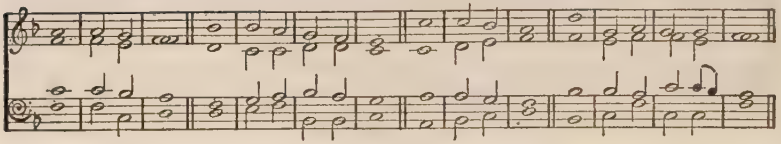
†17 The sacrifices of God are a | broken | spirit: || a broken and a contrite heart, O God, | thou wilt | not de-|-spise.

712

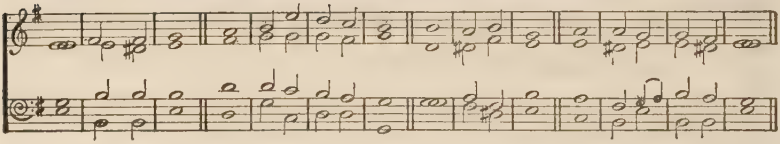
W. Croft, 1678-1727.



W. Hayes, 1706-1777.



M. Camidge, 1758-1844.



From PSALM LXIII.

O GOD, thóu art | my | God; || early | will I | seek | thee.

2 My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh | longeth for | thee || in a dry and thirsty land, | where no | water | is;

3 To see thy power | and thy | glory, || so as I have | seen thee | in the | sanctuary.

4 Because thy lovingkindness is | better than | life, || my | lips shall | praise | thee.

5 Thus will I bless thee | while I | live: || I will lift up my | hands in | thy | name.

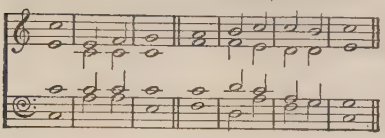
6 My soul shall be satisfied as with | marrow and | fatness; || and my mouth shall praise | thee with | joyful | lips:

7 When I remember thee up-|-on my | bed, || and meditate on thee | in the | night | watches.

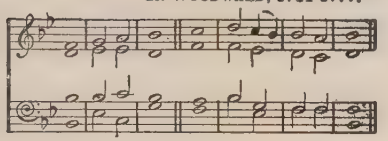
8 Because thou hast | been my | help, || therefore in the shadow of thy | wings will | I re-|-joice.

713

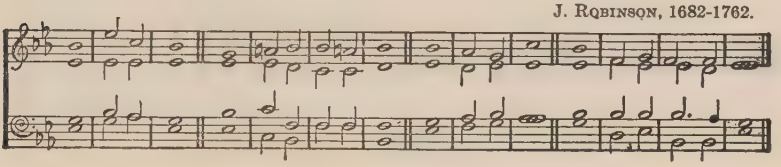
E. G. Monk, 1819-1900.



R. Woodward, 1744-1777.



J. Robinson, 1682-1762.



PSALM LXV.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O | God, in | Sion: || and unto thee shall the | vow | be per-|-formed.

2 O thou that | hearest | prayer, || unto | thee shall | all flesh | come.

3 Iniquities pre-|-vail a-|-gainst me: || as for our transgressions, | thou shalt | purge them a-|-way.

4 Blessed is the man | whom thou | choosest, || and causest to approach unto thee, that he may | dwell | in thy | courts.

5 We shall be satisfied with the goodness | of thy | house, || even | of thy | holy | temple.

6 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou | answer | us, || O | God of | our sal-|-vation;

7 Who art the confidence of all the ends | of the | earth, || and of them that are afar | off up-|-on the | sea:

8 Which by his stréngth setteth | fast the | mountains; || being | gird-|-ed with | power:

9 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the | noise of their | waves, || and the | tumult | of the | people.

10 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid | at thy | tokens: || thou makest the outgoings of the morning and | evening | to re-|-joice.

11 Thou visitest the earth, and | waterest | it: || thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, | which is | full of | water.

12 Thou pre-|-parest them | corn, || when thou hast | so pro-|-vided | for it:

13 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the | furrows there-|-of: || thou makest it soft with showers: thou | blessest the | springing there-|-of.

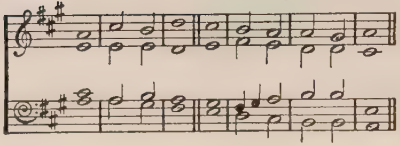
14 Thou crownest the year | with thy | goodness; || and thy | paths | drop | fatness.

15 They drop upon the pastures | of the | wilderness: || and the little hills re-|-joice on | every | side.

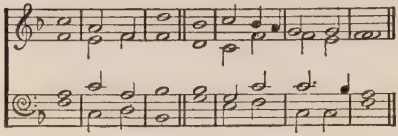
16 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered | over with | corn; || they shout for | joy, they | also | sing.

714

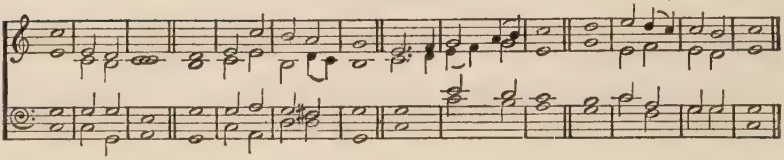
J. Goss, 1800-1880.



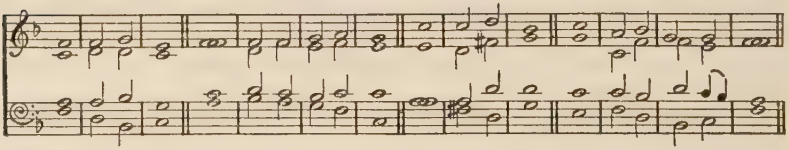
R. Cooke, 1734-1793.



W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



J. Turle, 1802-1882.



PSALM LXVII.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us: || and shew us the light of his countenance, and be | merciful | unto | us:

2 That thy way may be known up-|-on | earth: || thy saving | health a-|-mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God: || yea, let all the | people | praise | thee.

4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad: || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the | nations up-|-on | earth.

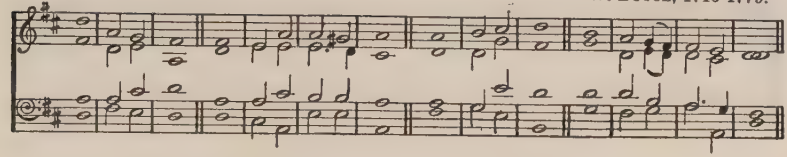
5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God: || yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase: || and God, even our own God, shall | give | us his | blessing.

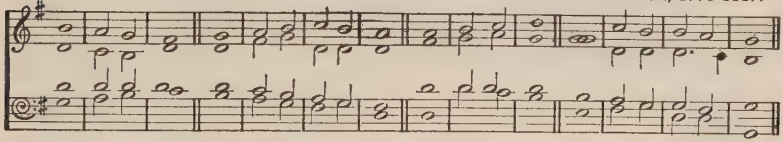
†7 God shall | bless | us: || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear | him.

715

W. Boyce, 1710-1779.



W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



From PSALM LXXII.

GIVE the kíng thy | judgements, O | God, || and thy righteousness | unto the | king's | son.

2 He shall judge thy | people with | righteousness, || and thy | poor | with | judgement.

3 The mountains shall bring | peace to the | people, || and the little | hills, by | righteous-|-ness.

4 He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the | children of the | needy, || and shall break in | pieces | the op-|-pressor.

5 They shall fear thee as long as the sun and | moon en-|-dure, || through-|-out all | gener-|-ations.

6 He shall come down like ráin upon the | mown | grass: || as | showers that | water the | earth.

7 In his days shall the | righteous | flourish; || and abundance of peace so | long as the | moon en-|-dureth.

8 He shall have domínion also from | sea to | sea, || and from the river | unto the | ends of the | earth.

9 They that dwell in the wilderness shall | bow be-|-fore him; || and his | enemies shall | lick the | dust.

10 Yea, all kings shall fall | down be-|-fore him: || all | nations | shall | serve him.

11 For he shall deliver the needy | when he | crieth; || the poor also, and | him that | hath no | helper.

12 He shall spáre the | poor and | needy, || and shall save the | souls | of the | needy.

13 He shall redeem their soul from de-|-ceit and | violence: || and précious shall their | blood be | in his | sight.

14 And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the | gold of | Sheba: || prayer also shall be made for him continually; and | daily shall | he be | praised.

15 His name shall en-|-dure for | ever: || his name shall be con-|-tinued as | long as the | sun:

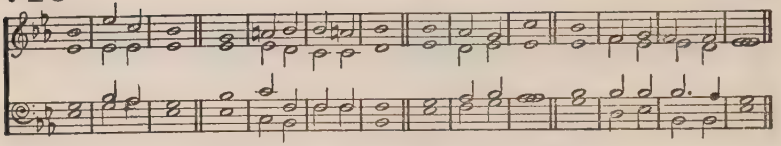
16 And men shall be | blessed in | him: || all | nations shall | call him | blessed.

17 Blessed be the Lord God, the | God of | Israel, || who only | doeth | wondrous | things.

18 And blessed be his glorious | name for | ever: || and let the whóle éarth be filled with his glory; A-|-men, and | A-|-men.

716

J. Robinson, 1682-1762.

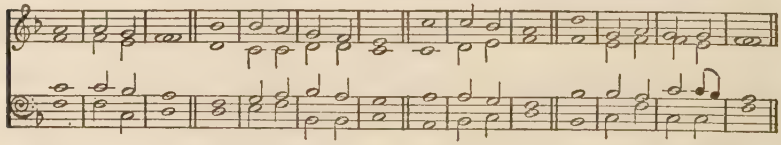


From PSALM LXXIII.

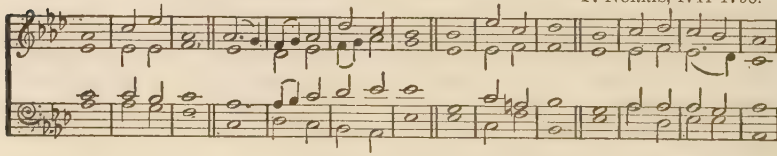
TRULY God is | good to | Israel, || even to such as | are of a | clean | heart.
2 But as for me, my feet were | almost | gone; || my | steps had | well nigh | slipped.
3 For I was envious | at the | foolish, || when I saw the pros-|-perity | of the | wicked.
4 They are not in trouble as | other | men; || neither are they | plagued like | other | men.
5 Verily I have cleansed my | heart in | vain, || and | washed my | hands in | innocency.
6 For all the day long have | I been | plagued, || and | chastened | every | morning.
7 If I say, I will | speak | thus; || behold, I should offend against the gener-|-ation | of thy | children.
8 When I thought to know this, it was too | painful for | me; || until I went into the sanctuary of God; then under-|-stood I | their | end.
9 Surely thou didst sét them in | slippery | places: || thou castedst them | down | into de-|-struction.
10 Thus my | heart was | grieved: || so | foolish was | I, and | ignorant.
11 Nevertheless I am continually | with | thee: || thou hast holden me | by my | right | hand.
12 Thou shalt gúide me | with thy | counsel, || and afterward re-|-ceive | me to | glory.
13 Whom have I in | heaven but | thee? || and there is none upon earth that I de-|-sire be-|-side | thee.
14 My flésh and my | heart | faileth: || but God is the strength of my heart, | and my | portion for | ever.

717

W. Hayes, 1706-1777.



T. Norris, 1741-1790.



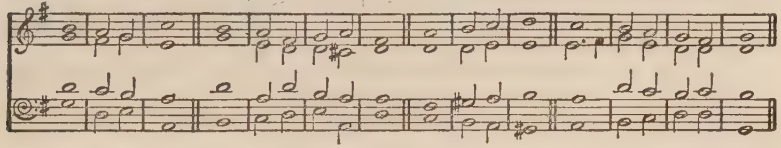
PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW amiable | are thy | tabernacles, || O | Lord | of | hosts!
2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts | of the | Lord: || my heart and my flesh crieth out | for the | living | God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may | lay her | young, || even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my | King, | and my | God.
4 Blessed are they that dwell | in thy | house: || they will be | still | praising | thee.
5 Blessed is the man whose strength | is in | thee; || in whose | heart are | thy | ways.
6 Who passing through the valley of Baca | make it a | well; || the rain | also | filleth the | pools.
7 They go from | strength to | strength, || every one of them in Zion ap-|-peareth be-|-fore | God.
8 O Lord God of hosts, | hear my | prayer: || give | ear, O | God of | Jacob.
9 Behold, O | God our | shield, || and look upon the | face of | thine a-|-nointed.
10 For a day | in thy | courts || is | better | than a | thousand.
11 I had rather be a doorkeeper in the | house of my | God, || than to dwell | in the | tents of | wickedness.
12 For the Lord God is a | sun and | shield: || the Lord will give | grace | and | glory.
13 No good thing will | he with-|-hold || from | them that | walk up-|-rightly.
14 O | Lord of | hosts, || blessed is the | man that | trusteth in | thee.

718

S. Wesley, 1766-1837.

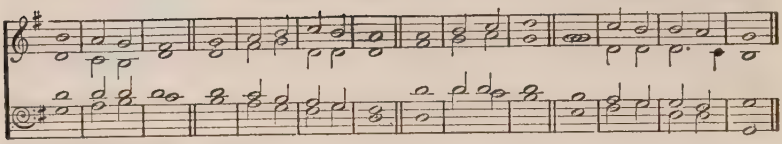


PSALM LXXXV.

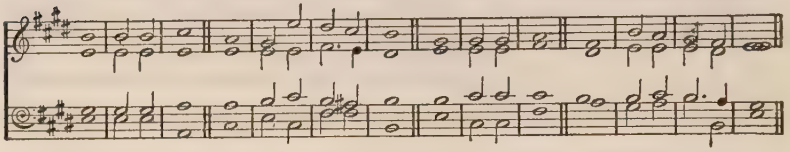
LORD, thou hast been favourable | unto thy | land: || thou hast brought back the cap-|-tivi-|-ty of | Jacob.
2 Thou hast forgiven the iniquity | of thy | people, || thou hast | covered | all their | sin.
3 Thou hast taken away | all thy | wrath: || thou hast turned thyself from the | fierceness | of thine | anger.
4 Túrn us, O God of | our sal-|-vation, || and cause thine anger to-|-ward | us to | cease.
5 Wilt thou be ángry with | us for | ever? || wilt thou draw out thine anger to | all | gener-|-ations?
6 Wilt thou not re-|-vive us a-|-gain: || that thy people | may re-|-joice in | thee?
7 Shew us thy | mercy, O | Lord, || and | grant us | thy sal-|-vation.
8 I will hear what God the | Lord will | speak: || for he will speak peace unto his | people, and | to his | saints.
9 Surely his salvation is nigh | them that | fear him; || that glory may | dwell | in our | land.
10 Mercy and truth are | met to-|-gether; || righteousness and | peace have | kissed each | other.
11 Truth shall spring | out of the | earth; || and righteousness | shall look | down from | heaven.
12 Yea, the Lord shall give | that which is | good; || and our | land shall | yield her | increase.
†13 Righteousness shall | go be-|-fore him; || and shall set us in the | way | of his | steps.

719

W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



S. Wesley, 1766-1837.



From PSALM LXXXIX.

I WILL sing of the mercies of the | Lord for | ever: || with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to | all | gener-|-ations.

2 For I said, Mercy shall be built | up for | ever: || thy fáithfulness shalt thou estáblish | in the | very | heavens.

3 For who in the heaven can be compared | unto the | Lord? || who among the sons of the mighty can be | likened | unto the | Lord?

4 God is greatly to be feared in the assembly | of the | saints, || and to be had in reverence of all | them that | are a-|-bout him.

5 O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord | like unto | thee? || or to thy | faithfulness | round a-|-bout thee?

6 Thou rulest the raging | of the | sea: || when the waves there-|-of a-|-rise, thou | stillest them.

7 The heavens are thine, the earth | also is | thine: || as for the world and the fulness thereof, | thou hast | founded | them.

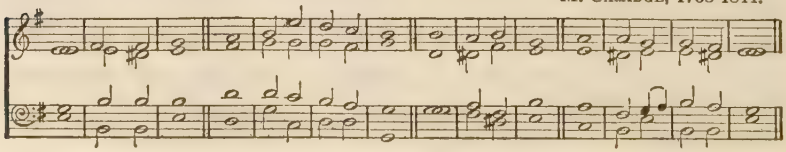
8 Justice and judgement are the habitation | of thy | throne: || mercy and truth shall | go be-|-fore thy | face.

9 Blessed is the people that know the | joyful | sound: || they shall walk, O Lord, in the | light | of thy | countenance.

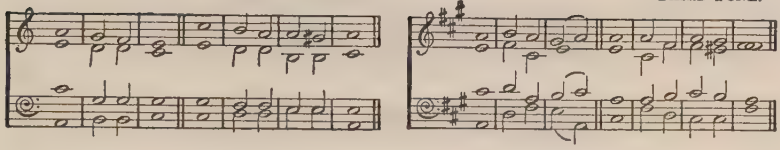
10 In thy name shall they rejoice | all the | day: || and in thy righteousness | shall they | be ex-|-alted.

720

M. Camidge, 1758-1844.



W. Croft, 1678-1727. Third Tone.



From PSALM XC.

LORD, thóu hast been our | dwelling | place || in | all | gener-|-ations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth | and the | world, || even from everlásting to ever-|-lasting, | thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest man | to de-|-struction; || and sayest, Re-|-turn, ye | children of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday | when it is | past, || and as a | watch | in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are | as a | sleep: || they are like | grass which | groweth | up.

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and | groweth | up; || in the evening it is | cut | down, and | withereth.

7 For we are consumed | by thine | anger, || and by thy | wrath | are we | troubled.

8 Thou hast set our in-|-iquities be-|-fore thee, || our secret sins in the | light | of thy | countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away | in thy | wrath: || we spend our years | as a | tale that is | told.

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be | fourscore | years, || yet is their strength, labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, | and we | fly a-|-way.

11 So teach us to | number our | days, || that we may apply our | hearts | unto | wisdom.

12 Return, O | Lord, how | long? || and let it re-|-pent thee con-|-cerning thy | servants.

13 O satisfy us éarly | with thy | mercy; || that we may rejoice and be | glad | all our | days.

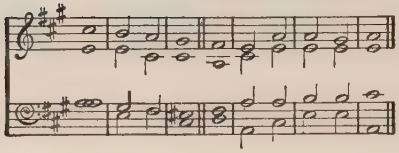
14 Make us glad according to the dáys wherein thou hast af-|-flicted | us, || and the years where-|-in we | have seen | evil.

15 Let thy work appear | unto thy | servants, || and thy | glory | unto their | children.

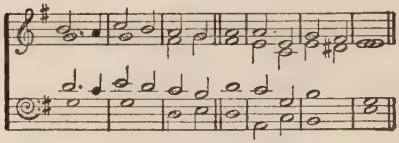
16 And let the beauty of the Lord our God | be up-|-on us: || and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our | hands es-|-tablish thou | it.

721

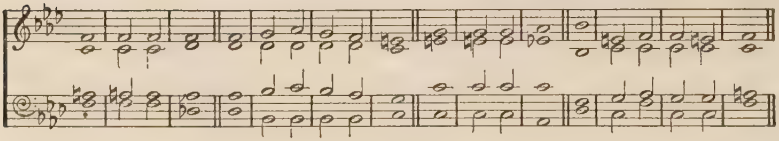
W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



Unison. Tonus Peregrinus.



J. Turle from H. Purcell, c. 1658-1695.



PSALM XCI.

HE that dwelleth in the sécret place of the | most | High || shall abide under the | shadow of | the Al-|-mighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge | and my | fortress: || my God; in | him | will I | trust.

3 Surely he shall delíver thee from the snare | of the | fowler, || and | from the | noisome | pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings | shalt thou | trust: || his trúth shall | be thy | shield and | buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the | terror by | night; || nor for the | arrow that | flieth by | day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that | walketh in | darkness; || nor for the de-|-struction that | wasteth at | noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at | thy right | hand; || but it shall | not come | nigh | thee.

8 Only with thine éyes shalt | thou be-|-hold || and see the re-|-ward | of the | wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which | is my | refuge, || even the most | High, thy | habi-|-tation;

10 There shall no evil be-|-fall | thee, || neither shall any | plague come | nigh thy | dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge | over | thee, || to keep | thee in | all thy | ways.

12 They shall bear thee up | in their | hands, || lest thou dash thy | foot a-|-gainst a | stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the | lion and | adder: || the young lion and the dragon shalt thou | trample | under | feet.

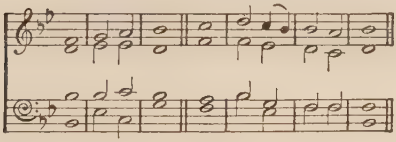
14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I de-|-liver | him: || I will set him on high, because | he hath | known my | name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will | answer | him: || I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver | him, and | honour | him.

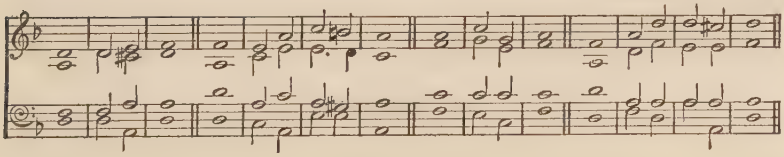
16 With long life will I | satisfy | him, || and | shew him | my sal-|-vation.

722

R. Woodward, 1744-1777.



W. Morley, ? -1731.



PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord réigneth, he is | clothed with | majesty; || the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith | he hath | girded him-|-self:

2 The world also is | stablish-|-ed, || that | it can-|-not be | movèd.

3 Thy throne is es-|-tablished of | old: || thou | art from | ever-|-lasting.

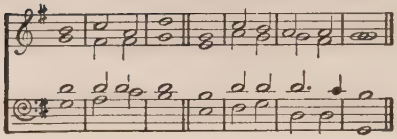
4 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted | up their | voice; || the | floods lift | up their | waves.

5 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of | many | waters, || yea, than the mighty | waves | of the | sea.

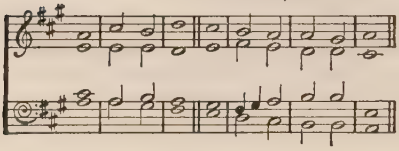
6 Thy testimonies are | very | sure: || hóliness becometh thine | house, O | Lord, for | ever.

723

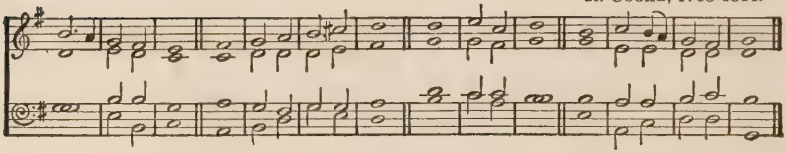
W. Russell, 1777-1813.



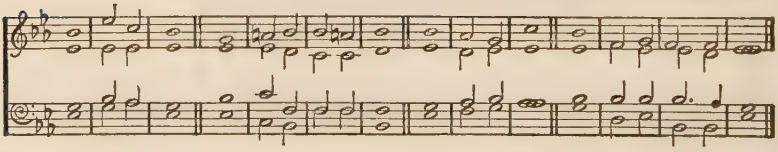
J. Goss, 1800-1880.



R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



J. Robinson, 1682-1762.



From PSALM XCV.

VENITE.

O COME, let us sing | unto the | Lord: || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal-|-vation.

2 Let us come before his presence with | thanks-|-giving: || and shew ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great | God: || and a great | King a-|-bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: || and the strength of the | hills is | his | also.

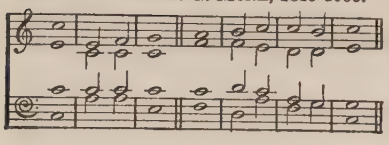
5 The sea is his, and | he | made it: || and his hands pre-|-pared the | dry | land.

6 O come, let us worship, and | fall | down: || and kneel be-|-fore the | Lord our | Maker.

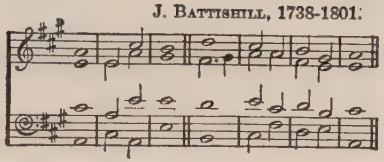
†7 For he is the | Lord our | God: || and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his | hand.

724

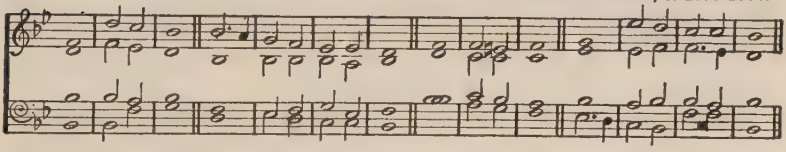
E. G. Monk, 1819-1900.



J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



From H. Lawes, c. 1595-1662.



PSALM XCVI

O SING unto the Lord a | new | song: || sing unto the | Lord, | all the | earth.

2 Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name; || shew forth his sal-|-vation from | day to | day.

3 Declare his glory a-|-mong the | heathen, || his | wonders a-|-mong all | people.

4 For the Lord is great, and | greatly to be | praised: || he is to be | feared a-|-bove all | gods.

5 For all the gods of the | nations are | idols: || but the | Lord | made the | heavens.

6 Honour and májesty | are be-|-fore him: || strength and | beauty are | in his | sanctuary.

7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the | people, || give unto the Lord | glory | and | strength.

8 Give unto the Lord the glory dúe un-|-to his | name: || bring an offering, and | come in-|-to his | courts.

9 O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness: || fear be-|-fore him, | all the | earth.

10 Say among the héathen that the | Lord | reigneth: || the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall | judge the | people | righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad; || let the sea roar, | and the | fullness there-|-of.

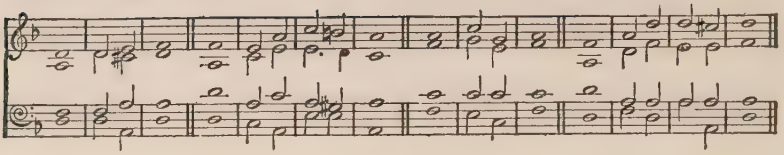
12 Let the field be jóyful, and all that | is there-|-in: || then shall all the trees of the wood re-|-joice be-|-fore the | Lord;

13 For he cometh, | for he | cometh || to | judge | the | earth:

14 He shall judge the world with | righteous-|-ness, || and the | people | with his | truth.

725

W. Morley, ? -1731.



From PSALM XCVII.

THE Lord réigneth; let the | earth re-|-joice; || let the multitude of | isles be | glad there-|-of.

2 Clouds and dárkness are | round a-|-bout him: || righteousness and judgement are the habi-|-tation | of his | throne.

3 A fire | goeth be-|-fore him, || and burneth up his | enemies | round a-|-bout.

4 His lightnings en-|-lightened the | world: || the | earth | saw, and | trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence | of the | Lord, || at the presence of the | Lord of the | whole | earth.

6 The héavens de-|-clare his | righteousness, || and all the | people | see his | glory.

7 For thou, Lord, art high above | all the | earth: || thou art exalted | far a-|-bove all | gods.

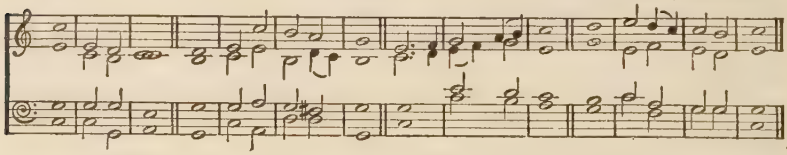
8 Ye that love the | Lord, hate | evil: || he preserveth the | souls of | his | saints.

9 Light is | sown for the | righteous, || and gladness | for the | upright in | heart.

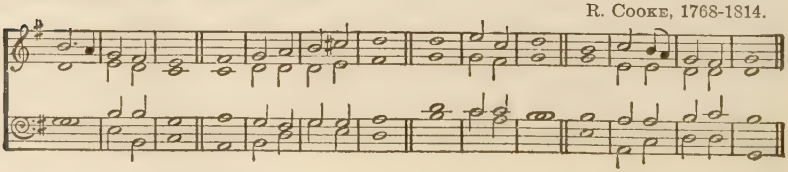
10 Rejoice in the | Lord, ye | righteous; || and give thánks at the remembrance | of his | holi-|-ness.

726

W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



PSALM XCVIII.

CANTATE DOMINO.

O SING unto the Lord a | new | song: || for he hath | done | marvellous | things.
2 With his own right hand, and with his | holy | arm: || hath he | gotten him-|-self the | victory.

3 The Lord declared | his sal-|-vation: || his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the | sight | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the | house of | Israel: || and all the ends of the world have seen the sal-|-vation | of our | God.

5 Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands: || sing, re-|-joice, and | give | thanks.

6 Praise the Lord up-|-on the | harp: || sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks-|-giving.

7 With trumpets | also, and | shawms: || O shew yourselves joyful be-|-fore the | Lord the | King.

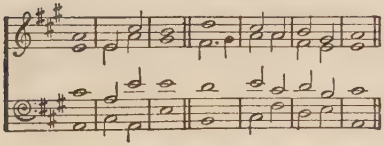
8 Let the sea make a noise, and all that | therein | is: || the round world, and | they that | dwell there-|-in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together be-|-fore the | Lord: || for he is | come to | judge the | earth.

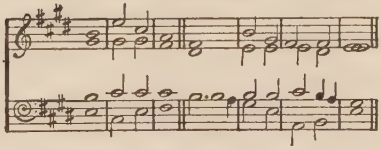
10 With righteousness shall he | judge the | world: || and the | people | with | equity.

727

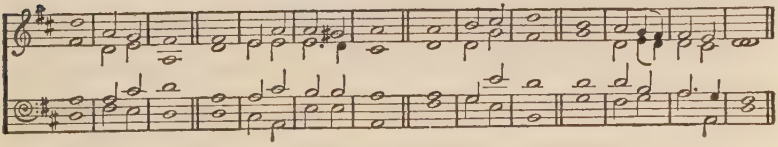
J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825-1889.



W. Boyce, 1710-1779.



PSALM C.

JUBILATE.

O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands: || serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his | presence | with a | song.

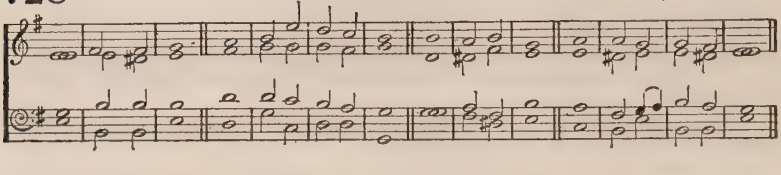
2 Be ye sure that the Lord | he is | God: || it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the | sheep of | his | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his | courts with | praise: || be thankful unto him, and | speak good | of his | name.

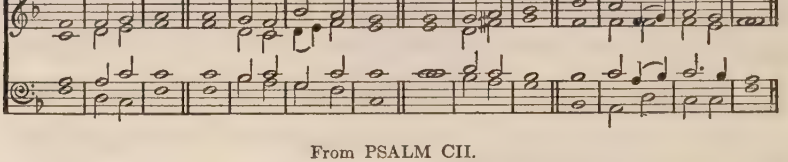
4 For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is | ever-|-lasting: || and his truth endureth from gener-|-ation to | gener-|-ation.

728

M. Camidge, 1758-1844.



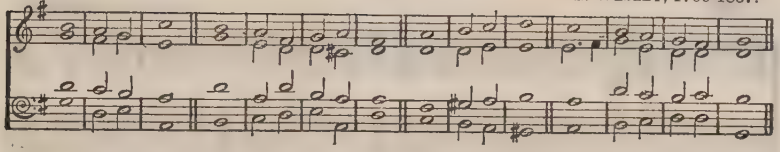
R. Langdon, 1729-1803.



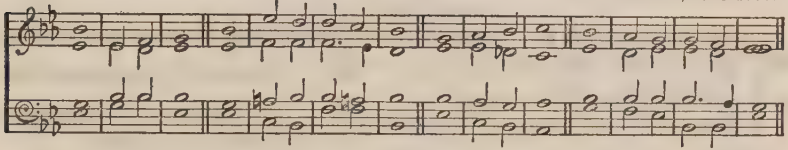
From PSALM CII.

HEAR my | prayer, O | Lord, || and let my | cry come | unto | thee.
2 Hide not thy face from me in the day when | I am in | trouble; || incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call | answer me | speedi-|-ly.
3 For my days are like a shadow | that de-|-clineth; || and I am | withered | like | grass.
4 But thou, O Lord, shalt en-|-dure for | ever; || and thy remembrance | unto | all gener-|-ations.
5 Thou shalt arise, and have | mercy upon | Zion: || for the time to favour her, yea, the | set | time, is | come.
6 For thy servants take pleasure | in her | stones, || and | favour the | dust there-|-of.
7 So the heathen shall fear the | name of the | Lord, || and all the | kings of the | earth thy | glory.
8 When the Lord shall | build up | Zion, || he shall ap-|-pear | in his | glory.
9 He will regard the | prayer of the | destitute, || and | not de-|-spise their | prayer.
10 This shall be written for the gener-|-ation to | come: || and the péople which shall be cre-|-ated shall | praise the | Lord.
11 For he hath looked down from the height | of his | sanctuary; || from heaven did the | Lord be-|-hold the | earth;
12 To hear the groaning | of the | prisoner; || to loose | those that are ap-|-pointed to | death;
13 To declare the name of the | Lord in | Zion, || and his | praise | in Jer-|-usalem;
14 When the people are | gathered to-|-gether, || and the | kingdoms, to | serve the | Lord.
15 He weakened my | strength in the | way; || he | shortened | my | days.
16 I said, O my God, take me not awáy in the | midst of my | days: || thy years are through-|-out all | gener-|-ations.
17 Of old hast thou laid the foundation | of the | earth: || and the heavens are the | work of | thy | hands.
18 They shall perish, but thóu | shalt en-|-dure: || yea, all of them shall wax óld like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, | and they | shall be | changèd:
19 But thou | art the | same, || and thy | years shall | have no | end.
20 The children of thy servants | shall con-|-tinue, || and their seed shall be es-|-tablish-|-ed be-|-fore thee.

S. Wesley, 1766-1837.



J. Randall, 1715-1799.



PSALM CIII.

BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul: || and all that is within me, | bless his | holy | name.

2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for-|-get not | all his | benefits:

3 Who forgiveth | all thine in-|-iquities; || who | healeth | all thy dis-|-eases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life | from de-|-struction; || who crowneth thee with loving-|-kindness and | tender | mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with | good | things; || so that thy youth is re-|-newèd | like the | eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteous-|-ness and | judgement || for | all that | are op-|-pressed.

7 He made known his ways | unto | Moses, || his acts | unto the | children of | Israel.

8 The Lord is merci-|-ful and | gracious, || slow to anger, and | plen-|-teous in | mercy.

9 He will not | always | chide: || neither will he | keep his | anger for | ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us | after our | sins; || nor rewarded us ac-|-cording to | our in-|-iquities.

11 For as the heaven is high a-|-bove the | earth, || so great is his | mercy toward | them that | fear him.

12 As far as the east is | from the | west, || so far hath he removed | our trans-|-gressions | from us.

13 Like as a father | pitieth his | children, || so the Lord | pitieth | them that | fear him.

14 For he | knoweth our | frame; || he re-|-membereth that | we are | dust.

15 As for man, his days | are as | grass: || as a flower of the field, | so he | flourish-|-eth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and | it is | gone; || and the place thereof shall | know it | no | more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear him, || and his righteousness | unto | children's | children;

18 To such as | keep his | covenant, || and to those that remember | his com-|-mandments to | do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his throne | in the | heavens; || and his kingdom | ruleth | over | all.

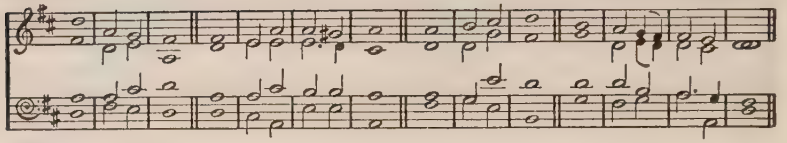
20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that ex-|-cel in | strength, || that do his commandments, hearkening unto the | voice | of his | word.

21 Bless ye the Lord, all | ye his | hosts; || ye ministers of | his, that | do his | pleasure.

22 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of | his do-|-minion: || bless the Lord, | O | my | soul.

730

W. Boyce, 1710-1779.



From PSALM CIV.

BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul. || O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art | clothed with | honour and | majesty.

2 Who coverest thyself with light as | with a | garment: || who stretchest out the | heavens | like a | curtain:

3 Who layeth the beams of his chambers | in the | waters: || who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh up-|-on the | wings of the | wind:

4 Who maketh his | angels | spirits; || his | ministers a | flaming | fire:

5 Who laid the foundations | of the | earth, || that it should not | be re-|-moved for | ever.

6 Thou coveredst it with the deep as | with a | garment: || the waters | stood a-|-bove the | mountains.

7 At thy re-|-buke they | fled; || at the voice of thy | thunder they | hasted a-|-way.

8 They go up | by the | mountains; || they go down by the valleys unto the place which | thou hast | founded for | them.

9 Thou hast set a bound that they may not | pass | over; || that they turn not a-|-gain to | cover the | earth.

10 He sendeth the springs | into the | valleys, || which | run a-|-mong the | hills.

11 They give drink to every beast | of the | field: || the wild | asses | quench their | thirst.

12 By them the fowls of the heaven have their | habi-|-tation, || which | sing a-|-mong the | branches.

13 He watereth the hills | from his | chambers: || the earth is satisfied with the | fruit | of thy | works.

14 He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the | service of | man: || that he may bring forth | food | out of the | earth;

15 And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his | face to | shine, || and bread which | strengtheneth | man's | heart.

16 The trees of the Lord are | full of | sap; || the cedars of Lebanon, | which | he hath | planted;

17 Where the birds | make their | nests: || as for the stork, the | fir trees | are her | house.

18 The high hills are a réfuge for the | wild | goats; || and the | rocks | for the | conies.

19 He appointed the | moon for | seasons: || the sun | knoweth his | going | down.

20 Thou makest darkness, and | it is | night: || wherein all the beasts of the | forest do | creep | forth.

21 The young lions roar | after their | prey, || and | seek their | meat from | God.

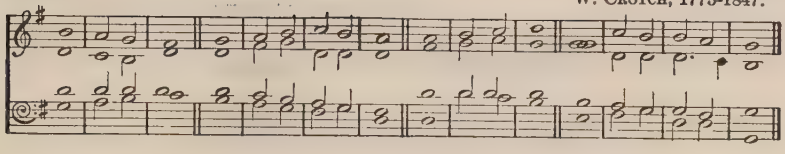
22 The sun ariseth, they gather them-|-selves to-|-gether, || and | lay them | down | in their | dens.

23 Man goeth forth un-|-to his | work || and to his | labour un-|-til the | evening.

24 O Lord, how manifold | are thy | works! || in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is | full | of thy | riches.

731

W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



From PSALM CVII.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for | he is | good: || for his | mercy en-|-dureth for | ever.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord | say | so, || whom he hath redéemed from the | hand | of the | enemy;

3 And gáthered them | out of the | lands, || from the east, and from the west, from the | north, and | from the | south.

4 They wandered in the wilderness in a | solitary | way; || they | found no | city to | dwell in.

5 Hungry | and | thirsty, || their soul | fainted | in | them.

6 Then they cried unto the Lord | in their | trouble, || and he delivered them | out of | their dis-|-tresses.

7 And he led them forth by the | right | way, || that they might go to a | city of | habi-|-tation.

8 Oh that men would praise the Lord | for his | goodness, || and for his wonderful works | to the | children of | men!

9 For he satisfieth the | longing | soul, || and filleth the | hungry | soul with | goodness.

10 Such as sit in dárkness, and in the | shadow of | death, || being | bound in af-|-fliction and | iron;

11 Becáuse they rebelled against the | words of God, || and contemned the counsel | of the | most | High:

12 Therefore he brought down their | heart with | labour; || they fell down, and | there was | none to | help.

13 Then they cried unto the Lord | in their | trouble, || and he saved them | out of | their dis-|-tresses.

14 Oh that men would praise the Lord | for his | goodness, || and for his wonderful works | to the | children of | men!

15 For he hath broken the | gates of | brass, || and cut the | bars of | iron in | sunder.

16 They that go down to the | sea in | ships, || that do | business in | great | waters;

17 These see the works | of the | Lord, || and his | wonders | in the | deep.

18 For he commandeth, and raiseth the | stormy | wind, || which lifteth | up the | waves there-|-of.

19 They mount up to the heaven, they go down again | to the | depths: || their soul is | melted be-|-cause of | trouble.

20 They reel to and fro, and stagger like a | drunken | man, || and are | at their | wit's | end.

21 Then they cry unto the Lord | in their | trouble, || and he bringeth them | out of | their dis-|-tresses.

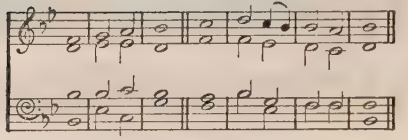
22 He maketh the | storm a | calm, || so that the | waves there-|-of are | still.

23 Then are they glad because | they be | quiet; || so he bringeth them unto | their de-|-sired | haven.

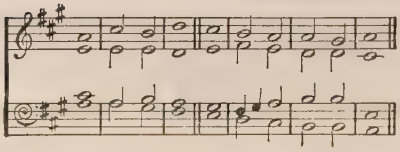
24 Oh that men would praise the Lord | for his | goodness, || and for his wonderful works | to the | children of | men!

732

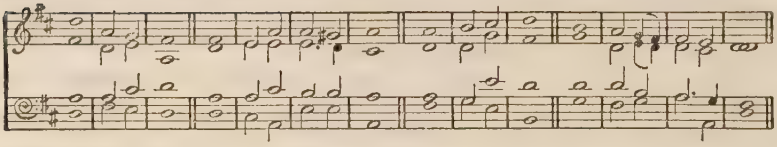
R. Woodward, 1744-1777.



J. Goss, 1800-1880.



W. Boyce, 1710-1779.



PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord. I will praise the Lórd with my | whole | heart, || in the assembly of the upright, and | in the | congre-|-gation.

2 The wórks of the | Lord are | great, || sought out of all them | that have | pleasure there-|-in.

3 His work is | honourable and | glorious: || and his | righteousness en-|-dureth for | ever.

4 He hath made his wonderful wórks to | be re-|-membered: || the Lord is gracious and | full | of com-|-passion.

5 He hath given méat unto | them that | fear him: || he will ever be | mindful | of his | covenant.

6 He hath shewed his people the power | of his | works, || that he may give them the | heritage | of the | heathen.

7 The works of his hands are | verity and | judgement; || all | his com-|-mandments are | sure.

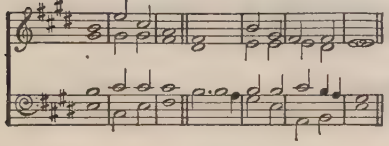
8 They stand fást for | ever and | ever, || and are done in | truth | and up-|-rightness.

9 He sent redemption | unto his | people: || he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and | reverend | is his | name.

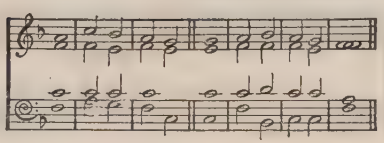
10 The fear of the Lord is the be-|-ginning of | wisdom: || a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his | praise en-|-dureth for | ever.

733

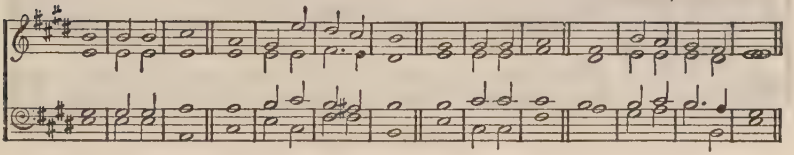
F. A. G. Ouseley, 1825-1889.



Tonus Parisianus.



S. Wesley, 1766-1837.



From PSALM CXVI.

I | LOVE the | Lord, || because he hath heard my | voice and my | suppli-|-cations.

2 Because he hath inclined his ear | unto | me, || therefore will I call upon him as | long | as I | live.

3 The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat | hold up-|-on me: || I | found | trouble and | sorrow.

4 Then called I upon the name | of the | Lord; || O Lord, I be-|-seech thee, de-|-liver my | soul.

5 Gracious is the | Lord, and | righteous; || yea, our | God is | merci-|-ful.

6 The Lord pre-|-serveth the | simple: || I was brought low, | and he | helpèd | me.

7 Return unto thy rest, | O my | soul; || for the Lord hath dealt | bounti-|-fully | with thee.

8 For thou hast delivered my | soul from | death, || mine eyes from tears, | and my | feet from | falling.

9 What shall I render | unto the | Lord || for | all his | benefits | toward me?

10 I will take the cup | of sal-|-vation, || and call upon the | name | of the | Lord.

11 I will pay my vows | unto the | Lord || now in the | presence of | all his | people.

12 Precious in the | sight of the | Lord || is the | death | of his | saints.

13 O Lord, truly | I am thy | servant; || I am thy servant and the son of thine handmaid; | thou hast | loosed my | bonds.

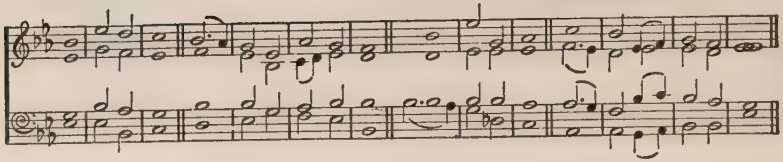
14 I will offer to thee the sacrifice of | thanks-|-giving, || and will | call upon the | name of the | Lord.

15 I will pay my vows | unto the | Lord || now in the | presence of | all his | people,

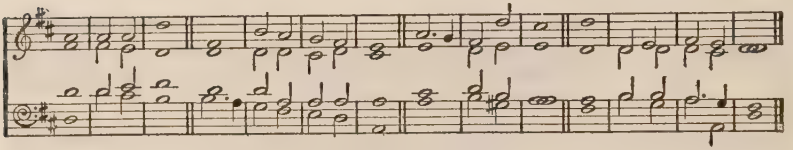
16 In the courts of the | Lord's | house, || in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. | Praise | ye the | Lord.

734

W. Russell, 1777-1823.



R. Woodward, 1744-1777.



From PSALM CXVIII.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for | he is | good: || because his | mercy en-|-dureth for | ever.

2 Let | Israel now | say, || that his | mercy en-|-dureth for | ever.

3 Let them now that fĕar the | Lord | say, || that his | mercy en-|-dureth for | ever.

4 The Lord is my | strength and | song, || and is be-|-come my | sal-|-vation.

5 The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles | of the | right-eous: || the right hand of the | Lord | doeth | valiantly.

6 The right hand of the Lord | is ex-|-alted: || the right hand of the | Lord | doeth | valiantly.

7 I shall not | die, but | live, || and de-|-clare the | works of the | Lord.

8 The Lord hath | chastened me | sore: || but he hath not given me | over | unto | death.

9 Open to me the | gates of | righteousness: || I will go into them, and | I will | praise the | Lord:

10 This | gate of the | Lord, || into | which the | righteous shall | enter.

11 I will práise thee: for | thou hast | heard me, || and art be-|-come my | sal-|-vation.

12 The stone which the | builders re-|-fused || is become the | head stone | of the | corner.

13 This is the | Lord's | doing; || it is | marvellous | in our | eyes.

14 This is the dáy which the | Lord hath | made; || we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.

15 Save now, I beseech | thee, O | Lord: || O Lord, I beseech thee, | send | now pros-|-perity.

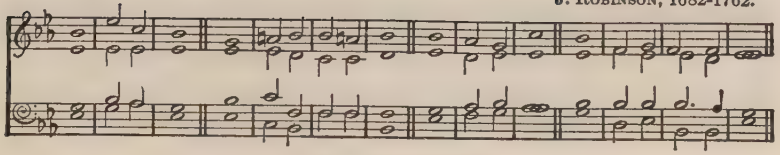
16 Blessed be he that cómeth in the | name of the | Lord: || we have blessed you | out of the | house of the | Lord.

17 Thou art my Gód, and | I will | praise thee· || thou art my God, I | will ex-|-alt | thee.

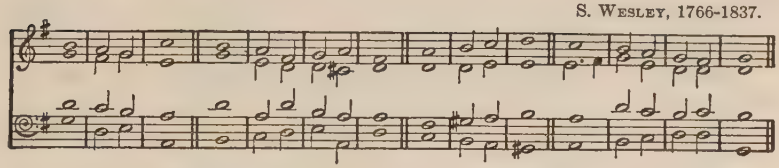
18 O give thanks unto the Lord; for | he is | good: || for his | mercy en-|-dureth for | ever.

735

J. Robinson, 1682-1762.



S. Wesley, 1766-1837.



From PSALM CXIX.

BLESSED are the undefiled | in the | way, || who walk in the | law | of the | Lord.

2 Blessed are thćy that | keep his | testimonies, || and that seek him | with their | whole | heart.

3 They also do | no in-|-iquity: || they | walk | in his | ways.

4 Thou hast com-|-manded | us || to | keep thy | precepts | diligently.

5 O | that my | ways || were di-|-rected to | keep thy | statutes!

6 Then shall I | not be a-|-shamed, || when I have respect unto | all | thy com-|-mandments.

7 I will práise thee with up-|-rightness of | heart, || when I shall have | learned thy | righteous | judgements.

8 I will | keep thy | statutes: || O for-|-sake me | not | utterly.

9 Wherewithal shall a young man | cleanse his | way? || by taking heed thereto ac-|-cording | to thy | word.

10 With my whole heart | have I | sought thee: || O let me not | wander from | thy com-|-mandments.

11 Thy word have I hid | in mine | heart, || that I | might not | sin a-|-gainst thee.

12 Blessèd art | thou, O | Lord: || teach | me | thy | statutes.

13 With my lips have | I de-|-clarèd || all the | judgements | of thy | mouth.

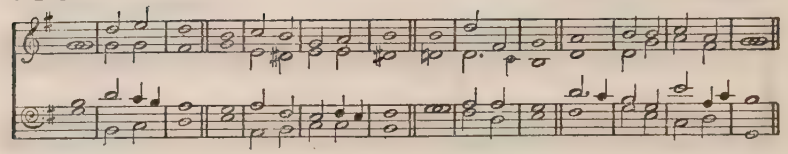
14 I have rejóiced in the way | of thy | testimonies, || as | much as | in all | riches.

15 I will meditate | in thy | precepts, || and have re-|-spect un-|-to thy | ways.

16 I will delíght myself | in thy | statutes: || I will | not for-|-get thy | word.

736

JAMES TURLE, 1802-1882.



From PSALM CXIX.

TEACH me, O Lord, the way | of thy | statutes; || and I shall | keep it | unto the | end.

2 Give me understanding, and I shall | keep thy | law; || yea, I shall observe it | with my | whole | heart.

3 Make me to go in the páth of | thy com-|-mandments; || for there-|-in do | I de-|-light.

4 Incline my heart | unto thy | testimonies, || and | not to | covetous-|-ness.

5 Turn away mine éyes from be-|-holding | vanity; || and quicken thou | me | in thy | way.

6 Stablish thy word | unto thy | servant, || who is de-|-voted | to thy | fear.

7 Turn away my reproach | which I | fear: || for thy | judgements | are | good.

8 Behold, I have longed | after thy | precepts: || quicken me | in thy | righteous-|-ness.

9 Let thy mércies come also unto | me, O | Lord, || even thy salvation, ac-|-cording | to thy | word.

10 So shall I have wherewith to answer him that re-|-proacheth | me: || for I | trust in | thy | word.

11 And take not the word of truth utterly | out of my | mouth; || for I have | hoped in | thy | judgements.

12 So shall I keep thy law con-|-tinual-|-ly || for | ev-|-er and | ever.

13 And I will | walk at | liberty: || for I | seek | thy | precepts.

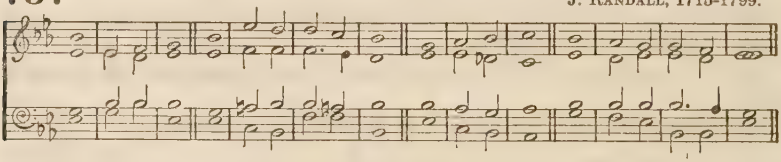
14 I will speak of thy testimonies also be-|-fore | kings, || and | will not | be a-|-shamed.

15 And I will delíght myself in | thy com-|-mandments, || which | I | have | loved.

16 My hands also will I lift up unto thy commandments, which | I have | loved; || and I will | meditate | in thy | statutes.

737

J. RANDALL, 1715-1799.



PSALM CXXI.

I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto the | hills, || from | whence | cometh my | help.

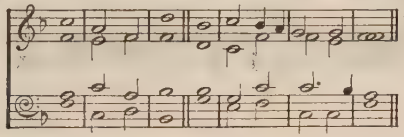
2 My help cometh | from the | Lord, || which | made | heaven and | earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot | to be | moved: || he that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber.

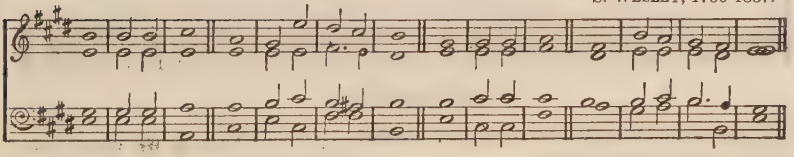
4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall | neither | slumber nor | sleep.
5 The Lord | is thy | keeper: || the Lord is thy shade up-|-on thy | right | hand.
6 The sun shall not smite | thee by | day, || nor the | moon | by | night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all | evil: || he | shall pre-|-serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | coming | in || from this time forth, and | even for | ever-|-more.

738

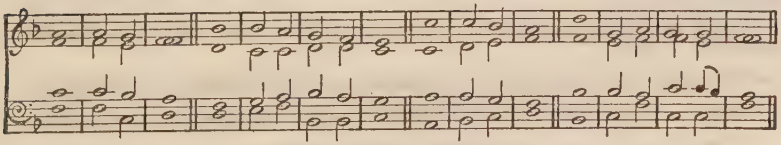
R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



S. Wesley, 1766-1837.



W. Hayes, 1706-1777.

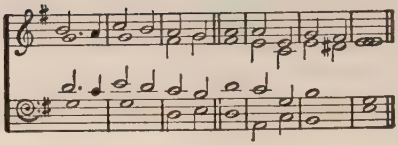


PSALM CXXII.

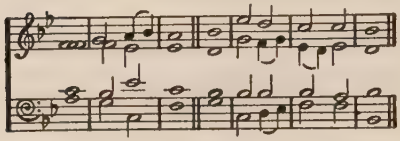
I WAS glád when they | said unto | me, || Let us go into the | house | of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand with-|-in thy | gates, || O | Je-|-rusa-|-lem.
3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || that | is com-|-pact to-|-gether:
4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes | of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the | name | of the | Lord.
5 For there are set | thrones of | judgement, || the thrones | of the | house of | David.
6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that | love | thee. || Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity with-|-in thy | pala-|-ces.
7 For my brethren and com-|-panions' | sakes, || I will now say, Peace | be with-|-in | thee.
8 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God, || I will | seek | thy | good.

739

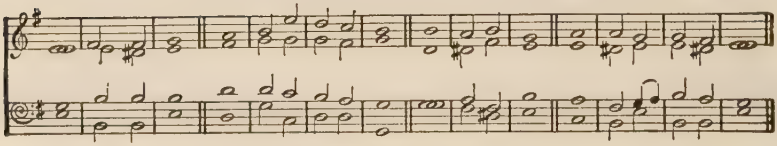
Tonus Peregrinus.



S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876.



M. Camidge, 1758-1844.



PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity | of | Zion, || we were like | them | that | dream.

2 Then was our mouth | filled with | laughter, || and our | tongue | with | singing:

3 Then said they a-|-mong the | heathen, || The Lord hath done | great | things for | them.

4 The Lord hath done great | things for | us; || where-|-of | we are | glad.

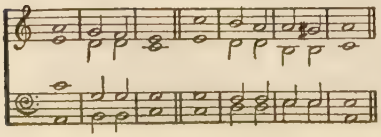
5 Turn again our captivity, | O | Lord, || as the | streams | in the | south.

6 They that | sow in | tears || shall | reap | in | joy.

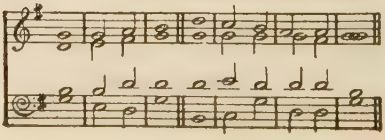
†7 He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing | precious | seed, || shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, | bringing his | sheaves | with him.

740

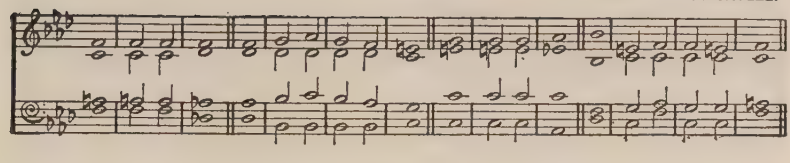
W. Croft, 1678-1727.



R. Farrant, -1580.



J. Turle from H. Purcell.



PSALM CXXX.

OUT of the dépths | have I | cried || unto | thee, | O | Lord.

2 Lord, | hear my | voice: || let thine ears be attentive to the | voice of my | suppli-|-cations.

3 If thou, Lord, shouldest | mark in-|-iquities, || O Lord, | who | shall | stand?

4 But there is for-|-giveness with | thee, || that | thou | mayest be | feared.

5 I wait for the Lord, my | soul doth | wait, || and in his | word | do I | hope.

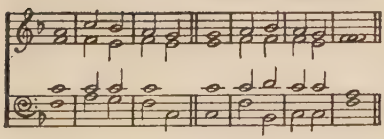
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that | watch for the | morning: || I say, more than | they that | watch for the | morning.

7 Let Israel hope | in the | Lord: || for with the Lord there is mercy, and with | him is | plenteous re-|-demption.

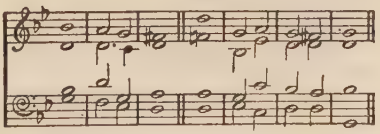
8 And he shall redeem | Isra-|-el || from | all | his in-|-iquities.

741

Tonus Parisianus.



T. Purcell, ? -c. 1682.



From PSALM CXXXVII.

BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, | yea, we | wept, || when | we re-|-membered | Zion.

2 We hanged our harps up-|-on the | willows || in the | midst | there-|-of.

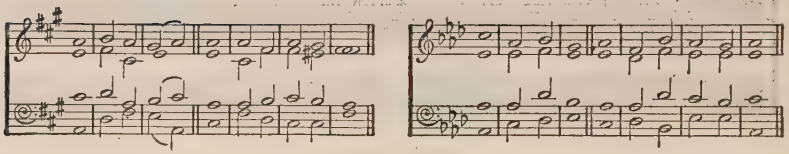
3 For there they that carried us away captive required of | us a | song; || and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us | one of the | songs of | Zion.

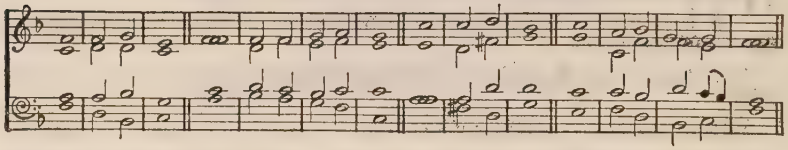
4 How shall we sing the | Lord's | song || in | — a |strange | land?

5 If I forget thee, O Je-|-rusa-|-lem, || let my right | hand for-|-get her | cunning.

6 If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the | roof of my | mouth; || if I prefer not Jerusalem a-|-bove my | chief | joy.

742

THIRD TONE. S. ARNOLD, 1740-1802.

J. TURLE, 1802-1882.



From PSALM CXXXIX.

O | — | Lord, || thou hast | searched | me, and | known me.

2 Thou knowest my downsitting and | mine up-|-rising, || thou understandest my | thought a-|-far | off.

3 Thou compassest my páth and my | lying | down, || and art ac-|-quainted with | all my | ways.

4 For there is not a word | in my | tongue, || but, lo, O Lord, thou | knowest it | alto-|-gether.

5 Thou hast besét me be-|-hind and be-|-fore, || and | laid thine | hand up-|-on me.

6 Such knowledge is too wonder-|-ful for | me; || it is high, I cannot at-|-tain | unto | it.

7 Whither shall I go | from thy | spirit? || or whither shall I | flee from | thy | presence?

8 If I ascend up into heaven, | thou art | there: || if I make my bed in hell, be-|-hold, | thou art | there.

9 If I take the wings | of the | morning, || and dwell in the | uttermost | parts of the | sea;

10 Even thére shall thy | hand | lead me, || and thy | right | hand shall | hold me.

11 If I say, Surely the dárkness shall | cover | me; || even the night | shall be | light a-|-bout me.

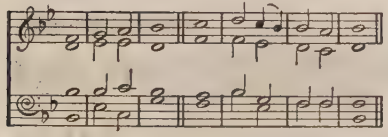
12 Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night | shineth as the | day: || the darkness and the light are | both a-|-like to | thee.

13 How precious also are thy thóughts unto | me, O | God! || how great | is the | sum of | them!

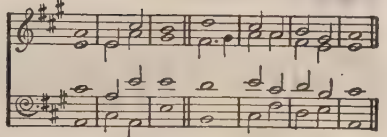
14 If I should count them, they are more in number | than the | sand: || when I awake, | I am | still with | thee.

743

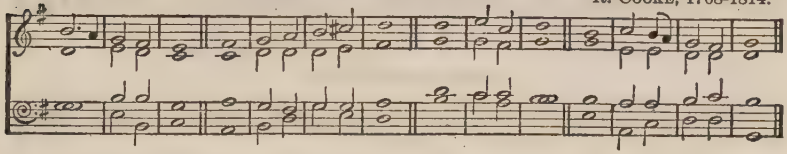
R. Woodward, 1744-1777.



J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



From PSALM CXLV.

I WILL extol thee, my | God, O | king; || and I will bless thy | name for | ever and | ever.

2 Every dáy will I | bless | thee; || and I will praise thy | name for | ever and | ever.

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly | to be | praised; || and his | greatness | is un-|-searchable.

4 One generation shall praise thy | works to an-|-other, || and shall de-|-clare thy | mighty | acts.

5 I will speak of the glorious honour | of thy | majesty, || and | of thy | wondrous | works.

6 And men shall speak of the might of thy | terrible | acts: || and | I will de-|-clare thy | greatness.

7 They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy | great | goodness, || and shall | sing of | thy | righteousness.

8 The Lord is gracious, and | full of com-|-passion; || slow to anger, | and of | great | mercy.

9 The Lord is | good to | all: || and his tender mercies are | over | all his | works.

10 All thy works shall praise | thee, O | Lord; || and thy | saints shall | bless | thee.

11 They shall speak of the glory | of thy | kingdom, || and | talk of | thy | power;

12 To make known to the sons of men his | mighty | acts, || and the glorious | majesty | of his | kingdom.

13 Thy kingdom is an ever-|-lasting | kingdom, || and thy dominion endureth through-|-out all | gener-|-ations.

14 The Lord upholdeth | all that | fall, || and raiseth up all those | that be | bowed | down.

15 The eyes of all | wait upon | thee; || and thou givest them their | meat in | due | season.

16 Thou open-|-est thine | hand, || and satisfiest the desire of | every | living | thing.

17 The Lord is ríghteous in | all his | ways, || and | holy in | all his | works.

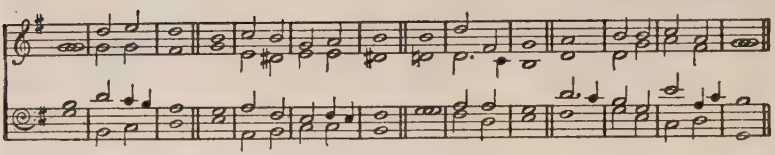
18 The Lord is nigh unto all them that | call upon | him, || to all that | call upon | him in | truth.

19 He will fulfil the desíre of | them that | fear him: || he also will hear their | cry, | and will | save them.

20 My mouth shall speak the praise | of the | Lord: || and let all flesh bless his holy | name for | ever and | ever.

744

J. Turle, 1802-1882.



From PSALM CXLVII.

PRAISE ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises | unto our | God; || for it is | pleasant; and | praise is | comely.

2 The Lord doth build up Je-|-rusa-|-lem: || he gathereth together the | out-|-casts of | Israel.

3 He healeth the | broken in | heart, || and | bindeth | up their | wounds.

4 He telleth the number | of the | stars; || he calleth them | all | by their | names.

5 Great is our Lord, and of | great | power: || his | under-|-standing is | infinite.

6 The Lord lifteth | up the | meek: || he casteth the wicked | down | to the | ground.

7 Sing unto the Lórd with | thanks-|-giving; || sing praise upon the | harp | unto our | Gød:

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain | for the | earth, || who maketh grass to | grow up-|-on the | mountains.

9 He giveth to the | beast his | food, || and to the young | ravens | which | cry.

10 He delighteth not in the | strength of the | horse: || he taketh not | pleasure in the | legs of a | man.

11 The Lord taketh pleasure in | them that | fear him, || in those that | hope | in his | mercy.

12 Praise the Lord, O Je-|-rusa-|-lem; || praise thy | God, | O | Zion.

13 For he hath strengthened the | bars of thy | gates; || he hath | blessed thy | children with-|-in thee.

14 He maketh peace | in thy | borders, || and filleth thee with the | finest | of the | wheat.

15 He sendeth forth his commandment up-|-on | earth: || his word | runneth | very | swiftly.

16 He giveth | snow like | wool: || he scattereth the | hoar frost | like | ashes.

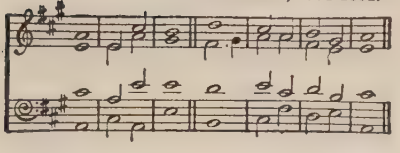
17 He casteth forth his | ice like | morsels: || who can | stand be-|-fore his | cold?

18 He sendeth out his word, and | melteth | them: || he causeth his wind to blow, | and the | waters | flow.

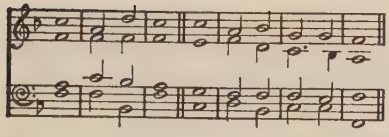
19 He sheweth his word | unto | Jacob, || his statutes and his | judgments | unto | Israel.

20 O give thanks unto the Lord; for | he is | good: || for his | mercy en-|-dureth for | ever.

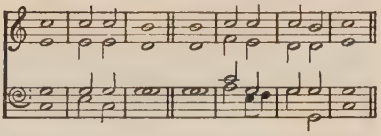
J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



E. F. Rimbault, 1816-1876.



P. Humphrey, 1647-1674.



PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord. || Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: | praise him | in the | heights.

2 Praise ye him, | all his | angels: || praise ye | him, | all his | hosts.

3 Praise ye him, | sun and | moon: || praise him, | all ye | stars of | light.

4 Praise him, ye | heavens of | heavens, || and ye waters that | be a-|-bove the | heavens.

5 Let them práise the | name of the | Lord: || for he commanded, | and they | were cre-|-ated.

6 He hath also stáblished them for | ever and | ever: || he hath made a de-|-cree which | shall not | pass.

7 Praise the Lord | from the | earth, || ye | dragons, and | all | deeps:

8 Fire, and hail; | snow, and | vapours; || stormy | wind ful-|-filling his | word:

9 Mountains, and | all | hills; || fruitful | trees, and | all | cedars:

10 Beasts, and | all | cattle; || creeping | things, and | flying | fowl:

11 Kings of the earth, and | all | people; || princes, and all | judges | of the | earth:

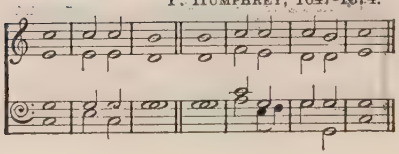
12 Both young | men, and | maidens; || old | men, | and | children:

13 Let them práise the | name of the | Lord: || for his name alone is excellent; his glory is a-|-bove the | earth and | heaven.

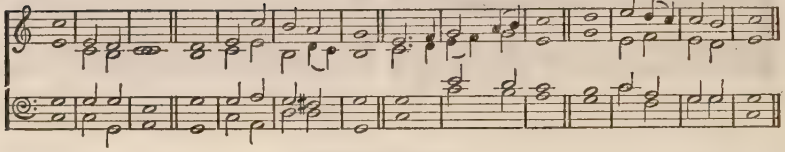
14 He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of | all his | saints; || even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. | Praise | ye the | Lord.

746

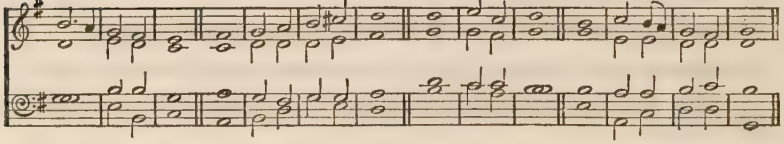
P. Humphrey, 1647-1674.



W. Crotch, 1775-1847.



R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



PSALM CL.

PRAISE | ye the | Lord. || Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the | firmament | of his | power.

2 Praise him for his | mighty | acts: || praise him ac-|-cording to his | excellent | greatness.

3 Praise him with the | sound of the | trumpet: || praise him with the | psaltery | and | harp.

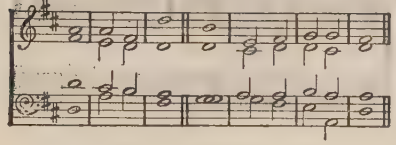
4 Praise him with the | timbrel and | dance: || praise him with stringed | instru-|-ments and | organs.

5 Praise him upon the | loud | cymbals: || praise him upon the | high | sounding | cymbals.

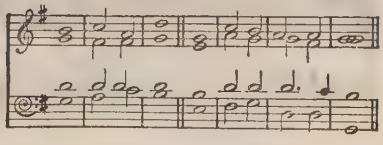
6 Let every thing that hath breath | praise the | Lord. || Praise | ye | the | Lord.

747 MAGNIFICAT.

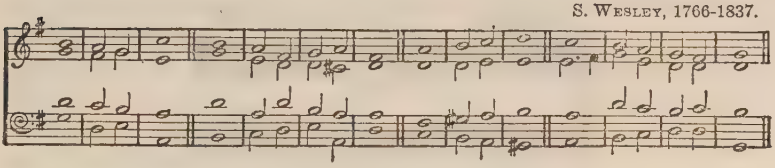
J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



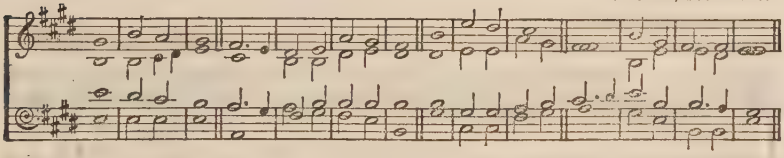
W. Russell, 1777-1813.



S. Wesley, 1766-1837.



J. Goss, 1800-1880.



St. Luke i: 46.

MY soul doth magni-|-fy the | Lord, || and my spirit hath re-|-joiced in | God my | Saviour.

2 For he | hath re-|-garded || the lowliness | of his | hand-|-maiden.

3 For be-|-hold from | henceforth || all gener-|-ations shall | call me | blessèd.

4 For he that is mighty hath | magnified | me, || and | holy | is his | Name.

5 And his mercy is on | them that | fear him || throughout | all | gener-|-ations.

6 He hath shewed strength | with his | arm; || he hath scattered the proud in the imagin-|-ation | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the mighty | from their | seats, || and hath ex-|-alted the | humble and | meek.

8 He hath filled the hungry with | good | things; || and the rich he hath | sent | empty a-|-way.

†9 He remembering his mercy hath holpen his | servant | Israel; || as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham | and his | seed for | ever.

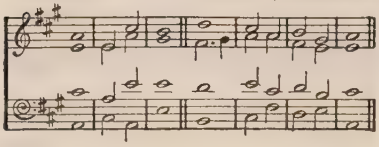
*Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: || world without | end. | A-|-men.

*Glory be to the Father . . . may be sung at the conclusion of Canticles, as above, wherever appropriate.

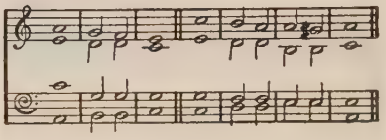
748 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

First set of Chants.

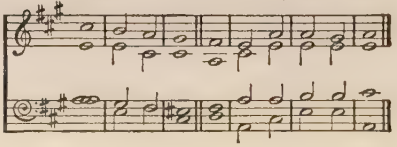
Verses 1-13. J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



Verses 14-21. W. Croft, 1678-1727.

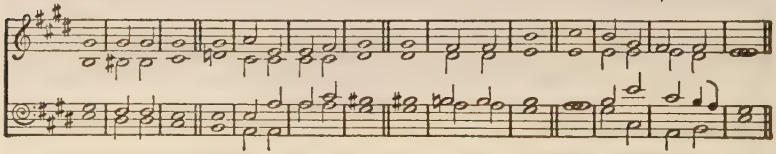


Verses 22-29. W. Crotch, 1775-1847.

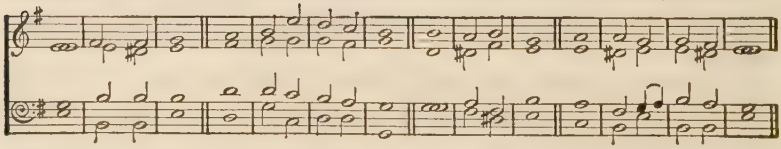


Second set of Chants.

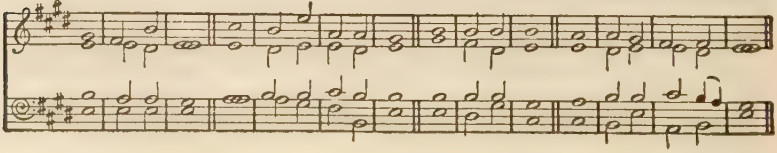
Verses 1-13. T. Attwood, 1765-1838.



Verses 14-21. M. Camidge, 1758-1844.



Verses 22-29. W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

WE praise | thee, O | God, || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the | Father | ever-|-lasting.

3 To thee all Angels | cry a-|-loud; || the Heavens and | all the | Powers there-|-in.

4 To thee Cherubim and | Seraph-|-im || con-|-tinual-|-ly do | cry,

5 Holy, | Holy, | Holy; || Lord | God of | Saba-|-oth;

6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes-|-ty || of | thy | glo-|-ry.

7 The glorious company | of the A-|-postles || praise | — | — | thee.

8 The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets || praise | — | — | thee.

9 The noble | army of | Martyrs || praise | — | — | thee.

10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world || doth ac-|-know-|-ledge | thee;

11 The | Fa-|-ther || of an | infinite | Majes-|-ty;

12 Thine honour-|-able | true || and | on-|-ly | Son;

13 Also the | Holy | Ghost, || the | Com-|-fort-|-er.

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14 Thou art the | King of | Glory, || O | — | — | Christ.

15 Thou art the ever-|-lasting | Son || of | — the | Fa-|-ther.

16 When thou tookest upon thee to de-|-liver | man; || thou didst not ab-|-hor the | Virgin's | womb.

17 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be-|-lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the | Father.

19 We believe that | thou shalt | come || to | be | our | Judge.

20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemèd | with thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be numbered | with thy | Saints || in | glory | ever-|-lasting.

---

22 O Lord, | save thy | people, || and | bless thine | herit-|-age.

23 Gov-|-ern | them || and | lift them | up for | ever.

24 Day | by | day || we | magni-|-fy | thee;

25 And we | worship thy | Name || ever | world with-|-out | end.

26 Vouch-|-safe, O | Lord, || to keep us this | day with-|-out | sin.

27 O Lord have | mercy up-|-on us, || have | mer-|-cy up-|-on us.

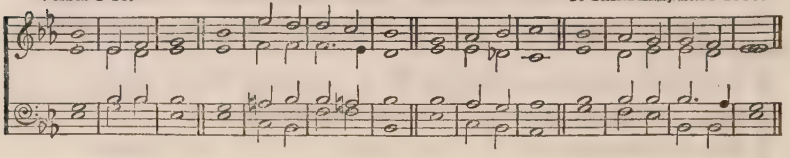
28 O Lord let thy mercy | lighten up-|-on us, || as our | trust | is in | thee.

29 O Lord in thee | have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con-|-founded.

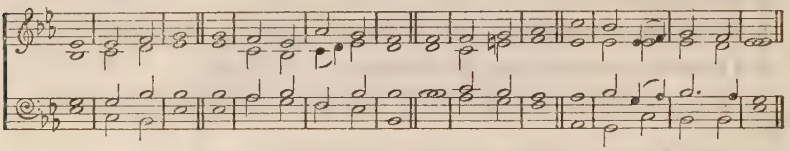
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

Third set of Chants.

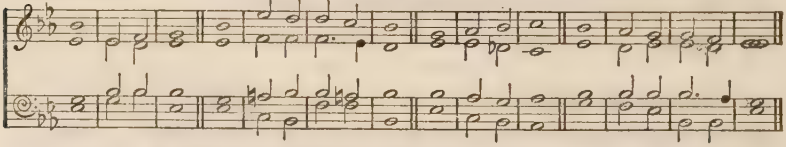
Verses 1-13. **J. Randall, 1715-1799.**



Verses 14-21. R. Langdon, c. 1729-1803.

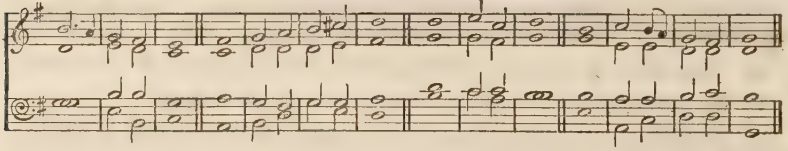


Verses 22-29. J. Randall, 1715-1799.

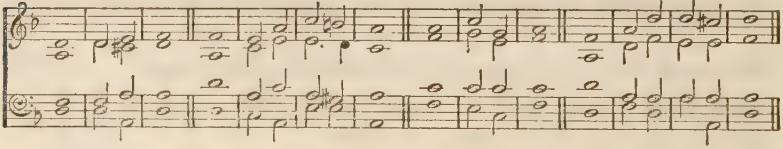


Fourth set of Chants.

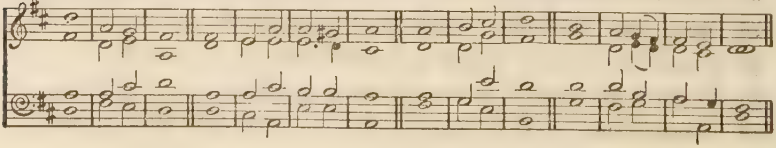
Verses 1-13. R. Cooke, 1768-1814.



Verses 14-21. W. Morley, ? -1731.



Verses 22-29. W. Boyce, 1710-1779.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

WE praise | thee, O | God, || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the | Father | ever-|-lasting.

3 To thee all Angels | cry a-|-loud; || the Heavens and | all the | Powers there-|-in.

4 To thee Cherubim and | Seraph-|-im || con-|-tinual-|-ly do | cry,

5 Holy, | Holy, | Holy; || Lord | God of | Saba-|-oth;

6 Heaven and earth are full of the | Majes-|-ty || of | thy | glo-|-ry.

7 The glorious company | of the A-|-postles || praise | — | — | thee.

8 The goodly fellowship | of the | Prophets || praise | — | — | thee.

9 The noble | army of | Martyrs || praise | — | — | thee.

10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world || doth ac-|-know-|-ledge | thee;

11 The | Fa-|-ther || of an | infinite | Majes-|-ty;

12 Thine honour-|-able | true || and | on-|-ly | Son;

13 Also the | Holy | Ghost, || the | Com-|-fort-|-er.

---

14 Thou art the | King of | Glory, || O | — | — | Christ.

15 Thou art the ever-|-lasting | Son || of | — the | Fa-|-ther.

16 When thou tookest upon thee to de-|-liver | man; || thou didst not ab-|-hor the | Virgin's | womb.

17 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness of | death, || thou didst open the Kingdom of | Heaven to | all be-|-lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the | Father.

19 We believe that | thou shalt | come || to | be | our | Judge.

20 We therefore práy thee | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemèd | with thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be numbered | with thy | Saints || in | glory | ever-|-lasting.

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22 O Lord, | save thy | people, || and | bless thine | herit-|-age.

23 Gov-|-ern | them || and | lift them | up for | ever.

24 Day | by | day || we | magni-|-fy | thee;

25 And we | worship thy | Name || ever | world with-|-out | end.

26 Vouch-|-safe, O | Lord, || to keep us this | day with-|-out | sin.

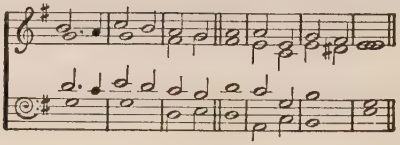
27 O Lord have | mercy up-|-on us, || have | mer-|-cy up-|-on us.

28 O Lord let thy mercy | lighten up-|-on us, || as our | trust | is in | thee.

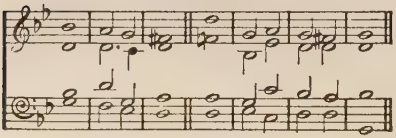
29 O Lord in thee | have I | trusted; || let me | never | be con-|-founded.

749 NUNC DIMITTIS.

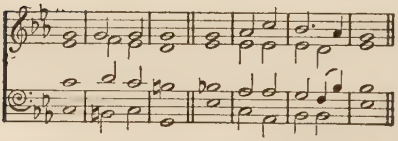
Unison. TONUS PEREGRINUS.



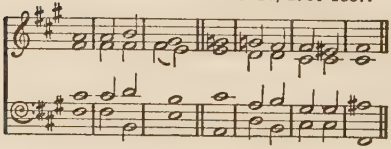
T. PURCELL, ? -c. 1682.



W. FELTON, 1715-1769.



S. S. WESLEY, 1766-1837.



St. Luke ii: 29.

LORD, now lettest thou thy servant de-|-part in | peace, || ac-|-cording | to thy | word.

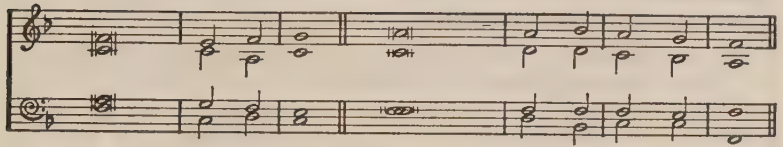
2 For mine | eyes have | seen || thy | — sal-|-va-|-tion,

3 Which thou | hast pre-|-parèd || before the | face of | all | people;

4 To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles, || and to be the glory | of thy | people | Israel.

750 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

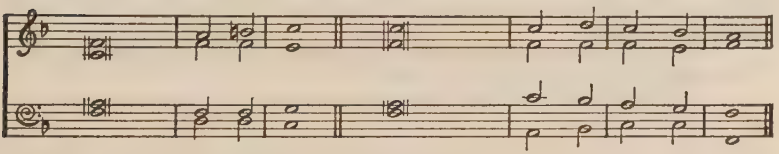
Ancient Chant.



Glory be to God on high: and in earth peace, good will towards men.

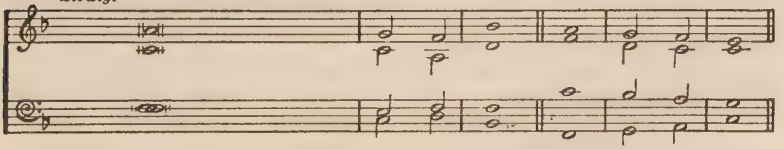
2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we } wor - ship Thee: { we glorify Thee, we give thanks to } Thee for Thy great glory,

3 O Lord God, heaven-ly King: God the Fa - ther Al- — mighty.



4 O Lord, the only-begotten Son } Je - sus Christ; { O Lord God, Lamb of God, } Son — of the Father,

Slowly.

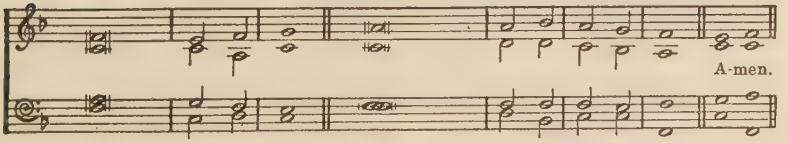


5 That takest away the sins of the world: have mercy up - on us.

6 Thou that takest away the sins of the world: have mercy up - on us.

7 Thou that takest away the sins of the world: re - ceive our prayer.

8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father: have mercy up - on us.



9 For Thou only art holy: Thou on - ly art the Lord;

10 Thou only, O Christ, with the } Ho - ly Ghost: art most high in the glory of God the Father.

751 THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

[The Commandments are to be read by the Minister; the Responses are to be sung or said by the People.]

Exodus xx.

GOD spake these words and said:

I. I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt have no other gods before Me.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

III. Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

X. Thou shalt not covet.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

OUR LORD'S SUMMARY OF THE LAW

St. Mark xii: 29; St. John xiii: 34.

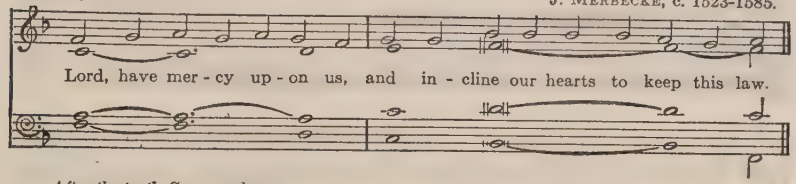
Our Lord Jesus Christ said: The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

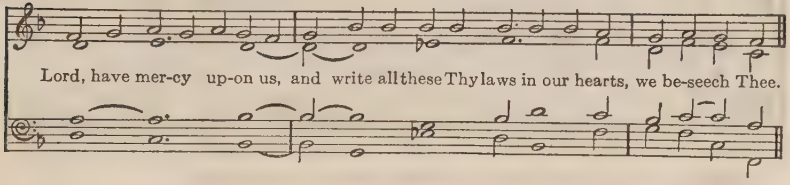
A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.
Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

The Responses may be sung either after each of the Commandments, or after the fourth and tenth.

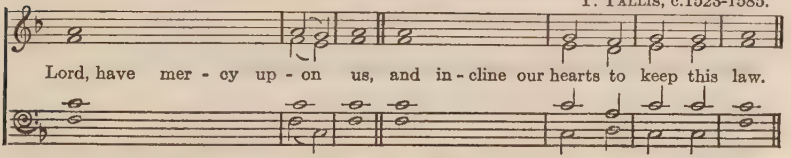
Quietly and in unison. J. MERBECKE, c. 1523-1585.



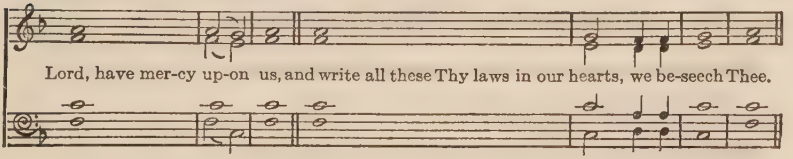
After the tenth Commandment.



T. TALLIS, c.1523-1585.

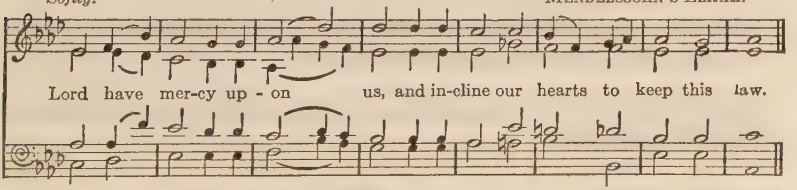


After the tenth Commandment.

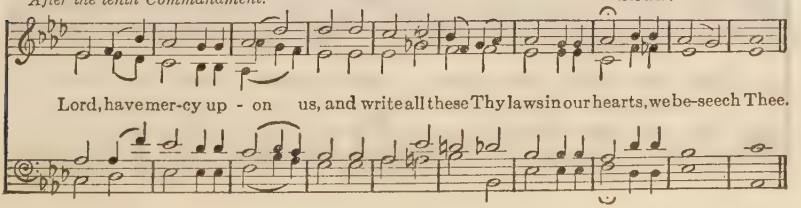


After each Commandment except the tenth. Adapted from a melody in MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

Softly.



After the tenth Commandment. *Slower.*

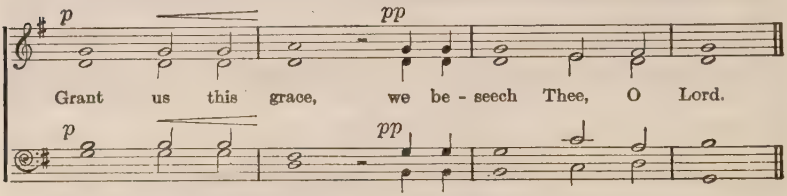


752 THE BEATITUDES OF OUR LORD.

St. Matthew v.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

ANCIENT TONE, as in CHURCH HYMNARY, 1927.



Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

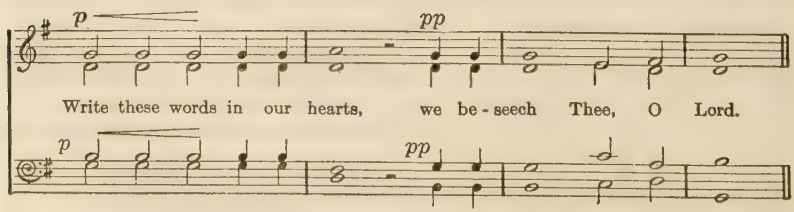
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

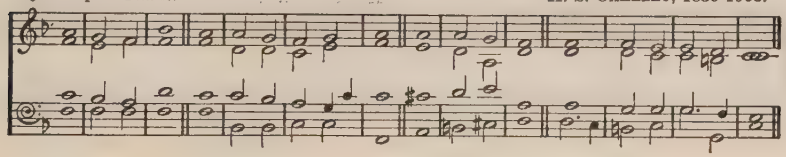
Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

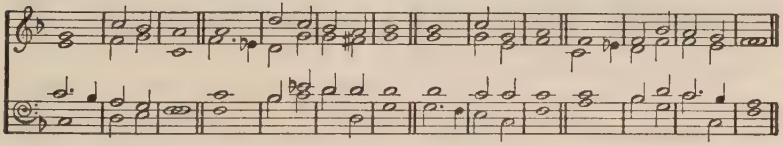


753 BENEDICTUS.

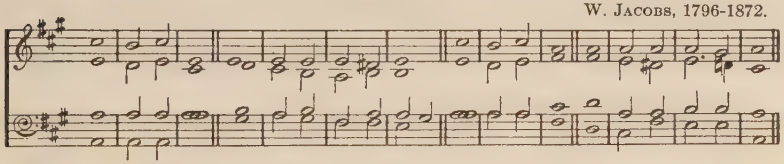
Quadruple Chant. H. S. Oakeley, 1830-1903.



Gloria here.



W. Jacobs, 1796-1872.



St. Luke i: 68.

BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel: || for he hath visited | and re-|-deemed his | people;

2 And hath raised up a mighty sal-|-vation | for us || in the house | of his | servant | David;

3 As he spake by the mouth of his | holy | Prophets, || which have been | since the | world be-|-gan;

4 That we should be saved | from our | enemies; || and from the | hands of | all that | hate us.

5 To perform the mercy promised | to our | forefathers, || and to re-|-member his | holy | covenant.

6 To perform the oath which he sware to our | forefather | Abraham || that | he would | give | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the hand | of our | enemies, || might serve | him with-|-out | fear; ||

8 In holiness and righteous-|-ness be-|-fore him, || all the | days | of our | life.

9 And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet | of the | Highest: || for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord | to pre-|-pare his | ways;

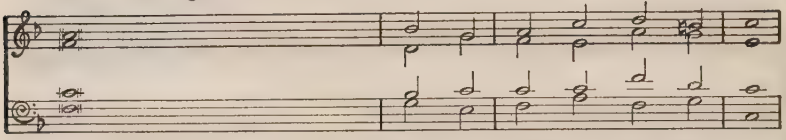
10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto his | people, || for the re-|-mission | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender mercy | of our | God, || whereby the day-spring from on | high hath | visited | us;

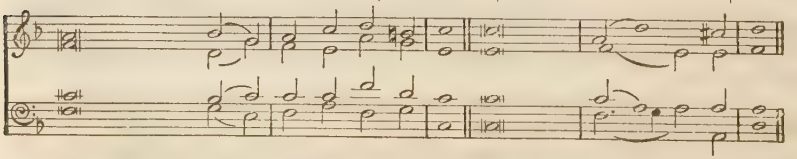
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the | shadow of | death; || and to guide our feet | into the | way of | peace.

754 BENEDICITE OMNIA OPERA.

The Song of the Three Children.

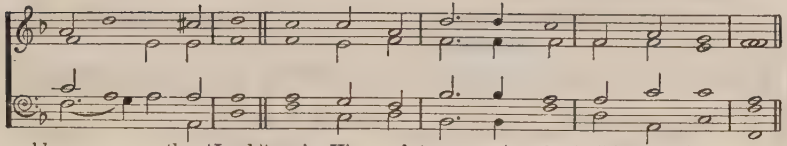


1 O	all ye	Works - of the	Lord,
2 O ye Angels of the Lord, 3 O ye Heavens, 4 O ye Waters that	be a -	bove the Fir - ma -	ment,
5 O all ye Powers of the Lord, 6 O ye Sun and	Moon, -	7 O ye Stars of	Heaven,
8 O ye Showers and Dew, 9 O ye Winds of	God, -	10 O ye Fire and	Heat,
11 O ye Winter and	Sum - mer,	12 O ye Dews and	Frosts,
13 O ye Frost and	Cold, -	14 O ye Ice and	Snow,
15 O ye Nights and Days, 16 O ye Light and Darkness,	17 O ye	Light - nings and	Clouds,
18 O	- -	- - let the	Earth,
19 O ye Mountains and Hills, 20 O	all ye	Green Things up-on the	Earth,
21 O ye	Wells, -	22 O ye Seas and	Floods,
23 O all ye that move in the Waters, 24 O all ye Fowls of Air,	25 O -	all ye Beasts and	Cattle,
26 O	ye -	Chil - dren of	Men,
37 O	let -	Is - - ra -	el,
28 O ye Priests of the Lord,	29 O ye	Ser-vants of the	Lord,
30 O ye	Spirits and	Souls - of the	Righteous,
31 O ye	ho - ly and	hum - ble Men of	heart,

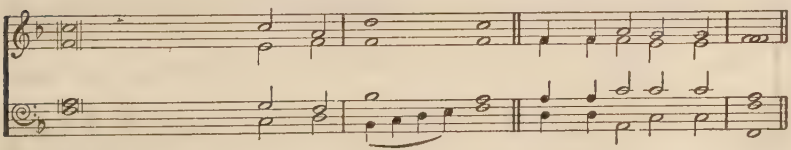


Glory be to the Fa - ther and to the Son:|| and to the Ho - - ly Ghost.

T. Ravenscroft, c. 1582-1635.



bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	-	the	Lord,	yea, let it praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	-	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.
bless	ye	the	Lord,	praise Him, and	mag - ni -	fy	Him	for	ev-	er.

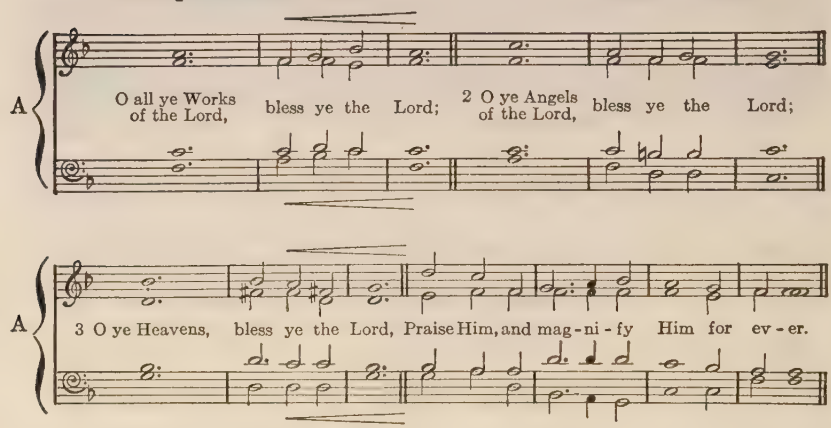


As it was in the beginning, is now and ev - er shall be: ||world without end. A - men

754 *(continued)*

BENEDICITE OMNIA OPERA.

The Song of the Three Children. ALBERT HAM, 1858-


A
O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord;
2 O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord;
A
3 O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord, Praise Him, and mag-ni-fy Him for ev-er.

A

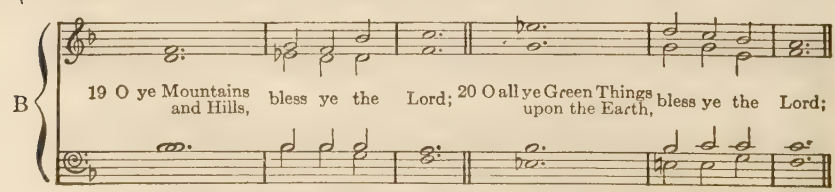
4 O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, | bless ye the | Lord; || 5 O all ye Powers of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; || 6 O ye Sun and Moon, | bless ye the | Lord, || Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever.

7 O ye Stars of Heaven, | bless ye the | Lord; || 8 O ye Showers and Dew, | bless ye the | Lord; || 9 O ye Winds of God, | bless ye the | Lord; || Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever.

10 O ye Fire and Heat, | bless ye the | Lord; || 11 O ye Winter and Summer, | bless ye the | Lord; || 12 O ye Dews and Frosts, | bless ye the | Lord; || Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever.

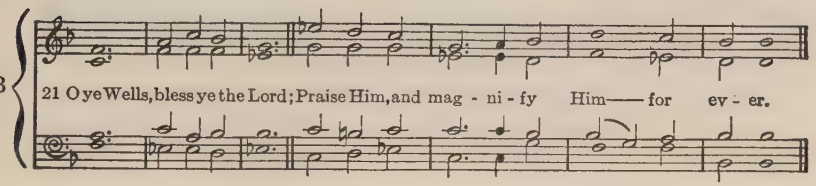
13 O ye Frost and Cold, | bless ye the | Lord; || 14 O ye Ice and Snow, | bless ye the | Lord; || 15 O ye Nights and Days, | bless ye the | Lord; || Praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

16 O ye Light and Darkness, | bless ye the | Lord; || 17 O ye Lightnings and Cloud, | bless ye the | Lord; || 18 (*Unis.*) O let the Earth, | bléss the | Lord; || yea, let it praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||



Verses 1–18 and 26–31 should be sung to Chant A, and verses 19–25 to Chant B.

Second Part.



22 O ye Seas and Floods, | bless ye the | Lord; || 23 O all ye that move in the Waters, | bless ye the | Lord; || 24 O all ye Fowls of the Air, | bless ye the | Lord; || Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever.

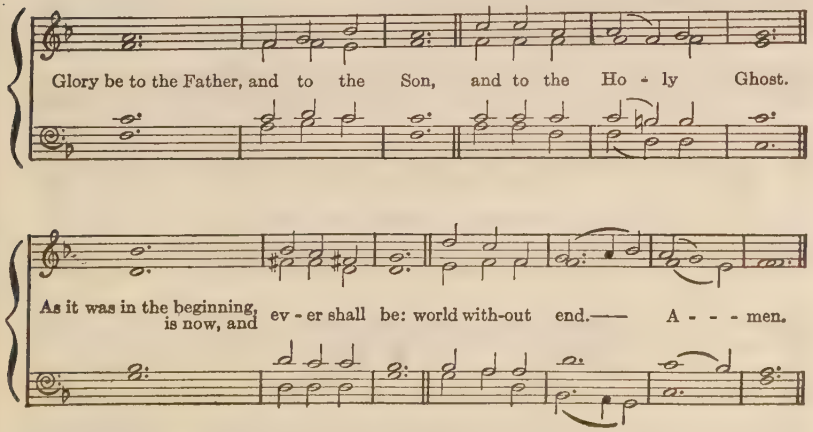
Second Part.

25 O all ye Beasts and Cattle, | bless ye the | Lord; || Praise Him and | magnify | Him for | ever.

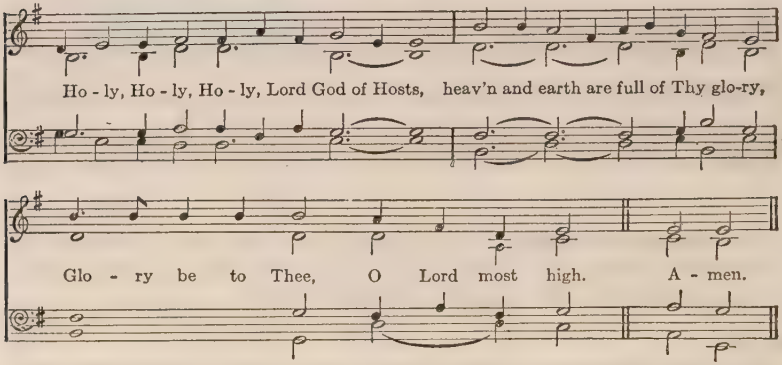
A

26 (*Unis.*) O ye Children of Men, | bless ye the | Lord; || 27 O let Israel | bless the | Lord; || 28 O ye Priests of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; || (*Har.*) Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever.

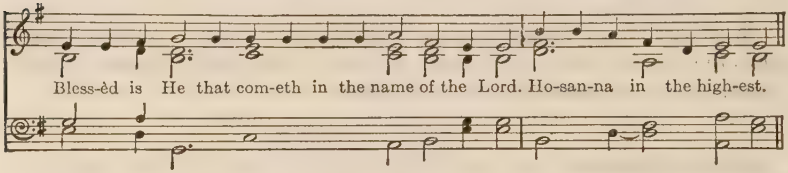
29 O ye Servants of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord; || 30 O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, | bless ye the | Lord; || 31 O ye Holy and humble Men of heart, | bless ye the | Lord; ||Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be: world with-out end.—— A - - - men.

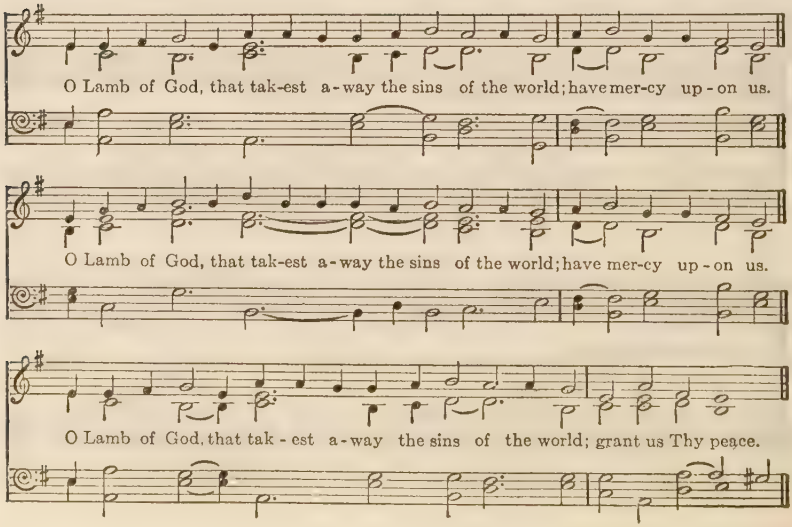
755 SANCTUS. *Unison.* In free rhythm. J. MERBECKE, 1523-c. 1585.



756 BENEDICTUS QUI VENIT. In free rhythm. J. MERBECKE, 1523-c. 1585.
Unison.

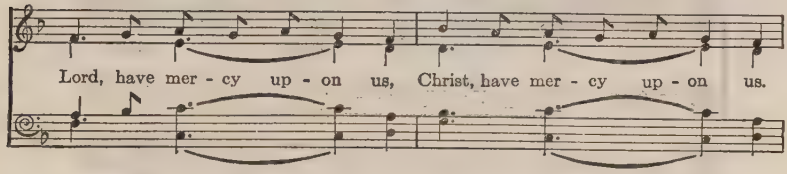


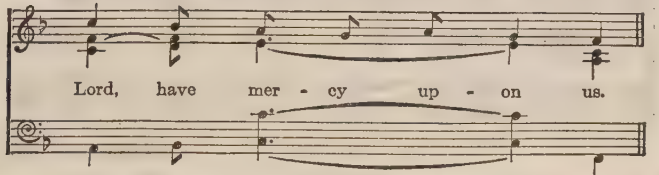
757 AGNUS DEI. In free rhythm. J. MERBECKE, 1523-c. 1585.
Unison.


O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the sins of the world; have mer-cy up-on us.
O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the sins of the world; have mer-cy up-on us.
O Lamb of God, that tak-est a-way the sins of the world; grant us Thy peace.

758 KYRIE.

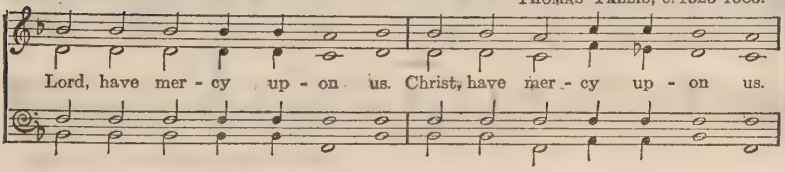
J. MERBECKE, 1523-1585.

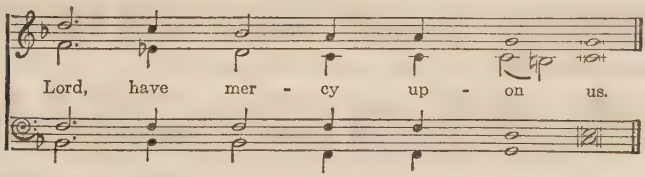




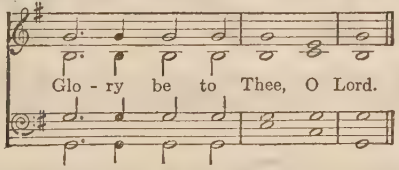
Each of the parts of the three-fold KYRIE may be sung three times.

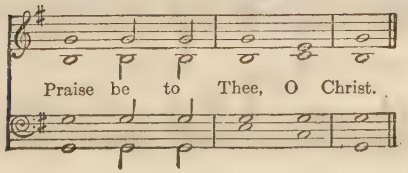
THOMAS TALLIS, c. 1523-1585.

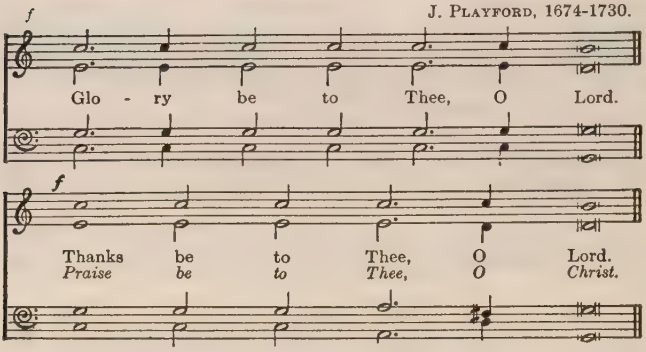


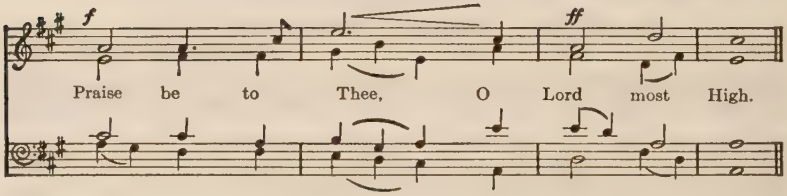


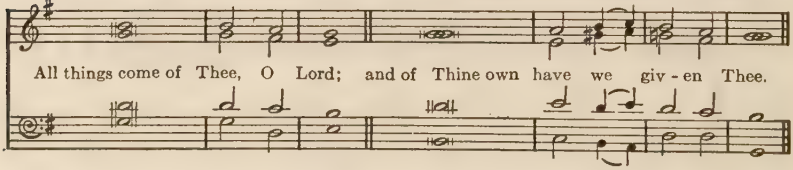
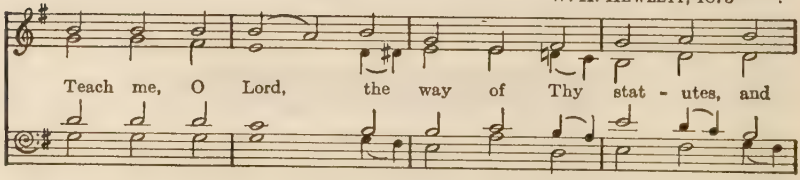
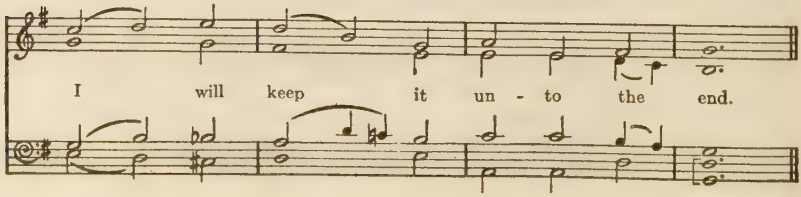
759 RESPONSES.





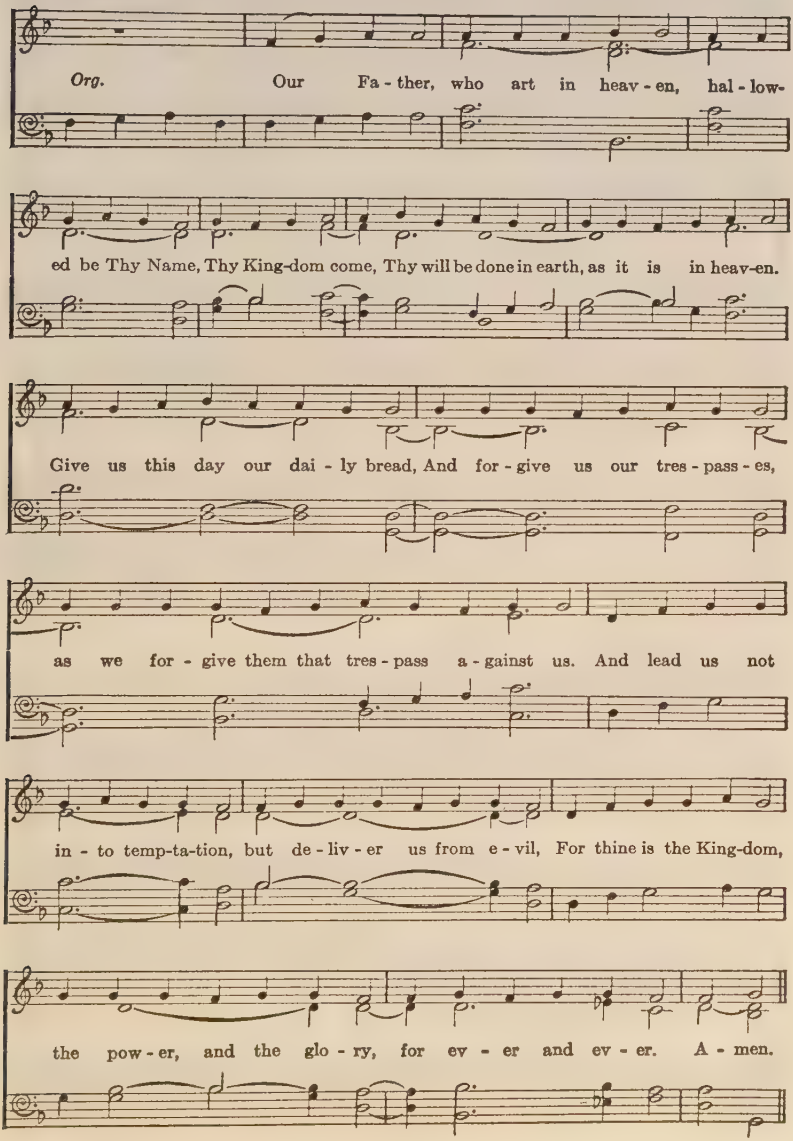

J. Playford, 1674-1730.
Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord.
Thanks be to Thee, O Lord.
Praise be to Thee, O Christ.


W. H. Hewlett, 1873-
Praise be to Thee, O Lord most High.


Adapted from Beethoven, 1770-1827.
All things come of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine own have we giv - en Thee.

W. H. Hewlett, 1873-
Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy stat - utes, and

I will keep it un - to the end.

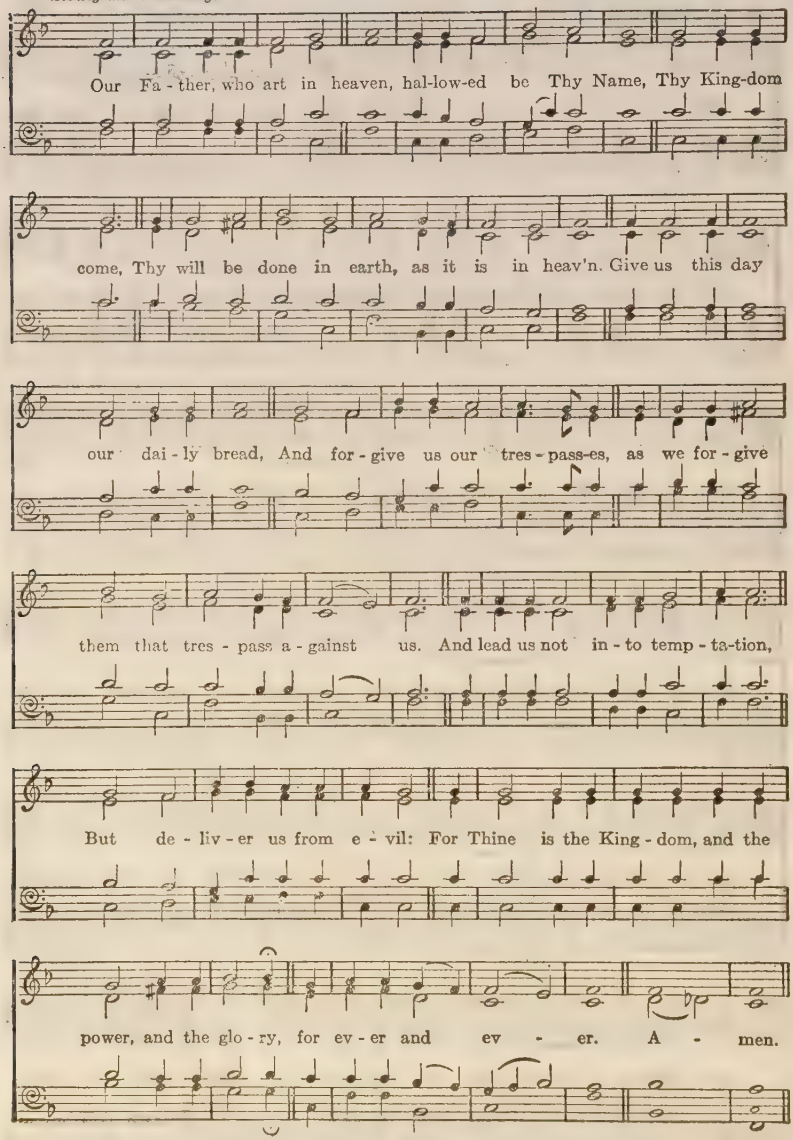
760 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

J. MERBECKE, 1523-c. 1585.

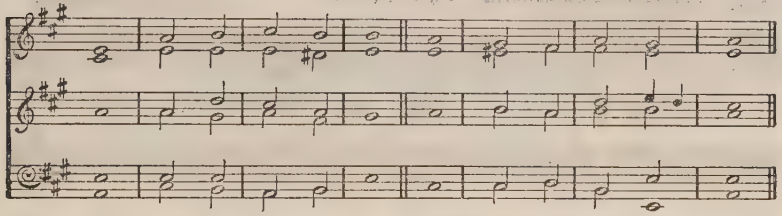
St. Matthew vi: 9.

Org.
Our Fa - ther, who art in heav - en, hal - low-
ed be Thy Name, Thy King-dom come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heav-en.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And for - give us our tres - pass - es,
as we for - give them that tres - pass a - gainst us. And lead us not
in - to temp-ta-tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil, For thine is the King-dom,
the pow - er, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Slowly and reverently.

Adapted from a chant by
R. LANGDON, c. 1729-1803.

Our Fa - ther, who art in heaven, hal-low-ed be Thy Name, Thy King-dom
come, Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heav'n. Give us this day
our dai - ly bread, And for - give us our tres - pass-es, as we for - give
them that tres - pass a - gainst us. And lead us not in - to temp - ta-tion,
But de - liv - er us from e - vil: For Thine is the King - dom, and the
power, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. A. S. Vogt, 1861-1926.



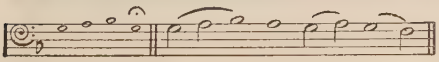
OUR Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be Thy | Name || Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven.

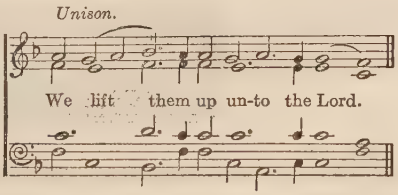
2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a-|-gainst us.

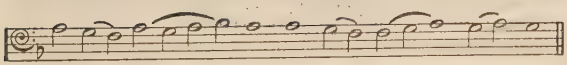
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de-|-liver | us from | evil: || for Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for | ever. A-|-men.

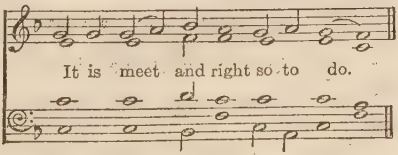
761 SURSUM CORDA.

Plainsong Melody.



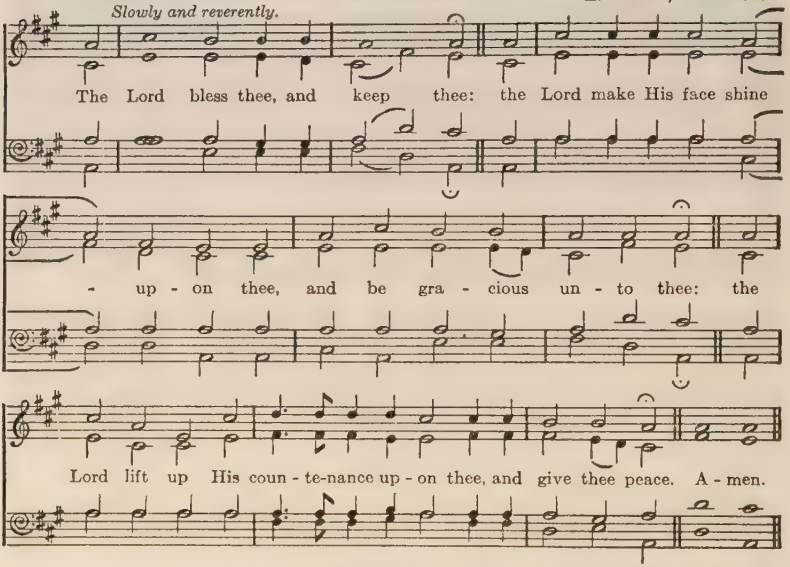






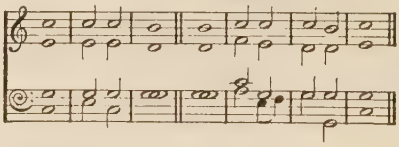
762 HEBREW BENEDICTION. Numbers vi: 24.

Arranged by L. Mason, 1792-1872.

Slowly and reverently.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine
- up - on thee, and be gra - cious un - to thee: the
Lord lift up His coun - te-nance up - on thee, and give thee peace. A - men.

763 CHRIST OUR PASSOVER.

P. Humphrey, 1647-1674.



1 Cor. v, Rom. vi, 1 Cor. xv.

CHRIST our Passover is sacri-|-ficèd | for us; || therefore | let us | keep the | feast;

2 Not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of | malice and | wickedness; || but with the unleavened bread of sin-|-ceri-|-ty and | truth.

3 Christ being raised from the dead | dieth no | more: || death hath no more do-|-minion | over | him.

4 For in that he died, he died unto | sin | once: || but in that he liveth, he | liveth | unto | God.

5 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed | unto | sin; || but alive unto God through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

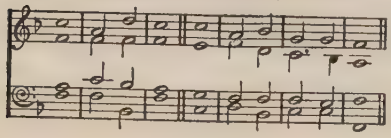
6 Christ is risen | from the | dead; || and become the first | fruits of | them that | slept.

7 For since by | man came | death; || by man came also the resur-|-rection | of the | dead.

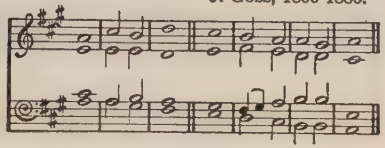
8 For as in Adam | all | die: || even so in Christ shall | all be | made a-|-live.

764 ARISE, SHINE.

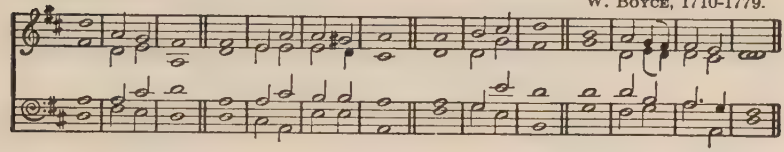
E. F. Rimbault, 1816-1876.



J. Goss, 1800-1880.



W. Boyce, 1710-1779.



Isaiah lx: 1.

ARISE, shine, for thy | light is | come, || and the glory of the | Lord is | risen up-|-on thee.

2 For behold, dárkness shall | cover the | earth, || and gross | dark-|-ness the | people:

3 But the Lórd shall a-|-rise up-|-on thee, || and his glory | shall be | seen up-|-on thee.

4 And the nátions shall come | to thy | light; || and kings to the | brightness | of thy | rising.

5 The abundance of the sea shall be turned | unto | thee; || the wealth of the | nations shall | come unto | thee.

6 Thy gates shall stand | always | open; || they shall not be shut | day | nor | night:

7 That men may bring unto thee the wealth | of the | nations, || and their kings | led | with | them.

8 For the nation and kingdom that will not serve | thee shall | perish; || yea, it | shall be | utterly | wasted.

9 Violence shall no more be heard | in thy | land, || wasting nor de-|-struction with-|-in thy | borders:

10 But thou shalt call thy | walls Sal-|-vation, || and thy | gates thou | shalt call | Praise.

11 The sun shall be no more thy | light by | day, || neither for brightness shall the | moon give | light unto | thee:

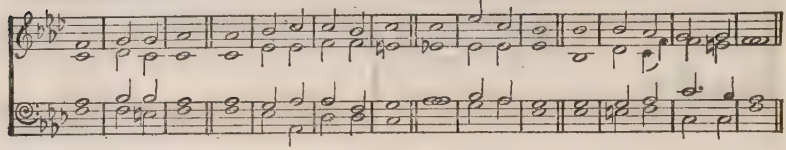
12 But the Lord shall be unto thee an ever-|-lasting | light, || and thy | God | thy | glory.

13 Thy sun shall no | more go | down; || neither shall thy | moon with-|-draw it-|-self:

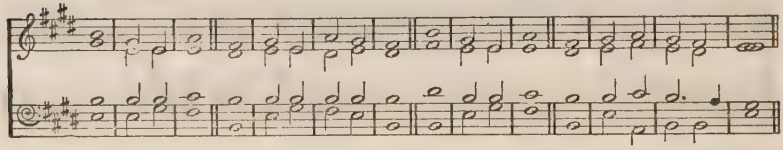
14 For the Lord shall be thine ever-|-lasting | light; || and the days of thy | mourning | shall be | ended.

765 SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

L. FLINTOFT, ? -1727.



Arr. from O. GIBBONS, 1583-1625.



Wisdom iii: 5.

THE souls of the righteous are in the | hand of | God, || and no | torment | shall | touch them.

2 In the eyes of the fóolish they | seemed to | die, || and their departure was ac-|-counted | for their | hurt.

3 And their going from us was taken to | be their | ruin; || but | they | are in | peace.

4 For though in the sight of men | they be | punished || yet is their hope | full of | immor-|-tality.

5 And having borne a little chastening, they shall re-|-ceive great | good, || because God made trial of them, and fóund them | worthy | for him-|-self.

6 As gold in the fúrnace he | provèd | them, || and as a whole burnt offering | he ac-|-cepted | them.

7 They that trust in him shall | understand | truth, || and the faithful shall a-|-bide with | him in | love.

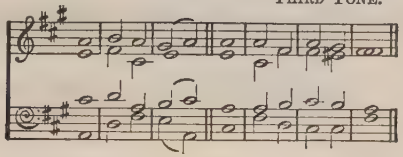
8 Because grace and mercy are | to his | chosen, || and he will graciously | visit his | holy | ones.

9 For in the Lord is | their re-|-ward, || and the care of them is | with the | Most | High.

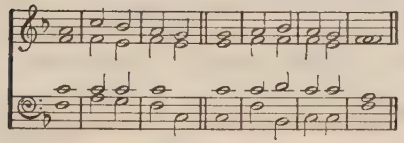
10 Therefore shall they receive a | glorious | kingdom, || and a crown of beauty | from the | Lord's own | hand.

766 SALVATOR MUNDI.

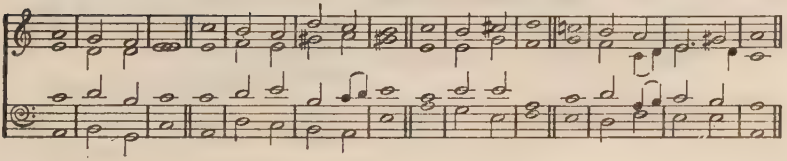
THIRD TONE.



TONUS PARISIANUS.



J. BATTISHILL, 1738-1801.



O SAVIOUR of the wórld, who by thy Cross and precious blood | hast re-|-deemed us; || save us and hélp us, we humbly be-|-seech | thee, O | Lord.

2 Thou didst save thy disciples when | ready to | perish: || hear us and save us, we | humbly be-|-seech | thee.

3 Let the pitifulness of | thy great | mercy || loose us from our sins, we | humbly be-|-seech | thee.

4 Make it appear that thou art our Saviour and | mighty De-|-liverer, || O save us that we may praise thee, we | humbly be-|-seech | thee.

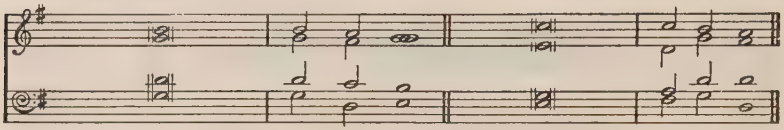
5 Draw near according to thy promise from the throne | of thy | glory, || Look down and hear our crying, we | humbly be-|-seech | thee.

6 Come again and dwell with us, O | Lord Christ | Jesus; || abide with us for ever, we | humbly be-|-seech | thee.

7 And when thou shalt appear with pówer and | great | glory, || may we be made like unto thee, | in thy | glorious | Kingdom.

8 Thanks be to | thee, O | Lord: || Halle-|-lujah. | A-|-men.

767 MEDIAEVAL SEQUENCE.



THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Halle- -lu - - - jah! To the glory of their King shall the ransomed peo - ple sing

2 And the choirs that . . dwell on high Shall re - echo . . through the sky

3 They through the fields of Para- -dise that roam, The blessèd ones repeat through that bright home

4 The planets glittering on their heaven - ly way, The shining constellations join and say

5 Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on pin - ions light Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings wild-ly bright,

6 Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and win - ter snow, Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar frost and sum-mer glow,

7 First let the birds, with painted plum - age gay, Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say

8 Then let the beasts of earth with vary - ing strain, Join in creation's hymn, and cry a - gain

9 Here let the mountains thunder forth so- -nor - - ous Halle - - - - - -lu - - jah!

10 Thou jubilant abyss of . o - - cean, cry Halle - - - - - -lu - - jah!

11 To God, who all cre - - -a - tion made, The frequent hymn be du - ly paid,

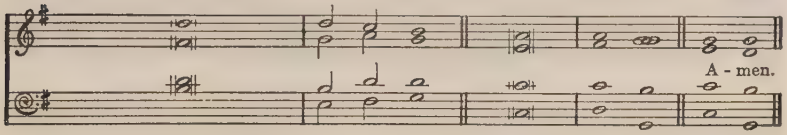
12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of all things loves: Halle - - - - - - -lu - - jah!

13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a- -wak - - ing, Halle - - - - - -lu - - jah!

14 Now from all men . . . be outpoured Hallelujah - - - to the Lord.

15 Praise be done to the . . Three in One, Halle - - - - - -lu - - jah!

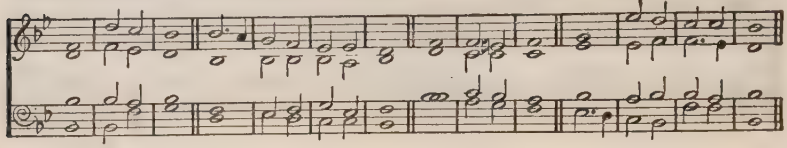
From the Latin c. 10th century. *Tr.* J. M. Neale, 1818-1866.
Music adapted by A. H. D. Troyte, 1811-1857.



Halle - - - - -	-lu - jah!	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
2 Halle - - - - -	-lu - jah!	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
3 Halle - - - - -	-lu - jah!	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
4 Halle - - - - -	-lu - jah!	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
5 In sweet con - - - -	-sent u - nite	your Halle -	lu - jah!	
6 Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious	fo - rests, sing	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
7 Halle - - - - -	-lu - jah!	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
8 Halle - - - - -	-lu - jah!	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
9 There let the valleys sing in gentler	cho - rus,	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
10 Ye tracts of earth and conti-	-nents, re - ply	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
11 Halle - - - - -	-lu - jah!	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
12 This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Him-	-self ap-proves;	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
13 And children's voices echo, answer	mak - ing,	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	
14 With Hallelujah - - -	e-ver-more,	The Son and Spirit	we adore.	
15 Halle - - - - -	-lu - jah!	Halle - -	-lu - jah!	A - men.

768 SONG OF THE FATHERS.

From H. Lawes, c. 1595-1662.



Ecclesiasticus xliv.

LET us now praise | famous | men: || and our | fathers | that be-|-gat us.

2 The Lord hath wrought great | glory | by them: || through His great pówer | from | the be-|-ginning.

3 Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned | for their | power: || giving counsel by their understanding, and de-|-claring | prophe-|-cies.

4 Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning | meet for the | people: || wise and eloquent | in | their in-|-structions.

5 Such as found out | musical | tunes: || and re-|-cited | verses in | writing:

6 Rich men furnished | with a-|-bility: || living peaceably | in their | habi-|-tation.

7 All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glóry | of their | times: || There be of them that have left a name behind them that their | praises might | be re-|-ported.

8 And some there be which have | no me-|-morial: ||
Who had perished as though | they had | never | been.

9 (Second part of chant).

And are become as though they had | never been | born: || and their | children | after | them.

10 But thése were | merciful | men: || whose righteousness hath | not | been for-|-gotten.

11 With their seed shall continually remain a | good in-|-heritance: || their children | are with-|-in the | covenant.

12 Their seed | standeth | fast: || and their | children | for their | sakes.

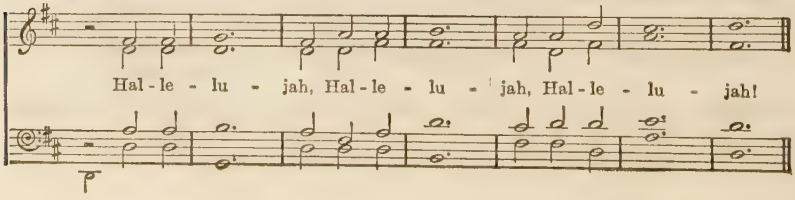
13 Their seed shall re-|-main for ever: || and their glory shall | not be | blotted | out.

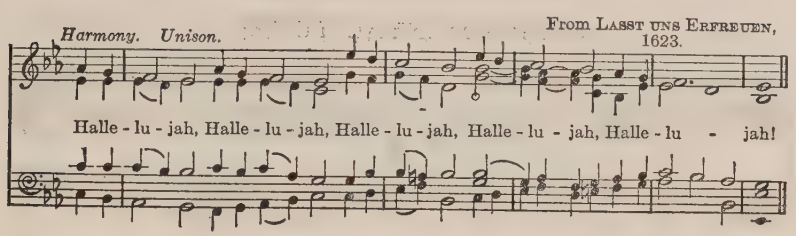
14 Their bodies are | buried in | peace: || but their name | liveth for | ever-|-more.

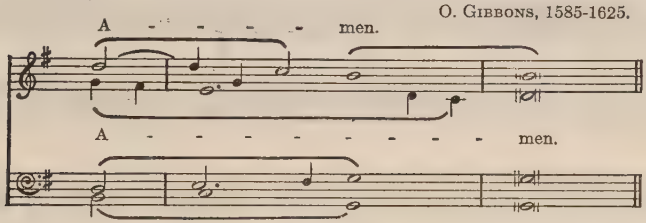
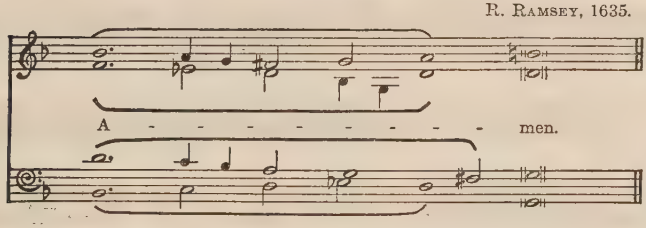
15 The people shall tell | of their | wisdom: || and the congregation will | shew | forth their | praise.

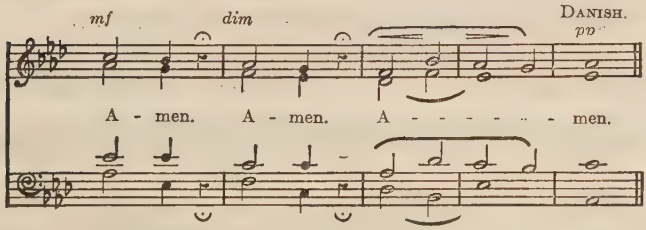
769 HALLELUJAHS.

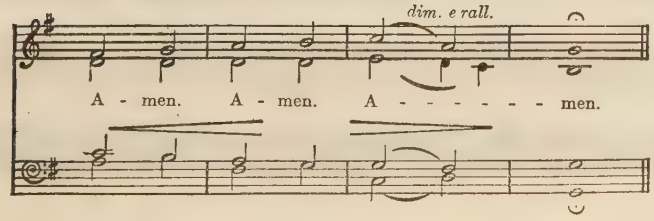
W. H. Monk, 1823-1889.




Harmony. Unison.
From Lasst uns Erfreuen, 1623.
Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah!

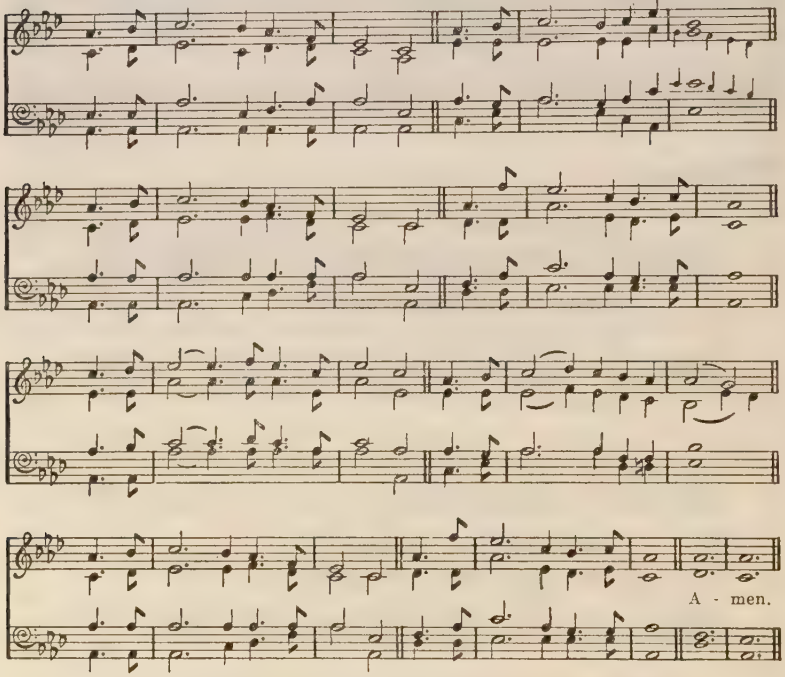
770 AMENS.

O. Gibbons, 1585-1625.
A - - - - - men.
A - - - - - - - - - men.

R. Ramsey, 1635.
A - - - - - - - - - men.


mf
dim
Danish.
pp
A - men. A - men. A - - - - - men.


dim. e rall.
A - men. A - men. A - - - - - men.

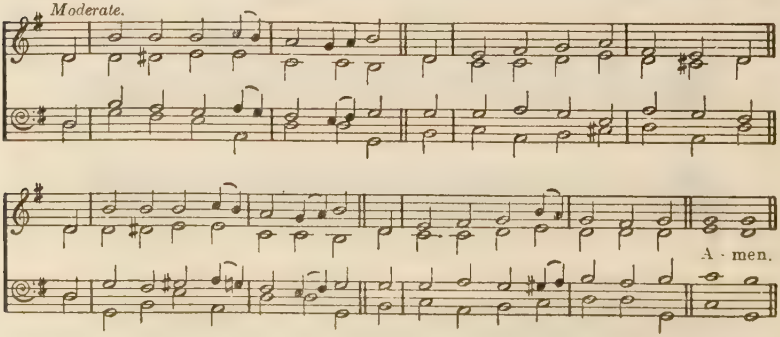
SUPPLEMENTAL TUNES

AUTUMN. 8 7 8 7 D. *Moderately fast.* Melody probably of the 18th century.



May be used with Hymn No. 387, Hark! the voice of Jesus crying.

CANONBURY. L.M. Adapted from R. SCHUMANN, 1810-1856.

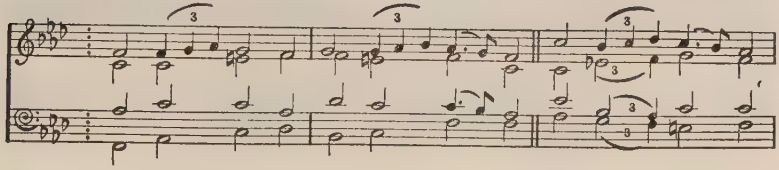


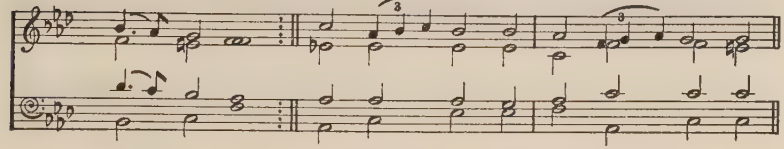
Supplemental Tunes

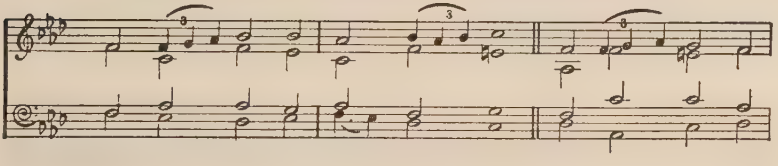
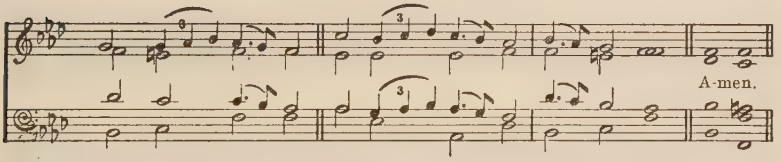
EBENEZER. 8 7 8 7 D.

May be sung in unison.

Welsh Hymn Melody.
T. J. Williams, 1869-

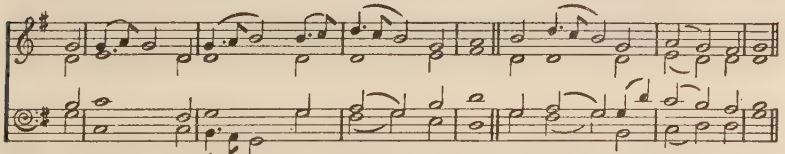


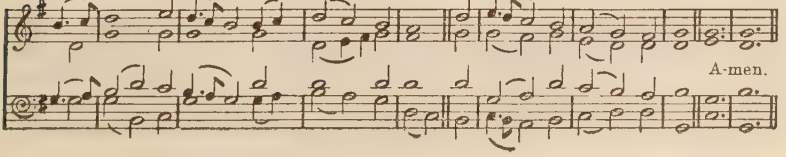




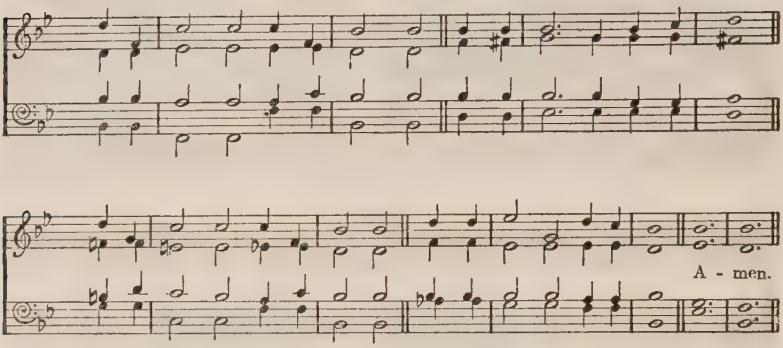
GAINSBOROUGH. C.M.

I. Smith, c. 1725-1800.





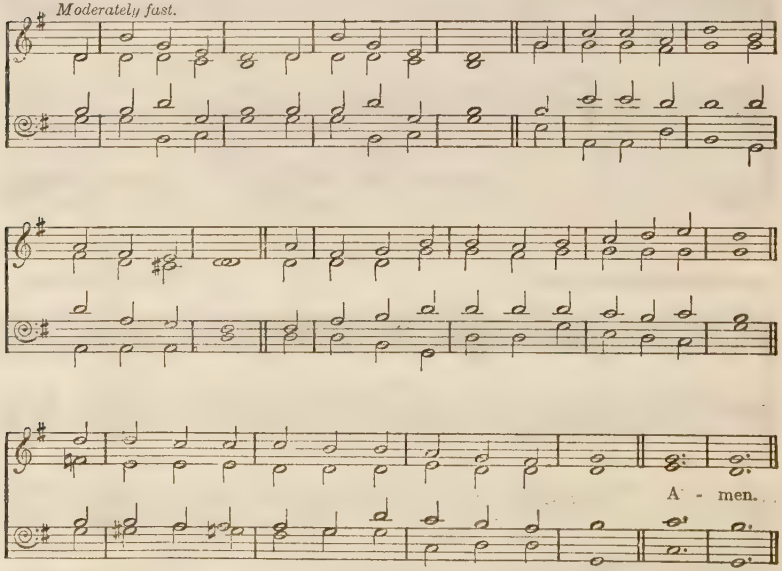
GALILEE. 8 7 8 7. *Moderately quiet.* W. H. JUDE, 1851-1922.



May be used with Hymn No. 358, Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult.

HOUGHTON. 10 10 11 11. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.

Moderately fast.

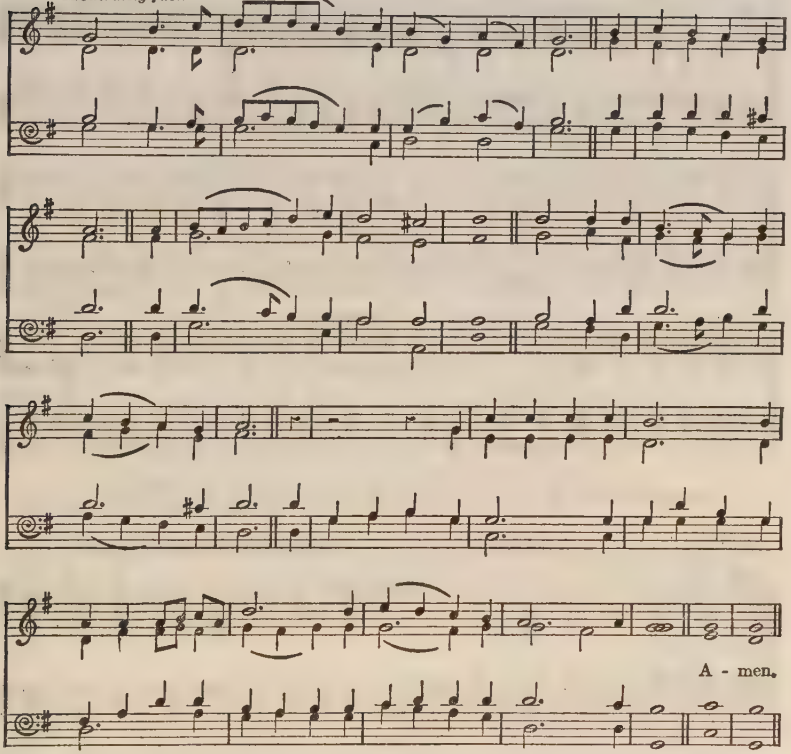


May be used with Hymn No. 21, O worship the King; or with Hymn No. 44, Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim.

LYNGHAM. C. M. and repeat.

Moderately fast.

T. JARMAN.

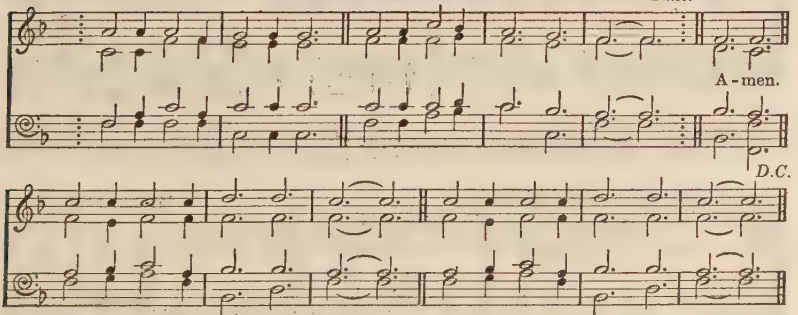


MARTYN. 7 7 7 7 D.

Moderate.

S. B. MARSH, 1798-1876.

Fine.

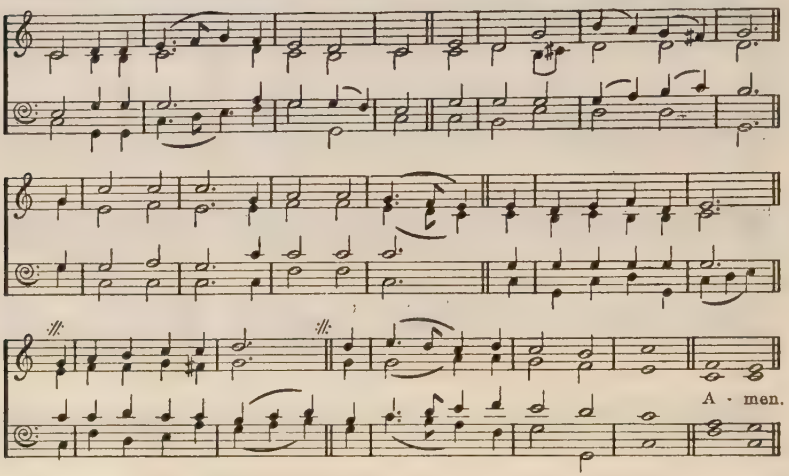


May be used with Hymn No. 266, Jesus, Lover of my soul.

Supplemental Tunes

NORTHROP. C.M. and repeat. *Cheerfully.*

A. Northrop,
A tune often sung in Cornwall.



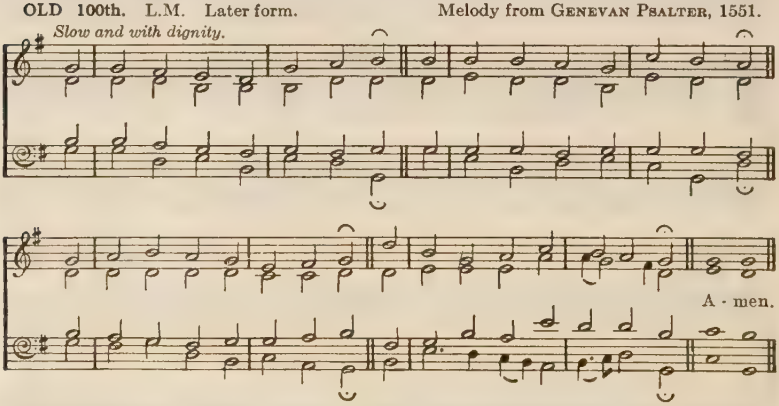
From the English Hymnal. By permission of the Oxford University Press.

May be used with Hymn No. 62, While shepherds watched their flocks by night.

OLD 100th. L.M. Later form.

Melody from Genevan Psalter, 1551.

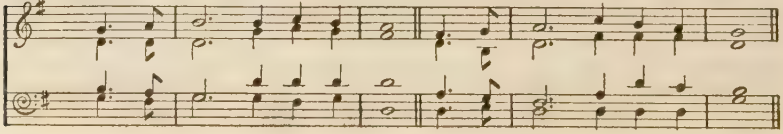
Slow and with dignity.

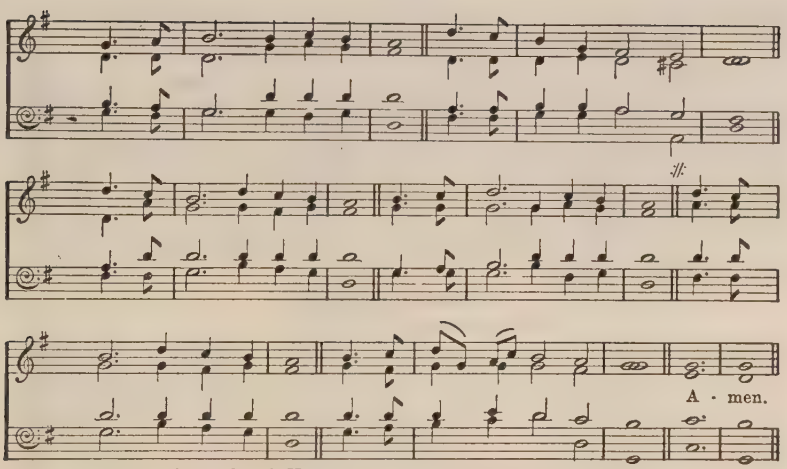


May be used with Hymn No. 6, Before Jehovah's awful throne; or No. 625; Praise God from whom all blessings flow; or No. 669, All people that on earth do dwell.

SABBATH. 7 7 7 7 7 7. *Moderate.*

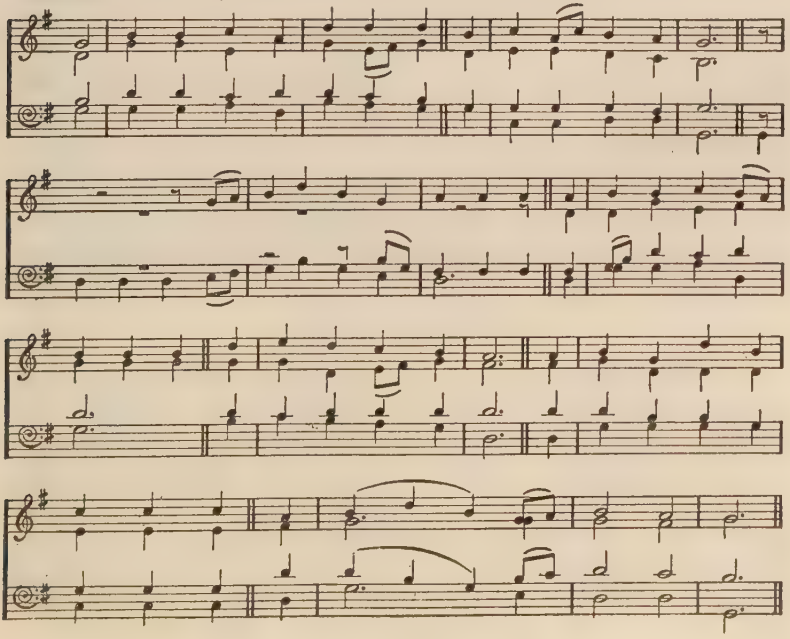
L. Mason, 1792-1872.





May be used with Hymn No. 190, Safely through another week.

TURNER. C.M. and repeat.



I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

A Confession of Sin.

(To be said by Minister and People.)

ALMIGHTY God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Maker of all things, Judge of all men; We acknowledge and confess our manifold sins, Which we, from time to time, have committed, By thought, word, and deed, Against Thy Divine Majesty. We do earnestly repent, And are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; The remembrance of them is grievous unto us. Have mercy upon us, Have mercy upon us, most merciful Father; For Thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, Forgive us all that is past; And grant that we may hereafter Serve and please Thee In newness of life, To the honour and glory of Thy Name; Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Confession of Sin.

(To be said by Minister and People.)

MOST holy and merciful Father; We acknowledge and confess in Thy presence, Our sinful nature Prone to evil and slothful in good, And all our shortcomings and offences against Thee. Thou alone knowest how often we have sinned, In wandering from Thy ways, In wasting Thy gifts, In forgetting Thy love. But Thou, O Lord, have pity upon us, Who are ashamed and sorry For all wherein we have displeased Thee. Teach us to hate our errors; Cleanse us from our secret faults; And forgive our sins; For the sake of Thy dear Son our Saviour. And O most holy and loving Father; Send Thy purifying grace into our hearts, we beseech Thee; That we may henceforth live in Thy light and walk in Thy ways; According to the commandments of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A General Thanksgiving.

(To be said by Minister and People.)

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, We Thine unworthy servants Do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks For all Thy goodness and loving-kindness To us and to all men. We bless Thee for our creation, Preservation, And all the blessings of this life; But above all, for Thine inestimable love In the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; For the means of grace, And for the hope of glory. And, we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, That our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, And that we shew forth Thy praise, Not only with our lips, but in our lives; By giving up ourselves to Thy service, And by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; Through Jesus Christ our Lord, To whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

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A little Child the Saviour came	217	Hamburg.
†A little seed lay fast asleep	610	King's Langley.
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*Abide with me: fast falls the eventide	550	Eventide.
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*Again the morn of gladness	193	Wir Pflügen (Dresden).
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	101	Martyrdom. Remember Me.
*All beautiful the march of days	580	Forest Green.
*All creatures of our God and King	29	Lasst Uns Erfreuen.
*All glory, laud, and honour	81	St. Theodulph.
*All hail the power of Jesus' Name	46	Miles Lane. Coronation.
*All my heart this night rejoices	48	Bonn.
*All people that on earth do dwell (Ps. 100)	669	Old 100th (with Faux Bourdon).
All praise to our redeeming Lord	372	Newington.
*All praise to Thee, my God, this night (Glory to Thee, my God, this night)	544	Tallis's Canon.
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†All the happy children	583	Hermas.
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†All things bright and beautiful	582	Royal Oak.
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*And did those feet in ancient time	522	Jerusalem.
And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee	126	Artavia.
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*Angels from the realms of glory	64	Lewes.
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†Around the throne of God in heaven	615	Glory.
*Art thou weary, heavy laden	471	Stephanos. Bullinger.
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Author of Faith, eternal Word	275	Eden.
Author of life divine	226	Wesley. Dolgelly.
*Awake, my soul, and with the sun (First Part)	529	Morning Hymn.
Awake, our souls! away, our fears	413	Samson.
†Away in a manger	598	Cradle Song.
Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart	336	Slane.
*Before Jehovah's awful throne	6	Old 100th (with Faux Bourdon). / Andernach (with Faux Bourdon).
*Behold, a Stranger at the door	489	Chant (Troyte No. 1). / Federal Street.
Behold, the amazing gift of love	328	Newington.
Behold! the mountain of the Lord	521	St. Magnus.
Behold us, Lord, a little space	206	St. Flavian.
Behold we come, dear Lord, to Thee	194	This Endrys Nyght. Evan.
Beneath the Cross of Jesus	98	St. Christopher.
†Birds are singing, woods are ringing	587	Birds Are Singing.
*Blessing and honour and glory and power	42	Trisagion.
*Blest are the pure in heart	325	Franconia.
Blest be the everlasting God	467	St. Stephen (Abridge).

Hymns marked * are suggested as suitable for use in Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, and Young People's Guilds.

Those marked † are hymns in the section 'For Little Children.'

FIRST LINE	NO.	TUNE OR TUNES
*Blest be the tie that binds	376	Dennis.
*Bread of the world, in mercy broken	224	Rendez à Dieu. Agapé.
Break, day of God, O break	528	Christchurch.
*Break Thou the bread of life	187	Bread of Life.
*Breathe on me, Breath of God	148	Wirksworth. Trentham.
Brief life is here our portion (First Part)	463	Ewing.
*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	49	(Epiphany (Thrupp). (Stella Orientis.
By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored	229	Memoria. In Memoriam.
By cool Siloam's shady rill	218	Siloam.
*By what means shall a young man learn (Ps. 119)	678	Durham.
†Can a little child like me	584	Thanksgiving.
Captain of Israel's host, and Guide	440	Middlesex.
†Children of Jerusalem	607	Infant Praise.
*'Christ for the world' we sing	241	Malvern.
Christ is coming! let creation	135	Neander.
*Christ is made the sure foundation	163	Oriel.
Christ, of all my hopes the ground	342	Lübeck.
*Christ the Lord is risen to-day	104	Ascension.
*Christ, whose glory fills the skies	535	(Psalm 135 (Ministres de l'Éternel). (Dix.
Christian, seek not yet repose	396	Vigilate. St. Apollos.
*Christians, awake! salute the happy morn	67	Yorkshire.
City of God, how broad and far	171	Richmond.
†Come, children, join to sing	597	Madrid.
Come, Holy Ghost, in love	145	Malvern.
*Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire	155	Tallis's Ordinal. Emmaus.
*Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	143	Veni Creator.
Come, Holy Spirit, come	146	Franconia. Holyrood.
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	156	St. Stephen (Abridge). Naomi.
Come, let us anew	573	Derbe.
*Come, let us join our cheerful songs	120	Cambridge New.
Come, let us join our friends above	176	French (Dundee).
*Come, let us sing of a wonderful love	488	Wonderful Love.
Come, let us to the Lord our God	269	Ballerma. Belmont.
Come, let us who in Christ believe	329	Kent.
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	347	Savannah.
*Come, O Thou Traveller unknown	312	(Wrestling Jacob. (Peniel. Surrey (Carey's).
*Come, Thou almighty King	5	Serug.
*Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	304	Mariners.
Come, Thou Holy Paraclete	144	Veni Sancte Spiritus.
*Come, Thou long-expected Jesus	132	Hyfrydol.
Come to our poor nature's night	161	Irene. Capetown.
'Come unto Me, ye weary'	470	Come Unto Me.
Come, we that love the Lord	288	St. Thomas.
Come, ye disconsolate	435	Consolation.
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	476	Rousseau.
Come, ye thankful people, come	577	St. George's, Windsor.
Commit thou all thy griefs	420	St. George (St. Olave).
Creation's Lord, we give Thee thanks	416	Wareham.
*Crown Him with many crowns	115	Diademata.
Day is dying in the west	532	Sennen.
*Dear Lord and Father of mankind	286	Hammersmith. Newcastle. Rest.
Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear	203	Durham. Somerset.
Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness	221	Schmücke Dich.
*Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord	381	St. Silas.
*Ere I sleep, for every favour	555	Kirk Ella.
Eternal Beam of Light divine	417	St. Alkmund.
*Eternal Father, strong to save	452	Melita.
Eternal Light! Eternal Light!	36	Newcastle.
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	370	Song 1 (Gibbons).
*Faith of our fathers! living still	399	St. Catherine.
*Far round the world Thy children sing their song	251	Dunblane Cathedral.
Father, I know that all my life	432	Morwellham.
Father, in high heaven dwelling	549	Evening Hymn.
†Father, lead me day by day	596	New Calabar.

FIRST LINE	NO.	TUNE OR TUNES
Father of heaven, whose love profound	3	Rivaulx. Das Leiden Des Herrn.
*Father of men, in whom are one	369	St. Lo.
*Father of mercies, in Thy word	183	Tallis's Ordinal.
*Father of peace, and God of love	327	St. Paul.
Father, our children keep	395	Pro Nostris Liberis.
*Father, we praise Thee, now the night is over	540	Coelites Plaudant.
†Father, we thank Thee for the night	585	Onslow.
Father, whose will is life and good	254	Tallis's Ordinal.
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep	75	St. Aëlred.
*Fight the good fight with all thy might	400	Pentecost. Duke Street.
*Fill Thou my life, O Lord my God	346	Solomon. Jackson (Byzantium).
*Fling out the banner! let it float	245	Waltham.
For all the saints who from their labours rest	174	{Sine Nomine. St. Philip. {Chant (Troyte No. 1).
*For ever with the Lord	462	Montgomery.
*For the beauty of the earth	15	Dix. Lucerna Laudoniae.
For those we love within the veil	181	Es Ist Kein Tag.
For them whose ways are in the height	454	Morwellham.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	570	Song 13 (Gibbons). Pleyel.
*Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go	350	Song 34 (Angels' Song). Hebron.
*'Forward!' be our watchword	451	Sumus Tibi.
*From all that dwell below the skies	16	Winchester New.
From every stormy wind that blows	426	Retreat.
From Greenland's icy mountains	256	Missionary Hymn.
*From ocean unto ocean	510	Ellacombe.
*From Thee all skill and science flow	371	Gräfenberg.
*From the eastern mountains	257	Princethorpe.
Fountain of good, to own Thy love	385	St. Peter. Dalehurst.
†Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	612	Innocents.
*Gentle Mary laid her Child	57	Tempus Adest Floridum
Give me the wings of faith to rise	179	Westminster. Beatitudo.
Give praise and thanks unto the Lord (Ps. 106)	674	St. David.
*Give to our God immortal praise	39	Lasst Uns Erfreuen.
Give to the winds thy fears	421	Old 134th (St. Michael).
Glorious things of thee are spoken	166	Austria.
*Glory be to God the Father	2	Regent Square.
Go labour on: spend and be spent	384	Pentecost. Ernan.
Go to dark Gethsemane	93	Gethsemane.
*God be in my head	364	God Be In My Head.
*God is love; His mercy brightens	13	Stuttgart. All for Jesus.
*God is my strong salvation	398	Bremen.
*God is our refuge and our strength (Ps. 46)	651	Winchester Old (with Faux Bourdon)
God is the refuge of His saints	33	Warrington.
God loved the world of sinners lost	479	Wondrous Love.
God moves in a mysterious way	40	Dunfermline.
*God of mercy, God of grace	258	Zurich.
God of our fathers, known of old	516	Melita.
God of pity, God of grace	204	Eternity.
*God rest you merry	66	God Rest You Merry.
God reveals His presence	196	Arnsberg (Reverence).
*God save our gracious Queen	508	National Anthem.
†God sees the little sparrow fall	588	Providence.
God's law is perfect, and converts (Ps. 19)	635	St. Andrew.
*God that madest earth and heaven	547	Wynnstay. Ar Hyd Y Nos. Nutfield.
God the omnipotent! King, who ordainest	517	Russian Hymn.
†God who made the earth	595	Sommerlied.
*Good Christian men, rejoice	61	In Dulci Jubilo.
Good unto all men is the Lord (Ps. 145)	689	Winchester New. Walton.
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	216	Mannheim.
*Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	152	Cassel.
*Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	367	Capetown.
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	441	{Cwm Rhondda. Caersalem. {Dismissal.
Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured	552	Sebaste.
*Hail, sacred day of earthly rest	192	Wreford.
*Hail the day that sees Him rise	114	Llanfair.
*Hail, Thou once-despisèd Jesus	117	Hyfrydol.
*Hail to the Lord's Anointed	139	Crüger.
*Happy are they, they that love God	290	Binchester.
*Happy the home when God is there	394	Evan.
Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling	442	Pilgrims.

FIRST LINE	NO.	TUNE OR TUNES
*Hark, my soul! it is the Lord	292	Savannah. St. Bees.
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes	54	Richmond.
*Hark! the herald angels sing	59	Mendelssohn.
Hark! the song of jubilee	250	St. George's, Windsor.
Hark! the sound of holy voices	177	Deerhurst.
Hark! the voice of Jesus crying	387	Lux Eoi.
Hark, what a sound, and too divine for hearing	133	Welwyn.
Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard	414	Ballerma.
Hear us, O Lord, from heaven Thy dwelling-place	338	Peel Castle
He leadeth me: O blessèd thought	483	He Leadeth Me.
He liveth long who liveth well	351	St. Crispin.
*Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face	220	St. Agnes (Langran).
*Hills of the North, rejoice!	248	Little Cornard.
*His Name for ever shall endure (Ps. 72)	658	Dunfermline.
Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring	472	Stracathro.
Holy Father, cheer our way	553	Capetown.
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	147	Psalm 42.
Holy Ghost, my Comforter	160	St. Philip (Monk). Heiliger Geist.
*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	1	Nicæa.
Holy Lamb, who Thee confess	343	Savannah.
†Holy Spirit, hear us	616	Ernstein.
*Holy Spirit, Truth divine	154	Buckland. Harts.
*Hosanna, loud hosanna	82	Ellacombe.
*How bright these glorious spirits shine	180	Ballerma.
How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord	403	St. Denio.
*How glorious Zion's courts appear	167	Irish.
*How lovely are Thy dwellings fair (Ps. 84)	660	Salzburg. Bangor.
How lovely is Thy dwelling-place (Ps. 84)	659	Harington.
How shall I sing that Majesty	32	Old 37th.
*How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	306	St. Peter.
*Hushed was the evening hymn	211	Samuel.
I am not worthy, holy Lord	223	Leicester.
I am so glad that our Father in heaven	480	Gladness.
*I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice	490	I Am Thine.
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	431	Submission.
I hear Thy welcome voice	481	Welcome Voice.
*I heard the voice of Jesus say	271	Vox Dilecti. Kingsfold.
*I joyed when to the house of God (Ps. 122)	682	St. Paul.
I know not what the future hath	427	Green Hill.
I lay my sins on Jesus	486	Prysgol.
I'll of salvation take the cup (Ps. 116)	676	Tallis's Ordinal.
*I'll praise my Maker while I've breath	10	Old 113th (Lucerne).
I love the Lord, because my voice (Ps. 116)	675	St. Andrew.
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord	172	Holyrood. St. Augustine.
*I love to hear the story	69	Angels' Story.
I love to tell the story	504	Hankey.
*I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	349	St. Andrew. Arlington.
I need Thee every hour	493	Dependence.
I need Thee, precious Jesus	487	Angels' Story.
†I think, when I read that sweet story of old	603	Huddleston.
*I to the hills will lift mine eyes (Ps. 121)	680	French (Dundee) (with Faux Bourdon).
*I've found a Friend; O such a Friend	128	Constance.
I've wandered far away from God	474	Coming Home.
I waited for the Lord my God (Ps. 40)	648	Ballerma.
I was wandering and weary	484	Shepherd True.
*I would be true, for there are those who trust me	341	Intercessor.
If thou but suffer God to guide thee	423	Neumark.
Immortal, invisible, God only wise	34	St. Basil.
Immortal Love, for ever full	123	Westminster.
*In Christ there is no East or West	252	St. Peter.
In heavenly love abiding	281	Nyland.
In memory of the Saviour's love	225	French (Dundee)
†In our hearts celestial voices	621	Celestial Voices.
*In the bleak mid-winter	56	Cranham.
*In the Cross of Christ I glory	100	All for Jesus. Rathbun.
†In the early morning	620	Morning Prayer.
*Infant holy, Infant lowly	63	Polish Carol.
*It came upon the midnight clear	58	Noel. Carol.
*It fell upon a summer day	77	Childhood.
†It is the joyful Easter time	618	Eastertime.

FIRST LINE	NO.	TUNE OR TUNES
Jerusalem, my happy home	461	This Endrys Nyght. Southwell.
*Jerusalem the golden (Second Part)	463	Ewing.
Jesus, and shall it ever be	353	Mainzer.
†Jesus bids us shine	613	Jesus Bids Us Shine.
*Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult	358	All for Jesus. St. Oswald.
*Jesus Christ is risen to-day	105	Easter Hymn.
Jesus, I am resting, resting	505	Resting.
*Jesus, I my cross have taken	359	Mariners.
Jesus, keep me near the Cross	485	Near the Cross.
Jesus lives! thy terrors now	116	St. Albinus. Christ Ist Erstanden.
*Jesus, Lover of my soul	266	Aberystwyth. Hollingside.
†Jesus loves me, this I know	623	Jesus Loves Me.
†Jesus loves the little children	604	Tenderness.
*Jesus, Master, whose I am	379	Heathlands.
*Jesus, meek and gentle	319	Bemerton (Caswall).
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All	295	St. Chrysostom.
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend	322	Song 34 (Angels' Song).
Jesus, my strength, my hope	422	Potsdam.
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	444	Pilot.
*Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	249	Duke Street. Rimington.
†Jesus, Son of God most high	606	Litany.
Jesus, stand among us	205	Bemerton (Caswall).
Jesus, still lead on	447	Seelenbräutigam.
*Jesus, Sun of Righteousness	538	Morgenglanz.
†Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	622	Shipston. Dijon.
Jesus, the Name high over all	111	Jackson (Byzantium).
*Jesus, the very thought of Thee	298	St. Agnes (Durham).
Jesus, these eyes have never seen	300	Abergele.
*Jesus, Thou divine Companion	375	Hyfrydol.
*Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts	297	Maryton. Winscott. Jesu Dulcedo Cordium.
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness	278	Winchester New. Ombersley.
*Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	296	Surrey (Carey's).
Jesus, to Thy table led	228	St. Philip (Monk). Heiliger Geist.
Jesus, united by Thy grace	373	Arlington.
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	208	Hamburg. Warrington.
Jesus, with Thy Church abide	168	Litany (Hervey).
Joy to the world! the Lord is come	55	Antioch.
Judge Eternal, throned in splendour	515	Picardy. Tantum Ergo. Regent Square.
*Just as I am, without one plea	270	Misericordia. St. Agnes (Blow). Woodworth.
*Land of our birth, we pledge to thee (Father in heaven, who lovest all)	513	Pentecost.
*Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	436	Lux Benigna. Patmos. Sandon.
*Lead on, O King Eternal	402	Lancashire.
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	438	Mannheim.
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace	437	Ellingham.
Leader of faithful souls, and Guide	439	Surrey (Carey's).
*Let all the world in every corner sing	38	High Road.
Let Christian faith and hope dispel	415	St. Magnus.
Let everlasting glories crown	185	St. Gregory.
*Let us, with a gladsome mind	7	Ever Faithful. Monkland.
*Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	260	St. Magnus (with Faux Bourdon).
*'Lift up your hearts!' we lift them, Lord, to Thee	340	Ffigysbren.
Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart	243	Eagley.
Light of the world, for ever, ever shining	119	Wilton.
Listen, the Master beseecheth	506	Pilgrim's Mission.
†Little children, wake and listen	599	Chartres.
Lo! God is here, let us adore	22	Vater Unser.
Lo! He comes with clouds descending	136	Holywood (St. Thomas).
*Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious	108	Triumph.
*Looking upward every day	326	Excelsior (Booth).
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee	78	Walden.
Lord, bless and pity us (Ps. 67)	657	Selma.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	215	Holywood (St. Thomas).
Lord, for to-morrow and its needs	433	Vincent.
Lord, from the depths to Thee I cried (Ps. 130)	686	Coleshill.
*Lord God of morning and of night	534	Lledrod.
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	158	Old 134th (St. Michael) (with Faux Bourdon).

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES

FIRST LINE	NO.	TUNE OR TUNES
*Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	334	Groeswen. Even Me.
Lord, I was blind: I could not see	337	Arizona.
*Lord, in the fullness of my might	352	University. Denfield.
Lord, in the strength of grace	363	Old 134th (St. Michael).
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	274	St. Philip. Heiliger Geist.
Lord, it belongs not to my care	429	Evan.
Lord Jesus, in the days of old	554	Companion.
Lord Jesus, think on me	265	Southwell. St. Bride.
Lord of all being, throned afar	20	Ombersley. Arizona.
*Lord of light, whose Name outshineth	377	Alleluia.
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	165	Iste Confessor (with Faux Bourdon). Flemming.
*Lord of the lands, beneath Thy bending skies	511	O Canada.
Lord of the living harvest	234	Lancashire.
*Lord of the worlds above	198	Darwall (with Faux Bourdon).
*Lord, speak to me, that I may speak	383	Winscott.
*Lord, Thee, my God, I'll early seek (Ps. 63)	655	St. Flavian.
†Lord, this day Thy children meet	617	Innocents.
Lord, Thou shalt early hear my voice (Ps. 5)	631	Warwick.
Lord, Thy mercy now entreating	277	Ellerker (Batty).
*Lord, Thy Word abideth	186	Ravenshaw. Consolator.
*Lord, while for all mankind we pray	519	St. Flavian.
*Love Divine, all loves excelling	330	Hyfrydol.
Lovingly the Shepherd, seeking the lost sheep	492	Shepherd Care.
Make me a captive, Lord	313	Leominster.
Man of Sorrows, wrapt in grief	88	Aberystwyth.
More love to Thee, O Christ	498	More Love To Thee.
*My faith looks up to Thee	263	Olivet.
My God and Father, while I stray	430	Wimbledon. Chant (Troyte No. 1).
My God, and is Thy table spread	231	Bromley.
My God, how wonderful Thou art	18	Westminster.
My God, I love Thee, not because	305	This Endris Nyght. St. Flavian.
My God, I thank Thee who hast made	289	Wentworth.
My God, is any hour so sweet	335	Memoria.
My God, My God, why dost Thou me forsake (Ps. 22)	636	Genevan Psalm 22.
*My God, the spring of all my joys	283	Irish.
My heart is resting, O my God	282	St. Leonard.
My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring	91	Donne Secours.
*My own dear land, where'er my footsteps wander	512	Irish Melody.
My song is love unknown	96	Wesley.
My soul with expectation doth (Ps. 62)	654	St. Thomas.
My spirit longs for Thee	333	Heart's Desire.
My times are in Thy hand	424	Holyrood.
Near the Cross her vigil keeping	95	Stabat Mater.
*Nearer, my God, to Thee	321	Horbury. Propior Deo. Excelsior (Bethany).
Never further than Thy Cross	97	Heinlein. Holley.
*New every morning is the love	530	Melcombe.
None other Lamb, none other Name	273	All Hallows.
Now cheer our hearts this eventide	542	Ach Bleib Bei Uns.
Now from the altar of my heart	565	Clairvaux.
*Now God be with us, for the night is closing	567	Flemming. Christe Sanctorum (with Faux Bourdon).
Now I have found the ground wherein	272	Old 23rd.
Now Israël may say, and that truly (Ps. 124)	683	Old 124th.
Now may He who, from the dead	316	Brandenburg.
*Now thank we all our God	19	Nun Danket.
*Now that the daylight fills the sky	533	Warrington. Jam Lucis.
*Now the day is over	545	Eudoxia. Clewer. Evening (Barnby).
Now the labourer's task is o'er	458	Requiescat.
Now to Him who loved us, gave us	624	Triumph.
Now to the King of heaven	626	St. John.
O blessed is the man whose sins (Ps. 32)	641	Stroudwater. Martyrdom.
O Breath of God, breathe on us now	150	Calm.
*O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother	3 6	Welwyn.
*O children, hither do ye come (Ps. 34)	645	Arnold.
O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found	482	None but Christ.
O come, all ye faithful	47	Adeste Fideles.

FIRST LINE	NO.	TUNE OR TUNES
O come and mourn with me awhile	90	St. Cross.
*O come, let us sing to the Lord (Ps. 95)	666	Ortonville.
O come, O come, Emmanuel	137	Veni Emmanuel.
O could I speak the matchless worth	43	Ariel.
*O day of rest and gladness	188	Aurelia. Day of Rest.
O Father, all-creating	237	Aurelia.
*O Father, hear my morning prayer	536	St. Peter.
O for a closer walk with God	308	Stracathro. St. Flavian.
O for a faith that will not shrink	345	Evan.
*O for a heart to praise my God	309	Martyrdom (with Faux Bourdon).
*O for a thousand tongues to sing	41	Winchester Old.
O gladsome Light, O Grace	551	Nunc Dimittis.
O God, give ear unto my cry (Ps. 61)	653	Evan.
O God, my strength and fortitude (Ps. 18)	634	St. Andrew.
*O God of Bethel, by whose hand	446	French. Salzburg.
O God, of good the unfathomed Sea	11	St. Petersburg.
O God of love, O King of peace	523	Hesperus.
O God of truth, whose living word	411	Dunfermline.
*O God, our help in ages past (Ps. 90)	662	St. Anne (with Faux Bourdon).
O God, the Rock of Ages	35	Aurelia.
O God, whose daylight leadeth down	546	St. Flavian.
O greatly blessed the people are (Ps. 89)	661	Glasgow. St. Saviour.
*O happy band of pilgrims	443	Morlaix (Knecht).
*O happy day, that fixed my choice	361	St. Gregory. Hamburg.
*O happy home, where Thou art loved the dearest	393	Poland.
O happy is the man who hears	291	St. Peter.
O holy city, seen of John	382	Morwellham.
O holy Father, who in tender love	222	Unde Et Memores.
O Holy Spirit, Comforter	149	Paradise.
O Jesus Christ, grow Thou in me	331	Moravia.
*O Jesus, I have promised	354	Day of Rest.
*O Jesus, King most wonderful	299	St. Bernard.
O Jesus, Thou art standing	469	Llangloffan.
O Lamb of God, still keep me	320	Rutherford. Kilmorey.
O life that makest all things new	391	Doversdale.
*O little town of Bethlehem	51	Forest Green. St. Louis.
O Lord and Master of us all	348	St. Flavian. Walsall.
O Lord, how happy should we be	419	Meribah.
*O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea	26	Es Ist Kein Tag. Almsgiving.
O Lord of hosts, who didst upraise	412	St. Petersburg.
O Lord of life, and love, and power	386	Bethlehem.
*O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice	537	Wiltshire. Warwick.
O Lord of life, where'er they be	459	Vulpius.
*O Lord, Thou art my God and King (Ps. 145)	688	Duke Street (with Faux Bourdon).
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art	301	Allgütiger Mein Preisgesang. Chapel Royal. Meribah.
O Love Divine, that stoop'st to share	124	St. Luke. St. Alkmund.
O Love that wilt not let me go	311	St. Margaret.
*O Master, let me walk with Thee	388	Maryton.
O Master of the waking world	261	Melita.
O my Saviour, lifted	89	North Coates.
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending	238	O Perfect Love.
O sacred Head, now wounded	94	Passion Chorale.
O safe to the Rock that is higher than I	497	Hiding In Thee.
*O Saviour, bless us ere we go	213	St. Matthias. Surrey (Carey's).
O Saviour, I have nought to plead	294	Trust.
O send Thy light forth, and Thy truth (Ps. 43)	650	St. Paul. Farrant.
O set ye open unto me (Ps. 118)	677	Winchester Old.
O sing a new song to the Lord (Ps. 96)	667	Song 67 (Gibbons). Stroudwater.
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*O sing a song of Bethlehem	71	Bethlehem.
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FIRST LINE	NO.	TUNE OR TUNES
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